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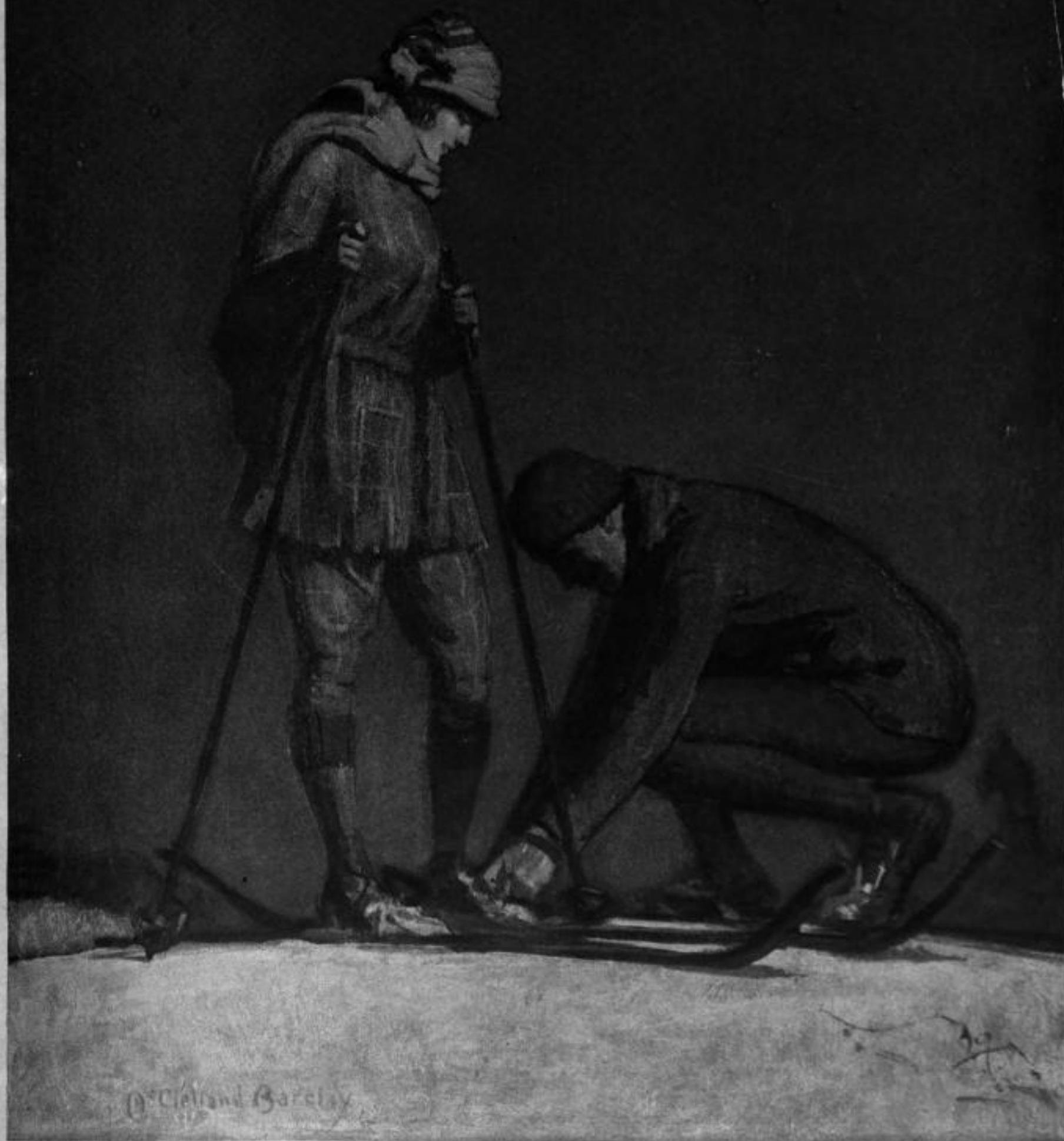
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A SKEPTICAL BUT TIMID PARENT GOES DETERMINED TO ASK WHY THE BOARD HAS GIVEN THE JOB OF TEACHING SCHOOL TO THE ROAD SUPER-INTENDENT'S DAUGHTER WHO HAS NEVER EVEN BEEN TO HIGH SCHOOL AND WHO HAS LOST HER PLACE IN THE TOWN STORE BECAUSE SHE WASN'T EFFICIENT ENOUGH FOR THAT

Illiterate America

We Boast of Our Education, but Most of Our Teachers are Untrained and Thousands of Schools are a Scandal

By CHARLES A. SELDEN

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

GO SLOW—SCHOOL. So reads one of the most familiar of the many kinds of signboards placed along the highways of America to guide or warn the drivers of the country's millions of automobiles. It is on the Lincoln Highway and the Mohawk Trail, and on all the other recently improved ancient and historic routes of the stagecoach and saddle-horse periods. It is scattered along the countless miles of new roads, the building of which in all states has been compelled by the development of the automobile. We all see it.

But the great American Republic seems to take these signs figuratively rather than literally. There are now enough millions of chauffeurs and car owners to think of them, in fairness, as representative of the American public.

We don't take or heed the school signs literally because we do not drive slowly in response to the warning. For proof of that statement watch the big and little cars streaming along at full speed by any country schoolhouse in front of which you happen to find yourself. Many drivers are even more reckless or thoughtless as to the risk of running through a group of children than they are in risking their own lives at a railroad grade crossing.

But it is as tax-paying citizens, as the responsible men and women of American villages, towns and cities that we seem to find figurative application to ourselves in that "Go Slow—School" sign. And we heed the warning. We go very slowly in committing ourselves to the cost of providing

enough decent schoolhouses; we go at a snail's pace in providing for effective and complete use of such school facilities as we already have; we come, most of us, to a full stop in the most vital matter of all—the getting of teachers who have something real to give to our children and who are trained in the giving of it.

There are approximately seven hundred thousand school-teachers in America. John J. Tigert, the United States Commissioner of Education, estimates that only about one-fifth of them are adequately trained for their work.

Of course there are creditable exceptions in our attitude toward that legend on the signpost, whether taken in its literal sense or the other way. Every once in a while there comes along a driver who will ride past a school building at safe speed.

Here and there throughout the country there is a good school and a good teacher.

But such a school is an exception, merely a show place on which to base America's boasting about its public education. Here and there can be found a city with nearly all its

schools fairly good and with an encouraging proportion of creditable teachers. There are even states which have reduced the bad spots in their public-school systems to minimum proportions, although there is no state—in New England or out of it—without its bad spots, its very bad spots.

Still more exceptional, there are some natural-born teachers in America, men and women who love to teach, who are teaching because they would rather teach than loaf or do any other kind of work. Such a teacher, of course, makes a school a good school, whether it is housed in a tumble-down frame shack in a poverty-stricken region of mountaineers or in the most modern and most expensive of schools in the well-to-do quarter of a city. Such teachers are so scarce, however, that they have never got into the oceans of school statistics. Still we indulge in loud and incessant boasting of the few splendid but locally restricted things we have in our public schooling to such an extent that we ignore and forget the defects.

The people of New York City, for example, pay no attention to the fact that their schools are shamefully overcrowded, that many thousands of their children are in school buildings which have been condemned as fire traps; they pay no attention to these things except when a city election is on, and the party which is out makes a political issue of school conditions against the party that is in. As soon as election is over the school bells ring the children back to another four years' attendance in the fire traps.

ach a public attitude as that toward public schools is far more typical of the spirit of the country as a whole than is the occasional insistence of this or that community that housing be adequate and that teachers be trained.

We pick out the few good spots and hold them up to ourselves and to educational authorities of other countries, not, honestly, as isolated examples, but as typical of educational conditions throughout every nook and corner of all the forty-eight states and the island possessions. Furthermore, the favored few who live in the good spots don't know or care anything about the other places.

What a splendid thing the "little old red schoolhouse" was for this country in its small beginnings! What a pest and a handicap to progress it has become in later years! Why? Because we still boast about it and talk about it and set it up as an oratorical campaign screen to blind our eyes to the fact that we are trying to get on to-day with miserable shacks, thousands of which haven't even got red paint on them.

In a Vermont school district the other day I was told by a mother, who had been a teacher, that the morning session in the school shanty of that district never amounted to anything in winter because it was impossible to get the place warm before noon.

"They have the same stove there," she added, "that they had when my father went to that school sixty years ago."

In the adjoining school district of this same county, parents of several of the pupils told me that the outdoor water-closets had not been cleaned or emptied for four years. They were beginning to think that that might have something to do with the fact that there is so much sickness among the children after school opens every fall.

Suppose a skeptical but timid parent goes to school meeting, determined to ask why the school board has given the job of teaching the district school to the road superintendent's daughter who has never even been to high school and who has lost her place in the near-by town store because she wasn't efficient enough for that.

Of course the timid parent doesn't really have to ask why, because she and all her neighbors know that it was because the road superintendent used the greater part of the last highway appropriation to improve the old dirt road running by the farm of the school-board chairman. But nevertheless she has come to meeting determined to ask.

If it is a moderately enlightened community the school chairman will have a vague notion that he has done something which may arouse criticism, and he is on guard. He makes a speech about the rule of three, the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the suffering at Valley Forge, the nation's hope of the future in the children of to-day and the little old red schoolhouse.

If the chairman happens to be a man who stayed in school himself more than four or five years when a boy and got into the Friday afternoon declamation period, he probably will tell the annual meeting that the torch of civilization was first lighted in the little old red schoolhouse.

But either way, the determination of the skeptical parent will falter and peter out before the grunts of approval from the taxpayers—the untrained teacher costs twenty-five or fifty dollars a month less than the one who knows something—and nobody will ask why the girl, not intelligent enough to make the right change over the dry-goods counter in the village store, has got the job of teaching addition, subtraction, multiplication and division to the children upon whom the future hope of the nation depends.

Thousands of Them

THERE are tens of thousands of such schools, such teachers, such road superintendents, such school-committee chairmen and such educationally swindled communities scattered through this country.

The picture of the annual meeting at which protest falls flat before pretense and humbug is no exaggeration. It will fit regions throughout the country with modifications to suit local conditions and with trivial changes to cover the special forms of greed and ignorance and petty graft by which the educational and sanitary and every other form of community welfare of this or that place is blocked.

There probably is no state in the Union which has not one or more such districts. Many states don't have much of anything else. Don't be fooled by state school laws which read so well on the statute books and lay down such reassuringly strict provisions for the qualifications of teachers and other matters. Those laws have big loopholes whereby any community

evade the requirements for trained teachers and all the other educational stipulations which are formulated in state capitols and violated in school districts. There are so many communities availing themselves of those loopholes all the time that of the 700,000 school-teachers in America there are more than 500,000 not fitted for their work, according to the standards of the United States Bureau of Education.

According to the same authority, Federal Commissioner Tigert, we are a nation of sixth-graders taught by tenth-graders.

That means these two things: First, that the average age at which our children quit school for all time is the age of the sixth year in grammar school, two years before the age of entering high school; and secondly, that the average American school-teacher is a person who has gone only halfway through high school and had no other training or preparation for her work of developing the minds of children.

How About Lump Results?

THAT is the high-water mark which America can claim honestly for her public-school results, taking the nation as a whole. There are many sections of the country which rise above that average. Therefore there are many which fall below it. Kentucky, for example, taken as a whole, is a state of fourth-graders taught by eighth-graders. Nineteenths of the public-school teachers in that state have not been to high school. But there are several Southern states rated lower than Kentucky on a scale based on various factors other than that of teacher qualifications.

It is by ignoring, by not knowing and appreciating this general, nation-wide and low average condition of things that we have reached a flattering but utterly false appraisal of ourselves as an educated people.

We boast of the fact that the lump sum spent in elementary and secondary education in the whole country is in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a billion dollars a year—ten times as much as we spent half a century ago. But we don't talk much about the lump results. We pick and choose the show places and pretend to ourselves that they are typical. When educational commissions come to us from foreign countries to study our methods and results we show them the schools of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Berkeley,

California, and other similarly favored places in various sections of the country. The rotten spots scattered all the way across country from coast to coast and up and down from Lakes to Gulf are not exhibited. If they were, there are several European countries far less illiterate than America which would begin to look to the United States as a horrible example instead of a model, because the vast majority of our one hundred eight millions of people are living in regions where educational conditions are worse than mediocre.

Something of an awakening has followed the war because of the startling revelations of the intelligence tests to which American soldiers were subjected. Prior to the war America had confessed to seven per cent of illiteracy, an estimate based on the Federal Census and arrived at by the most inadequate, easy-going methods, which involved no test of any sort. But the careful examination of a million and a half soldiers showed that one-quarter of them were illiterate. They could neither read nor write. They were representative of this country's entire population; they came from every state. They were white and black, American-born and foreign-born.

But America cannot stand pat even on this estimate, that one-quarter of the population is illiterate, and be entirely honest with herself. What about the Americans who can read a very little and can write a very little, but don't? There are millions of them. Dean West, of Princeton, estimates that these near-illiterates would make up another quarter of the entire population, giving us a total of more than fifty million people in the United States who are not educated.

The other day, riding on a train in the Ohio Valley, I shared a seat in the smoking car with an amiable and conversational American citizen, to whom Dean West would certainly not give a degree, but who, for statistical purposes in census reports and in official general statements of social conditions, would be listed and counted as an educated American. He would not be thought of as among those who should be Americanized by some committee. On the contrary, his name found on the voting list or tax list by the hunters of statistics would be used by them in making up their grand total of American-born and educated citizens whom the newcomers should strive to emulate.

He was an Indiana tenant farmer, a man about thirty-five years old and the father of two small children. He was white, of course, and American-born. So were his parents, his grandparents and his great-grandparents American-born.

He was born in Hodgenville, Kentucky, where Abraham Lincoln was born, and had gone to school in Hodgenville. But he did not know whether Abraham Lincoln was a white man or a black man.

To be chronological, let's go back to the country school of which this Indiana farmer was a product. It is still producing citizens who will not be sure, when they are grown up, as to the color of Abraham Lincoln.

By the Lincoln Spring

IT WAS on my way north from Arkansas, where Governor McRae and the state school authorities are making an uphill but honest and stubborn fight to reduce illiteracy. It occurred to me to give myself a day off from the job of getting facts and impressions concerning public schools, by making a detour from the main line to Louisville to see the log cabin in which Lincoln was born near Hodgenville.

But it was no day off. Two miles out from the village is the cabin, now inclosed by the great stone memorial structure recently erected by the United States Government to preserve the sacred hut for generations to come. It stands upon a small hill and just below it is the spring, still running fresh and sparkling, from which the Lincoln family got its water supply. It was a dismal place then, according to Hay and Nicolay, the biographers of Lincoln.

It is even more dismal now as compared to the glorious place it should and might be because of memories and traditions. But the school children who drink from that spring to-day are not taught to find incentive or inspiration there.

On the inner wall of the memorial surrounding the log cabin is the following extract from one of Lincoln's own comments on his childhood and education: "There were some schools so called. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still somehow I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity."

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WHAT A SPLENDID THING THE "LITTLE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE" WAS FOR THIS COUNTRY IN ITS SMALL BEGINNINGS! WHAT A PEST AND A HANDICAP TO PROGRESS IT HAS BECOME IN LATER YEARS!

MY MOTHER says that everybody in the world has got some special gift. Some people have one kind and some have another. I got my skates and dictionary book last spring when I was nine. I've always had my freckles.

My brother Carol's gift is being dumb. No matter what anybody says to him he doesn't have to answer 'em.

There was an old man in our town named Old Man Smith. Old Man Smith had a wonderful gift. It wasn't a Christmas gift, like toys and games. It wasn't a birthday gift, all stockings and handkerchiefs. It was the gift of finding things! He called it "The gift of the probable places."

Most any time when you lost anything he could find it for you. He didn't find it by floating a few tea leaves in a cup, or by trying to match cards, or by fooling with silly things like ghosts.

He didn't even find it with his legs. He found it with his head. He found it by thinking very hard with his head.

People came from miles around to borrow his head. He always charged everybody just the same, no matter what it was that they'd lost. One dollar was what he charged. It was just as much trouble to him, he said, to think about a thimble that was lost as it was to think about an elephant that was lost. I never knew anybody who lost an elephant.

When the postmaster's wife lost her diamond ring she hunted more than a hundred places for it. She was most distracted. She thought somebody had stolen it from her. She hunted it in all the newspapers. She hunted it in all the stores. She hunted it all up and down the village streets. She hunted it in the depot carriage. She hunted it in the hired girl's trunk. Miles and miles and miles she must have hunted it with her hands and with her feet.

OLD Man Smith found it for her without budging an inch from his wheel chair. Just with his head alone he found it. Just by asking her a question that made her mad he found it. The question that made her mad was about her baptismal name. Her baptismal name was Mehetabelle Euphemia.

"However in the world," said Old Man Smith, "did you get such a perfectly hideous name as Mehetabelle Euphemia?"

The postmaster's wife was madder than scat. She wrung her hands. She snapped her thumbs. She crackled her finger joints.

"Never—never," she said, had she been "so insulted."

"U-m-m-m: exactly what I thought," said Old Man Smith. "Now just when, if you can remember, was the last time that you felt you'd never been so insulted before?"

"Insulted?" screamed the postmaster's wife. "Why, I haven't been as insulted as this since two weeks ago last Saturday when I was out in my back yard under the mulberry tree dyeing my old white dress peach pink. And the druggist's wife came along and asked me if I didn't think I was just a little bit too old to be wearing peach pink? Me! Too old! Me!" screamed the postmaster's wife.

"U-m-m," said Old Man Smith. "Pink, you say? A little powdered cochineal, I suppose, and a bit of cream of tartar, and more than a bit of alum? It's a pretty likely combination to make the fingers slippery. And a lady what crackles her finger joints so every time she's mad—and snaps her thumbs and—yes! under the mulberry tree is a very probable place. One dollar, please."



The Gift of the Probable Places

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Illustration by H. J. Mowat

And when the grocer's nephew got suspended from college for sitting up too late at night and getting headaches, and came to spend a month with his uncle and couldn't find his green-plaid overcoat when it was time to go home, he was perfectly positive that somebody had borrowed it from the store, or that he'd dropped it out of the delivery wagon working overtime, or that he'd left it at the high-school social.

BUT Old Man Smith found it for him just by glancing at his purple socks and his plaid necktie and his plush waistcoat.

"Oh, yes, of course it's perfectly possible," said Old Man Smith, "that you dropped it from the basket of a balloon on your way to a missionary meeting. But have you looked in the young widow Gayette's back hall? 'Bout three pegs from the door, where the shadows are fairly private? One dollar, please," said Old Man Smith.

And when the old preacher lost the hymn book that George Washington had given his grandfather, everybody started to take up the floor of the church to see if it had fallen down through a crack in the pulpit. But Old Man Smith sent a boy running to beg 'em not to tear down the church till they'd looked in the old lawyer's pantry, 'bout the second shelf between the ice chest and the cheese crock,

SHE SAT DOWN ON THE GROUND AT OLD MAN SMITH'S FEET. BUT ALL THE TIME SHE KEPT RIGHT ON BRAIDING THE HANDLE OF THE BLUE CHINA CUP INTO HER HAIR

Sunday evening after meeting was rather a lean time with old preachers, he said he'd always noticed. And old lawyers was noted for their fat larders.

And there was certain things about cheese somehow that seemed to be soothin' to the memory.

"Why, how perfectly extraordinary!" said everybody.

"One dollar, please," said Old Man Smith.

AND when little Tommy Bent ran away to the city his mother hunted all the hospitals for him, and made 'em drag the river, and wore a long black veil all the time, and howled.

But Old Man Smith said: "Oh, shucks! It ain't at all probable, is it, that he was aimin' at hospitals or rivers when he went away? What's the use of worryin' over the things he weren't aimin' at till you've investigated the things he was?"

"Aimin' at?" sobbed Mrs. Bent. "Who in the wide world could ever tell what any little boy was aimin' at?"

"And there's something in that too," said Old Man Smith. "What did he look like?"

"Like his father," said Mrs. Bent.

"U-m-m. Plain, you mean?" said Old Man Smith.

"He was only nine years old," sobbed Mrs. Bent. "But he did love meetings so. No matter what they was about he was always hunting for some new meeting to go to. He just seemed naturally to dote his self on any crowd of people that was all facing the other way, looking at somebody else. He had a little cowlick at the back of his neck," sobbed Mrs. Bent. "It was a comical little cowlick. People used to laugh at it. He never liked to sit any place where there was anybody sitting behind him."

"NOW you're talking," said Old Man Smith. "Will he answer to the name of 'Little Tommy Bent'?"

"He will not," said Mrs. Bent. "He's that stubborn. He's exactly like his father."

Old Man Smith wrote an entirely new advertisement to put in the papers. It didn't say anything about rivers or hospitals or "dead or alive." It just said:

LOST—In the back seat of most any meeting a very plain little boy. Will not answer to the name of "Little Tommy Bent." Stubborn like his father.

"We'll put that in about being 'stubborn,'" said Old Man Smith, "because it sounds quaint and will interest people."

"It won't interest Mr. Bent," sobbed Mrs. Bent. "And it seems awful cruel to make it so public about the child's being plain."

Old Man Smith spoke coldly to her. "Would you rather lose him—handsome," he said, "or find him—plain?"

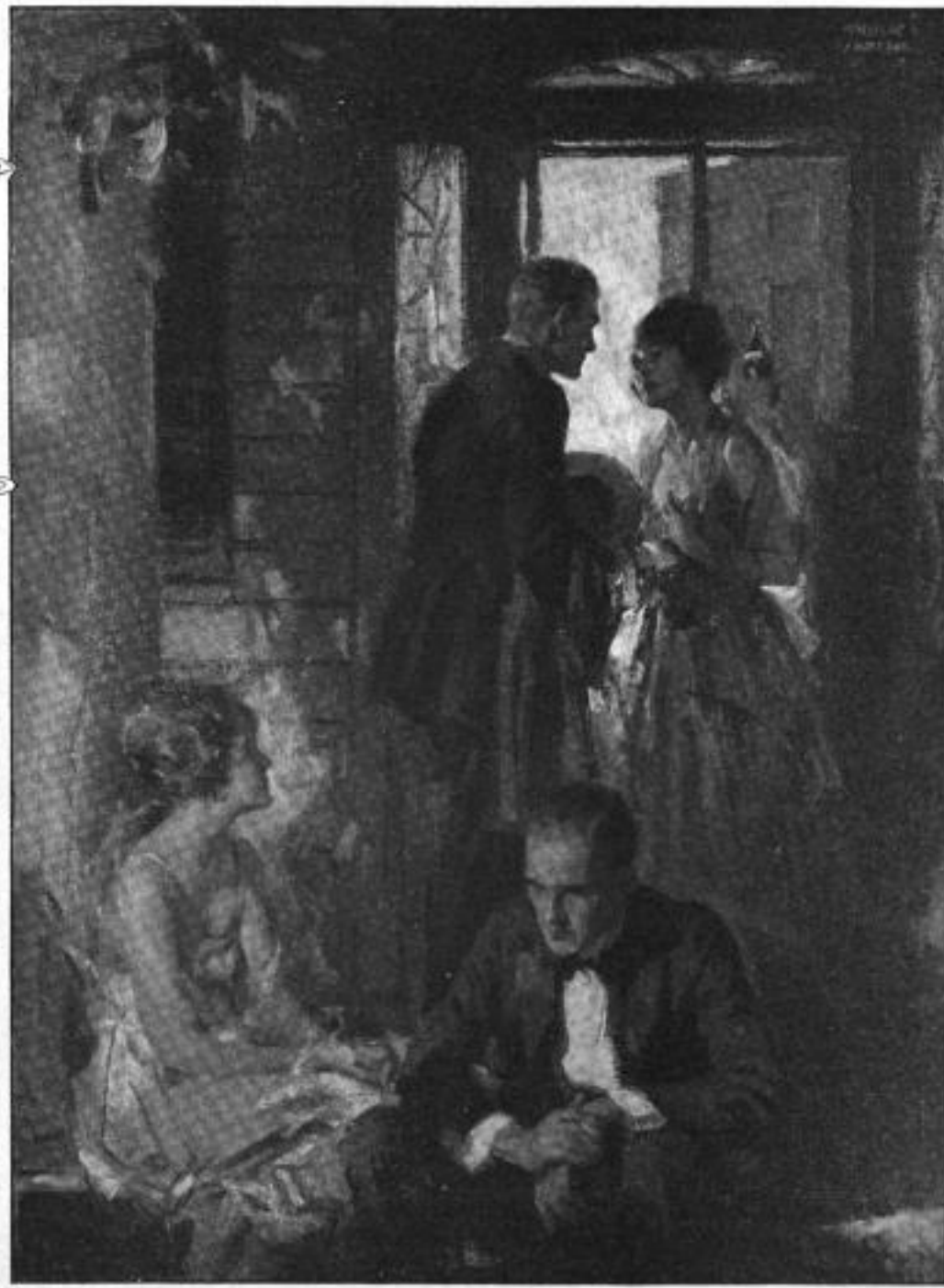
Mrs. Bent seemed to think that she'd rather find him plain. She found him within two days! He was awful plain. His shoes were all worn out and his stomach was flat. He was at a meeting of men who sell bicycles to China. The men were feeling pretty sick. They'd sent hundreds and hundreds of he-bicycles to China, and the Chinamen couldn't ride 'em on account of their skirts. It was the smell of an apple in a man's pocket that made Tommy Bent follow the man to the meeting. And he answered to every name except "Tommy Bent," so they knew it was he.

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The Vanishing Girl

By
PHYLLIS
DUGANNE

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter



HER EYES MET HIS CHALLENGINGLY. "IF YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM BEING AN INTERESTING MYSTERY COME TO THE MASQUERADE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB TO-NIGHT—"

THE love affair that culminated when Duff Schuyler met The Girl in the spring of 1921 really had its beginning shortly after he landed in New York in December of 1920. The whole trouble was that Duff didn't know it; he wasn't even sure that The Girl was real until that June afternoon when she stood at his side in a red dress, her dark hair blowing back from a low, white forehead.

Duff had not the slightest intention of falling in love in the winter of 1920; there were too many important things for him to do. They were, for the most part, negative things that he wanted as he sat stretched out in the steamer chair on the boat that was so steadily widening the distance between itself and South America, lessening the remoteness of New York. First of all, most important of all, he wanted to forget. The banging of doors, the creaking and thumping of the boat, brought back the explosion a hundred times a day during the voyage. Over and over he heard again the roar that had persisted, increasing through the jumble of other sounds—screams, groans, terrible splinterings; and over and over, the silence which had seemed for an instant as though the whole world had become a vacuum.

At each unexpected noise Duff winced and closed his eyes abruptly. In itself the explosion in the Schuyler copper mine had been a ghastly thing; but normally a young man of twenty-six could see all that Duff had seen without serious after-effects. He had been exhausted, however, when he arrived at the mine after a year in France. He had taken his responsibilities heavily; Schuyler, Senior, had been unable to get away from the New York office, and he had placed his son in complete charge of the mine. The young man had worked hard; in the evenings at the hotel he had puzzled over plans and reports, had conferred and worried until there were few of the day's allotment of hours left for him to sleep in before it would be time to be out again.

THE explosion had been the touch that was needed to bring a complete collapse; and here he was, looking out over the dark water with an expression in his gray eyes that made other passengers wonder.

In his first week at home his family watched him with apprehension and interest. His seventeen-year-old sister, Elisabeth, seemed slightly disappointed that his nervous collapse did not make him a more interesting invalid. Even his mother, after the first few days of waiting anxiously for him to do something which would warrant her in exercising her long-neglected duties as a loving parent and tender nurse, rather gave it up. She still watched him with a perplexed expression in her mild eyes, but that was mainly because he was, if not an interesting invalid, at least an interesting stranger. It took longer for Duff and his mother to become friends than it had for him and Elisabeth. His mother was slightly embarrassed at the thought that the tall, sunburned young man was the baby whom she had brought into the world.

Probably his father came nearest to knowing the young man, to realizing a little the things that he felt; but Schuyler, Senior, was a busy man.

Elisabeth found Duff alone in the library on his second Sunday at home. She came in quietly and sat down in the armchair opposite him.

"You've grown very pretty," he said, looking at her gravely.

She smiled, unembarrassed. "I must have changed a lot," she said.

"You have. You —" He smiled again, because words were inadequate; he was a bit out of the way of using them too.

Elisabeth crossed her ankles precisely and looked at her finger nails for a moment. "You've been away from New York a long time," she said finally. "You ought to start going around more, Duff."

"Ought I?" He looked at her in amusement.

"I—could take you around quite a bit," she continued. "I mean, you don't know any of the nice restaurants or tea-places or—or anything. To think you'd never even heard of the Quartier Club!"

"It's awful," he agreed solemnly. "But why all this solicitude on your part? Although I suppose it is embarrassing to have a brother who goes around craning his neck at the skyscrapers."

"It isn't exactly that," she said. She grinned and raised her eyes to his honestly. "You see it's this way: Mother thinks I'm much too young to go dashing around with the opposite sex. You don't know how she treats me, Duff—as if I were a mere infant. And—well, I thought if you wanted to see all the new places and shows and everything like that, why, we'd be killing two birds with one stone."

DUFF'S mouth twitched. "You know that's awfully dear of you, Elisabeth," he said. "I do appreciate it. Where would you like to go to-morrow night?"

"Duff!" Elisabeth's eyes shone. "You're a darling. We'll go to a show—they say The Rose Girl is awfully good—and then to the Quartier Club. Freddy goes there all the time. And —"

"Freddy?" asked Duff, raising his eyebrows politely.

"Freddy Burns; didn't you know him?" Elisabeth was trying valiantly to appear casual. "And I'll tell you what, Duff—you must pretend you're a suitor; not to any of the boys I know of course, but to—to —"

"The world at large?" he suggested.

"Yes, that's it. And you won't be jealous or—tell, if I dance with a lot of other people, will you?"

"I won't do either of those things," he assured her.

From that day on he was docile in the competent hands of Elisabeth. New York seemed so immense, so much a great

complex machine of which he was not a part but in which he was thoroughly tangled, that he was really grateful for her guidance. It was, on the whole, a rather uninspiring part to play, that of escort to Elisabeth; but the thought that it was his baby sister who told him where to go and what to order, how to address the waiter under special circumstances and what to tip the hat boy, made it amusing more than anything else.

Before she had taken him in hand he had felt more alone than ever before in his life. His friends had scattered everywhere. The girls he had known seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. There had been sisters of some of the men at college, but they had, for the most part, turned into wives and mothers before he was out of uniform; one or two girls he had known in the city were still available, but they seemed irrevocably a part of another existence. So he followed the slender figure of his sister from restaurant to cabaret; from theater to one of the lunch rooms on Fifty-ninth Street, where sailors on shore leave ate buckwheat cakes and bacon with

their sweethearts side by side with the year's debutantes and their gallants. It developed into an ideal arrangement for them both. Elisabeth's bright blue eyes could roam about the room without fear for the attention of her escort, and Duff had the advantage of seeing New York whirl about him without having to make sparkling comments to the young woman at his side.

JANUARY and February sped past, and Duff remained clay in the hands of Elisabeth.

"We're going to have luncheon at one of those new little French restaurants to-day," she would say at breakfast, fixing wide eyes on him as innocently as though she and Freddy Burns had not made all arrangements the day before.

And Duff would acquiesce meekly and smile reassuringly at his mother.

At the restaurant he would sit, looking dizzily about the crowded room, not hearing the small talk of his sister and the ardent Freddy in the bubbling mist of words and laughter that floated upward from the tables. Before—years before—he had been as much a part of all this as Freddy. Now he sat like a disembodied spirit returned to old haunts, a silent, puzzled, fascinated watcher.

"We're going over to the Clover Club to dance, Duff dear," his sister's voice would pierce the blur of his mind.

"Yes." And he would pay the check, docilely get his coat and hat, and tag along.

Sometimes he found Freddy's eyes fastened on him curiously. His clothes were all right; Freddy certainly had no fault to find with his execution of the rôle of chaperon. But there was something queer about the man. He could not be led into conversation about South America or even about the war. He never talked; he rarely laughed, although a bewildered smile always hovered about his lips. But Freddy did not complain; far from it. Elisabeth's eyes were soft and bright, and the hand he held in his beneath the table was warm and friendly, if nothing more.

Elisabeth had disappeared into the ladies' room to repair the ravages of three successive dances on her carefully and needlessly applied complexion, and Freddy and Duff were alone at the table. After a few minutes Freddy coughed nervously, and as Duff dragged his attention slowly to the

youth, he realized that he was expected to say something. He wondered what.

"You ought to bring a girl along some time," Freddy said. "It's not much fun to just sit around like you do."

"I suppose it isn't," Duff agreed and laughed. The boy must think him an utter idiot. He tried to brighten. "I've been away so long," he said, "that I don't believe I'd know what to say to a girl."

"You needn't tell me there weren't any gay señoritas in South America," said Freddy, looking infinitely wise.

Duff grinned. There had been one señorita—but Freddy wouldn't believe that story. One of the Americans in the company had married her and proceeded to treat her abominably. And Duff had stepped in to help—there had been no one else to do it—and had finally taken the girl back to her parents. A lovely little thing she had been, too, drooping, teary, pathetic.

"Memories—mem-o-ries," said Freddy insinuatingly. "Did you ever know Miss Morton—Helena Morton? She's a queen, if there ever was one. Why, she —"

"Freddy, I could positively expire listening to this tune. To think that I've wasted even a bar of it!" Elisabeth stood before them, swinging with the music. "Dance with me."

"You ought to have a 'Wet Paint' sign on your forehead," Freddy said as he swung off with her.

Duff certainly felt out of it; one did not make remarks of that sort to a girl like Elisabeth in his day. And a girl like his sister did not — In his day. . . . "Oh, thunder!" he groaned, and sank back disgustedly.

IN MARCH Elisabeth bore him to the Metropolitan, preceded him into the Schuyler box in her velvet cape and sat down magnificently. She was playing the young wife that night; Duff caught her moods amazingly and entered into them.

"This is a bore, of course," she said languidly, opening her new feather fan as nonchalantly as though it were an umbrella. "But we can dance afterwards." She looked about the theater disdainfully, but her eyes sparkled with excitement.

Duff watched her indulgently; she was such a lovely young thing, so absurdly young and so tantalizingly sophisticated. He was just beginning to consider her as a person; gradually he was cutting into her conversations with Freddy, drawing her out. He did not wholly approve of her, the girl who had grown up while he was away, and little by little he was finding her lacking as a companion. In short, Duff was reaching the point where he looked at women in cafés and theaters as human beings, not as attractive sections of the scenery.

"See that girl in the evening cape over there, Duff, in the box near the stage?" she asked. "That's Helena

Morton, who lives in Scarborough near our maison. She's awfully cute, isn't she? And the girl beside her, the one just taking off her wrap —"

Duff turned toward the box. A door in the corridor crashed shut as his eyes found the two girls, and he jumped to his feet abruptly.

The color flooded his white face as he sat down again. "Sorry, Elisabeth," he apologized, smiling into his sister's startled eyes. "I'll get over this sort of rot soon—haven't done that since I got off the boat. We've been going it pretty much lately, and I'm not quite fit yet."

HE TURNED again toward the box and the two girls, but the lights dimmed. The orchestra thundered unexpectedly into the first chords of the overture. The audience fluttered into silence, like a flock of pigeons settling down on a roof, and in the Schuyler box Duff had fainted.

Mrs. Schuyler and Elisabeth looked across his bed with large eyes as Doctor Blake pronounced it a mild case of shell shock.

"But the war's been over for years," said Elisabeth. "Nobody has shell shock now."

The doctor laughed and pinched her cheek. "I'll admit Duff seems a little out of date, but you can't always be fashionable. It's a combination of war nerves and that South American affair."

"I hadn't said anything about it," Duff explained, looking at his mother apologetically. "I was rather shot up when I got back here. But I thought it was all over. Just the noise—sudden, you see—and—I'll be all right."

Evans Blake smiled at the young man. It was strange to see this boy whom he had known so well, who had eaten the best peaches from his orchard and pulled the pigtailed of his daughter, suddenly become a man who talked carelessly about wars and mine explosions. But it was nearly fourteen years since he had really known Duff Schuyler.

"You'd better take him away from New York," he said, lapsing into his professional manner. "Rest is what he needs."

So they closed the New York house and moved to the quiet of Scarborough, while the season was still whirling in New York and the winds that blew across the tennis court were tinged with frost. In the old days, Scarborough had seemed as quiet as a town as the country boasted, and the Elms as forgotten by sound as the inside of a thermos bottle; but to Duff now, it was like an endless string of firecrackers exploding, one after another. A door slamming or the wind crashing through the trees brought him to his feet, his face set, his lips white.

The summer passed, and Duff watched it from the side piazza of the house; voices of Elisabeth and her friends floated out to him, but he saw no one. He seemed to have

an aversion to people, although Elisabeth constantly chattered of girls who were "simply dying to meet him." He read a great deal of the time and wrote letters to an imaginary girl, letters which he destroyed almost as soon as he had finished them; and for the rest of the time he sat watching the grass change from delicate green to deep emerald, from emerald to moss color, eventually to brown.

In November, when the Schuyler car drew up at the door and the creak of the brakes clenched his hands and made his heart sound like a machine gun, he gave up.

"After all, dad," he said to his father, "what's the use? I've been loafing about for more than six months, and I can't see that I'm any different. I think I need honest toil. Take me back into your office, and let's see what that does to me."

In less than two months he had found exactly what it would do to him. The doctor suggested that Sleepy Valley was as good a place as any for him to spend the winter. In the summer the rambling inn was tenanted by nervous old ladies and gouty old gentlemen; in the winter it was quiet as a tomb. And there, hidden among the hills, the second stage of his love affair was reached, although Duff thought it the first.

THE proprietor of the inn and the proprietor's wife looked at him in amazement when he burst into the diningroom, demanding a time-table. He had been there for two months, and his arrangements had been made for the winter. His bags were packed, he explained to them, and his trunk was ready. He boarded the New York train without a glance back at the bewildered man standing on the wooden platform.

In the city his taxi sped serenely past the Schuyler house, stopped outside an office building, and Duff waited impatiently in the ante-room for Doctor Blake to appear.

"Well, what's up?" the doctor asked when finally he did emerge from one of the honeycomb of inner offices.

"What's up?" Duff demanded indignantly. "I ask you, do I look crazy?"

The doctor smiled as he shook his head. "Come on in here and tell me about it."

Duff sat down in the chair by the desk and drew a deep breath. "Well," he said at last, "I—I tell you I'm not crazy, you know." He flushed. "It was at the inn—Sleepy Valley. I was in bed rather early, reading. The door of my room opened and a girl came in—a real girl."

"Yes," said the doctor.

"I saw her—just as clearly as I see you. She was pretty—heavens!—in a white dress and a red cape. She walked into the room deliberately, and then just as deliberately she slipped off her cape and folded it. I thought, of course,

(Continued on Page 44)



"NOW THEN, TO BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING, IT REALLY WASN'T YOU WHO CAME INTO MY ROOM AT SLEEPY VALLEY, WAS IT?"

RANDOLPH THREW TERROR AND DISCRETION TO THE WINDS AND SMILED OPENLY, BROADLY, FEARLESSLY, STRAIGHT INTO THOSE HEAVENLY BLUE EYES



YOU wanna get struck by lightnin'?" Shivering in his dripping bathing suit before a chill wind that came rushing through the great park forest, Randolph Meredith hugged his dry clothes under his arm and yelled to Albert, whose head at that moment broke "Shady's" surface as he emerged from a neat back-flip dive off the springboard.

The woods had become ominously deep shadowed on this early June afternoon, and now as the rain-scented wind filled the trees with sound, Randolph glanced nervously up through the green canopy to the heavy clouds. "Come on," he yelled. "It's gonna rain."

Albert's sense of hearing was dulled by the water in his ears; he merely saw his companion's lips working rapidly. But he interpreted. So he climbed out to the bank, tilted his head to the right, hopped on his right foot and pounded his right ear with the heel of his right hand.

A stream of warm water trickled from the cavity. He repeated the operation in behalf of the left ear. Then, for the first time hearing distinctly, he caught the distant roll of thunder.

"Wait a minute," he called to Randolph, already walking briskly along the path that paralleled the bouldered creek. "Ain't you gonna put on your clothes?"

"Naw, take 'em under your arm."

Freckled, flap-eared Albert swept up his clothes and hurried to Randolph's side. "Shucks!" he panted in exasperation, "what makes you so scared of thunder anyway? Ain't gonna rain."

"You think I wanna get struck? Look at the leaves—look at the leaves, all turned wrong side out. That's a sure sign. Besides, a rain crow was hollerin' near 'Shady' all the mornin'."

"Those crazy things holler at everything. You believe in signs?"

RANDOLPH came to a sudden stop. Gingerly he raised his right foot, dropped his clothes and extracted a tiny brier from his big toe. "Yes, I believe in signs. Listen at that locust; that's a sign of hot weather, ain't it?"

"Sign! Ain't it been hot for two weeks?"

"I betcher you couldn't kill a snake an' hang it up unless it rained," tacked Randolph. "I've seen 'em do that at my grandma's lots of times." He waited for Albert's rebuttal, but it was not forthcoming. "An' I reckon you don't believe horsehairs turn to snakes in water either. You don't believe you'll get fever if you go in 'Shady' in dog days. You don't believe if you drop a book you'll miss that lesson the next day. But I do. I've seen all those things happen—many a time."

Another pause in the monologue as the two hurried along. "I betcher you'll believe in signs Saturday night when we get through 'nitiatin' you in The Purple Gladiators. I'll bet you won't sleep through that, if you did sleep through the movie of Dr. Jekyll an' Mr. Hyde. I betcher —"

Randolph's assault on Albert's weakest point was interrupted by one of those early June phenomena which drove both of them scurrying to the shelter of an enormous oak. On the instant the sun had broken majestically through the cloud pall; simultaneously the rain descended in glistening downpour.

"Uh-huh!" nodded Randolph triumphantly; "'twasn't goin' to rain. You don't believe if you pick up the first rock you see when it's rainin' an' sunshinin' you'll find a hair the same color of the hair of the girl you're gonna marry, do you?"

Albert laughed derisively. Randolph rushed from the shelter of the tree, stooped over and raised the first stone he clapped eyes upon. "Come here," he yelled.

Albert stood over him. Randolph raised the stone. Sure enough, in the mold it made lay a short strand of hair.

Triumphantly Randolph held it up. "There 'tis—brown. Now!"



Illustrations by
George Brehm

two with searching scrutiny. "Which one of you threw this thing into my car?" He held up the enormous shoe which must have been cast by a blue-ribbon Percheron.

Randolph gulped. "I did, mister. But I didn't do it a-purpose. I didn't even see your car. I threw it over my shoulder for luck."

The man took a pencil from his pocket, along with an old envelope. "What's your name?"

"Randolph Meredith."

"What's your father's name?"

"Mister Randolph Meredith."

"Where do you live?"

"Right up there," answered the panicky culprit, pointing to his house that faced the park, "Seventy-two Park Place."

The man made notes, put away pencil and envelope. "Very well, I'll send your father the bill for this glass. And I hope he takes it out of your hide, young man. It's coming to a nice pass when people are not safe on public drives. Suppose this thing had struck me or my daughter here —"

FOR the first time Randolph saw the girl in the limousine. She was twelve or thereabouts, clad in a middy suit of white serge. Her eyes were blue; she was bareheaded—and the rich flowing curls were chestnut brown!

The tremendous significance of this fact that her hair was a chestnut brown temporarily drove terror from Randolph's heart and filled it with a tremendous emotion.

The girl was trying to suppress a smile. Randolph threw terror and discretion to the winds and smiled openly, broadly, fearlessly, straight into those heavenly blue eyes.

"You won't think this is a laughing matter by the time I'm through with you," warned the man. He slammed shut the blasted door and the limousine rolled proudly off.

Albert turned serious eyes upon Randolph. "You're in for it, all right. You know who that was? That's Mr. Waples. He's got all kinds o' money. He's the meanest man in town. I guess you believe in signs now. Sure is a lot o' luck in horseshoes, all right."

At the challenge Randolph bit his lip, opened his hand to reëxhibit the strand of hair he had rescued from beneath the enchanted stone. "You saw what color her hair was, didn't you?"

But Albert's practical mind refused utterly to credit the coincidence that seemed strangely to temper Randolph's appreciation of forthcoming events.

"I'll pay for the old window," stoutly declared Randolph. "I've got five dollars saved up for my baseball suit. If it costs more I'll save it up, I reckon."

Albert's trenchant classification of Mr. Waples as the meanest man in town was justified in Randolph's estimation that very evening. Mr. Meredith came home, called his son into the living room and icily inquired whether he had nothing better to do than throw horseshoes through limousine glass.

"I didn't go to do it," pleaded the boy; "we always throw them over our shoulder when we wish on them. Honestly, daddy, I didn't even see his old car."

His father nodded. "Mr. Waples called me up and I told him to send me the bill. It will cost ten dollars to replace that glass. This will have to teach you a lesson. You'd better make your plans now to pay me back."

It had been easier to boast to Albert than it was now to take the inexorable verdict. Gone, the five dollars he had so miserably saved for that baseball suit! And five more dollars gone even before he had worked to earn them! His head drooped.

"Yes, sir," he meekly answered, and left the room.

That night, as his father sat reading, the boy stole to his mother's room and poured out the contents of his heart. "Albert said he was the meanest man in town," he concluded bitterly, "an' I believe it. I didn't go to hit his old limousine."

A Horseshoe for Luck

By
WILLIAM HARPER
DEAN



Heedless of the pattering rain, Albert started up the path. Randolph hurried beside him.

"'Twasn't nothin' but a dog hair," contended Albert.

"How'n the mischief could a dog get under that little rock?"

"How'n the mischief could a girl get under it?"

The rest of the journey out of the park was made in total silence between the two. Nor was it broken until they had crossed the macadam boulevard over which cars were speeding as the sudden downpour had sent them scurrying from the scenic driveways.

RANDOLPH stopped still. "Lookit that horseshoe," he cried, pointing to an enormous one lying in the cobbled gutter directly before him. "Ends pointin' right at me too. Gee, Buck, what a whopper!" He picked it up.

"Hold the ends up, crazy," warned Albert. "You're lettin' all the luck run out."

"Thought you didn't believe in signs."

"Don't; but that's what they say."

Randolph touched his tongue to the great horseshoe, shut his eyes, made a wish, and hurled the thing over his left shoulder.

Crash!

Accompanying the fearful sound came the shrill whine of madly applied brakes. Both boys stared dumfounded as the huge limousine skidded to a stop, then shot back in reverse until it was abreast of the open-mouthed pair. With deep nausea Randolph saw the wreck of a plate-glass panel shattered as though from a sledge-hammer blow.

A small, wiry man with narrow eyes and close-cropped gray mustache opened the limousine door and withered the

His mother made a poor show of suppressing her sympathy. "You'll just have to save up your money, Ranny, that's all."

"Albert's goin' out to the golf course to caddie Saturday. He gets twenty-five cents for nine holes—an' tips. Last week he made two dollars. Can I go?"

Mrs. Meredith shook her head. "Your father doesn't approve of that, Ranny. It puts you back home too late. Besides, you'd better be thankful he hasn't taken away your privilege for Saturday night. Are you going to initiate Albert then?"

Randolph nodded dejectedly. "Yes'm."

"Well, you'd better get to your lessons now and go to bed early. We'll think of some way for you to make money. Don't worry about it any more."

She kissed him and he went to his room.

Glorious youth! Randolph went to bed that night with every worry totally obliterated by the vision of a girl with chestnut curls who smiled at him with eyes of the blue of a robin's egg. As he lay awake in darkness, dreaming, he saw the Waples limousine stranded in a lonely section of the woodland park, the chauffeur draped lifelessly over the wheel, the meanest man in town bound hand and foot by the roadside, the girl with chestnut curls wringing her hands while the bearded kidnaper, who had sprung from ambush, leered brutally as he reached within the luxurious equipage to snatch the prize for ransom.

RANDOLPH, in rubber soles, crept forward like a cat. The villain's knotty budgeon lay within reach of his hand. The girl saw him, opened her lips to cry out to him. Randolph placed a finger to his own lips. Then in a flash he had seized the great club. With the strength of a giant he swung it. He heard the horrible crack and felt the unkempt head give under the blow. The man rolled lifeless at his feet. It was the work of an instant to whip out his pocketknife and slash the cords binding Mr. Waples.

Then for a quick, positive examination of the senseless chauffeur. "Only a stunning blow," he reassured the terrified girl. "A little while and he'll be himself again."

The wealthy man's fervent handclasp! "My boy, you have saved my daughter from a fearful fate. You need not fear the law for what you have done to this man. I shall defend you with the ablest legal talent."

And then with a bound he caught the swooning girl. Closely he held her in his arms. Her eyes were closed, she was breathing deeply. Priceless glowing chestnut strands brushed his cheek. Oblivious to everything, he bent over to touch his lips to her pale cheek . . . and sleep closed his eyes and dream fairies bore him up among the stars.

Came Saturday to find Randolph no penny richer, no plan formulated for the accumulation of the sum still due as indemnity. As he sat on the front steps his mother called him. And when she had seen his face she felt deep compassion.

"HERE'S my order, Ranny," she said, handing him a folded paper with the green edge of a bank note protruding. "Take your wagon up to the store and bring it for me. This time I'll give you a quarter instead of the regular fifteen cents."

"Thanks, mother," he said, pocketing the paper.

As he started up the street, drawing the express wagon, his right hand in his trousers pocket, his head was bent with the weight of deep meditation. For the life of him he could not understand how anybody could deprive him of a baseball suit and five dollars more to pay for a piece of glass when that man had thousands of dollars for every penny that he owned. Suddenly he caught his breath. Unconsciously he had been running his pocketed fingers round the edge of a big coin. Now the full significance of that fact struck him with tremendous force. He withdrew his hand, gazed thoughtfully at the big Spanish dollar. His luck piece! And a lot of luck it had brought!

But here was a dollar, a whole one, which, if properly utilized, would reduce his indebtedness by exactly one-fifth. He would see about selling the thing this very day.

In front of the chain-store grocery stood a line of express

wagons parked in orderly row, while their youthful owners circulated among the customers in the store, soliciting business. Randolph had consistently refused to launch into this Saturday vocation: you had to haul groceries so far for ten cents a load. But this morning he looked upon the matter with mercenary eyes. He needed every dime he could get with his hands on. So he parked his wagon, surveyed the general situation with a swift glance and straightway walked half a block up the street, determined to catch his custom where the field was uninfested with competitors. Two housewives, with baskets on their arms, were coming his way.

Randolph doffed the blue-and-white felt skullcap that kept his pompadour under perfect submission. "Want me to haul your order home?" he solicited.

ONE of the women absent-mindedly gave him her basket, without a break in her rapid-fire monologue. "Edna and Charlie," she rattled on as Randolph respectfully brought up the rear, "have been saving for it so many years. And, as I told Clara, goodness knows they deserve something. They've simply slaved for their children, and Charlie hasn't had a real rest for heaven knows when."

"I think it's wonderful," said her companion as the first woman paused for breath. "When do they start?"

"Next Monday. First, they're going to England, then, unless they change their minds, to France and Spain. Edna's wild to see Spain. That's all she raves about —"

Randolph had darted to the woman's side. "Lady, do you know somebody that's goin' to Spain?"

The woman looked at him, plainly annoyed at the interruption. "Yes; my daughter. Why?"

The boy smiled hopefully. "I've got a real Spanish dollar, an' if she's goin' to Spain she needs it, don't she?"

"I dare say," she replied, her frown lifting. "You mean you want to sell it?"

"Yessam."

"Well, when you take my order home you can ask her. Now where did I put my list?"

Fifteen minutes later Randolph drew the loaded express wagon behind the woman who led the way to his base of golden expectations. He took in the first armful of packages and deposited them on the kitchen table. A younger woman was bustling about the room.

"Lady," said Randolph, "are you the one that's goin' to Spain?"

"Why, yes —" She hesitated.

"Edna," explained the mother, pausing in her task of checking up the order, "this boy wants to sell you a Spanish dollar."

Randolph's hand shot into his pocket and brought out the big silver coin. The woman examined it carefully.

"So you want to sell it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well, I'll buy it. I looked up exchange this morning. I'll give you seventy-four cents for it."

Randolph started. "Seventy-four—lady, that's a dollar."

"I know, my dear—a Spanish dollar. It's worth only seventy-four cents of our money now."

"Then why do they call it a dollar?" challenged the boy. "A dollar's worth a dollar."

THE woman smiled. "You don't understand, child. Exchange governs the value of one country's money in another's. And just now a Spanish dollar isn't worth so much as one of ours by twenty-six cents. Don't you study about that in school?"

Randolph's eyes were filling with heavy suspicion. "We study that a hundred cents makes a dollar, an' this sure is a dollar. My uncle said so; he brought it to me for a luck piece. It's worth a hundred cents."

As the woman was about to elaborate on her explanation of the vagaries of exchange, Randolph reached out his hand,

took back the coin and returned it to his pocket. Grimly he went back to the wagon outside, brought in the rest of the packages, collected his fifteen cents from the mother and walked from that house, a being of shaken faith. That a woman who had money enough to travel to England, France and Spain should try to cheat a boy out of twenty-six cents was about the worst yet. No wonder she had plenty of money, if that's the way she did!

As he walked slowly back to the store he reviewed the succession of wrongs that had been inflicted upon him from the epochal moment when he had discovered that monster horseshoe in the gutter. It seemed to him that the whole world fattened on a diet of injustices to boys. And as his faith in mankind began to totter, so he felt the overpowering conviction that, after all, Albert was right. What luck had the horseshoe brought him? Or the Spanish pocket piece either?

LATE that afternoon Randolph made a heroic effort to put aside his worries. He entered Kirk Newton's cellar by the back entrance. There he found a dozen boys industriously painting black circles round the eye slits in single-piece white shrouds and otherwise symbolizing gruesomeness.

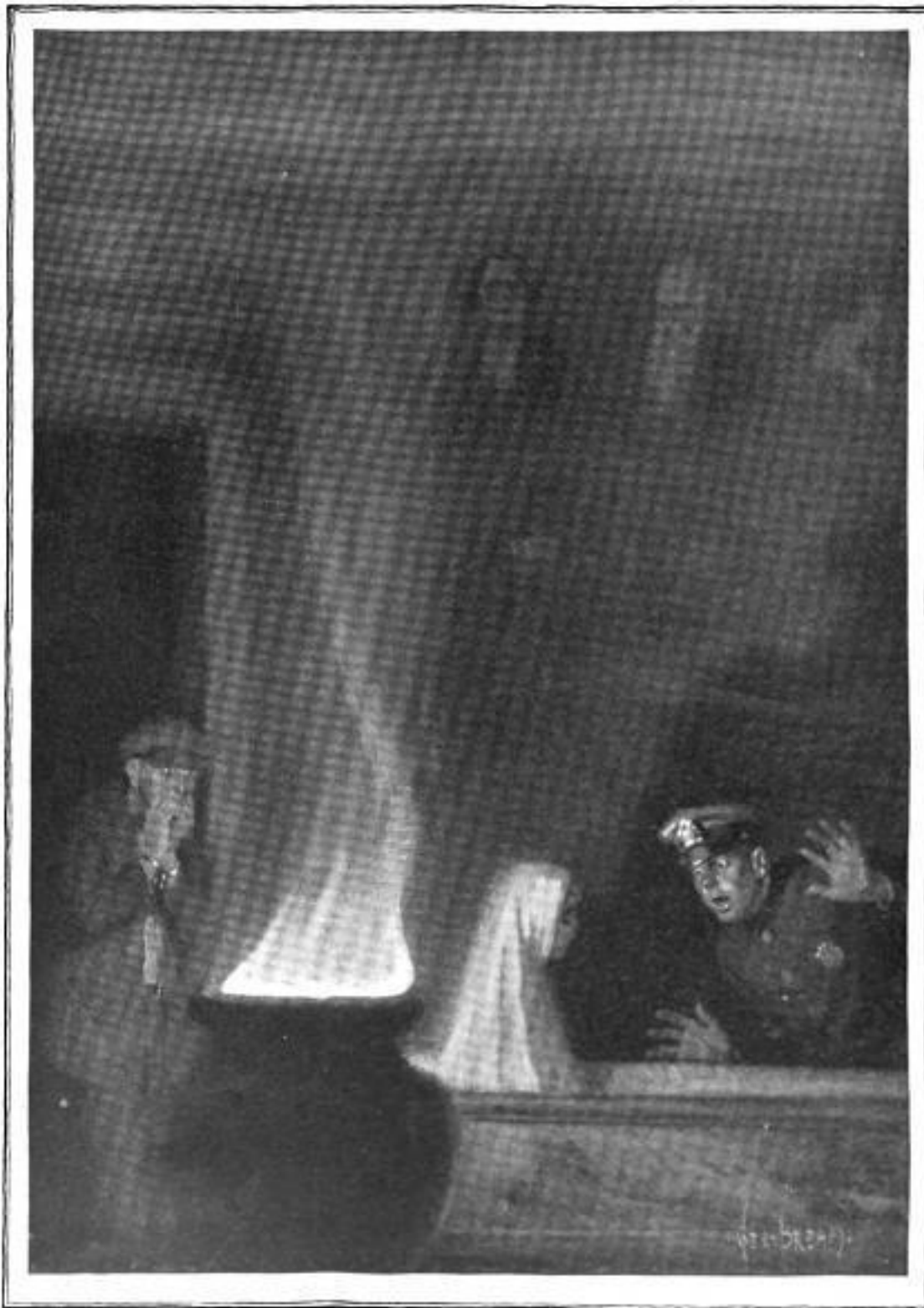
Kirk Newton, with a paint brush in his hand, turned and nodded sarcastically at the newcomer. "Here he is now," he announced. "It's time you were helpin' some. Get in that coffin, Ranny, an' see if you can lay down."

Randolph stared at the casket improvised from a great packing case. It rested on two sawhorses and reeked of a second coat of black paint. But the interior was untouched by the brush. Randolph hesitatingly complied. He fitted snugly enough. Kirk forced the lid in place. Randolph looked through the pair of gimlet holes directly above his head.

"Can you breathe all right?" called Kirk.

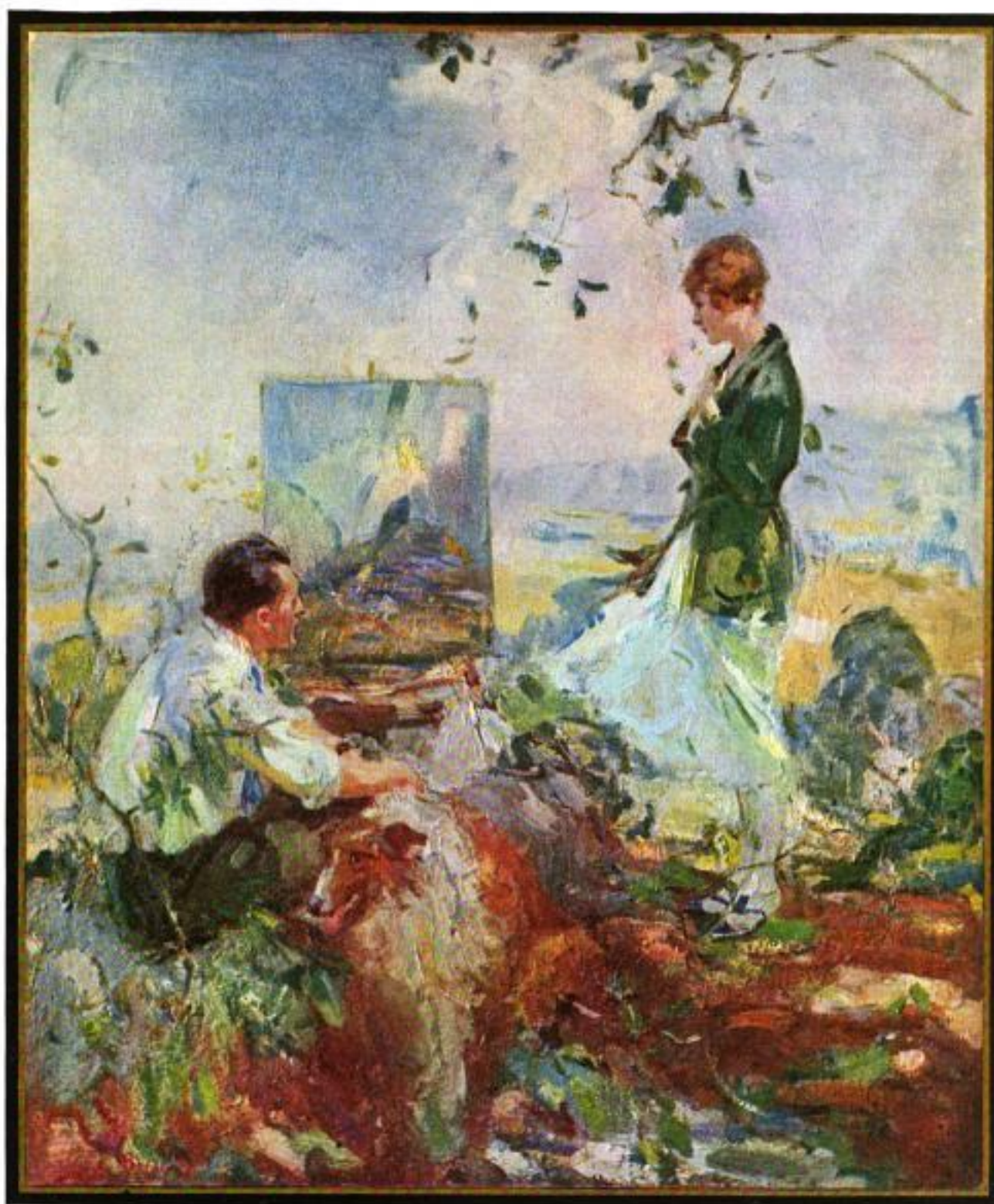
"Uh-huh, lemme out. Listen," he said when again he was on his feet, "it's a fine for goin' in vacant houses. Darn if I ain't in enough trouble now without that."

"Aw, who's gonna know?" retorted Kirk. "An' if they did find out, what could they do? We ain't stealing anything, are we?"



WITH A WHISTLING CATCH IN HIS BREATH HE WRESTED OFF THE LID. IT FELL WITH FEARFUL CLATTER. O'DONOHUE LEAPED BACK WITH A CHOKING GULP

(Continued on Page 110)



"I—THERE ISN'T ANYTHING FOR ME TO SAY, IS THERE?" SHE SAID. HER VOICE WAS NOT QUITE STEADY. "YOU KNOW—HOW—HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS?"

And he sat with her. "I had my chance, you know," he said at length. "I don't know what went wrong." She waited, silent, thoughtful, a little remote; and he went on: "I always knew what I wanted to do, when I was just a kid—draw, paint, put down the way things looked, anyway. I guess my mother must have been like that; I don't know. She died when I was born. My father didn't have any use for anything like that. I had to go to work in his store when I was big enough.

"After a while I went off and got work in Hartford, and then in New York. And I used to spend all I didn't need to live on for paper and paints and brushes and things. I went to some classes at night too.

"Then my father died, and I sold everything and took the money and went to Paris. The war drove me back, and I got some

illustrating to do and some pictures for advertising. And after I'd gone back to France—when we were in the war—and I'd come home again, everything was sort of mad. I made more money than I'd ever dreamed of having, and I guess it sort of went to my head.

"I thought I was good, just because I was making a lot of money and couldn't begin to do all the work they offered me. And then—they didn't seem to want so much of my stuff; and just the other day—the day before I came here—Crocker was in my place, and he dug out some of the stuff I'd done when I was over there the first time and said it was worth everything I'd done since. And I could see he was right."

He sat brooding, staring out across the garden to the little road. "And Helen —" he said in a voice so low that Miss Prudence leaned toward him to hear.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Yes," she said. "And Helen?"

"I GOT her letter the next morning," he said, as if Miss Prudence must understand. "She just said she couldn't marry me. She said she'd been trying to find some way of telling me. I'd thought—I'd hoped — Oh, I couldn't stay!" he cried. "I remembered a place where I'd spent a summer—he flung out his hand toward the south—"but when I got off the train I knew I couldn't find what I'd had there—peace and happiness—so I just walked along until I came to the little road and —"

"I think Providence brought you here," Miss Prudence said very simply. "Stay with us, Kent, until you find all your strength again. Don't talk of going soon."

"I've thought," he began—"I've money, you know, some money—I thought, perhaps, if you would let me pay my share, I could stay—and I might find a place and live on it. There's something about making things grow; they're beautiful; it's another way —"

She looked about her at her flowers. Slowly she rose. "You must come in now," she said.

"I could help you later, perhaps, when I'm stronger," he said half eagerly, "mending things, painting, digging—I'd like to learn." He had her smile for his answer.

The Little Road

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrations by Walter Biggs

KENT MARSHALL paused and stood looking at the little road. It seemed to beckon to him, to bid him welcome, to urge him to be done with the clamor of the hurrying cars, the reek of oil and gas. And so, with the blast of a tuneless horn to speed his parting, he turned from the highroad.

The little road led him among trees bare still, but warm with the promise of bud and leaf. The clamor of the black highroad died down until it was like the hum of bees in a field of clover; above that murmur came the song of a bird; the crooning tune that the wind sang among the bare branches or in the fallen leaves; the purling of tiny streams among the trees; once a squirrel chattered at him angrily.

Marshall began to know how tired he was in body and soul. His cheeks were flushed; he began to wonder dimly if he might not be ill. Once or twice he sat down upon a wet rock and tried to rest. But it was as if the little road urged him to go on. So it brought him at last, faltering, to a house that stood at the foot of a long, gradual decline. An old brick path led from the road to its door; in a white fence an open gate nodded a greeting to the little road and those that it might bring.

Marshall stumbled along the path and reached the door and raised the old brass knocker once and let it fall. When the door was opened he saw a woman, dressed all in black, her gray hair parted, whose eyes widened as she saw him and marked the signs of the fever that was upon him. He stood a moment staring at her, and beyond her into a hall from which a staircase of mahogany rose. He saw an old, tall clock, its face fantastically painted and adorned; a picture, in an oval frame of gold, of a man who wore a high, white stock; a round rug, woven from colored rags.

He raised his hat. "I am very tired," he said. "I hope that you will let me rest here a little while —" He pitched forward as he spoke and went down at her feet.

As he struggled to rise he felt her cool hand on his forehead. "There—there; lie still," she said. She raised her voice. "Sister!" she called. "Prudence!"

SPRING had come before Kent Marshall saw the little road again. They had cared for him in a room that looked out upon the garden in the back; there, with Doctor Grant to guide them, they had nursed him through that devastating siege of pneumonia. And when he was strong enough to go downstairs, it seemed to him that he must have known Faith Brewster and her sister Prudence all his life. They had cared for him as the mother he had never known might have done. Since they had known that his danger was past they had sat and talked with him, simply, easily. They had only served him and tended him. All they had asked him was if there were anyone to whom they should send word; and he had only shaken his head and turned away.

Now when, leaning upon his stick, he trod the old brick path again violets were blooming between the bricks; they lay thick in the grass beside it. The rose bushes were full of

buds; the promise of the glory that was coming filled the garden. Miss Prudence walked with him. The garden was hers, as the kitchen and the house were her sister's.

They walked together to the gate, and he stood leaning upon it and looked at the little road. "I must go, I suppose," he said presently.

"Some time," she said in her quiet way. "When you are ready, Kent."

"I'll be strong enough soon. I'm getting stronger every day. Doctor Grant —"

"Will you be ready when you are quite strong again?"

"No—I don't know —" He stared at her. "How do you know? I haven't told you—you don't know anything about me."

She smiled. "I have had trouble, too, Kent," she said.

"I DON'T know what to do. I've got to do something—I pick up life again—go on. It's no use; but I suppose I'll have to try."

"How old are you, Kent?" she asked.

"Thirty-three—no, thirty-two, I guess," he said, surprised.

"And you think you've failed?"

He laughed bitterly. "Oh, I know it," he said. "I've made a mess of everything, Miss Prudence."

She walked slowly through the garden, leading him without seeming to do so, and came, without intention, as it were, to a stone bench and sat.

He lay awake a long time that night, thinking of the years dedicated to an illusion, the fair hopes that had beckoned to him in his youth and that were now like stark skeletons. What was it Crocker had said? Go back to those beginnings of his? Get back the thing that he had lost, that had given life to those rude sketches of his days in Puteaux?

He had felt that he could not; that he had reached already, in those old days in Paris, the highest point his life would know. Now there was a difference in him since he had talked with Miss Prudence. For humility was taking the place of bitterness and resentment was turning to regret.

SO LIFE began once more to be a pleasant thing in that sheltered corner of the world. When the first sounds came of a morning that told him the sisters were stirring, he went down in flannels and soft shirt to make the kitchen fire. And every morning Miss Faith protested—and thanked him. Later he helped Miss Prudence in the garden and learned from her the lore of flowers. They lived for her; they were, he thought, the children she had never borne. There was much for him to do about the house, too, as he grew strong. And at night, when the day's work was done, he sat and smoked his pipe in the lamplight, while Miss Faith and Miss Prudence sewed. Often they talked of books, and they were never tired of hearing what he could tell them of the war.

Along the little road the postman came each day, riding his bicycle. Most often he brought letters for Kent, forwarded from his club. Kent tore many of those letters without opening them; a few he read; fewer still he answered. Farm wagons also passed sometimes; once in a great while a motor car brought venturesome explorers who had turned from the post road. And every Thursday afternoon came Jimmy Hayden, on his wheel, with a great clamor of his bell, dropping a weekly magazine in the letter box.

One day, when it was very warm, Jimmy came in and asked if he might have a glass of water. Miss Faith made much of him and gave him lemonade instead, and he sat and talked while he drank.

"We're very proud of Jimmy, Kent," Miss Prudence said. "He's saving his money. And next year he's going to college. Aren't you, Jimmy?"

"I hope so, ma'am." "Have you many new subscribers, Jimmy?" asked Miss Faith.

"GOT everyone 'round here, 'cept old Mis' Tucker," said Jimmy stoutly. "She—why, say, there's no pleasing her, Miss Faith. First off she said she was afraid maybe they'd print things that wasn't nice. So I left her a sample copy every week for a while, so's she could make sure. And what do you guess she says now? She says she'd take it if the pictures were colored. She makes me tired, spoiling my record; only one I haven't got."

Kent laughed with the rest. He picked up one of the magazines and turned its pages. And suddenly he was still, staring with somber eyes at a drawing; he could remember how his model had made him wait. He put the magazine away with an impatient movement.

"Maybe there's something we can do about this, Jimmy," he said. "Miss Faith, didn't I see a box of water colors in the attic the other day?"

He went upstairs and came down carrying a japanned box. He filled a tiny cup with water; a minute later he was at work, coloring the work of a man famous on two continents for his drawings in black and white. Laughing he went on, coloring a dozen drawings, while Jimmy leaned over his shoulder, and Miss Prudence watched him with eyes suddenly a little dim.

"There!" he said at last. "Show her that copy, Jimmy. If she subscribes, you bring me a copy every week and we'll color it for her."

"If she don't subscribe now—well, I'm through with her, that's all," said Jimmy. "Say, you're a real artist, aren't you, Mr. Marshall?" Kent winced. "Those pictures now—they're ever so much prettier'n they were before." Then he was off, whistling gayly as he rode along the little road.

Kent turned and saw Miss Prudence looking at him. His eyes fell before hers at last, and he cried out an answer to something she had not said. "I can't!" he cried.

As spring gave way to summer the little road called often to Kent, and he followed it through a smiling country of orchards and wooded hills, of fields and meadows. It showed him long vistas of low hills and pleasant, rounded valleys; ridges on which old fruit trees stood; blue water in the distance; a land mellowed by time, softened by long use.

Day by day his life was taking a new aspect. It was less hurried, less exacting, than it had ever been. Just as his money went further than in the city, so did the stuff of mind and body. He thought often of Helen Marsden—it was so that he thought of her and not of the new name that she had taken. But her image came to him without pain, without that stabbing agony of jealousy that in the beginning had

seemed more than he could endure. He wondered, sometimes, if he had ever truly loved her, since he was finding such peace in a world from which, for him, she had departed.

He had work enough. He had friends—the sisters, Doctor Grant, Sam Newcomb, the old letter carrier. And Jimmy Hayden had come back to report triumphantly Mis' Tucker's surrender; she had agreed to take a magazine each week, so long as the pictures were colored. So Kent had done his part, and every Thursday morning now Jimmy brought him a book, and in the afternoon came back to fetch it.

MISS PRUDENCE watched him often as he colored the drawings. There was a strange look in his eyes, then, a gathering of his forces. He was conscious of her regard. He looked up once from the last drawing, and their eyes met. He looked away abashed, and she sighed and went out to the garden and he went with her.

Together they stood looking out over the roses, white and yellow and red; the larkspur, in a score of tints of blue and white and lavender; the tall hollyhocks, on the very verge of their blooming; clove pinks, nestling down in the grass; the house itself, covered with climbing vines of pink and crimson roses.

"I sit and wonder sometimes in the winter evenings if I shall ever see all this again," Miss Prudence said. "Every winter it grows harder for me to remember what we see now, Kent. I used to be able to close my eyes and see it all. And then each year I am afraid that it is less beautiful than it was the year before, that as I grow older I am losing some power —"

"I will try to paint your garden as you see it now," said Kent.

He held out his hand; but she put out her arms and drew him to her and kissed him.

Even now, when love had made him put his fears and his memory of his ruined hopes away, Kent lacked the strength

to turn back along the little road. And so, when Jimmy Hayden came that afternoon, a list was ready for him, and Kent gave him money, and told him where all that he would need was to be bought. And Jimmy, delighted, eager to serve his friend, promised that in the morning he would go to the city and bring back all that was set down upon the list.

KENT went back into the garden when the boy had gone. Already he saw it with new eyes. He wandered about, with a pad of paper and a stubby pencil, making notes, planning his composition. He was strangely thrilled. He studied details of leaf and blossom; their texture; dreamed of the mixing of his colors to fix this shade and that.

And the next day he was like a child on the eve of Christmas as he waited for Jimmy to come back. He sat with his eyes upon the little road, smoking pipe after pipe as he watched the lengthening of the shadows. And when Jimmy came at last, there were two boys to fall upon the package and tear them open, making a great litter in Miss Faith's neat living room.

After supper and until very late that night

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WHILE MISS FAITH AND MISS PRUDENCE SEWED, HE SAT AND SMOKED HIS PIPE IN THE LAMPLIGHT



Henry Labouchere, that great journalist and editor, wrote in *Truth*: "When Daly first came to England the company was pronounced by our theatrical guides, philosophers and friends a complete failure. At present, although the company is the same and the plays are the same, everything is declared to be perfection."

Royalty attended our performances, and one night, when we were playing at the Gaiety Theater, the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, asked Ada Rehan and myself to come into his box. With him were his wife, now the dowager Queen Alexandra, and a young relation of hers from Denmark. The Prince of Wales was very affable, but he rather ignored Daly, who ushered us into the box. In the managerial department of the London theaters in those days everyone wore dinner clothes. Daly never dressed for the theater.

A Collector of Royalties

THE Prince of Wales asked us whether or not Shakspeare was popular in America. He had seen the advance billing that we were to do *The Taming of the Shrew*. The play that night was *Love on Crutches*, and he did not seem to care for it. This play never did go so well in London as it had in New York.

When we got back to the stage some of the other players wanted to know about our reception.

"Who was the other man in the box?" asked Leclercq.

"He is one of the Princes of Denmark. The Princess of Wales is his aunt," I explained.

"What's he doing over here?"

"I don't know. They did not let us in on the purpose of his mission."

"I know what he's doing here," said Jim Lewis; "he has come over here from Denmark to collect royalties from Henry Irving for *Hamlet*."

On our trip abroad in 1886, we went to Germany and played in Hamburg and Berlin. This was the first and only time that an entire American company visited Germany. This jaunt, which Daly undertook as an advertisement of the company, was really a greater success than might have been supposed. Of course, in neither German city were they particularly pleased with the adapted version of their own plays, played by an English-speaking company. The writers of these plays were extremely glad to see us, as they had made a good thing out of the Daly adaptations and, because of the higher royalties paid, they made more money out of the American rights than at home.

In Hamburg six plays were given: *Love on Crutches*, *A Night Off*, *Nancy and Company*, *A Woman's Won't*, *The Country Girl* and *She Would and She Would Not*. For the two English plays, *The Country Girl* and *She Would and She Would Not*, full arguments were printed in the program. It was taken for granted that the German farces would be well known, and merely the title and author of the German plays were given. It so happened that *Love on Crutches*, that is to say, the German play from which it was made, had never been given in Hamburg, and the audience was as much bewildered as if the play were totally foreign. The performance started out with a good deal of vivacity, but as scene after scene went by without any appreciation or laughter the players naturally became subdued and a little bewildered.

In Berlin we opened in *A Night Off*. This play had been an enormous success when done in the original, and while it was allowed that our performance was smooth, the whole was declared to be lacking in distinction. The estimate of the players varied.

One critic wrote that Miss Rehan was a "good sou-brette" and another that "Miss Rehan, the darling of the company, was ridiculous in tasteless gowns." The general opinion seemed to be that Mrs. Gilbert was not funny.

Some critics thought Lewis was too funny to be natural, and others found his naturalness quite astonishing. Skinner and I got off easily and were said to give value to our dry humor.



EDITH KINGDON (GOULD)
AS SHE APPEARED WITH
THE DALY COMPANY

The two old comedies, *She Would and She Would Not* and *The Country Girl*, were highly praised, especially the acting. *Nancy and Company* met a better fate than *A Night Off*, in which we opened. The original German of this had not been successful, and the critics were shocked to find that it was more humorous in the adaptation than in the original.

Of the performance the Berliner Tageblatt said: "We see them on their strongest side, an exuberant humor which passes all bounds, and which our Germans have not courage to attempt for fear of lapsing into the coarse."

The English-speaking people all attended our performances.

When we were in Berlin the King of Portugal was visiting the old Kaiser, and I saw the whole royal family. There was a great crowd on Unter den Linden, and I asked a policeman what they were waiting for, and he told me that the Kaiser was coming from Potsdam and would be along shortly. The

carriage came into sight presently. Amid the acclaim of the crowd, the German emperor touched his helmet in salute with white-gloved hand. In the next carriage were Frederick Wilhelm, then the crown prince, and the King of Portugal. In the third carriage was this last Kaiser, now in exile. They told me that the old emperor lived in the utmost simplicity, and that he had a camp bed in his palace.

New Name for a Pullman Car

WHEN we left London for Hamburg just three members of our company could speak any German—Henry Widmer, who was in charge of our orchestra, Otis Skinner and myself. Widmer was a German-American. Skinner knew some German, and I knew a little. One other member of the company claimed to know some German, but as he told Lewis that a sign on a car in the station "Nicht Rauchen" (No Smoking) meant "Night Riding" or a Pullman Car, we lost confidence in his knowledge of the language.

In Hamburg we played at the Thalia Theater and stayed at the Alster Hotel. One night after the theater we went to an open-air garden. While we were having our sandwiches and beer, a very eruptive, restless child of about ten was tearing about between the tables.

As I did not think that we should be overheard I said to Lewis: "I didn't suppose they would have such fresh kids over here."

The boy stopped and said to me: "I can speak English as good as you. I know you. You're James Lewis and John Drew." He told us that he came from New York and that his father, who was sitting at one of the tables back of us, had told him that we were actors in the Daly Company playing at the Thalia Theater.

In Berlin we played at the Wallner Theater, which was an important theater and extremely well ordered. Maids were provided for the women, and dressers for the men. The dressers, who were really tailors' helpers or bushmen, were very efficient.

The dresser who looked after me was so zealous in the performance of his job that he followed me onto the

JOHN DREW AND
MRS. LESLIE CAR-
TER, NOW PLAYING
IN "THE CIRCLE,"
THE BRILLIANT
NEW COMEDY BY
W. SOMERSET
MAUGHAM



PHOTO BY WHITE

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"I AM SUCH A LIAR THAT I'LL DO WELL TO LOOK AT MYSELF," SHE MEDITATED. "HERE I AM AGAIN. NOW! THE WORLD EXPECTS ME TO MARRY. BUT WHAT DO I EXPECT?"

changed me, made me over physically—and did something to my soul, heaven knows what! And it has saved Glenn. Oh, he is wonderful! You would never know him. For long I had not the courage to tell him I had come to bring him back East. I kept putting it off. And I rode, I climbed, I camped, I lived outdoors. At first it nearly killed me. Then it grew bearable and easier, until I forgot. I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit now that somehow I had a fine time, in spite of all. Glenn's business is raising hogs. He has a hog ranch. Doesn't it sound sordid? But things are not always what they sound or seem. Glenn is absorbed in his work. I hated it; I expected to ridicule it. But I ended by infinitely respecting him. I learned through his hog raising the real nobility of work.

"Well, at last I found courage to ask him when he was coming back to New York. He said, 'Never!' I realized then my blindness, my selfishness. I could not be his wife and live there. I could not. I was too small, too miserable, too comfort loving, too spoiled. And all the time he knew this, knew I'd never be big enough to marry him. That broke my heart. I left him free—and here I am. I beg you, don't ask me any more—and never mention it to me—so I can forget."

A FEW days sufficed to swing her into the old life. Some of Carley's acquaintances were still in the city. Others of her better friends were on their summer outings in the Adirondacks. Carley decided to go with her aunt to Lake Placid about the first of August. Meanwhile she would keep going and doing.

She had been a week in town before Morrison telephoned her and added his welcome. Despite the gay gladness of his voice, it irritated her. She scarcely wanted to see him. But a meeting was inevitable, and, besides, going out with him was in accordance with the plan she had adopted. So she made an engagement to meet him at the Plaza for dinner. When with slow and pondering action she hung up the receiver, it occurred to her that she resented the idea of going to the Plaza. She did not dwell on the reason why.

When Carley went into the reception room of the Plaza that night, Morrison was waiting for her—the same slim, fastidious, elegant, sallow-faced Morrison whose image she had in mind, yet somehow different. He had what Carley called the New York masculine face, blasé and lined, with eyes that gleamed, yet had no fire. But at sight of her his face lighted up.

"By Jove, but you've come back a peach!" he exclaimed, clasping her extended hand. "Eleanor told me you looked great. It's worth missing you to see you like this."

"Thanks, Larry," she replied. "I must look pretty well to win that compliment from you. And how are you feeling? You don't seem robust for a golfer and horseman. But then I'm used to husky Westerners."

"Oh, I'm fagged with the daily grind," he said. "I'll be glad to get up to the mountains next month. Let's go down to dinner."

They descended the spiral stairway to the grill room, where an orchestra was playing jazz, and dancers gyrated

The Call of the Cañon

By ZANE GREY

Author of *The Man of the Forest*, *Wildfire*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, Etc.

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

It was before Aunt Mary's shrewd, penetrating, loving gaze that Carley quailed. "Yes, Carley, you look well—better than I ever saw you; but—but —"

"But I don't look happy," interrupted Carley. "I am happy to get home, to see you all. But—my—my heart is broken!"

A little shocked silence ensued, then Carley found herself being led across the vast-domed cathedral-like chamber of the station. A strange sensation pierced her with a pang—not the old thrill of leaving New York nor of returning! Nor was it the welcome sight of the hurrying, well-dressed throng of travelers and commuters, nor the stately beauty of the station. Carley shut her eyes, and then she knew. The dim light of vast space above, the looming gray walls, shadowy with tracery of figures, the lofty dome like the blue sky, brought back to her the walls of Oak Creek Cañon and the great caverns under the ramparts. As suddenly as she had shut her eyes Carley opened them to face her friends.

"Let me get it over—quickly," she burst out, with hot blood surging to her face. "I—I hated the West. It was so raw, so violent, so big. I think I hate it more now. But it

SYNOPSIS—Carley Burch, a New York society girl, worried by a letter from Glenn Kilbourne, her fiancé, who has gone to Arizona to heal his gassed lungs and shell-shocked nerves, goes West to bring him home. But she finds him vastly changed, and seemingly much interested in Flo Hutter, a girl of the cañon country. Carley hates the West. She hates its rigors and sufferings. In addition, an evil-eyed sheep handler is brutally frank with her about the kind of clothes she wears at Flo Hutter's birthday party. Put to a decision as to giving up the West and going back with her to New York or giving her up, Glenn Kilbourne refuses to give up the West, which he says has been the making of him. Carley bids him good-by—forever, she feels.

VIII

CARLEY had telegraphed her aunt and two of her intimate friends to meet her at the Grand Central Station. This reunion soon to come affected her in recurrent emotions of relief, gladness and shame. She felt like a wanderer coming home. She was restless during the long train trip.

When the train reached Albany she felt that she could hardly endure the tedious hours. The majestic Hudson and the palatial mansions on the wooded bluffs proclaimed to Carley that she was back in the East. How long a time seemed to have passed! Either she was not the same, or the aspect of everything had changed. But she believed that as soon as she recovered from the ordeal of meeting her friends and was home again she would see things rationally.

At last the train sheered away from the broad Hudson and entered the environs of New York. Carley sat perfectly still, to all outward appearances a calm, superbly poised New Yorker. Inwardly raged contending tides. In her own sight she was a disgraceful failure, a prodigal sneaking back to the ease and protection of loyal friends who did not know her truly. Every familiar landmark in the approach to the city gave her a thrill; yet a vague, unsatisfied something lingered after each sensation.

THEN the train with rush and roar crossed the Harlem River to Manhattan Island. As one waking from a dream Carley saw the blocks and squares of gray apartment houses and red buildings, the miles of roofs and chimneys, the long, hot, glaring streets full of automobiles and playing children. Then above the roar of the train sounded the high notes of a hurdy-gurdy. Indeed she was home. Next to stir her was the dark tunnel, and then the slowing of the train to a stop. Finally she found herself walking behind a porter up the long incline toward the station gate.

In the circle of expectant faces beyond the gate she saw her aunt's, eager and agitated, then the handsome pale face of Eleanor Harmon, and beside her the sweet, thin face of Beatrice Lovell. As they saw her how quick the change from expectancy to joy! It seemed they all rushed upon her, and embraced her, and exclaimed together. Carley never recalled what she said. But her heart was full.

"Oh, how perfectly stunning you look!" cried Eleanor, backing away from Carley and gazing with glad, surprised eyes.

"Carley!" gasped Beatrice. "You wonderful golden-skinned goddess! You're young again, like you were in our school days."

on a polished floor, and diners in evening dress looked on over their cigarettes.

"Well, Carley, are you still finical about food?" he queried, consulting the menu.

"No. But I prefer plain food," she replied.

"Have a cigarette," he said, holding out his silver, monogrammed case.

"Thank you, Larry. I—I guess I'll not take up smoking again. You see, while I was West I got out of the habit."

"Yes, they told me you had changed," he returned. "How about drinking?"

"Why, I thought New York had gone dry," she said, forcing a laugh.

"Only on the surface. Underneath it's wetter than ever."

"Well, I'll obey the law."

He ordered a rather elaborate dinner and then, turning his attention to Carley, gave her closer scrutiny. Carley knew then that he had become acquainted with the fact of her broken engagement.

"How's that big stiff, Kilbourne?" asked Morrison suddenly. "Is it true he got well?"

"Oh—yes. He's fine," replied Carley with eyes cast down. A hot knot seemed to form deep within her and threatened to break and steal along her veins. "But if you please—I do not care to talk of him."

"Naturally. But I must tell you that one man's loss is another's gain."

CARLEY had rather expected renewed courtship from Morrison. She had not, however, been prepared for the beat of her pulse, the quiver of her nerves, the uprising of hot resentment at the mere mention of Kilbourne. It was only natural that Glenn's former rivals should speak of him and perhaps disparagingly. But from this man Carley could not stand even a casual reference. Morrison had escaped the army service. He had been given a high-salaried post at the shipyards, the duties of which, if there had been any, he performed wherever he happened to be. Morrison's father had made a fortune in leather during the war. And on the moment Carley remembered Glenn's telling her he had seen two whole blocks in Paris piled twenty feet deep with leather army goods that were never used, and probably had never been intended to be used. Morrison represented the not inconsiderable number of young men in New York who had gained at the expense of the valiant legion who had lost.

But what had Morrison gained? Carley raised her eyes to gaze steadily at him. He looked well fed, indolent, rich, effete and supremely self-satisfied. She could not see that he had gained anything. She would rather have been a crippled, ruined soldier.

"Larry, I fear gain and loss are mere words," she said. "The thing that counts with me is what you are."

He stared in well-bred surprise, and presently talked of a new dance which had lately come into vogue. And from that he passed on to gossip of the theaters. Once between courses he asked Carley to dance, and she complied. The music would have stimulated an Egyptian mummy, Carley thought, and the subdued rose lights, the murmur of gay voices, the glide and grace of the dancers were exciting and pleasurable. Morrison had the suppleness and skill of a dancing master. But he held Carley too tightly, and so she told him, and added: "I imbibed some fresh, pure air while I was out West, something you haven't here, and I don't want it all squeezed out of me."

THE latter days of July Carley made busy, so busy that she lost her color and appetite, and something of her splendid resistance to the dragging heat and late hours. Seldom was she without some of her friends.

But she refused to go horseback riding in Central Park. She refused to go again to the Plaza. And these refusals she made deliberately, without asking herself why.

On August first she accompanied her aunt and several friends to Lake Placid, where they established themselves at a hotel. How welcome to Carley's strained eyes was the green of mountains, the soft gleam of amber water! How sweet and refreshing a breath of cool, pure air! The change from New York's glare and heat and dirt, and iron-red insulating walls, and thronging millions of people, and ceaseless roar and rush was a tremendous relief to her. She had burned the candle at both ends. But the beauty of the hills and vales, the quiet of the forest, the sight of the stars made it harder to forget. She had to rest. And when she rested she could not always converse, nor read, nor write.

For the most part her days held variety and pleasure. The place was beautiful, the weather pleasant, the people congenial. She motored over the forest roads; she canoed along the margin of the lake; she played golf and tennis. She wore exquisite gowns to dinner and danced during the evenings. But she seldom walked anywhere on the trails and never

alone, and she never climbed the mountains and never rode a horse.

Morrison arrived and added his attentions to those of other men. Carley neither accepted nor repelled them. She favored the association with married couples and older people. She had always loved to play and romp with children, but here she found herself growing to avoid them, somehow hurt by sound of pattering feet and joyous laughter. She filled the days as best she could, and usually earned quick slumber at night. She staked all on present occupation and the truth of flying time.

IX

THE latter part of September Carley returned to New York. Soon after her arrival she received by letter a formal proposal of marriage from Elbert Harrington, who had been quietly attentive to her during her sojourn at Lake Placid. He was a lawyer of distinction, somewhat older than most of her friends, and a man of means and fine family.

Carley was surprised. Harrington was really one of the few of her acquaintances whom she regarded as somewhat behind the times, and liked him the better for that. But she could not marry him, and replied to his letter in as kindly a manner as she could.

Then he called personally. "Carley, I've come to ask you to reconsider," he said with a smile in his gray eyes. He was not a handsome man, but he had what women call a nice, strong face.

"Elbert, you embarrass me," she replied, trying to laugh it out. "Indeed I feel honored, and I thank you. But I cannot marry you."

"Why not?" he asked quietly.

"Because I don't love you," she replied.

"I did not expect you to," he said. "I hoped in time you might come to care. I've known you a good many years, Carley. Forgive me if I tell you I see you are breaking, wearing yourself down. Maybe it is not a husband you need so much now, but you do need a home and children. You are wasting your life."

"All you say may be true, my friend," replied Carley, with a helpless little upflinging of hands. "Yet it does not alter my feelings."

"But you will marry sooner or later?" he queried persistently.

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"LARRY, I FEAR GAIN AND LOSS ARE MERE WORDS; THE THING THAT COUNTS WITH ME IS WHAT YOU ARE"

JUST as in the American Revolution and in the Civil War there appeared a leader of genius, without whose wisdom, patience and unselfishness the result might in each case have been quite other than fortunate, so in the critical period of early Israelitish history—the residence in Egypt and the wandering in the wilderness—there rose from the ranks a leader, lawgiver and statesman—Moses. He must be called a great man. His public acts and private character are alike admirable. In addition to the books written about him by theologians and Bible students, he has been the subject of secular examination. Forty years ago I heard a lecture delivered by Henry George on "Moses, the Great Hebrew Statesman," and in 1920 a book was published by a scientific man, called "Moses the Physician," praising his learning, his foresight, and especially his belief in cleanliness and segregation of disease.

A famous parenthesis in the twelfth chapter of Numbers tells something definite about his character: "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth."

This passage has damaged the prestige of Moses with modern readers; Moses, "the meekest man," has seemed a milksop. For although many persons are in reality mild and timid, they like to be thought of as bold, aggressive and fierce. The difficulty here is in the word "meek," which in 1611 had a nobler connotation than in later times. It then meant gentle in manner, modest and, above all, self-controlled, the crown of courage and strength. Meekness was the finest attribute of warriors and kings. When Chaucer made his picture of the Knight, a first-class fighting man, the hero of many wars, he added this touch:

*And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.*

"I am meek and lowly in heart," is a portion of the autobiography of the only Person who ever overcame the world.

Like many great statesmen, Moses was not a fine public speaker. We are apt to believe that oratory is the main qualification for public life; whereas wisdom, foresight and knowledge are superior to rhetorical gifts. Daniel Webster was a supreme illustration of the combination of mental and oral powers; but much of the most important work in statesmanship is done in committees, and by men who cannot make an impressive public address. I suppose Benjamin Franklin was the greatest committee man in history; the ablest American constructive statesman of our time, Herbert Hoover, is not an effective orator. President Hayes gave the United States one of the best administrations we have had; he also was no speech maker. On his feet Grover Cleveland was dull, but he had the wit to know it.

Labor Troubles in Egypt

AT THE outset of his career, Moses said unto the Lord: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." ("I am so bad an orator that I cannot talk effectively even when divinely inspired.") That which is the very breath of life to many politicians—public speaking—was always a terror to Moses; there was nothing he hated more. Like almost all men, Moses failed as an after-dinner speaker, as we learn from his lack of success immediately after the fall of manna.

Aaron, the Levite, was selected to do the talking; he was inferior to Moses, both in intelligence and in character; "he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." Moses was to tell Aaron what to say, and Aaron was to say it with emphasis and elegance. This worked well; but when Aaron, in the absence of Moses, relied on his own ideas, the result was disaster.

Labor troubles began in Egypt, as they have begun in some other countries, by oppression. The good king, Joseph's friend, was dead; and one of his successors on the throne took a familiar and natural, though erroneous, policy toward the numerous and powerful aliens in the land. He looked about him and saw that the Israelites were many in number and successful in business; that is, they were adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country. (Most natives have never been able to endure this.) Had the king dealt kindly with the Jews, there is no saying what might have been the greatness of Egypt, and the glory of the ruler; but human nature cannot be expected to show the wisdom of gentleness and the conquering power of good will. Pharaoh said to his courtiers, "Come on, let us deal wisely with them." (Now the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.) "Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens."



Human Nature in the Bible

By

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Decorations by Clara L. Ernst

The service increased in rigor and cruelty, and the workers grew ever more numerous and strong; so the policy of extermination was decided upon; instead of changing the medicine, he increased the dose. But it is difficult to subdue human beings by severity, and the Israelites found a way to escape extinction. Then a man and wife, both of the house of Levi, had a handsome boy; his mother hid him in the reeds by the river. When Pharaoh's daughter looked into the basket, the baby began to cry—about the only time in his life when his eloquence had an immediate effect; it should be remembered that his audience was composed of women. By a neat device his own mother was hired as nurse; the child grew up under her care and under the protection of the princess. Pharaoh's daughter not only saved him, but gave him his name Moses, which means "drawer out"; "and she said, Because I drew him out of the water." She named him better than she knew, for he drew the children of Israel out of slavery. She was a good girl, and I wish we knew more about her.

We are ignorant of the facts of Moses' childhood and adolescence. His first recorded act as a man was harshly resolute, and prophetic of his future powers of deliverance. He saw an Egyptian beating up a Hebrew, and he killed the tormentor. But the next day he saw two of his own people fighting, and, endeavoring to restrain them, he spoke to the aggressor, who insulted him by asking him if he meant to murder, as he had murdered the Egyptian. This was the first of a long succession of insults that Moses was to receive from his countrymen.

Moses in the Presence of God

MOSES fled, entered the land of Midian, and there married one of the seven daughters of Jethro. This man Jethro, being grateful for "meek" Moses' services in standing up alone for his daughters against a whole pack of roughs, treated him kindly. Jethro was an admirable person and later gave Moses valuable advice. It is interesting to notice that Moses

unconsciously prepared himself for the position of leader of the nation by living the quiet, reflective life of a shepherd, which was later David's occupation before becoming a king.

It was while Moses was keeping the flocks of his father-in-law that he experienced the first of many divine revelations, and knew that he had been selected as the inspired leader. He saw a flame of fire in the midst of a bush, and yet the bush was not consumed. Moses turned to look at it out of curiosity; but when he heard the voice calling to him from the flame, and answered

"Here!" like a boy at school, he was told to come no nearer. Then he hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God. After receiving his commission he rather boldly inquired, What name shall I use in speaking of the divine voice?

To this question he received a reply that shows how profoundly spiritual the religion of the Israelites was, and how superior to all their contemporaries they were in their conception not only of One God, but of that God as pure spirit. Compare this not only with the paganism and polytheism so common in the world, but with such a familiar and childish notion as *le bon Dieu*, where half the people use the expression naively and the other half with condescending contempt. Moses was told to say unto the children of Israel that I AM had sent him. No modern philosophy has been able to define the Supreme Reality with more accuracy, brevity and dignity. With God it is always the present tense; man is quickly in the past.

Moses, like most of his race, was not easily convinced even by God; and he knew that the people would be skeptical of his story unless he could prove it. So he was allowed to perform a variety of miracles; his rod turned into a snake, his hand became leprous and whole again, and greater works were promised.

Pharaoh Was Father of the Bourbons

MOSES and Aaron went in to interview the king, but it is plain that he regarded them as dangerous radicals, labor agitators; so far from listening to them, he tried the method subsequently adopted by Rehoboam and by many rulers in more recent times. He attempted to crush their spirit by increased severity, a plan which has many ardent advocates in all epochs, though history seems to prove its inadequacy. "Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labor therein; and let them not regard vain words." ("I'll show them!")

If Abraham was the father of the children of Israel, Pharaoh was the father of the Bourbons. He learned nothing and forgot nothing. He called in his magicians and had them attempt to rival the enchantments of Moses and Aaron; this is the first time that the competitive method appears, which later was to be used with such success by the prophet Elijah. The spectacle interested the royal observer, but it hardened his heart against Moses. It now became necessary to make a demonstration that should affect the whole Egyptian people; and we have the dramatic series called the Ten Plagues—a tragedy in ten acts, ending with a climax. The horrible events came in this order:

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| I. Blood. | VI. Boils and Blains. |
| II. Frogs. | VII. Thunder and Hail. |
| III. Lice. | VIII. Locusts. |
| IV. Flies. | IX. Darkness. |
| V. Murrain. | X. Death of the First-born. |

Aaron stretched out his rod; the water in the Nile turned into blood, as well as every pond, pool and creek; even the waters in the kitchen pans became blood, and an intolerable stench arose from dead fish. This lasted seven days, and the magicians, trying their technic, found that they could turn water into blood just as easily as their rivals. Their real prowess would have been better proved if they had reversed the process; as it was, they merely added to the general discomfort. Pharaoh was no more affected by the blood than if he had been Louis XV. Kings have seldom been afraid of blood, and nothing on earth is more stubborn than your true reactionary. Then came millions of frogs; the Egyptian magicians, apparently pleased with this miracle, tried their enchantments and found that they could increase the population of frogs, though there seem to have been plenty without their assistance. But the king did not like frogs, and he sent for Moses and Aaron. It appears to me that the stupidity of this monarch reached its climax in the answer he made to the question put by Moses. The Hebrew asked: "When shall I make supplication that the frogs return to the river?" The king answered: "To-morrow." If he had had rudimentary common sense he would have said "To-day; this minute."

Next day the frogs died just where they were; and for a time they were more potent dead than alive. But no more came; and Pharaoh refused to let the Hebrews go. Then came lice, billions of them; they covered every man and beast in Egypt. Pharaoh paid no attention to them; he may have noticed nothing unusual. The magicians, who had been conspicuously successful with the frogs, tried to create lice; but they failed and were then convinced that Moses and Aaron were inspired. Their professional admiration for their competitors, in whom they recognized masters in their own art, was so great that it exceeded their fear of the king; they told him what they thought about the situation, but Pharaoh would not listen.



(Continued on Page 72)



"When I Consider Thy Heavens"—From the Painting by W. L. Taylor

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?—*Psalm xxxi, 4*

XII

IN THE month of May, 1857, I went to a party. This was a new thing for me; for parties had been something which I had heard of as I heard of many things outside the experience of a common fellow like me, but always thought about as a thing to be read of, like *porte-cochères* and riding to hounds, and butlers and books of poems.

The party was at the great Gothic house of Governor Wade, just finished, over in Benton township. The governor was never a citizen of Vandemark township, but he had some land in it. Buck Gowdy's great estate lapped over on one corner of the township, Governor Wade's on the other, and Hell Slew, nicknamed Vandemark's Folly Marsh, cut it through the middle and made it hard for us to get together a full vote on anything after we got the township organized.

The control shifted from the north side of the slew to the south side according to the way the weather was, for you couldn't cross Vandemark's Folly in wet weather. Once what was called the Cow Vandemark crowd got control and kept it for years by calling the township meetings always on our own side of the slew; and then Foster Blake sneaked in a full attendance on us when we weren't looking by piling a couple of my haystacks in the trail to drive over on, and it was five years before we got it back. But in the meantime we had voted taxes on them to build some schoolhouses and roads.

But Governor Wade's party was not local politics; or so N. V. Creede tells me. He says that this was one of the moves by which the governor made Monterey County Republican. It had been Democratic.

The governor had always been a Democrat, and had named his township after Thomas H. Benton; but now he was the big gun of the new Republican Party in our neck of the woods, and he invited all the people who he had thought would be good wheelhorses. You will wonder how I came to be invited.

Well, it was this way: I called on Judge Stone at the new courthouse, the building of which created such a scandal, where he was county treasurer. He had been elected the fall before. I wanted to see him about a cattle deal. He was talking with Henderson L. Burns when I went in.

"I DON'T see how I can go," said he. "I've got to watch the county's money. If there was a safe in this county seat any stronger than a cheese box, I'd lock it up and go; but I guess my bondsmen are sitting up nights worrying about their responsibility now. I'll have to decline, I reckon."

"Oh, darn the money!" said Henderson L. "You can't be expected to set up with it like it had typhoid fever, can you? Take it with you and put it in Wade's big safe."

"I might do that," said Judge Stone, "if I had a bodyguard."

"I'd make a good guard," said Henderson L. "Let me take care of it for you."

"I'd have to win it back in a euchre game if I ever saw it again," said the judge. "I hate to miss that party. There'll be some medicine made at that party. I might go with a bodyguard, eh?"

"So if the Bunker gang gets after you," suggested H. L., "there'd be somebody paid to take the load of buckshot. Well, here's Jake. He's our local desperado."

The Bunker gang was a group of bandits that had their headquarters in the timber along the Iowa River near Eldora.

The judge looked me over for a minute when Henderson L. suggested my name for the second time as a good man for his bodyguard. "Will you go, Jake?" he asked. "Or are you scared of the Bunkers?"



Vandemark's Folly

By HERBERT QUICK

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

Now, slow as I am to make up my mind, I should as a general rule have had to take half an hour or so to decide a thing like that; but when he asked me if I was scared of the Bunkers, it nettled me, and I said I'd go. I was not invited, of course; for it was an affair of the big bugs, and I never thought that an invitation was called for.

"How you going, judge?" asked Henderson L.

"In my family carriage," said the judge.

"The only family carriage I ever saw you have," said Henderson L., "is that old buckboard."

"I traded that off," answered the judge, "to a fellow driving through to the Fort Dodge country. I got a two-seated covered carriage. When it was new it was about such a rig as Buck Gowdy's."

"That's style," said Burns. "Who's going with you? Of course there's you and your wife and now you have Jake; but you've got room for one more."

"My wife," said the judge, "is going to take the preacher's adopted daughter. The preacher's wife thought there might be worldly doings that it might be better for her and the

AS I TURNED I SAW HER KNEELING THERE, HER HAIR ALL ABOUT HER FACE, WITH HER HANDS STRETCHED OUT TO ME; AND THEN I WALKED BLINDLY AWAY INTO THE LONG GRASS OF THE MARSH

Elder to steer clear of, but the girl is going with us."

"Well, Jake," said Henderson L., "you're in luck. You'll ride to the party with your old flame, in a carriage. My wife and I are going on a load of hay. Jim Boyd is the only other man here that's got a rig with springs under it."

I was disappointed when we started from Monterey Center, with Judge Horace Stone and me in the front seat and Virginia in the back. I had not been singing in the choir during the winter. The storms kept me looking out for my stock until the snow went off in the February thaw, and by that time I had stayed out so long that I thought I ought to be coaxed back into the choir by Virginia or Grandma Thorndyke in order to preserve my self-respect. But neither of them said anything about it. In fact, I thought that Grandma Thorndyke was not so friendly in the spring as she had been in the fall—and of course I could not put myself forward. I had the pure lunkhead pride.

SO I HAD not seen Virginia for months. We early Iowa settlers, the men and women who opened up the country to its great career of development, shivered through that winter, and many like it, in hovels that only broke the force of the tempest but could not keep it back. The snow drifted before our northwest winds in a moving ocean unbroken by cornfield, grove or farmstead. Our trees were yet too small of course to show themselves in the fight against the elements that first winter, and there I had hung like a leaf caught on a root in a freshet—an eighteen-year-old boy, lonely, without older people to whom I could go for advice or comfort; filled with dreams, visions and doubts.

I suppose my loneliness, my hardships, my lack of the fireplaces of York State and the warm rooms that we were used to in a country where fuel was plentiful made my visions and dreams more to me than they otherwise would have been. I dreamed of two persons—my mother and Virginia. Of my mother I found myself thinking with less and less of that keenness of grief which I had felt at Madison the winter before and on my road west; so I used to get out the old worn shoe and the rain-stained letter and try to inflame my grief so as to lose the guilty feeling of which I was conscious at my waning sense of my loss of her. This was a strife against the inevitable; at eighteen—or at almost any other age, to the healthy mind—it is the living that calls, not the dead. In spite of myself, it was Virginia Royall to whom my dreams turned all the time.

Every night, whether in the keen cold of the still nights, when the howl of the wolves came to me like the cries of torment, or in the howling tempests which roared across my puny hovel like trampling hosts of wild things, sifting the snow in at my window and powdering the floor, and making my cattle in their sheds as white as sheep, I went to sleep thinking of her, and thinking I should dream of her—but never doing so, for I slept like the dead.

I HELD her in my arms again as I had done the night Ann Gowdy had died back there near Dubuque, all senseless in her faint; or as I had when I scared the wolves away from her back along the Old Ridge Road; or as when I had carried her across the creek back in our Grove of Destiny—and she always, in my dreams, was willing, and conscious that I held her so tight because I loved her. I saw her again as she played with her doll under the trees. Again I rode by her side into Waterloo; and again she ran back to me to bid me her sweet good-by after I had given her up. Often I did not give her up, but brought her to my new home,

built my house with her to cheer me; and often I imagined that she was beside me, sheltered from the storm and happy while she could be by my side and in my arms.

Oh, I lived whole lives over and over again with Virginia that lonely winter! She had been such a dear little creature. I had been able to do so much for her in getting her away from what she thought a great danger. She had done so much for me too. Had not she and I cried together over the memory of my mother? Had she not been my intimate companion for weeks, cooked for me, planned for me, advised me, dreamed with me? It was not nearly so lonely as you might think, in one sense of the word. And now I had not seen her for such a long time that I wondered if she were not forgetting me.

NO WONDER that I was a little flighty as I crowded myself into my poor best suit, which I was so rapidly outgrowing, and walked into Monterey Center in time to be Judge Horace Stone's bodyguard the night of the party—I heard it called a reception—at Governor De Witt Clinton Wade's new Gothic house, over in Benton township that was to be.

I was proportionately miserable when I called at Elder Thorndyke's to find that Virginia was not ready to see me and that Grandma Thorndyke seemed cool and somehow different toward me as she ran into the front room of the little house they were living in and told me so. When she left me I slipped out and went to Stone's.

"Thought you wasn't coming, Jake," said he. "Almost give you up. Just time for you to get a bite to eat before we start."

When we did start his wife came out in a new black-silk dress—for the Stones were quality—and was helped into the back seat; and the judge came out of the house carrying a satchel which when he handed it to me I found to be very heavy. I should say, as I have often stated, that it weighed about fifty to sixty pounds, and when he shoved it back under the seat before sitting down it gave, as I seemed afterwards to remember, a sort of muffled jingle.

"The treasures of Golconda or Goldarnit," said he, "or some of those foreign places. Hear 'em jingle? Protect them with your life, Jake."

"All right," I said, as glum as you please; for he had left the only vacant place in the carriage back with Mrs. Stone. This was no way to treat me! But I was almost glad when Virginia came out to the carriage wearing a pink-silk dress and looking so fearful to the eyes of her obscure adorer that he could scarcely speak to her—she was so unutterably lovely and angelic looking.

"How do you do, Teunis?" she said, and paused for someone to help her in. Judge Stone waited a moment and gave her a boost at the elbow as she skipped up the step. I could have bitten myself. I was the person who should have helped her in. I was a lumnox, a lunkhead, a lubber, a fool, a saphead—I was everything that was awkward and clumsy and thumb-hand-sided! To let an old married man get ahead of me in that way was a crime. I slouched down into the seat, and the judge drove off, after handing me a revolver. I slipped it into my pocket.

"**J**AKE'S my bodyguard to-night, Miss Royall," said the judge. "We've got the county's money here. Did you hear it jingle?"

"No, judge, I didn't," said she; and she never could remember any jingle afterwards. "Aren't you afraid, Teunis?"

"What of?" I inquired, looking around at her just as she was spreading a beautiful Paisley shawl about her shoulders. I dared take a long look at her. A silk dress and a Paisley shawl, even to my eyes—and I knew nothing about their value or rarity in that time and place—struck me all of a heap with their gorgeousness. They reminded me of the fine ladies I had seen in Albany and Buffalo.

"Of the Bunker boys," said she. "If they knew that we were

out with all this money don't you suppose they would be after it? And what could you and Mr. Stone do against such robbers?"

"I've seen rougher customers than they are," said I; and then I wondered if the man I had seen with the Bushyagers back in our Grove of Destiny had not been one of the Bunker boys. They certainly had had a bunch of stolen horses. If he was a member of the Bunker gang, weren't the Bushyagers members of it also? And was it not likely that they, being neighbors of ours, and acquainted with everything that went on in Monterey Center, would know that we were out with the money and be ready to pounce upon us? I secretly drew my revolver from my pocket and looked to see that each of the five chambers was loaded and that each tube had its percussion cap. I wished, too, that I had had a little more practice in pistol shooting.

"What do you think of Virginia's dress and shawl?" asked Mrs. Stone as we drove along the trail which wound over the prairie. The judge and I both looked at Virginia again.

"They're old persimmons," commented the judge. "You'll be the belle of the ball, Virginia."

"They're awful purty," said I, "especially the dress. Where did you get 'em, Virginia?"

"They were found in Miss Royall's bedroom," said Mrs. Stone, emphasizing the "Miss"—for my benefit, I suppose;

but it never touched me. "But I guess she knows where they come from."

"They were Ann's," said Virginia, a little sadly, and yet blushing and smiling a little at our open admiration. "My sister's, you know."

I scarcely said another word during all that trip. I was furious at the thought of Buck Gowdy's smuggling those clothes into Virginia's room so she could have a good costume for the party. How did he know she was invited or going? To be sure, her sister Ann's things ought to have been given to the poor orphan girl. That was all right; but back there along the road she would never speak his name. Had it come to pass in all these weeks and months in which I had not seen her that they had come to be on speaking terms again? It was gall and wormwood to think of it. I forgot all about the Bunkers until the judge whipped up the horses as we turned into the Wade place and brought us up standing at the door.

"Well," said he, with a kind of nervous laugh, "the Bunkers didn't get us after all!"

I WAS out before him this time and helped Virginia and Mrs. Stone to get down. The judge was wrestling with the heavy bag. The governor came out to welcome us, and he and Judge Stone carried it in. Mrs. Wade, a scared looking little woman, stood in the hall and gave me her hand as I went in.

"Good evening, Mr. —"

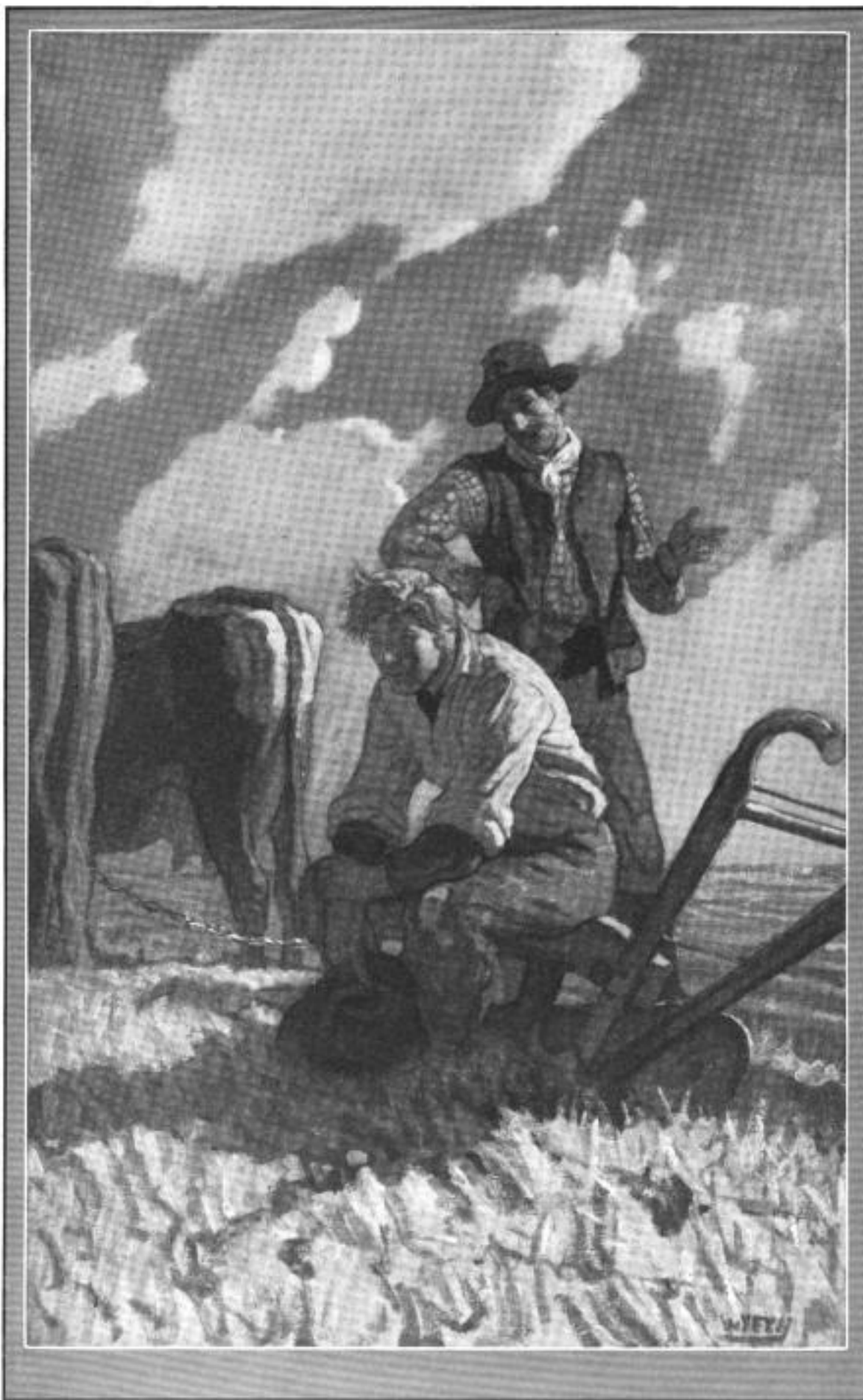
"Mr. Vandemark," said the judge, introducing me. "My bodyguard, Mrs. Wade."

The good lady looked at my worn, tight-fitting corduroys, at my clean, boiled shirt, which I had done up myself, at my heavy boots, newly greased for the occasion, and at my bright blue-and-red silk neckerchief, and turned to other guests. But after all I was dressed as well as some of the others. There are many who may read this account of the way their forbears dressed—the Boyds, the Burnses, the Flemings, the Creedes, the Stones and others of our county aristocracy—who may be a little nettled when a plain old farmer tells of how their progenitors came to this party in alpacos, delaines, figured lawns, and even calicoes, riding on loads of hay and in lumber wagons with spring seats; but they should never mind this, for the time will come when their descendants will be proud of it. For they were the John Aldens, the Priscillas, the Miles Standishes and the Dorothy Q's of as great a society as the Pilgrim Fathers and Pilgrim Mothers set agoing—the society of the great commonwealth of Iowa.

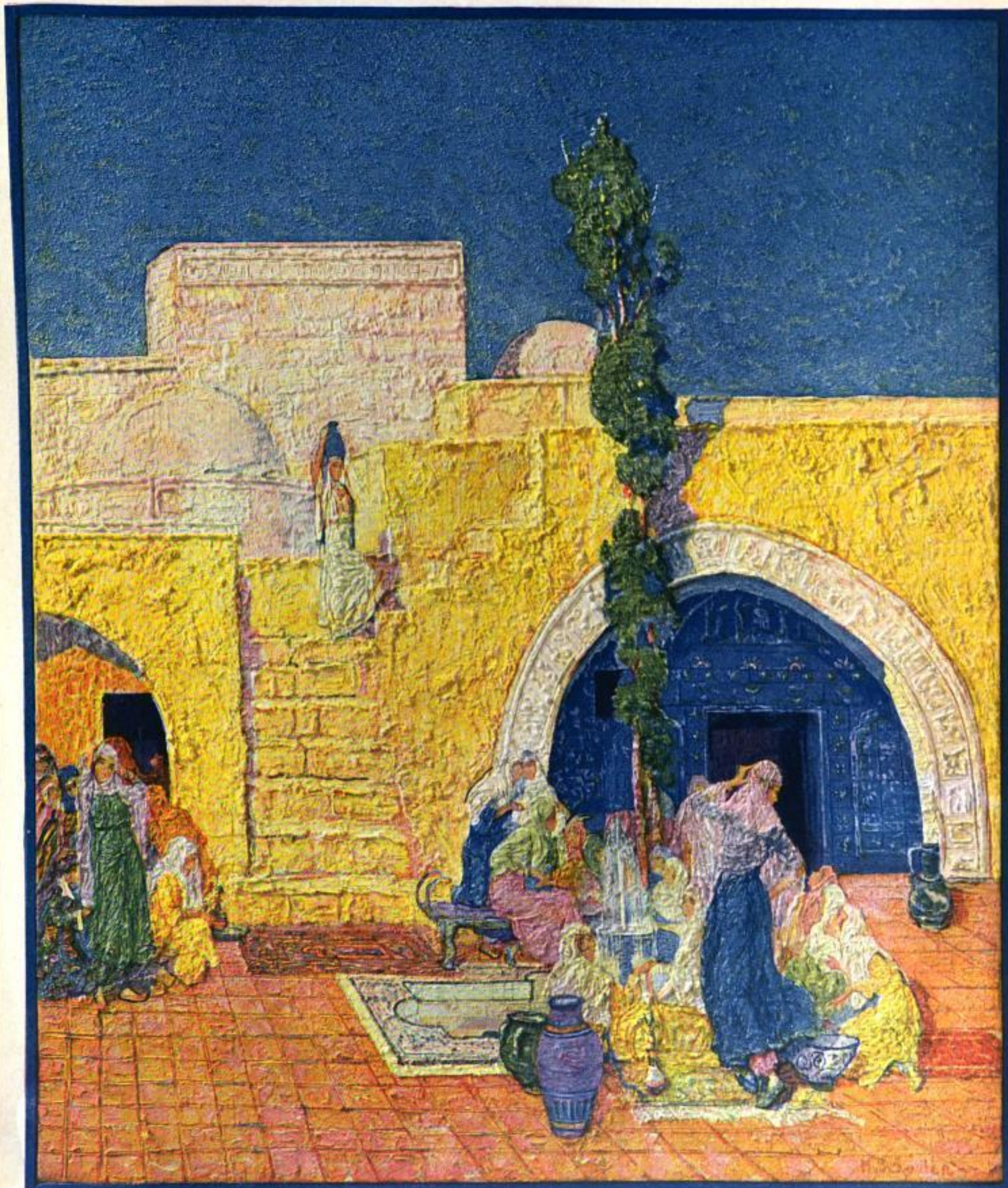
THE big supper, served in the large room on a long table and some smaller ones, was the great event of the party. The Wades were very strict church members. Such a thing as card playing was not to be thought of, and dancing was just as bad. The Wades were certainly religious—that is, the governor and Mrs. Wade. Jack Wade, the John P. Wade who was afterward one of the national bosses of the Republican party, and Bob, the Robert S. Wade who became so prominent in the financial circles of the state, were a little worldly.

The point is that there had to be some other way of entertaining the company at the party than drinking, card playing or dancing. Of course the older people could discuss the price of land, the county organization, and the like; but even the important things of the country were mostly in the hands of young people—and young folks will be young folks.

The Flemings lived in the next farmhouse down the road, and when our party took place the families were on fairly good terms, though the governor and his wife regarded the Flemings as beneath them; and this idea began to control the situation between the families when Bob Wade began showing attentions to Kittie Fleming, a pretty, black-eyed girl a year or so older than I.



"OH," EXCLAIMED MAGNUS, "YOU SHOULDN'T TALK SO! YE GOT PLENTY TO EAT. DERE BANE LOTS PEOPLE IN NORVAY WOULD YUMP AT DE SHANCE TO YANGE PLACES WIT' US"



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. J. SOULEN

We went through the passage—and then it was as if we were in fairyland. Gone was the effect of muddy streets, of dark-clad figures, of anxious faces. Here were color, light, fragrance. In the center of the court was a lovely fountain, about which grew straight, slim cypress trees. And everywhere—on the marble pavement, standing with the immemorial grace of the East, moving swayingly or even running lightly—were upper-class Persian girls and women.—A PERSIAN WEDDING.

A Persian Wedding

By

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Illustrations by H. J. Soulen



AT A SIGN FROM HIM SHE SAT ON THE DIVAN. I THINK SHE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED THE CUSHIONS FROM THE AWKWARD WAY SHE PLACED HERSELF

BEAUTY tinged with melancholy—that is the guise in which Persia floats into one's memory; and against a background of shaded loveliness drift the chuddar-draped figures of the Persian women. The happiest event I saw in the country was a wedding, and even that was darkened.

Early in my travels in Persia I formed the project of seeing a wedding, led thereto by the wife of the governor of Kermanshah. My route to that beautiful little creature was as follows: A British padre and I crossed the large square in front of the palace of the governor. It was full of life; on one side was a row of dark shops, lit with gleams of brass and copper and silver and golden fruits. Here and there were carts of dates and oranges; ice-cream men with their many-colored, painted boxes; bread sellers carrying the long ovals of bread flapping against their greasy garments. There was a scribe sitting by the fountain in the center of the square, wiping his pen on his hair. There was a man with a tray of cakes balanced on his donkey's back, and in the midst of the tray a lighted lamp to show that his price was low. There was a pedestrian merchant in a long purple sweeping robe, looking like an ancient prophet; he had one rug to sell. And there was, very near the palace, a tall tree, to which the padre pointed and said:

"The other day the governor had a baker nailed by his ears to that for stealing flour; the governor's grandfather would have had the man baked in his own oven."

I had been long enough in the East not to expect an ogre, in spite of this drastic punishment. Therefore, after going through a multitude of corridors and passing at last into a magnificent scarlet-and-gold reception room, I was not surprised to find a cultivated and charming man awaiting us. Handsome, forty, not too stout, speaking perfect English, and with interest in Western ideas—such was the governor of Kermanshah. But what I waited for was the moment when, tea and cakes and sweets having been consumed sufficiently to satisfy Persian ideas of hospitality, the governor and I would leave the padre behind and go to the harem.

"I Wish I Could Travel"

OURS was an impressive passage. We went through various rooms and corridors and wings, meeting men on the way, but no figure of a woman shrouded in the black chuddar or winding-sheet sort of cover the Persian women wear when they walk where they may be seen of men. A magnificently attired lackey opened each door for us. We walked side by side until we came to a curtained narrow doorway guarded by a shriveled but strong-looking old man in a long, dark robe. Behind this was a narrow way with a curtained door at the other end. The governor moved forward a pace and preceded me, and I knew by the manner of his walk that no man but himself ever opened that second door. The convention of the seraglio spoke in his every movement, his masterful stride, the lordly set of his shoulders, the gesture with which he swung aside the curtain and opened that cloistered door.

It gave on the inner garden, the harem court, than which I saw nothing more beautiful in Persia—white as pearl, with marble fountains; flaming with flowers, red-gold and guinea-gold, scarlet and crimson. There were diamond flashes from the many windows of the harem that looked down on the court, and there was the soft, tall green of cypress and poplar trees and of long, flowing vines.

When we entered, a slim figure in a lavender silk chuddar was bending over a bush of purple flowers. Over her lovely face flashed a look of radiant welcome as her eyes met the governor's. She had been married only a week; it was four in the afternoon, and she had not expected her lord for several hours. She was only sixteen, and she let her whole soul speak freely.

We passed over a marble terrace and entered the bride's salon, which was furnished in pink and gray. Evidently her meals were served here, for a square table in the center of the room was covered with a white cloth. There was a pink divan near the door, several chairs and many cushions on the floor. The little bride waited till her husband and I were seated, and then at a sign from him she sat on the divan.

leather shoes. Her hair was in two braids. In an adjacent room I could see piles of French lingerie and silk and velvet robes. She was evidently trying to please him. Her lovely, large, soft eyes rarely left his face; her little, soft mouth was breathless for his words. It was impossible to look at the beautiful little creature without yearning over her.

The governor read my admiration. "I had not seen her since she was veiled, of course," he told me; "but I used to see her when she was a little girl, and I never forgot her face."

He explained that she could not talk French, that, indeed, she could not read Persian, because she came from a conservative family. She and I had to use him as interpreter.

He told her of my various travels, and she replied: "The lady is very fortunate to have seen so much of the world. I wish I could travel."

"That is because she knows I am going to America," the governor said.

"Will she not come with you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied; and then he added hastily: "Her father and mother would not wish it."

As the Husband Wills

WHICH meant that he would not wish it. He would stay with her till his first keen interest had a little abated or perhaps until a son was born. He had divorced his first wife because she had had no children. Some day he would go seeking the interest of travel, or any other interest that his Western contacts had taught him, but for all his Western leanings, his wife in all essentials he would treat in the immemorial Oriental way. And she, unable to read and write and never allowed to leave the harem, except heavily veiled and under escort—she would have for her only interest, him. All day long she waited for the moment when that shrouded door would swing open under his hand; and the time would come when for days and weeks together the door would remain closed.



A MERCHANT IN A LONG PURPLE ROBE HAD ONE RUG TO SELL

As we talked, women hidden under cream-colored chuddars, sprigged with pink, served us with tea and cakes. They kept their covered faces averted from the governor, but they took me in avidly. I would serve as harem talk for the next year. I asked the little bride what she thought I should see, above all things else, in Persia. "Tell the Khanum," she said, "that the most beautiful thing is a Persian wedding."

As she spoke, her flowerlike face grew so tender, so sweet, that I vowed then and there that I must see a Persian wedding. This did not come about, however, till I reached Teheran. In the interim I saw many Persian women, some veiled and some, the Kurds, unveiled. Of all I saw, I admired them most. They share more or less the spirit of their men, who are the franc-tireurs of Persia, little, stocky people, excellent fighters, who go in for agriculture or shepherding or brigandage or what they please, but who make their own laws of conduct. I shall never forget one, Fakhrol-taj, tall and slim, with all the free grace of a reed in the wind. She said she was a shepherd's wife, with two little boys, and a mother-in-law whom she did not like.

"But I cook for her," said Fakhrol-taj, "and I am very kind to her, for she is old and, if it be the will of God, she will die soon and I will be rid of her."

When the question was asked her if she would be good to her husband's second wife, if he had one, she smiled radiantly.

"I would poison her," she said gently, "and my husband knows it. My husband says that a man who marries two wives is twice a fool."

Journeying forward to that wedding in Teheran, I saw the Persian women against beautiful backgrounds, standing beside their little, flat-roofed houses, as my car crawled down

some tortuous pass with twilight racing past us, flowing over us and darkening our neighborhood, yet far ahead the sun, pouring over the valley, turned the hills into soft lavender velvet, made the floor of the valley first gold, then orange, then brown, the little villages taking a darker tone.

I saw the women at work in the morning hours when all the lights were high, but the surface of the steep mountains was meltingly soft. Never have I beheld such varied colors, such azures and cobalts, such amethysts and violets and purples, scarlets and blues and browns and blacks.

And I have seen the women against sordid backgrounds, against dirty villages where stalked famine and disease and every form of misery, where were men whose right hands had been cut off for stealing or who had been hamstringed for the same crime. I have seen women whose haggard faces looked as if they had never worn a happy expression and little girls who looked as if they did not know how to smile. Such villages remind one that the Persians, men and women,

have to contend against age-old customs, against an ancient, lagging civilization.

In Persia, men plow with what looks like a twisted stick, pointed with iron, drawn by two slow oxen and guided with one hand. In the harvest time these same oxen trample out the wheat from the chaff. Mills consist of a couple of stones and a little stream. Except for the oil wells, which Great Britain controls, there are no real industries—no factories or foundries or quarries. There is rug weaving and

dyeing, a little tanning and copper and brass work. There is no railroad, except one six miles long, running out from Teheran to the old buried city of Rei; there are only two good roads, and they not so very good at that. On these travel a few motor cars; but everywhere else, look where you will, you see only tracks on which travel four-footed carriers, camels or mules, horses or donkeys.

And these slow-moving animals are emblematic of the pace of all Persia. Stand anywhere you please in Persia and lift your eyes to the horizon and you will see a caravan. At a distance, a caravan seems to

drift like a cloud and to be of the color of the earth or of shadows. Close to, a caravan seems to pace and delights the eyes with lovely colors and textures and the ear with sound. For every animal wears a myriad bells, from the deep-throated bell of the camel to a merry twinkle that makes no more sound than a baby's rattle and that is fastened on the neck of the smallest donkey. Mingled, the bells make a sweet, monotonous jangle. Saddle cloths and saddle bags are beautifully woven and patterned and dyed. Beads and ribbons deck the head-pieces of the animals, while the riding camels wear tall red-and-blue pompons fastened on the saddle. That is Persia, beauty and sordidness mingled—and lagging.

What Missionaries Have Done

IT WAS through my missionary friend, Mrs. Arthur Boyce, that I received my invitation to the Persian wedding. There is an American girls' school in Teheran, where teach Mrs. Boyce and Mrs. Jordan, wife of the president of the American college, and various other women who are doing far more than the world knows to improve the lot of the Persians. Through the college and the boys' and the girls' schools in Teheran and through the schools in Kermanshah and Hamadan, our missionaries present Western ideas to the Moslems. It is not too much to say that they are the chief agencies of progress. I saw their self-sacrificing lives, but what they have done for their pupils I scarcely realized till I attended the Persian wedding—nor did I realize how much remains to be done.

One morning, as I sat in a room not far from Bejjat Abad, the Street Built on Happiness, Mrs. Boyce presented me with a card on which was engraved some Persian writing in gold, with a wonderful capital letter and an oval seal in blue.

"Malak-taj," said Mrs. Boyce, "which means the 'Queen of the Crown,' invites you to the wedding of her daughter



THERE WAS A MAN WITH A TRAY OF CAKES BALANCED ON HIS DONKEY'S BACK, AND IN THE MIDST OF THE TRAY A LIGHTED LAMP TO SHOW THAT HIS PRICE WAS LOW

(Continued on Page 53)

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The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL

BARTON W. CURRIE, Editor

Editorial

For a New Cycle

SEVEN is a mystic numeral. It contains the Biblical revelation of the mystery of creation. There are the seven ages of man; the seven wonders of the world—how few can name them! There is supposed to be great merit in being the seventh son of a seventh son. Threescore and ten fixed itself in the minds of generations as the allotted span of life, though Bernard Shaw and the life-extension propagandists bid us concentrate on the age of Methuselah and add a century or so to the common age of mankind. There have been no end of seven-year wars, seven-year droughts, seven-year blights, and so on. Which brings us to the New Year, in which we may, if we so will it, put behind us a seven-year cycle that began with the World War and that has seen more disaster inflicted upon the races of men than any similar period in revealed history.

Let's get ready, then, for a new cycle, a less exciting but a vastly happier and more progressive one. Not that it need compress itself into a span of seven years, nor yet seven times seven. Why not take off the limit? We might as well plan for an era as not.

But let's not resolve. Resolutions are banal. Particularly New Year's resolutions. Banal and boomerang.

Let's do!

And let's begin at home with the Little Things.

That's where the Big Urge comes from—the doing of the Little Things at home.

We hear the Big Noise from the market place, from the highways and public squares, from the exchanges, from convention halls and assemblies; there is a never-ceasing blare from Congress, from the state legislatures, from aldermanic and council chambers. The brass lungs of orators assail us and we are deluded by the printed rhapsodies of press agents and propagandists. But it is mostly Noise.

It is not the Big Urge, for the noisiest of them all are fake prophets.

It is we, the Unimportant People, by the tens of millions, who control and manipulate the Big Urge—and that leaves politics altogether out of the reckoning.

The Big Urge controls the spiritual as well as the practical affairs of all of us, and it is the spiritual side that is desperately in need of attention just now—the spiritual side in which Bigness and Billions are not involved.

It is not at all necessary to conduct revivals and mass meetings to attain this end. There is too much of the emotional brainstorm about such waves of reform and readjustment.

FOR our new cycle we want revivals that are home jobs. Home betterment is the only permanent background for reform. A community can be no better than the aggregate of its homes. It is not a job for great leadership to draw us out, but for little leadership to push on in every last little way that will accomplish even the smallest good. So let's settle down to calmness and reason, gentleness and reverence, and see if we can't do something really worth while with the great force we each and all of us control in our little lives.

Suppose going home to-day ten million of us think of just one little thing we could buy or create for the home to brighten a corner. If you're broke take home a smile and hold it overnight.

Do a chore cheerfully.

Feel inside of you for a song. Even if you cannot sing you can wear the singing look.

Here's a wonderful little sermon by Abraham Lincoln that is worth soaking into the heart and soul:

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

It is well to grieve and be sorrowful when the occasion justifies. But too much of the grief in the world is personal and selfish. There are those who cherish and coddle their grief, who nurse it into an emotion for self-glorification; who advertise it and parade it to win sympathy.

It is the same with some of the standardized virtues. In the hard times we are going to put behind us, *thrift* has been glorified by the miserly who could afford to spend. There is a huge gulf between those who save to have, or rather to hog, and those who save for self-protection and to give.

During the jazz-mad period after the armistice the profiteers in joy made a killing; but when the economic brakes began to lock and the whirlwind buyers lost their nerve the profiteers in gloom took hold, and they have been reaping a harvest on the exchanges and in every little nook and corner where there was a gullible victim to be frightened and made hash of.

THE fact of the matter is, a panic bogy crept into almost every home. In millions of homes he has been real and sinister. But in more millions of homes he has been pure dream stuff.

Now the job is to get him out and keep him out.

He won't stick round where there are courage and good nature.

You don't have to be a grinning ass.

You don't have to be joyful at someone else's expense. That's going back to the Java ape man. Watch any monkey's cage at the zoo and see if it isn't.

The Big Urge that is needed for our new cycle is a better frame of mind inside and out. If you can't cheer things up at home a bit nobody's going to cheer up.

We've been watching one another's grouches and imitating the worst cases. We blamed everybody else for being tightwads when we were it. Result, multitudes out of work and every charitable and generous impulse stifled.

Christmas touched the better side of us a little and brought some upturn.

The Great Chore is to hold over some of that Christmas spirit.

Let's keep on loosening up some more, every last one of us who can afford it.

It's splendid to be Santa Claus to those we love, but too many of us plug it all into one day and follow the gospel of Scrooge for the rest of the year.

All home stocks are pretty low if you can believe the economists. The lower we keep them just now the longer it will take to get back to prosperous times.

Give a little more to charity where you know it's needed. Give someone a job if you can any way afford it. Give anyone who deserves it a raise, even though it has to be a small one.

Look into the needs of your church and see where you can help. Ninety per cent of our pastors are miserably underpaid. Help build up your congregation. It'll never be any bigger or better than you as an individual help to make it.

If you don't believe in religion or the church it is your loss, and the older you grow the greater the loss. You'll freeze up inside. Science brings no balm to the unbeliever any more. Darwinism has blown up. Most higher criticism of the Bible is empty sophistry.

Faith, Hope and Charity were the three superlative symbols of grace before the coming of Christ, before Abraham walked with God, before the Sumerians built their long-vanished civilization. You can possess them through the most trifling effort—possess them for yourself and for all who are near and dear to you.

Only in such a way can we have a new cycle, such as all the world is groping for.

Let's go to it—every last little one of us. Then it's done!

You Can Change the World

A Challenge to Intelligent Women Who are Wasting Their Leisure

By EUGENE DAVENPORT

THE Creator in His wisdom has endowed us all with the same amount of time between sunrise and sunset for every day of the year, but we in our freedom have put this "stuff life is made of" to widely different uses. Necessity drives some of us to unremitting toil from tender childhood to advanced old age, while others lift not so much as a finger even to provide their own necessities. Between these two extremes lie all conceivable gradations, and yet the world as a whole may be roughly divided into two rather definite groups: Those who have too little time for all they would like to accomplish, and those whose opportunity for work considerably exceeds their desire for achievement. To the one, leisure is a luxury to be enjoyed but rarely and in small increments, if at all; to the other, time often hangs heavy on the hands, and ingenuity is exhausted in finding ways of spending it that existence may not prove burdensome from sheer monotony.

Some philosopher and moralist will one day write a book upon what to do with spare time and upon the responsibility that attaches to whatever leisure we may extract from busy lives. But more especially will he dwell at length upon the obligations resting on those supposedly fortunate people whom birth or accident or design has freed from the "grinding toil" and the "drab existence" which are assumed by many to characterize the lives of those who labor daily for their daily bread. And one chapter of this book, when it is written, will doubtless be devoted with special emphasis to those perfectly respectable but useless folk who, while doing little or nothing, smugly congratulate themselves and each other that they are not like other people, but constitute, in their own way at least, an exclusive set. Let us consider somewhat soberly what women in general are doing with that overplus of time that is commonly called leisure.

Busy People

FOR the sake of contrast it may be remarked that there are some thousands, yes, millions, of the mothers and daughters of men who have not so much as a moiety of that commodity which is called spare time. They are busy morning, noon and night in doing the necessary work of the world, and if they get any of the so-called better things of life they must literally snatch as best they can such crumbs and leftovers as chance or a kindly Providence may have thrown their way.

These are they who, if they read at all, will do it while they patch and darn. These are they who dream dreams that are never realized, but who are actuated always by ideals unattainable to them, and perhaps to anybody, but none the less inspiring. These are they who must plan days ahead to secure a few hours that may be devoted to something not essential to bare existence. These are they who, if they have leisure, must do double work to get it, and yet

it is here in this class that are found most of the women who perform the bulk of the unselfish service of the world. This is why it is that nothing that may be said later can be considered as an indictment against womankind.

Just as there are women by the thousands, unmarried or widowed, who must needs earn their daily necessities but who accomplish the task by the profession of doing good in nursing or charity, so there are other thousands, rich perhaps beyond the dreams of avarice, whose homes are well ordered and whose every whim could be gratified almost without the asking, yet who devote themselves unstintingly, often sacrificially, to the doing for others what those others cannot do for themselves. They patch up the raveled places in society, encourage the disheartened, stimulate the halting, relieve distress and often defray all expenses incident to their own activities. These are they who do not let the right hand know what the left hand doeth, but when the end comes the widow and the orphan and the broken will flock to the funeral or perhaps hide themselves in grief for a good woman that is gone.

When Leisure Kills

THEY may not have even known that she was wealthy, for she has told them little of herself, and she may have been only moderately well-to-do, dividing what she had, but she had been an angel of mercy to them. Wherefore they mourn not by dropping the respectable silent tear, but by weeping their hearts out for one that will come no more to their relief. These have made a profession of their leisure.

With all this as a background, how sharp is the contrast that may be drawn as attention is turned to other thousands who, in one way or another, have been freed from the necessity of daily toil, and yet who accept nothing of the burdens of others or of society in general, but who lead an existence wholly parasitic and altogether selfish. Without wasting words over the so-called idle rich or the butterflies of fashion, we may as well pass to more promising pastures, where there is some hope at least of arousing to some sense of responsibility a small army of women who are literally spoiling for something to do that is really of consequence in the world.

There is hope here for thousands if only they can be aroused from the lethargy, I had almost said coma, that has settled down upon a very large fraction of that portion of humanity which, for one reason or another, is not compelled to labor for its necessary maintenance. There is hope here for the world as well, for matters are standing still just now, mainly because other thousands, hitherto productive, are attempting to edge into the already overcrowded class of respectable worthlessness.

Are they maiden ladies living upon the slender income of small inherited properties and maintaining a kind of threadbare respectability

by carefully refraining from doing anything that could by any stretch of the imagination be considered either necessary or useful? Are they widows or divorcees or wealthy heiresses supporting themselves in comfort, possibly in luxury, by clipping coupons that represent the earnings of others? Are they wives of prosperous business men, possibly of clerks or teachers, with small families or none at all, perchance of high-class laborers, of anybody, indeed, with ability to meet the family demands without laying responsibility upon the wife? It matters not who they are or whence comes their support or whether it be generous or meager; if they belong to that class which views the world from the standpoint of self alone and recognizes necessity as the only spur to action, these are they who need to be brought to a realizing sense of what it means to consume without also adding to the store of the world's welfare.

Many of them belong to clubs, but they spend the time not in self-advancement or in finding ways for public betterment, but in whist and euchre, and even these soon pall unless a little "forfeit" is put up to add zest to the exertion of handling a few pieces of cardboard dexterously. And so develops a kind of finesse in doing nothing, and so it is elevated into an occupation, furnishing a respectable basis for that form of absorbing conversation known as small talk, which rises to the climax in wondering what is to become of the "dreadful young people" of the present day. Wondering, but doing nothing about it except to wonder and wonder and wonder, in smug satisfaction that "it was not so in our day," when these dreadful young people are no worse and no better than young people have always been, simply exhibiting folly in new ways; that is all.

The New Woman

THE demoralizing influence of the unemployed has even entered that great and vitalizing institution known as the Woman's Club. Organized and conducted not only for self-improvement but for progress in matters both social and civic, these clubs have been, are being and will be a power in civilization. But even here is felt the deadening influence of those passive souls who seek always some new thing and without bestirring themselves to create it. Where this influence has long exerted itself we find that the arduous labor of preparing papers by individual members or of finding solutions for local problems is given over permanently to the easier system of hired or invited "entertainers," threatening in this way the very existence of these powerful and beneficent organizations.

Women have struggled for and have obtained full equality with men, whatever that may mean. What are they going to do with their new-found powers, rights and duties? We know that the great mass of womankind

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ONE out of every four children in this country is undernourished. Who is responsible for the condition, and what can be done about it? This is a question that is of the most vital importance to every father and mother in the country. It is not the cry of an alarmist; it is a straight statement of facts that have been known to public-health officials for several years. It is time that the fathers and mothers of this land realized that the ultimate responsibility for the health of their children is in their hands.

The average parent does not understand the difference between starvation and undernourishment. People who live in rural districts or in small towns have felt that there, at least, the children were being brought up under normal surroundings, with all the advantages of a wholesome life; yet in the United States to-day undernourishment in children is more prevalent among those who live in rural communities than it is among children who live in cities. Again, undernourishment is as prevalent among the children of the well-to-do as it is among the children of the poor; in fact, we have found in many instances that the rich are the greater sufferers in this regard.

Undernourishment means that the child's body is not properly developed. The easiest way to determine whether or not the child is undernourished is to find out what its weight is and then compare the weight with its height. The Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C., will supply to any school in this country tables showing standard weights and heights of boys and girls at different ages. They will also furnish charts that can be placed on the walls of classrooms. Each of these charts has a place for the name of the child and a column for each month of the school year so that the child's weight may be regularly entered in the appropriate column. The height of the child is usually measured once each term, while the weight should be taken each month.

If the child is more than one-tenth below the proper weight for his height, as given in these tables, it is probable that he is undernourished. The next step is to see that a further and careful examination is made by a competent physician to find out whether his lack of development is caused by an undernourished condition or whether it is a racial or family characteristic. Generally speaking, however, it has been found that children of all nationalities maintain a general standard of weight in proportion to height, and certainly any child who is one-tenth below this standard gives every indication of being undernourished.

How to Recognize Undernourishment

THE rate at which a child gains weight is another way to determine proper development. Up to fourteen years of age, boys and girls gain in weight in the same proportion. From five to eight years the monthly gain will be about six ounces; from eight to twelve years, eight ounces; from twelve to fourteen years, twelve ounces each month. After that time, boys gain more rapidly than girls. From fourteen to sixteen years of age, boys will gain about one pound a month, while girls will gain not more than half a pound in the same period. Children usually gain more rapidly during the fall and spring, and less rapidly in the cold weather of mid-winter or the warm weather of summer; but of one thing we must be sure, that there is no loss of weight. That is always a danger signal.

Other signs even more important may be readily observed by any teacher, father or mother. Occasionally we find that children will look entirely well in the face and yet their bodies show signs of malnutrition; so that it is better, whenever possible, to have the child stripped to the waist before making any sort of inspection. This can, of course, always be done at home. Sometimes it is more difficult in the school; therefore the father and mother may be the ones who can most readily recognize the signs of undernourishment.

The big outstanding symptom of undernourishment is fatigue. Undernourished children are usually pale, with dark circles under the eyes. The expression is almost always dull and listless, the features droop and the face wears an expression of fatigue which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

The way in which the undernourished child stands is characteristic. It is always a slouchy position, with nearly all the weight thrown on one foot. The shoulders droop forward so that the child is hollow-chested and round-shouldered. The shoulder blades in the back stand out at more or less acute angles to the body. There is an absence of fat between the ribs. The muscles of the body, legs and arms are soft and flabby.

The whole picture, actually pathetic, is that of a child who is chronically tired.



The Undernourished Child

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

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The behavior of the child usually bears out the physical symptoms. There are, however, two distinct types of undernourished children: One is always listless, dull and unable to make any effort. This is the child who does not want to play, who is unable to study, who is too tired to do anything except make the effort for bare existence. The other type of child is apt to be nervous and highstrung, restlessly overactive at times, emotional, crying easily and becoming very irritable for little cause. Both these types of children are apt to sleep poorly and to have erratic and unstable appetites. The undernourished child of any type always finds it difficult to concentrate its mind and to have its attention held by any one thing for any length of time. It varies in its moods and is almost always considered stupid and dull. Such a child is the victim of frequent colds and always gets every type of contagious disease that may make its appearance in the neighborhood. Such a child is suffering from a severe type of undernourishment. Sometimes a child will show only one or two of the symptoms.

Rich and Poor Alike to Blame

PROBABLY nine people out of ten will say that the reason a child is underweight is because it is not getting enough to eat. It is perfectly true that a child who is regularly underfed will probably be undernourished, but it is also true that undernourishment is the result of many other conditions, nearly all of which may be traced back to bad habits of living or to the wrong kind of surroundings. Poverty alone cannot be given as a cause of undernourishment because, as we have already seen, the condition is just as prevalent among the rich as it is among the poor. Actual starvation of children is extremely rare in this country. The trouble seems to be that we do not fully understand that, as far as the child is concerned, the results are the same whether food is lacking in amount or whether it is entirely unsuited for the child's proper nourishment.

We may have enough food, but it may be entirely of the wrong kind.

But there are many other causes of undernourishment besides even the wrong type of feeding. Probably first in importance comes lack of food; next, the wrong kind of food; irregular feeding, which means meals at all hours; and too rapid eating, with insufficient chewing and consequent bolting of food.

These are all prominent causes, yet it is not too much to say that none of them is as great a cause of malnutrition as the way in which the child's daily life is carried out. Here we can indict many parents for both ignorance and neglect, and it does not make any difference whether they are able to give their children the right environment or not.

The rich mother is equally to blame with the mother who has to get along with limited resources. Healthful environment for a child can be bought, and sometimes it is difficult to create it without some money at least; but, generally speaking—and we have proved this over and over again in the most crowded and congested districts of New York City—a child can have just as normal and favorable an environment in a congested tenement house as it can in a luxurious home, provided the father and mother are interested enough in the child's welfare to devote some time and attention to seeing that its daily life is properly adjusted.

One of the great causes of undernourishment is lack of proper rest. This may be the result of too late bedtime, too much stimulation and emotional excitement and not enough rest time during the day.

Lack of proper ventilation in both school and home, overcrowded classrooms and too much indoor life are all things that must be looked for and adjusted, if we are to give our children a fair chance for health. Other common causes of undernourishment are the presence of physical defects, such as adenoids, enlarged or diseased tonsils, defective vision or decayed teeth. The undernourished child is particularly apt to contract contagious diseases. Sometimes children who have had a prolonged illness are undernourished as a result. It is therefore occasionally difficult to tell whether the disease has caused the undernourishment or the undernourishment has caused the disease. In such cases we have what is known as a

"vicious circle," which means that the round of ill-health must be broken into somewhere and strenuous measures taken to place the child in proper physical condition.

It is interesting and significant to know that, generally speaking and taking the countries as a whole, there is far less undernourishment among the children of France, Belgium and England to-day than there was before the war, while in the United States the proportion of undernourished children has constantly increased since prewar days, so that now we have twice as many in some places and three times as many in others as we had five or six years ago.

The reason for this is that the child in Europe has had its problem studied and has received proper attention. Europe cannot afford to waste its child life, consequently it is paying the utmost attention to child-welfare work and seeing that every child is reared under as wholesome and healthful conditions as possible. In this country we have been extremely neglectful of child life, and it is not too much to say that our children have not had a square deal. It is not too late, however, to put our children physically on an equal basis with the children of other countries. Bringing our children back to normal condition and preventing undernourishment in the future is a matter which vitally concerns the entire community. Parent-teacher's associations and boards of education have a grave responsibility in this regard. The school is the place where undernourishment may be most quickly detected.

There should be scales in every school in America and every child should have its height measured at the beginning of each term and its weight taken at least once a month. In the schools, the charts I have mentioned should be placed on the wall of each classroom and the weight of each child recorded at regular intervals. In some schools we have found it possible to let each child have a weight card of its own, upon which the height and weight are recorded each month. This card is taken home to the parents at regular intervals and they are required to sign it, so that the teacher, school doctor or nurse may be sure the family has had its attention called to the child's physical progress.

The Listless Child Usually a Sick Child

THE height and weight chart on the classroom wall must be regularly inspected by the teacher, if it is to be of any value. When she finds that any child's weight is below the normal standard for its height and age, or if she finds that a child is losing weight or its weight is stationary for a period of two months, she should see that the child is referred to the school doctor or nurse or, if there is no health supervision of this type in the school, it is the teacher's duty to see that the matter is referred to the family and that they are notified of the necessity of taking the child to a physician for a thorough physical examination.

In addition to noting the child's height and weight, the teacher should note his behavior. An undernourished child is physically too sick to study, and failure in examinations or lack of proper progress in school work may often be due solely to this fact.

The listless child, the dull, apathetic or stupid child is usually a sick child. They may be able to come to school, but that is all the effort they are able to make. Nearly all sickness in children is preventable, and one of the simplest ways in which to prevent it is to see that the child is kept in proper physical condition. Malnutrition is the greatest predisposing cause of disease, and the undernourished child not only becomes sick more readily, but is always more seriously ill than the child who has had a fair chance for health.

School lunches are needed even more in our rural schools than they are in the cities. Parents' associations should interest themselves

HOURS OF STUDY, PLAY AND SLEEP					
AGE	SCHOOL HOURS	HOME STUDY	MEALS AND PLAY	HOURS OF SLEEP	BEDTIME
5 to 7	3	None	9	12	7:00
7 to 10	5	None	8	11	8:00
10 to 12	5	1 Hour	8	10	9:00
12 to 14	5	2 Hours	8	9	9:30

(Continued on Page 108)



Yo—ho, yo—ho, away we go
Now watch us coast like fun!
Just hold on tight, I'll steer you right—
Then Campbell's when we're done!



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How delicious and bracing a plate of good hot soup is! How quickly your appetite responds to the delicate, tonic flavors! What a whole-souled enjoyment it gives you in the rest of the meal! How perfectly it balances your diet! Eat soup every day.

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Soup makes the ideal luncheon

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



The Jazz Path of Degradation

The Prodigal American Husband is Coming Back Repentant—The Silliness of Psychoanalysis

By JOHN R. McMAHON

WHY attack the jazz dance so sharply and so exclusively?" asks a reader. "Judging from your articles on this subject, there are no other social evils of consequence. All that we must do to be saved is to stop jazzing. But how about drinking despite the law, gambling in our best circles, immodest dress, loose talk, profanity even by young folks, a new disregard of marriage vows, a general license and an accepted doctrine of do as you please? In short, why attack a mere symptom or local outbreak instead of getting after the disease itself? You should concentrate on the disease of materialism, the lost sense of duty, the lack of spiritual or even intellectual aims. While criticising the young sinners, you should indict American fathers and mothers for their criminal negligence in regard to the bringing up of their children. After all, the parents are chiefly responsible, both in the example they set and in the excess of liberty they permit."

This reader presents a broad viewpoint very ably, and the writer is not inclined to controvert it. Simply, it may be pointed out that jazz is the most widespread and openly flagrant form of the social disease and therefore deserves the most emphasis. It is hard to get people interested in such terms as hygiene and duty. But they do take notice of typhoid fever and the shocking results shown to accrue from the ultra dance.

It would be well to have medical and social treatment entirely preventive, yet as things are we wait for an outbreak of a physical or social malady before we are ready to be doctored. Nobody will believe that there is anything wrong in the early stages of an illness. When we are thoroughly infected we are willing to call in the doctor. We are cured in due time and yet often retain a permanent disability through life because of delayed treatment.

It is a tragic thought that although the dance mania of this period may be shortly purified, reformed and passed into the limbo of forgotten things, its ill consequences must abide with us into an indefinite future.

What of the Next Generation?

THE American people, or a great part of them, will never be the same as they were before they learned the disgraceful art of shimmy and toddle. It is likely that the birth rate will be affected. The next generation will show certain physical consequences. There will be more weaklings and fewer stalwarts. The crop of human weeds will increase. Instead of real men and women, we may reasonably expect an augmented stock of lounge lizards and second-quality "vamps."

If these things are not so, Emerson was wrong in his philosophy and the biologists do not understand the laws of inheritance. Of course there are sceptics and scoffers who point abroad to an alleged striking example of refutation of the race-degeneration theory through sex laxity. I do not think they prove anything except that all sorts of humans may serve as cannon fodder. The best and most efficient fighters in the late war were the cleanest and brawniest, who came from the open places of Australia, Canada and this country. There was not a shimmy shaker among these two-fisted men.

"Your campaign against the jazz is like Don Quixote's against the windmills," says an Eastern reader. "You ignore the economic causes. There was a war which upset the world and all its social relations. We are yet in a maelstrom of unrest. Morals are up in the air and will remain so until our economics settle back to an old or advance forward to a new equilibrium. Meanwhile words are wasted in criticizing social manners and conduct."

This reader's amendment is accepted with a few reservations. Most everybody admits there are economic causes for the social unsettlement and knows that the foundation must be squared to obtain a stable superstructure. But when we see the economic foundation in process of readjustment, as is now quite apparent, we are justified in giving a little thought to the needful remodeling of the house plans. If only a few of us know enough to set our houses in order against the prevailing trend, there is so much

America is not alone in postwar social laxity. England is sadly debilitated in her ideals, if we are to accept the picture shown in *The Glass of Fashion* by a keen observer, who is anonymous.

Enough has been said in previous articles on the subject of the jazz dance to condemn it in the eyes of the thoughtful. Yet there are some classes of persons who remain to be convinced.

Our apostles of license can stand for anything, but they must rub their eyes when they read that Soviet Russia is shocked by an outbreak of child immorality, deemed most injurious to the cause of Bolshevik freedom and success; wherefore steps are being taken to abate this evil. If immorality is hurtful to Soviet Russia it must be harmful to America.

The jazz is lewd to the physiological limit. In many cases it leads to worse things, and in others it cannot lead to worse things—being a sufficiently evil end in itself. Take alcohol: Some get drunk, and others add murder to drunkenness. Those who only jazz, but thoroughly and habitually, are sex toppers.

It is a path of degradation.

For the woman it may mean an impairment or defeat of motherhood. For the young man of marrying age it may spell a postponement into the indefinite future of the undertaking of marital responsibilities.

The increasing tendency of the age among the middle class is to marry late or never. When bachelor men and girls can have so much fun—speaking euphemistically—out of the ultra dance, why should they sacrifice careers and burden themselves with family cares? Fewer marriages and a decrease in the birth rate are bound to follow. And these are people of the better sort, so called. They are plotting their own extinction and supersession by a rude proletariat that believes in marriage and children.

A social scout reports that petting parties and necking parties have now been added to the rites of the jazz. It appears that necking is a development or evolution of cheek-to-cheek dancing and may be traced still farther back zoologically to the courtship methods of ostriches. Such familiarities among persons of opposite sex are at best vulgar and in poor taste, while their utmost consequences need not be indicated. What benighted parents or guardians can permit such parties to be held?

What becomes of self-respect and respect for others of opposite sex? The fact of public and promiscuous familiarity is an immoral element in itself.

The old-time private courtship had its imprudences, but it was not brazen in its public exhibitionism and did not tend to incite wholesale emulation. If caresses continue to be cheapened they will have less value than a Polish mark, and young people will find their last week's love letters to be of no more worth than so much waste paper.

A Mind Muffler is Needed

I DISCUSSED the nature and effect of the ultra modern dance with a number of medical specialists in New York City. They agreed generally in the conclusion of harmful effects, especially in the case of young people. On the question of treatment for social aberrations, Professor Graham Lusk, who heads the department of physiology in Cornell University Medical College, said that nothing could be better than a dose of Christian principles.

"Do you know psychoanalysis?" asked a physician, whom I shall call Doctor X, who is head of the "booby ward" in a well-known metropolitan hospital. "This tells us that people have certain impulses which are bound to be gratified, if not in one way, then in another. You know that all dancing has a sex basis. We may expect normal physiological consequences. Why repress? It can't be done anyhow. I am the director of an institution where two hundred girls are confined. There are a thousand just as bad walking on Broadway at night. Of course society must have some regulations and try to enforce some public standards of conduct."

What right has a layman to criticize psychoanalysis? Well, he can take the facts as claimed and, by applying logic, may draw a conclusion different from that drawn by the votaries of the cult. And the best medical opinion now considers that psychoanalysis has been much overrated. It has a place in mental pathology, but is of little use and really harmful to the average run of humanity.

There was once a fad to remove the vermiform appendix, and this has been followed by the rage to have a person's complex cut out. Everybody has a complex in the subcellar of his or her mind. It can be cut out for fifty dollars and up. It may be compared in some respects to opening the muffler of an automobile engine.

There is a noisy discharge of gas, smoke and carbon debris, which relieves the engine but is such a nuisance to the community that the practice is unlawful upon public highways. A muffler for minds and engines seems to be a civilized necessity.

There are a few expert medical analyzers, and more quacks and amateurs in the game. Greenwich Villagers are strong for the pastime of mutual analysis. It becomes indecency cloaked in scientific phrases. According to the cult, this is a topsy-turvy world in which virtue and humane feelings indicate opposite traits. A person who speaks for decency must have base desires, and presumably all scoundrels are saints at heart.

Freud says that ninety per cent of our buried thoughts and our dreams are of sex. Little children two years old are tainted or afflicted with amativeness. A youngster who pulls off the leg of a fly and his sister who reproves him for cruelty equally demonstrate sex motivation. All adults are loaded to the gunwales with repressed sex desires. A bunch of these may fester in the mind, creating a complex and thus offering a job to the psychoanalyst.

Not for the Normal and Intelligent

THE patient with a complex is put through a word association test, being asked to respond with the first word that comes into mind after hearing such key words as cat, clock, stocking, piano, and what not. Also, the analyst plays Daniel to the dreams of the patient. Everything dreamed is symbolic and is bound to have a sex interpretation. A brick wall probably stands for an engagement, a cookstove for a certain marriage, a ladder is a honeymoon and a desert scene is a divorce. You see, people sometimes get engaged over brick garden walls, cookstoves are useful in housekeeping, ladders are employed in elopements, and Nevada is popular for classy separations. All very ingenious and may be true. In theory, when the rankling hidden desires are dragged by the analyst into the conscious strata of the patient's mind, the latter is forthwith relieved or cured, having no further mental struggle.

But this theory of relief and cure by exposing the hidden stuff into consciousness does not seem to me entirely logical. If the seven deadly sins are grappled and hoisted to the surface of the mind, will they not simply float there instead of remaining in a waterlogged state below? Why not keep them in the depths where they belong? What satisfaction to recognize desires whose fulfillment is usually impossible? It cannot help me to learn that my secret ambition is to surpass Mr. Rockefeller in wealth or to break the matrimonial record of the late Brigham Young. After all, the dream mind is only a naughty and silly youngster, who is best kept in his proper playground and off the public streets. Give him a lot of attention and you have a spoiled child who may graduate into an utter nuisance or a jailbird.

The worst feature of the Freudian theory is the denial of free will. Add that to the ninety per cent of sex desire, and you have a doctrine of inevitable and compulsory immorality. Our desires are dominant, and we cannot help ourselves. Is it true? For weaklings, yes, and for the short-brow races who are nearest to the ape, for the tribe of defectives and for the pasty-faced denizens of cities who are sodden with pleasure seeking. It is false for the normal and intelligent, who are impelled by duty as well as desire, whose lives are not a chaos of impulses but proceed on an ordered plan, whether inspired

(Continued on Page 71)

The hands of Mury Nash, celebrated for their beauty, are an example of how proper treatment enhances natural charm. Miss Nash posed for this exquisite photographic study of her lovely hands because she is an enthusiastic user of Cutex. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so well. I regard Cutex as a real toilet necessity."



Baron de Meyer. Photo

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ALL that made manicuring slow and difficult in the past has been done away with. You don't have to soak your nails—you don't have to cut the cuticle. Just work carefully around the nail base with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover; then rinse, and the hard, dry edges of dead skin will simply wipe away.

Then you are ready for the polish. If you are in a special hurry, Cutex Liquid Polish will give you a particularly brilliant shine—instantaneously and without buffing. But if you are doing a more leisurely manicure, you will probably wish first to burnish the nails slightly with one of the other marvelous Cutex Polishes. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last three times as long.

You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made manicuring until you have given it a trial. This very minute, before you forget, sit down and send for the new Cutex Introductory Set. In the cunning little box of black and

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*For the quickest,
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Then spread the Polish on the soft part of the hand and burnish by passing the nails of the other lightly over it—or, if you want a still quicker, brighter lustre, just coat each nail lightly with Cutex Liquid Polish.



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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Nov. 1, 1921, to Feb. 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand"
A Wm. S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
With Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
By Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik"
With Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by
Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
Adapted from "Conjuror's House"
By Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel "Enchanted Hearts"
By Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in
"Exit—the Vamp"
By Clara Beranger.

Pola Negri in
"The Last Payment."

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
By Lorna Moon.

William S. Hart in
"White Oak"
A Wm. S. Hart Production.

Gloria Swanson in
"Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
By Alice and Claude Askew.

A William DeMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theo-
dore Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
By James M. Barrie
A Penrhyn Stanlaw's Production.

Wallace Reid in
"Rent Free"
By Isola Forrester and Mann Page.

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"A Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Has No Turning"
By Sir Gilbert Parker.

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
With Ann Forrest. From the
novel "Perpetua" by
Dian Clayton Calthrop.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaw's Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts," with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.

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THE young folks do their parents every bit as much good as their parents do them.

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The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

Walls and Ceilings—The Background of Your Rooms



OUR HOME can be beautiful without proper backgrounds. Backgrounds are primarily designed to enhance objects placed against them. In picture galleries you will notice that the walls are clad in some neutral tone planned to set off the pictures to the best advantage; you do not view the wall background and remark its strangeness or its beauty; rather you admire the pictures, as it was intended you should. You may admire especially a certain portrait; notice the canvas background in the picture. Has not the artist painted it of a hue so neutral and subtle that he has been enabled to depict the face and figure radiantly? Imagine, if you will, a strident color here, or an insistent background of grapes, birds of paradise or roses; immediately you can see that the subject of the picture would be lost. In the backgrounds of our homes we wish to have neutral surfaces against which we and the clothes we wear, our furniture, our curtains, our *objets d'art*, our pictures and our books look well.

We wish backgrounds beautiful in the sunlight, reminiscently lovely in shadow, capable alike of perfect accents and negations, graceful, profound. It is easy enough to determine what constitutes the background of any room; we have only to look about us—the walls, with doors and windows, fireplaces, shelves and cupboards; the ceiling above us, the floor beneath. There then are our backgrounds, and remembering how delightfully far we may go in the matter of brilliant curtains, colorful overstuffs, lamps, books, pillows and bowls of flowers, even in the gorgeous hues of painted furniture, let us determine upon restraint, lovely and pale where possible, in our walls and ceilings, restraint dusky neutral in our floors.

A room should be beautiful before there is placed in it a single table or chair, a curtain at a window or a rug on the floor. It should be luminous with promise, hospitably inviting and inexhaustible in its suggestion of any number of possible schemes. A blue-walled room is limited in its future scope; one may at most do only two or three things with it, and to the end of the chapter it will remain helplessly blue. But a gray or cream walled room has in it the capacity for being rose or yellow, blue or green, demure or riotously gay.

When I first stepped into my own living room, before it was mine, I was impressed at once by its versatility and charm. Had it never been necessary to cover the floor, to curtain the windows, to furnish it, still it would have been a delightful room, with its gracious ceiling, its dusky walnut floor, its small-paned casement windows, its colonial fireplace, its shelves for books. All were proportioned symmetrically. The woodwork was all white, the sanded walls watertoned a putty color.

I was quite lost in admiration of this austere yet friendly, empty room—empty, yet full of color; for there were cool, green views from the windows, there were warm reflections on ivory paint, dense shadows in the fireplace, wan shadows in the corners, and sunlight lay in great pools on the gleaming floor and splashed high up on the paneled door.

The Selection of Wall Tones

LATER I found my problem one of preserving intact the charm of the empty shell of this room, fearful lest here or there I should mar its loveliness. And all the while I was particularly comforted by the presence of those putty walls, knowing that when the time came I could weave against them what color or magic I would. This is as it should be in every room, and you who perchance wonder at your lack of success in decorating your home, at your heavy effects and uninspired schemes, should consider with me how you may improve your backgrounds; for this can be your only logical first step forward toward the beauty you desire.

I advise pale walls of gray or cream almost exclusively. These include many tones of neutrality, from the most delicate ivory and oyster tints, through the sand tones, the putty colors, the *café au lait* hues, to the more positive light tans and French grays. Between these there are many gradations that may be named or unnamed, according to the degrees of popularity they attain. But as one proceeds in this study of tones and their effect one becomes increasingly sensitive to the slight but all-important difference resulting from the use of this tone that is sufficiently warm or that tint which is grayed to the necessary coolness. For many considerations enter into the selection of wall tones.

One is exposure. Northern and eastern exposures require warmer tones on the walls—cream, putty, *café au lait*, tan. Further warmth may be added by a properly selected color scheme in the room furnishings. Southern and western exposures will welcome any of the tints, but it is in these rooms that the cool grays are at their best. The color schemes selected for use against these walls may be cool, also, depending for degree upon the sunniness and glow in the room; but

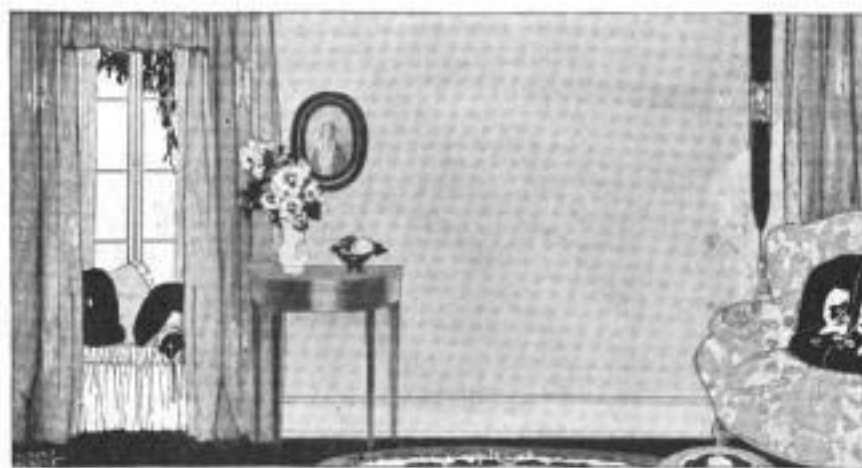


Illustration by Albert Henck

By ETHEL CARPENTER

let blue and green predominate, with accents of warm other color to enhance the coolness.

Another consideration in the selection of a wall tone is the general color scheme desired in the room. The neutral tint that blends best must be the one selected. Tan, for instance, would be unfortunate when the predominant scheme is to be yellow. Gray is not so good a selection with very predominant blue as it is with predominant green, in the cool combinations; and gray is really better with yellow than it is with rose in the warm combination. Ivory or cream goes with everything, and a sufficiently cool putty tone, somewhat the color of bisque, may be used delightfully in any room; so when in doubt never fear to use one of these.

Light tones are quite as beautiful in the more formal rooms—the drawing, living and dining rooms—as they are in bedrooms, and it is a sure fact that even the woman who has been brought up on a somber green wall in her living room will daily sing with delight over her new walls of cream after she gets past the momentary shock of seeing her furniture silhouetted against paleness. However, if one wishes to use tan or a positive gray these tones are more suitable for the living portions of the home.

Picture Molding in Place of Border

IT HAS been said that people have better taste than they used to have. Personally I know this is true. One has but to walk through countless homes to see walls in all the rooms toned more or less alike, refreshingly cream, demurely gray, softly and palely tan. Against this sort of harmonious and continuous background one may take advantage of the most gorgeous hues it is possible to procure; one may be more daring and varied in the matter of color schemes than was the case when walls were murdered and dispositions sadly jangled by vast expanses of red, green, blue and yellow, stretched unrelievedly over the walls of neighboring rooms; with highly colored satin stripes in sleeping chambers.

Those who are newly approaching the problem of selecting wall tones for an entire house are accepting more easily this doctrine of a continuous background, the tints varied but slightly in the different rooms to meet conditions of exposure, temperament or color scheme. This custom cannot be too urgently advised, and the fact that it is being taken up by the majority of beauty-desiring laymen will recommend it to those who distrust what they term new and plain effects.

To a great extent the border is also going, but not so quickly perhaps as I might wish; for very often we still see its head sticking up persistently from the otherwise quiet and friendly wall, as though it were loath to vanish altogether into the outer darkness. Why will people persist in pasting or painting a band of color in the upper part of their rooms when top walls should be the palest part of the scheme? Walls are merely the beginning, the background, of a gracious whole, and one should not use all one's thrills, or in fact any of them, on the walls of a room.

THIS is the first article in a new series that will be, when it is finished, a complete text book of interior decoration. Next month Mrs. Carpenter will discuss floors, then, in issues extending through the whole year, will come curtains, color schemes, furniture, painting furniture, the hall, the living room, the dining room, the bedrooms, the kitchen, closets, storerooms, lights, pictures, books, and so on. You will do well to start a scrapbook to-day, saving these articles from month to month.

In place of the border use the picture molding, either painted to match the pale walls or done in white or ivory to match the room woodwork. The height of the ceiling has some influence upon where this molding is placed; but whenever possible, disregard the fact of a high ceiling and run the molding at the ceiling turn, just as you would in a low-ceilinged room, trusting to other shifts for distracting the attention from a too lofty stretch of wall. You have still your hangings and furniture to depend upon, and many illusions can be created with these.

However, the placing of the molding is not entirely arbitrary. In the low-ceilinged room it may be at the ceiling turn, or two inches below; in rooms with high ceilings it may be in the position I have originally suggested, or even three or four feet below. When a cornice

can be afforded and at the same time suits the room, a simple one done in white or an off tone is far to be desired to a border.

If one simply cannot live without the border, however, it is urged that one select an architecturally designed band no wider than an inch and repeating the same neutral tone apparent in the paper, to be run at the joining line or exactly below the molding. Such a mild and inoffensive border will surely be a step to no border at all. And then we'll all be happy.

The treatment of the woodwork should not be definitely decided upon until that of the walls is rather well determined, for the two go hand in hand, both blending to form the background of the room. Of late it has been found necessary to use fewer arguments in favor of pale woodwork toning with the walls, even when this requires the painting over of dark or semidark trims. For people have just naturally found out for themselves that light-painted woodwork is more decorative, without being one whit more trouble to keep clean than dark wood is to keep waxed to a soft glow.

Of course when one has handsomely paneled or wainscoted walls of dusky woodwork, as fine and rare as old heirlooms, one builds the room around them, successfully weaving a harmony between the brown of the wood and the pale walls. But when the dark woodwork is varnished oak or chestnut, stained birch or mahogany, or a stained or grained imitation of any of these, the remedy can only be a quart or so of transforming paint. In the same way mahogany doors in white trims are snares and delusions; one may expect great things of them when used in connection with mahogany furniture, but even at the best they cut up the background unfortunately, and quite frequently tend to overweight the walls when the furniture is placed.

The most successful rooms are those boasting throughout woodwork of white, ivory or cream, though there is much latitude in the choosing of the exact tone. Since pure white is sometimes a trifle harsh, a little cream color may be added in the mixing. The new idea of painting the woodwork the exact color of the pale walls is yet more beautiful, as the background of the room is more successfully a background when there is no tone difference apparent between the trim and the walls.

Choosing the Wall Paper

MANY persons look always upon paper as the logical wall finish. It is without doubt the most popular, and very beautiful effects can be obtained with it, for the making of wall paper has well-nigh reached perfection if one considers the output of the better manufacturers. For both wear and style it always pays to get good paper, fifty cents to a dollar and a half a roll being a fair guide to the better grades. But if this cost is absolutely not to be afforded, my advice is to familiarize yourself with the best so that you will easily recognize and choose a paper among the cheaper grades that will give much the same effect. I have even seen beauty in walls of wrapping paper, and it is an old story that some excessively cheap papers are better put on wrong side out.

There has been little change in the general style of papers for the past few years. Stipples are quite in the lead, partly because of the great diversity in tone that may be obtained through this method of coloring the paper, and partly because of the fine atmospheric effects such papers give. Many of these papers are first given a pressed texture resembling grass cloth before the all-over stipples of gray and ecru are applied. You have only to stand in a room papered in this manner to prove for yourself that the walls subtly express distance, quietness and rest, besides being beautiful in themselves when examined minutely.

Closely allied to these stipple tones are the two tones, papers that are printed in small all-over designs and stripes done in two tones of one neutral color, such as a tiny vine of putty on cream, a broken diamond all-over pattern of ivory

(Continued on Page 130)

The Charm of Beautiful, Well-kept Hair

Why the Way You Dress It Makes So Much Difference In Your Personal Attractiveness



Illustrations by
WILL GREFFÉ

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.



Importance of Shampooing the Hair Properly

IN caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

For this reason more and more women everywhere now use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



Dress Your Hair to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Poor Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Always Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good,

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
Copyright 1920
THE R. L. W. CO.



warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Care of the Hair Should Start Early in Life

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential to health.

It may be hard at first to get them to shampoo their hair regularly, but it's mighty important.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For both the boy and the girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair; and you will be teaching your children a habit they will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



Old-Time Patchwork and Appliquéd Quilts

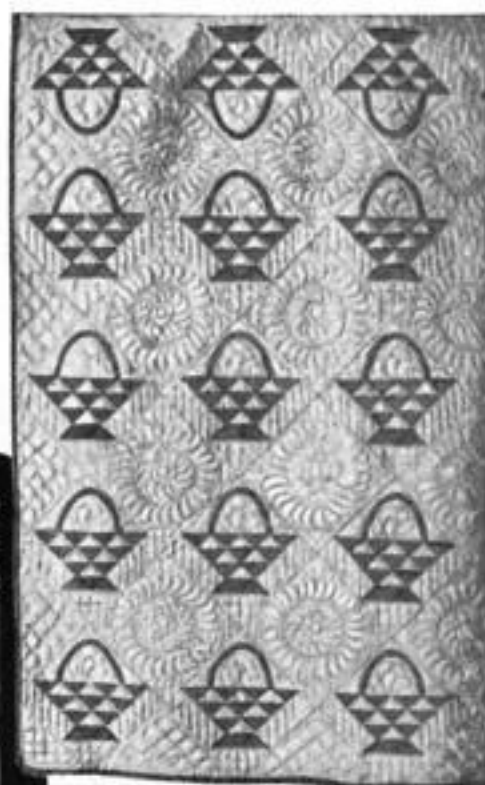
Secured Through the Courtesy of the Guild of the Needle and Bobbin Crafts

Beautifully quilted in alternate squares is the muslin quilt from the Emma B. Hodge collection, at the right, with its baskets made up of cherry-red and white triangles. The handles and the border of full-blown roses and buds are appliquéd. Its simplicity makes this design a good one to copy. The more nicely made quilts usually have rounded corners and are bound with bias strips. Cotton wadding, French flannel or wool makes the best padding.

The quilt at the right was made in pioneer days when the French women settlers watched eagerly for boats to come up the Mississippi bringing new materials from the homeland. It is from the collection of Mrs. Frank Bergen and is of blue toile de jouy—a heavy French cotton goods—and the landscape rambles in true Watteau style. Light-weight chintz could be used in imitating this quilt. Nearly a century ago the Wreath of Roses design was a favorite; to-day, appliquéd in lovely colors on white muslin, as in Mrs. D. L. B. Smith's quilt at the center below, it will add charm to the most modern boudoir. Because our great-grandmothers loved beautiful things and longed for the bright colors they were forbidden to wear we have in our museums to-day handmade quilts beautiful in design and gay of color. Especially colorful is the Cherry Tree design of 1820, from the Emma B. Hodge collection, shown below; orange and scarlet birds fly through gray-green foliage or peck at bright cherries; the fox grapes and the vine are brown, the tulips, red and yellow.



No pattern offered



15009

The winged circle used on the quilt at the left is the Assyrian *feroher*, symbol of a winged spirit that hovered protectingly over the heads of Chaldean and Babylonian kings. At the right below is an old trundle-bed quilt from the collection of Mrs. Frank Bergen—enormous in size because it had to cover the high bed under which the trundle-bed was pushed in daytime. The motifs, varied at will, offer fascinating ideas for modern application.

15010

IF YOU have an old patchwork quilt, deep in musty dreams under somebody's wedding dress, dig it out of its hiding place, air it and press it and fling it on your bed. For old-fashioned quilts are the new-fashioned quilts, and there is no touch quite so modern in the present-day bedroom as that lovely relic of grandmother's time.

Or, indeed, of great-grandmother's time, for the story of quilts in America goes away back of grandmother. It is the story of American women from Jamestown and Plymouth down; the story of their thoughts and hopes

15011

and dreams, as well as of the skill of their fingers. For a quilt will tell no tales, and into it may safely go all the thirst for adventure and the hunger for beauty that hard-working, secluded women otherwise cannot satisfy. And it is a story that is not finished yet, for to-day, in the mountains and on the plains, where distances are great and lives are lonely, women are still putting all the art that is theirs into the making of beautiful and colorful quilts, devising their own patterns, sometimes even creating their colors from root and berry dyes.

(Continued on Page 102)



15012



No pattern offered

Where to Get the Money to Build a Home

By P. S. LOVEJOY

Inquiries about the houses shown should be addressed to the Architectural Department, The Ladies' Home Journal



CONTRIBUTED BY CHAS. A. BYRNE

CELLARS WERE NOT PROVIDED FOR THESE LITTLE BUNGALOWS, BUT A CELLAR COULD BE EXCAVATED TO ACCOMMODATE THE HEATER, OR A CELLARLESS HEATING PLANT MIGHT BE INSTALLED

BUILD, buy or rent? It's an urgent question for which there is no uniform answer. For many people in many communities, renting will continue to be cheaper and more satisfactory than owning. For some, whether cheaper or satisfactory or not, buying or building will be simply out of the question. But somebody must build, and soon.

We are here concerned with the problems that confront the new home builder, and with the comparatively modest home—to cost complete, say, \$15,000 or less.

The first consideration, of course, is to find the approximate limits of cost.

Long and carefully checked experience indicates that the average family may properly spend one-fifth to one-fourth of its income on shelter, be it rent or mortgage money. Suppose you are paying fifty dollars a month in rent, or \$600 a year, and that this amounts to about one-fourth of your total yearly income. Suppose, also, that your savings are actually accumulating at the rate of about \$200 a year. That gives you \$800 a year for possible payments on a new home.

Most persons have to borrow money in order to build. If the yearly sum available is figured at \$800, and if it is planned to pay out within ten years, then the total cost of land and construction must fall below \$8000. An investment to be paid off within fifteen years must be below \$12,000. Interest payments are allowed for in each case.

Between the cost of the land and the cost of the building itself there is a fairly standard ratio. As a rule a building site that is properly adjusted to the house it carries will have cost one-fourth to one-third of the total home investment. If the total allowable investment is \$10,000, then a normal cost for the building site will fall between \$2500 and \$3500.

If in Doubt, Go Slowly

NOW, having fixed the approximate limits of what can be paid for building lots and for the house, one is almost ready to begin shopping for the location and the house plans.

Right at this stage it is a good idea to make sure that the site and the house that you can afford will be really satisfactory. Will they be satisfactory enough to keep living in and fighting for year after year for as many years as you expect it will take you to pay for them? Suppose you must stay on living in that \$7000 house on that \$3000 lot year after year, paying for them slowly and perhaps painfully out of savings that may involve real scrimping? Could you do that and be content? If there is any doubt, go slowly.

At about this point will come another question: "Build now or wait?"

Everything considered, it seems quite sure that the family that really needs and wants its own home, and that can manage to finance it without too great a strain, may wisely build at once.

Assuming that you have decided to build soon, then what? First, the possibilities of financing the new home.



A good place to begin is at the bank where you do business. The chances are that a very material part of the bank's business is in the financing of homes for people such as you. Ask anybody in the bank where to go to talk over a building loan. Presently you will find the right man.



CONTRIBUTED BY CHAS. A. BYRNE

THIS BUNGALOW, DESIGNED TO "BEAT THE HIGH COST OF BUILDING," IS, LIKE THE OTHER THREE, OF FRAME CONSTRUCTION PAINTED WHITE WITH GREEN SHINGLED ROOF. CEMENT PORCH, RED BRICK STEPS



CONTRIBUTED BY CHAS. A. BYRNE

ALTHOUGH SIMPLE IN EXTERIOR APPEARANCE THIS BUNGALOW IS NEVERTHELESS QUITE ATTRACTIVE. THE EXTERIOR IS WHITE RELIEVED BY PALE-GREEN WOOD SHUTTERS, WHICH COMBINATION OF COLORS SETS OFF THE RED BRICK FLOORED STOOP



CONTRIBUTED BY CHAS. A. BYRNE

ANY ONE OF THESE BUNGALOWS WOULD COST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF \$4500 TO \$5000 TO BUILD. TWO PLANS ARE PROVIDED TO ENABLE A VARIATION IN COST AND INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT

"About how are you fixed and about what sort of building operations are you thinking of?" and "Do you own the lot?" he will probably ask you. Then tell him all about it.

Whether you have bought the building site and, if so, where it is and what you paid will be prime considerations with the banker. If you already own a lot in a good part of town he will know that you have been getting ready to build. The location will tell him much as to your social standing, ambitions and business judgment. The size and value of the lot in proportion to the cost of the house which you are planning to put up will indicate whether you are inclined to be conservative or apt to overreach. Chiefly, of course, the ownership of a good lot will permit you to offer it as security for a building loan.

The banker will probably explain that he could not lend more than half the value of the finished home, so that, if you have a \$10,000 place in mind and everything is all right, you could expect to borrow from the bank not more than \$5000. The balance of the building money will have to come from other sources. He will probably tell you of the building-and-loan-association plan and whether there is such an association in your neighborhood. He can explain about first and second mortgages, notes, whom to see about real-estate values, estimates of building costs, and whether building loans are relatively hard or easy to get in your town or region, and why.

Common Means of Raising Funds

THERE are several common means of raising funds for home-building operations: Mortgage loans, building-association loans, land contracts, personal notes, and cash.

For building purposes, cash consists of actual bank balances plus Liberty Bonds and other securities that have a ready cash value. A note is a personal promise to pay and may or may not be backed by collateral. Life-insurance policies have a cash-borrowing value. Most policies provide for modest borrowings upon the premiums paid in. It is also possible to sign over an insurance policy so as to make it payable to the person from whom you have borrowed money on an otherwise unsecured note.

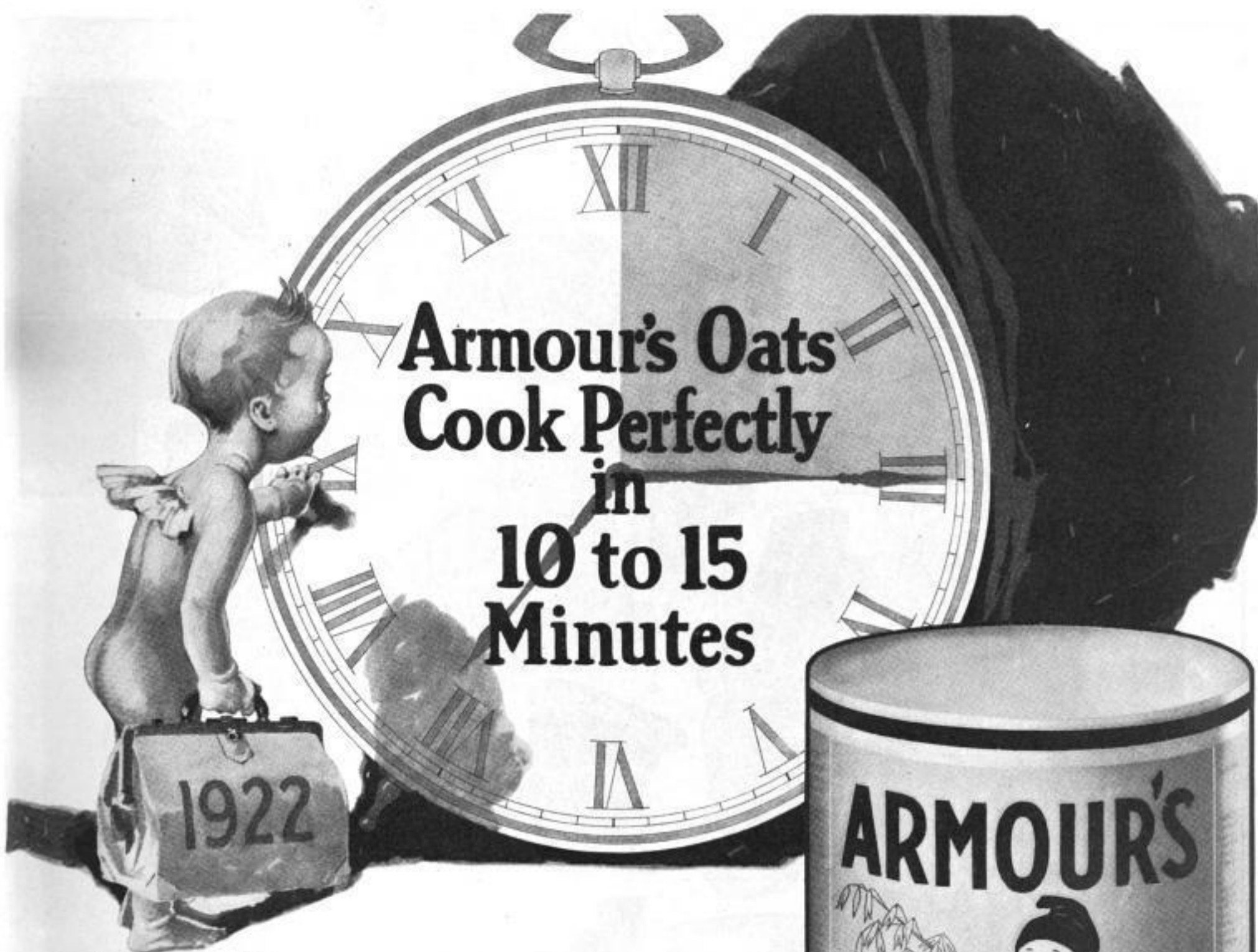
A mortgage loan usually works like this: You own a good lot and have some cash, but need more cash in order to build. You proceed to "hock" the lot and the lender agrees to advance the rest of the money needed. The papers are signed and the borrowed money is placed to your credit, but with restrictions which insure that it shall be spent only in buying for the house. From the time you borrow the money you begin paying interest on it.

A second mortgage is on what is secured only by what may be left of the property after the first mortgage has been satisfied. Regular banks and trust companies do not, as a rule, write or deal in second mortgages.

In addition to the regular interest, commissions are often charged for placing mortgage loans. For first mortgages the commissions usually run from one to

(Continued on Page 130)





"That's Interesting!"

A New Year lies ahead with its opportunities for doing things better than ever before. Hours and hours of time can be saved, for instance, in preparing the breakfasts of 1922.

Once you've tried Armour's Oats you know the advantages of relying on them for quick, nourishing breakfasts. They cook thoroughly in 10 to 15 minutes. Put them on the stove with the coffee, and they're both done at the same time.

And what is the result? Oats of a wonderfully satisfying flavor that appeal to sharpened appetites morning after morning.

Manufactured by
Armour Grain Company
Chicago

Makers of Armour's Guaranteed Cereals—
Oats, Corn Flakes, Pancake Flour,
Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles



The Dutch Twins and the Storks

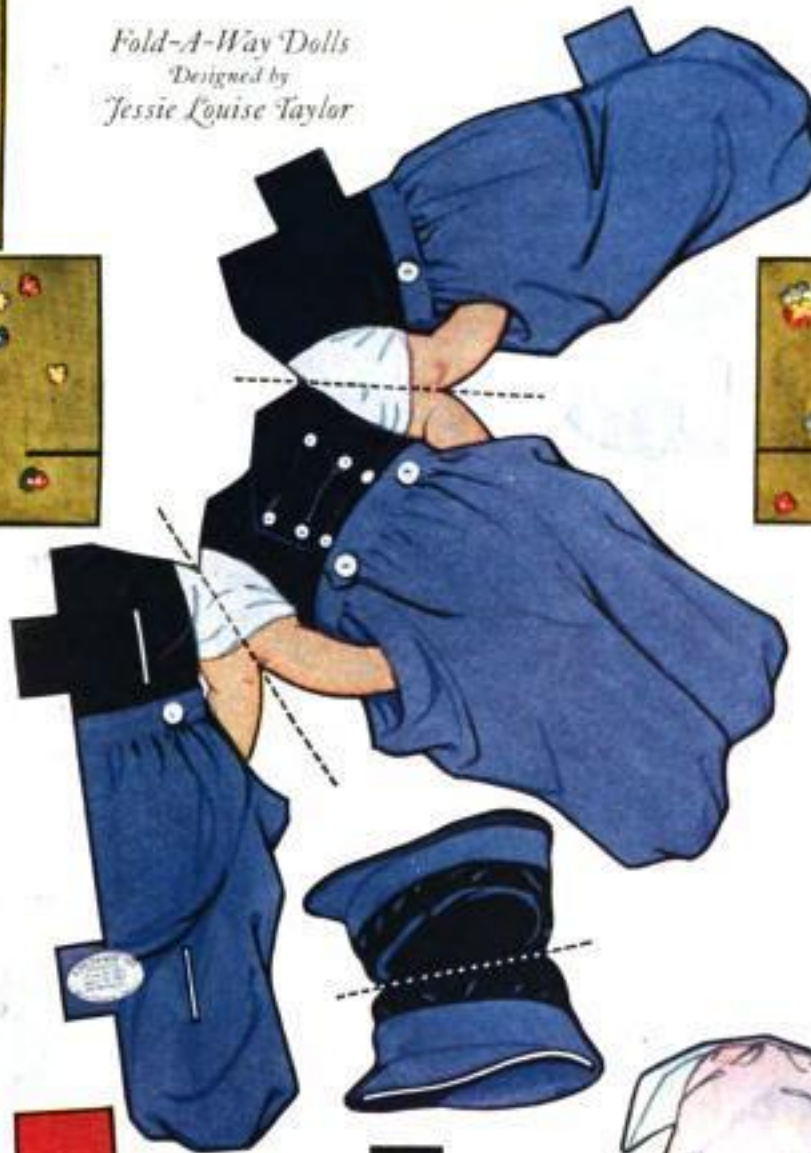
By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Author of the Twins Book

Fold-A-Way Dolls

Designed by

Jessie Louise Taylor



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FOLD-A-WAY TOYS

Before cutting out these toys, mean them with library paste on another page of an old copy of this magazine. Heavy paper will be best for the twins. The garments, the hats and the geese need not be mounted at all, but they will last longer if mounted on light paper. When thoroughly dry, score the dotted lines and then trim around the black outlines. Cut into the lines on the bases to make the legs. Fold over on the dotted lines at the top and the dotted lines on the bases in



opposite directions, as shown on the little figures. Bring the bases together, slide the long tabs from one side into the locks on the opposite side. Doll will then stand alone. Cut the slots on the body of the dolls and dresses as indicated, trim the tabs on the garments to fit into these slots easily yet snugly. Cut lines on hats, fold over on dotted line, then rip with paste underneath, but below the slit.



FROM A KODAK NEGATIVE

*Keep the story of the children
with an Autographic KODAK*

Pictures of the children gather interest with the years—and as the picture gains in interest, the date gains in importance. “When was it made?” That’s the inevitable question that a picture of a child provokes. You know the answer now, perhaps—but later——

Through the autographic feature, exclusively Eastman, and an integral part of the Kodak, each negative may be dated—and titled, too—at the time of exposure. The result is all the story—for all time.

Autographic Kodaks \$8.00 up

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *the Kodak City*

The Dutch Twins and the Storks

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS



IT and Kat are twins, and they live in a snug little white house on a tidy green farm beside a canal in Holland. Kit is the boy and Kat is the girl, and they are five years old. One bright spring morning when the birds were singing and flying about, looking for places to build their nests, Kit and Kat took their breakfast of buns spread with honey and went out to the straw stack beside the stable to eat it. The geese were eating their breakfast there too. They were hunting in the loose straw for kernels of grain and were wagging their tails sideways and making soft, squeaky sounds in their throats because they were happy. The twins sat down on the straw in the sunshine.

"I'm going to eat my bun very slowly, so it will last a long time," said Kat.

"Ho," said Kit, "I am going to take big bites of mine." He opened his mouth wide and had just set his teeth in it when right above their heads there came a queer flapping noise, and a great big bird flew over the straw stack and lit on the thatched roof of the stable.

It had a long neck, long pink legs and a long red bill. Kit's eyes nearly popped out of his head with surprise, but on account of the bun he could not say a word.

"A stork!" gasped Kat.

Kit shook his finger at Kat and tried his best to say "Sh-h-h!" but his mouth was so full that he choked instead. He turned purple and looked as if he would burst, he tried so hard to keep the choke inside of him for fear of frightening the stork. All the geese were now squawking and gazing up at the roof, and the old gander waddled toward the stable saying "S-s-s-s!" in a very threatening manner.

"Oh! Oh!" whispered Kat. "That silly old gander will scare him away! Storks always bring good luck, and grandmother says that sometimes, if people are very good, they bring them a brand-new baby."

Kit tried to say "I think we are very good," but the words got all chewed up in the bun.

The stork stood perfectly still on one foot, gazing out over the level green fields as if he had not heard a sound and in a moment the geese forgot all about him and waddled down to the canal for a swim.

They were no sooner out of sight than there was another flapping noise and right over the twins' heads flew another great bird. It settled down on the roof, tucked up one leg and stood as stiff as a soldier beside its mate.

"A pair of them!" wheezed Kit through the bun. "Oh, don't you hope they will build a nest here?" whispered Kat.

Kit swallowed hard; then he said: "Father won't let them build on the roof. They'll spoil the thatch."

"Let's run and ask him," said Kat.

They slid quietly down from the straw and pattered away to the house.

They flung open the kitchen door and shouted: "There's a pair of storks on the stable roof."

FATHER VEDDER set down the box of young cabbage plants he was carrying, and Mother Vedder dropped the pillow she was shaking, and the whole family ran out of doors and stood in a row gazing up at the motionless birds.

"Oh, Father," said Kat, "won't you let them build a nest on the roof, if they want to?"

Father Vedder did not answer a word. He put his hands in his pockets and whistled softly to himself.

"Keep still," Kit whispered to Kat. "He's thinking." They both clapped their hands over their mouths and kept as still as mice.

Pretty soon Father Vedder stopped whistling, nodded his head and said: "Um." Then he went into the stable. Mother Vedder went back to her kitchen, and the two storks suddenly flew away, with their long legs streaming out behind them.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed Kat. "Everybody"

THE story of the Dutch Twins and the Storks, together with the fold-a-way Dutch Twins paper dolls on page 34, is the first appearance of a new feature in the HOME JOURNAL. Each month this year there will be a new page of twin dolls, all nationalities, with a twin story to match by Mrs. Perkins. Watch next month for the Mexican Twins—dolls and story!

They watched the storks until they were out of sight and then sat down on a chicken coop. They were almost ready to cry.

"I don't suppose they'll ever come back," said Kit, "so you may as well eat your breakfast."

Kat still had her bun in her hand, and her fingers were all sticky with honey. She ate the bun and licked her fingers. Then she felt better. Pretty soon Father Vedder came out of the stable carrying a long pole and an old cart wheel.

He put the wheel on the end of the pole and wedged it tightly with sticks. Then he set up the pole in the stable yard.

"THERE," he said, when it was all done; "that's the best kind of a place for a stork's nest."

"But the storks are gone," wailed the twins.

"Maybe they'll come back when they see what a fine house we have made for them," said Father Vedder. Then he went away to set out his cabbage plants.

"I tell you what let's do," said Kit. "Let's get some little sticks for the nest and scatter them about in the straw."

For an hour they worked gathering twigs from the willow tree and still there was no sign of the storks.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Kat. "I do want them to come back and bring us a baby sister with blue eyes and a dear little snubby nose. I do so want one, don't you, Kit?"

Kit thought a minute, then he said: "I think a dear little brother would be nicer."

"Maybe God will tell them to bring us one, if we ask Him," said Kat.

"All right," said Kit. "Let's ask Him."

The twins knelt down just as they did when they said their prayers at night.

"You begin," said Kat.

Kit shut his eyes and folded his hands. "Dear God," he said, "please send back the storks and tell them to bring us a baby brother."

Kat interrupted him—"A baby sister, if you please, God," she said; "but if there aren't any girls left, any kind of a baby will do. Amen."

They opened their eyes and looked up in the sky, hoping to see the storks coming; but there was not a bird anywhere in sight except a robin singing in the willow tree.

They waited ten whole minutes. Then Kit said: "I know what we can do. I've thought of a thing. Storks like frogs."

"Oh, goody!" cried Kat. "We'll catch a whole basket of frogs for them. If they see that and the wheel, they'll surely build their nest here."

THEY ran back to the kitchen and got the little yellow basket they put worms in for bait when they went fishing with grandfather. Then they hurried down to the canal. There were frogs croaking all about; but the moment the twins tried to catch them they jumped into the canal. The twins worked and worked, and by and by it was almost noon and there were only three frogs in the basket.

"I'm tired," said Kat.

"So'm I," said Kit.

"Let's take these frogs up to the stable yard anyway," said Kat, "even if the storks aren't there."

"All right," said Kit.

Kit took the basket, and they trotted up the goose path that went from the canal to the straw stack.

When they reached the stable Kit was ahead. He peeped around the corner; then he stopped so quickly that Kat bumped into him.

"Sh-sh; they're there!" whispered Kit.

Kat peeped over Kit's shoulder, and there were the storks standing in the straw and looking up at the cart wheel.

The twins hid behind the straw stack and kept very still. They were so excited they could hardly breathe. By and by Kit opened the basket—very quietly. The frogs jumped out. They jumped toward the storks and the storks gobbled them up in three mouthfuls. Then, if you will believe it, they each took a stick in their bills, flew right up to the wheel and began at once to build a nest.

The twins watched them work every day after that until the nest was finished, and then they found a place in the stable loft where they could peep through a hole in the thatch and watch the mother bird while she sat on her eggs. By and by there were three young storks in the nest, and the father and mother birds flew back and forth all day long, dropping food into their three open bills.

One day when they were watching them, Kat said: "I suppose the storks are so busy taking care of their own babies they haven't time to bring us ours."

"Maybe God forgot," said Kat. "Sometimes I forget things myself."

Kat sighed. "We have waited a long time," she said. The very next day, when they were watching the nest, they saw a strange thing. The mother bird poked one of the young birds right out of the nest. It fell in the soft straw.

"Oh, oh!" screamed the twins. They almost fell down the ladder, they were in such a hurry to get down from the loft. They picked up the baby stork, put it in Kat's apron and ran with it to the house.

"Mother, mother, the old stork threw one of her babies out of the nest, and here it is," shouted Kat, opening her apron.

"Bless me!" cried Mother Vedder. "Maybe she gave you one of her babies to thank you for all you have done for them."

"I'd rather have a real baby," said Kat; "but maybe God was out of real babies, and besides I told him any kind of a baby would do."

"You told Him what?" said her mother.

Then Kat told her how much she wanted the storks to bring a baby sister, and Kit wanted a baby brother instead, and how they had told God about it, and Mother Vedder said "Bless me!" again. Then she said: "Maybe if you take good care of their baby the storks will see you can be trusted with a baby sister or a brother."

"Of course, even a stork baby is better than none at all," said Kat. "We'll name it Stuff, because it eats all the time."

They made a nice nest for Stuff in a box, and then they hunted bugs, and grasshoppers, and worms, and frogs and fed him and fed him, and Stuff grew and grew.

In a little while he would run about the stable yard with the geese, just as if he belonged to them. The twins were very proud of Stuff.

ONE day in midsummer, when he was old enough to take care of himself, Kit and Kat went to town with their father. They went in a boat on the canal, and father let them stay all night with grandfather and grandmother. The next day they came home in grandfather's milk wagon, which was drawn by Peter and Paul, grandfather's two dogs. Grandfather and grandmother both came with them, but they walked because they were too big for the cart.

When they came in sight of the house there was father standing in the kitchen door with a bundle in his arms. Kit and Kat hopped out of the dog cart and ran to meet him.

"See what the storks brought," said father.

He turned down the little quilt over the bundle, and there was a dear little pink baby with blue eyes and a snubby nose!

Kat clasped her hands. "Is it—oh, is it—a baby sister?" she cried.

"No, but it is a real truly baby brother," said Father Vedder.

Kat held up her arms and her father placed the little bundle tenderly in them.

"God didn't forget, after all," said Kit.



RIGHT ABOVE THEIR HEADS CAME A QUEER FLAPPING NOISE, AND A GREAT BIRD FLEW OVER THE STRAW STACK



KAT ATE THE BUN AND LICKED HER FINGERS. THEN SHE FELT BETTER



Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
A cleansing cream at night

Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil

To protect your skin from dust and wind during the day, and to keep it from looking shiny, a daytime cream made without oil must be used.

Rough, chapped skin. The dust and wind to which one is exposed in winter dry much of the natural moisture out of the skin. To make up for this you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil.

Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once, leaving the skin delightfully soft and satiny and forming an invisible protection against wind and cold.

Shiny skin. This almost universal annoyance is due to powdering the wrong way—that is, without providing a base for the powder to cling to. Try powdering this way—

First rub the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. As it contains absolutely no oil, it cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

Dull, tired skin. When you are tired does your skin feel drawn and tight, as if the muscles of the face were pulled taut? Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Absorbed instantly by the weary skin, it relieves the strained look about the eyes and mouth and gives the whole face a fresh youthfulness.



Before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

Flaws prevented by nightly cleansing with an oil cream

At night, a cream made with oil is essential, to cleanse deep into the pores and keep the skin supple and free from wrinkles.

Blackheads. Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then work Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. As this rich oil cream penetrates the skin, it softens and loosens all the dirt which has lodged deep in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean. If you would have a clear healthy skin, do not neglect this nightly cleansing.

Wrinkles. When the first fine lines begin to show themselves about the mouth and eyes, give them instant attention. If you let them go for even a little while, they will get deeper and become harder and harder to erase.

For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond's Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as a tonic, stimulating the blood, rousing the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful; but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.



POND'S Cold Cream

POND'S Vanishing Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Start using these two creams today

The regular use of both these creams helps your skin to become continually lovelier.

Both are so fine textured that they will not clog the pores, and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair.

They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. At any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

Lincoln was talking of a day that is now more than a century ago. What is there in 1922 to "excite ambition for education" in the immediate vicinity of that log cabin and that clear flowing spring of refreshing water?

Down and across a little ravine and up the hill on the other side is the public district school. The school is within five minutes' walk of the memorial and in plain view of it. You have only to look from the doorstep or from the windows of that school to see where Abraham Lincoln was born.

This school, which I visited, is the typical one-room, one-teacher, wooden shack, of which there are tens of thousands in the United States. The teacher is supposed to train children of all the ages from primary up to eighth grade. Fifty-two children of the surrounding farmhouses are enrolled for attendance there. There were about twenty-five boys and girls present.

A ragged newspaper clipping on which was printed a picture of a Lincoln statue was pinned upon one wall of the schoolroom. There was no decent, framed portrait of Lincoln or of anybody else in the room. There was no map of the United States or of Kentucky or of Larue County; there was absolutely nothing on the walls of that room except the dirty, lopsided fragment of newspaper.

A Test in Sight of Lincoln's Tomb

THERE was no book about Lincoln in the room, not even a child's story of Lincoln. There was a book about Daniel Boone, the one promising volume in the sad little collection of free primers and arithmetics on the teacher's shelf.

"Are the children interested in the fact that Lincoln was a boy right here where they live?" I asked the teacher.

"I don't know as they're interested," she replied.

"They know he was born here, I guess, because they go over there to play sometimes and to eat their lunches where they can get water from the Lincoln spring."

Upon request the teacher, without the slightest animation or encouragement in her tone or manner, asked the children what they knew about Lincoln.

They sprawled over their own and each other's seats and were dumb. Not a hand went up.

Giving up the appeal to the school as a whole for volunteer response, the teacher asked the biggest girl what she knew about Lincoln. The girl shook her head. The biggest boy was tried and shook his head.

"Well, why do the negroes love Lincoln?" asked the teacher.

No answer.

"They love him because he freed 'em, don't they?" she asked, pointing to a boy in front. And she kept pointing at him until he nodded his head in the affirmative.

"How did Lincoln die?"

No answer.

"He was killed, wasn't he?" asked the teacher, and then she kept her finger pointed at another boy until he, too, nodded his head.

Questions as to what Lincoln was when he became a man, as to what big thing happened in the United States when he was President, were also asked, but not even the pointing finger of the teacher could wring any response from any child in that school.

Bear in mind that all these pupils were American-born white children of American-born ancestors, the purest of American stock.

There were no mentally deficient children, according to official or medical standards. I tried to talk to the teacher herself about Lincoln. Her most coherent remark was this: "They say he was born right here, but after that the family went away from here to some other state. I don't know what state it was."

And this is by no means an unusual school in Kentucky, except for the fact that it is at the birthplace of Lincoln. The teacher who didn't know where the Lincolns went from Hodgenville is above the average Kentucky school-teacher so far as "training" is concerned. She attended the county high school four years and afterward had five months of normal training. Remember that nine-tenths of the Kentucky teachers have not been to high school. There was at least one teacher in that state who did not know who Lincoln was. Superintendent Colvin, of the State Board of Education at Frankfort, told me about her.

Under a recently enacted and wise law, teachers in Kentucky must now get their certificates or permits to teach from the State Board. In pursuance of that law, printed questions were sent to all applicants for certificates for them to answer.

To answer one of these questions involved the writing of a very brief summary of the life of Lincoln. One of the women did not know who Lincoln was. She had been teaching in Kentucky several years. Unbelievable? Yes, but State Superintendent Colvin told me that himself.

Please do not think of this as a sidelight on public-school education in Kentucky, merely as Kentucky. To do so is to miss the whole point of the matter. It is something about Kentucky merely as a part of the whole United States, which boasts so much about its free education for all the people. There are many places just as bad as Kentucky, or worse.

From the school by the log-cabin birthplace I went into the village of Hodgenville, which boasts of a high school and a graded grammar school, with a good principal doing the best he can with scant material and support.

In the village I found the county superintendent of schools, a woman holding office by favor of local politics. In conversation with her I commented on the lack of information, the utter lack of interest among the children at the birthplace school in the bare facts of the existence of Abraham Lincoln.

Illiterate America

(Continued from Page 4)

"Oh, why should they be interested or know about him?" exclaimed the county superintendent. "We are all fed up on Lincoln in this country. Roosevelt and Taft and Wilson have all been here and talked about him. Every new minister thinks he's got to preach about him. We want to know about somebody else. Give us Christopher Columbus or somebody. If you went to France to ask about Joan of Arc you'd find the people there either didn't know anything about her or were sick of her. Perhaps the school children would know more about Lincoln if he hadn't been born here."

This summing up of the situation by the county superintendent of schools gave me the desperate determination not to leave that village without finding somebody who thought that some knowledge of Lincoln was worth while in the public-school life of an American child. I came the nearest to such realization in the comments of Mrs. Samuel Kirkpatrick, president of the Hodgenville Parent-Teacher Association. "I suppose our school children ought to know about Lincoln," she said, "and it's too bad that they don't. But it's because of our bringing up. You see, our ancestors never thought that the Lincoln family amounted to anything. My grandmother's brothers used to go over to the Lincoln cabin to have Lincoln's father cut their hair, and they always made fun of the family. That's the sort of

he doesn't know. They're a good deal better than schools in Kentucky, and the only thing I'm sorry about are the children. I know I won't make so much money off my two hundred acres in Hodgenville as I've been making on the three hundred, and I'd like to have the children in the Indiana school, but we want to come back. The kids can go to school where I did, up by the spring where Abraham Lincoln was born. It's near the farm I've just rented."

Referring to the location of the school reminded him of something that had puzzled him in the village.

"Say, Lincoln wasn't a negro himself, was he?" he asked with considerable suddenness.

"No."

"Well, I never thought so before to-day. I knew he freed the negroes, but didn't think he was one until I saw that new image of him to-day by the courthouse. It's black."

"Yes, it's made of bronze."

"Well, I don't know what it's made of, but it's black and that's wrong. If he wasn't a negro, why didn't they make it of white stone?"

No doubt there's something in the notion of the Larue County school superintendent to the effect that the children would care more about Lincoln if he had not been born there. In the village school of Stamford, in Southern Vermont, the teacher at my request asked her children what they knew about Abraham Lincoln. There were a score of hands raised instantly. The whole roomful was eager and interested. Two boys and two girls were called upon, and each of them told something worth while about Lincoln. Perhaps a fairer comparative test between Hodgenville and Stamford would have been to ask the Vermont children about Ethan Allen. But there were flowers in that Stamford schoolroom and pictures on the wall. There was the feeling of a little something there to "excite an ambition for education."

Unfortunately, however, Stamford is not so typical of Vermont as Hodgenville is of Kentucky.

It was in Essex County, Vermont, that I found the cold schoolhouse with the stove that had been in service for sixty years and the school with the water-closets that had not been cleaned for four years. Those conditions were far more typical of the schools in the more remote and mountainous sections of Vermont than was the schoolroom window full of flowers in Stamford.

Other Teachers Like These?

CONDITIONS in the northern region of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine give the lie to the American boasting about its public educational system as a great national whole as much as do the schools of the South. And there are things to be ashamed of in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, despite their liberal spending of money on their school systems and their enactment of progressive laws for the administration of those systems. New England will admit that it is deteriorating, but New England places far too much of the blame and responsibility on immigration from European countries.

In a way, the case of Vermont is more discouraging and more shameful than that of Kentucky. The Southern commonwealth has never really waked up to the problem of adequate education for all her children. As backward as it is to-day, it is no worse than it was a century ago. It is better and, what's more, it is beginning to be ashamed and to look about for the road to real improvement.

On the other hand, Vermont has been going backward for years and is still going backward. In the few small cities of the state there are creditable buildings and, of course, more money is spent on the schools everywhere. But in the rural sections there has been little improvement in the housing and a positive decline in spirit and interest. There is nothing in the country schools to "excite ambition for education."

The first normal school in the world was in Vermont. To-day Vermont has no normal school. She abolished the institution last year. There is not to-day a single young woman whose home is in Essex County training for the work of teaching. They all know that they don't have to, because the so-called emergency situations recognized by the law can always be depended upon to give them jobs without training. I talked with one of these young women who had never been beyond grammar school—eighth grade—and who was having her first year's experience as a teacher. When asked about her training she replied:

"I haven't had any. I wanted to teach a year first to see if I liked it. I didn't want to take the time and spend the money for a training course and then find out that I didn't like teaching. That would just be a waste of money. If I like teaching this year I'll go to a summer training school, because a trained teacher gets more pay. If I don't like it I'll go into the city and get a job in a store or mill."

Four other teachers in this county told the same story. They told it without the slightest hesitation or sense of shame, without the least inkling that what they were doing was ruinous to the system of common-school education.

Next year another batch of uneducated, untrained, uncultivated girls will try teaching for a year before deciding they would rather work in the mill or the store.

The scene happens to be in Essex County, Vermont, selected merely because of the chance discovery that a century ago the spirit of that place was so different that it had fruition in the country's first institution for the training of teachers of children. But for Vermont, as for Kentucky, the name of any other state in the Union may be substituted.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles on the deplorable condition of American schools. The second article will follow in the February issue of the Journal.

Roosevelt House

THE Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association is offering to the women of America an opportunity to become associates in the purchase of Roosevelt House, at 28 East 20th Street, New York City, and its dedication as a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, where mementos and records of the former president will be preserved, and where American citizenship will be taught. Every contributor of one dollar or more will receive the emblem of the Association, a small bronze pin bearing the likeness of Theodore Roosevelt. The HOME JOURNAL hopes that many of its readers will respond to this call. Address the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, 1 East 57th Street, New York City.

notion that's been handed down to us. And besides we've always been Democratic in politics round here."

In the public square of Hodgenville, facing the courthouse, there is a bronze statue of Lincoln erected by the Government. At one corner of the square is a bakeshop, which houses the most encouraging thing in Hodgenville so far as education is concerned. The woman who keeps the bakery is the president of the Ladies' Lincoln League, and in a room back of her store is the beginning of the league's library, housed there temporarily for the use of the community until the league can obtain different quarters. There is a considerable number of books of popular fiction and half a dozen trivial books about Lincoln—none of the great biographies of the man. One entire shelf is filled with bound volumes of the Congressional Record.

The president of the league did not know who had made the Lincoln statue in the square. "Oh, I don't know that," she said. "I'm only the president, and I'm very busy with the store. The secretary ought to know all those things." But hats off, nevertheless, to the president of the league and the village baker. She at least does not think that her neighbors are "all fed up on Lincoln," and she is willing to give up a whole room of her restricted quarters that the public may have the facilities for reading books.

To What Race Did Lincoln Belong?

IT WAS then that I met the Indiana farmer, the alumnus of the birthplace school, as a fellow passenger on the train to Louisville.

"Well, I'll get back here next month with my family," he said by way of opening conversation.

"Do you live here?"

"No, in Indiana; but I belong here and my wife belongs here, so we're coming back. I've sold out my crop in Indiana and just been in Hodgenville to rent a new farm. It's two hundred acres. I've had three hundred in Indiana of mighty good land, but I was born in Hodgenville and so was my wife and all our folks are here. We've been away seven years and had two children born in Indiana. The first one will be six next year and could begin going to school in Indiana if we stayed there. Fine schools there. When a boy gets through going to school in Indiana there isn't anything



They always like this good old-fashioned dish—

Corned beef hash made with Libby's Corned Beef is much cheaper, easier to prepare and better

THE cheapest, as well as the quickest, way to give your family corned beef hash is to make it with Libby's Corned Beef. If you want to find out how much cheaper and better it is to use Libby's, do what a housewife recently did in a midwestern city. She discovered, when she bought uncooked corned beef at 12c a pound, that a piece that weighed 3¾ pounds gave her only a pound of cooked meat. It lost more than two-thirds of its original weight in waste and shrinkage.

The pound of meat that was left had cost her 45c. She had also spent half an hour getting it ready to cook—removing the skin, bones and gristle—and two hours cooking it, before it was ready for the hash.

Meat for five, costing only 30c

She decided that if she was to have corned beef hash anywhere near as often as the family wanted it, she would have to find an easier and cheaper way to do it. So she bought a 12-oz. can of Libby's Corned Beef. This made hash enough for ample helpings for her family of five and cost her but 30c.

For there is no waste to Libby's Corned Beef. When you open the can, you slide out a solid cube of meat—deliciously cooked, tender pieces

pressed together and held by a rich meat jelly.

How to do it

There is no laborious preparation, no tedious

cooking, when you use Libby's Corned Beef. All you need to do is to chop it in a chopping bowl and add an equal quantity of diced cooked potatoes, pepper and onion juice. Turn into a frying pan and brown. You may add more potatoes if you like and still have a delicious hash.

And you can be sure the hash will always be as good as you would like it, because this fine corned beef is uniformly tender, delicate and delicious.

To give variety to the good old Yankee dish, Libby's chefs have worked out these delightful recipes for sauces to be used with corned beef hash:

Sauce Tartare

To 1 cup of mayonnaise dressing add ¼ teaspoon onion juice and the following ingredients finely chopped: ¼ cup olives, 2 tablespoons capers, 1 hard boiled egg, 2 teaspoons parsley and 1 small cucumber pickle.

Tomato Sauce

Cook 1 cup tomatoes, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 6 peppercorns and ¼ onion for fifteen minutes. Rub through a sieve and add to 1 cup of brown gravy.

Hot Mayonnaise

Beat 2 egg yolks slightly, and slowly add 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ cup water, ¼ teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens, then add 1 teaspoon of finely chopped onion.

Thousand Island Dressing


To 1 cup of boiled salad dressing add ¼ cup chili sauce and the following ingredients finely chopped: ½ green pepper, 1 pimiento and 1 hard boiled egg.

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Best
Dealers
Everywhere



The Gift of the Probable Places

(Continued from Page 5)

"Mercy! What this experience has cost me!" sobbed Mrs. Bent.

"One dollar, please," said Old Man Smith.

"It's a perfect miracle," said everybody.

"It ain't neither," said Old Man Smith.

"It's plain hoss sense. There's laws about findin' things same as there is about losin' 'em. Things has got regular habits and haunts same as folks. And folks has got regular haunts and habits same as birds and beasts. It ain't the possible places that I'm arguin' about. The world is full of 'em. But the probable places can be reckoned most any time on the fingers of one hand. That's the trouble with folks; they're always wearin' themselves out on the possible places and never gettin' round at all to the probable ones. Now it's perfectly possible of course," said Old Man Smith, "that you might find a trout in a dust pan or a hummin' bird in an aquarium—or meet a panther in your mother's parlor. But the chances are," said Old Man Smith, "that if you really set out to organize a troutin' expedition or a hummin'-bird collection or a panther hunt, you wouldn't look in the dust pan or the aquarium or your mother's parlor first. When you lose something that ain't got no probable place, then I sure am stumped," said Old Man Smith.

BUT when Annie Halliway lost her mind everybody in the village was stumped about it. And everything was all mixed up. It was Annie Halliway's mother and Annie Halliway's father and Annie Halliway's uncles and aunts and cousins and friends who did all the worrying about it, while Annie Halliway herself didn't seem to care at all, but just sat braiding things into her hair.

Some people said it was a railroad accident that she lost her mind in. Some said it was because she'd studied too hard in Europe. Some said it was an earthquake. Everybody said something.

Annie Halliway's father and mother were awful rich; they brought her home in a great big ship, and gave her twelve new dresses and the front parlor and a brown piano. But she wouldn't stay in any of them. All she'd stay in was a little old blue silk dress she'd had before she went away.

Carol and I got excused from school one day, because we were afraid our heads might ache, and went to see what it was all about. It seemed to be about a great many things.

But after we'd walked all around Annie Halliway twice and looked at her all we could and asked how old she was and found out that she was nineteen, we felt suddenly very glad that if she really was obliged to lose anything out of her face, it was her mind that she lost instead of her eyes or her nose or her red, red mouth or her cunning little ears. She was so pretty!

She seemed to like us very much too. She asked us to come again. We said we would. We did. We went every Saturday afternoon.

THEY let us take her to walk if we were careful. We didn't walk her in the village because her hair looked so funny. We walked her in the pleasant fields. We gathered flowers. We gathered ferns. We explored borders. We built little gurgling harbors in the corners of the brook. Sometimes we climbed hills and looked off. Annie Halliway seemed to like to climb hills and look off.

It was the day we climbed the Sumac Hill that we got our idea. It was a nice day. Annie Halliway wore her blue dress and her blue scarf. Her hair hung down like two long, loose black ropes across her shoulders. Blue larkspur was braided into her hair, and a little tin trumpet tied with blue ribbon, and a blue Japanese fan, and a blue lead pencil, and a blue silk stocking, and a blue-handled basket. She looked like a summer Christmas tree. It was pretty.

There were lots of clouds in the sky. They seemed very near. It sort of puckered your nose.

"Smell the clouds," said Annie Halliway. Somebody had cut down a tree that used to be there. It made a lonely hole in the edge

of the hill and the sky. Through the lonely hole in the edge of the hill and the sky you could see miles and miles. Way down in the valley a bright light glinted. It was as though the whole sun was trying to bore a hole in a tiny bit of glass and couldn't do it.

Annie Halliway stretched out her arms towards the glint. And started for it.

I looked at Carol. Carol looked at me. We knew where the glint was. It was Old Man Smith's house. Old Man Smith's house was built of tea cups and broken tumblers and bits of plates. First of all of course it was built of clay or mud or something soft and loose like that; and while it was still soft, he had stuck it all full of people's broken



dishes! So that wherever you went most all day long, the sun was trying to bore a hole in it—and couldn't do it!

It seemed to be the glint that Annie Halliway wanted. She thought it was something new to braid in her hair, I guess. She kept right on walking towards it with her arms stretched out.

OLD MAN SMITH was pretty surprised to see us. He was riding round the doorway in his wheel chair. He rolled his chair to the gate to meet us. The chair squeaked a good deal. But even if he'd wanted to walk he couldn't. The reason why he couldn't is because he's dumb in his legs.

"What in the world do you want?" he asked.

"We've brought you a young lady that's lost her mind," I said. "What can you do about it?"

Something happened all at once that made our legs feel queer. What happened was that Old Man Smith didn't seem pleased at all about it. He snatched his long white beard in his hands.

"Lost her mind?" he said. "Her mind? How dar'st you mock me?" he cried.

"We darsn't at all," I explained, "on account of the bears. We've read all about the mocking bears in a book."

He seemed to feel better. "You mean in the Good Book?" he said. "The Elisha bears, you mean?"

"Well, it was quite a good book," I admitted, "though my father's got lots of books on tulips that have heap prettier covers."

"U-m-m," said Old Man Smith. "U-m-m-m. U-m-m-m-m."

And all the time that he was saying "U-m-m-m, U-m-m-m," young Annie Halliway was knocking down his house.

With a big chunk of rock she was chipping it off. It was a piece of blue china cup with the handle still on it that she chipped off first.

When Old Man Smith saw it he screamed. "Woman! What are you doing?" he screamed.

"Her name is young Annie Halliway," I explained.

"Young Annie Halliway, come here!" screamed Old Man Smith.

Young Annie Halliway came here. She was perfectly gentle about it. All her ways were very gentle. She sat down on the

ground at Old Man Smith's feet. She lifted her eyes to Old Man Smith's eyes. She looked holy. But all the time that she looked so holy, she kept right on bruising the handle of the blue china cup into her hair. It clanked against the tin trumpet. It sounded a little like the Fourth of July.

Old Man Smith reached down and took her chin in his hands. "What a beautiful face!" he said. "What a beautiful face! And you say she's lost her mind?" he said. "You say she's lost her mind?" He turned to Carol. "And what do you say?" he asked.

"Oh, please, sir, Carol doesn't say anything," I explained. "He can't. He's dumb."

"Dumb?" cried Old Man Smith. "So this is the Dumb Child, is it?" He looked at Carol. He looked at himself. He looked at my freckles. He rocked his hands on his stomach. "Merciful God!" he said. "How are we all afflicted!"

"OH, PLEASE, sir," I said, "my brother Carol isn't afflicted at all. It's a great gift, my mother says, to be born with the gift of silence instead of with the gift of speech."

He made a little chuckle in his throat. He began to look at young Annie Halliway all over again. "And what does your mother say about her?" he pointed.

"My mother says," I explained, "that she only hopes that the person who finds her mind will be honest enough to return it."

"What?" said Old Man Smith. "To return it? Honest enough to return it?"

He began to do everything all over again—to chuckle, to rock, to take young Annie Halliway's chin in his hand. "And what did you say your name was, my pretty darling?" he asked.

Young Annie Halliway looked a little surprised. "My name is Robin," she said. "Dearest—Robin—I think."

"You think wrong," said Old Man Smith. He frowned with ferocity.

It made us pretty nervous all of a sudden. Carol went off to look at the beehive to calm himself. I looked at the house. It was very glistening. Blue it glistened, and green it glistened, and red it glistened, and pink, and purple, and yellow.

"Oh, see!" I pointed. "There's old Mrs. Beckett's rose vase with the gold edge. She dropped it on the brick garden walk the day her son who'd been lost at sea for eleven years walked through the gate all alive and perfectly dry. And that chunky white nozzle with the blue stripe on it—I know what that is. It's the nose of Deacon Perry's first wife's best teapot. I've seen it there in a glass cupboard—on the top shelf. She never used it 'cept when the preacher came."

"HUSH your noise!" said Old Man Smith. "History is solemn. The whole history of the village is written on the outer walls of my house. When the sun strikes here, strikes there, on that bit of glass, on this bit of crockles, the edge of a plate, the rim of a tumbler, I read about folks' minds—what they loved, what they hated, what they were thinking of instead when it broke!" He snatched his long white beard in his hands. He wagged his head at me. "There's a law about breakin' things," he said, "same as there's a law about losin' them. My house is a sample book," he said. "On them there walls, all stuck up like that, I've got a sample of most every mind in the village. People give 'em to me themselves," he said. "They let me rake out their trash barrels every now and then. They don't know what they're givin'. Now that little pewter rosette there —"

"It would be nice, wouldn't it," I said, "if you could find a sample of young Annie Halliway's mind? Then maybe you could match it."

"Eh?" said Old Man Smith. "A sample of her mind?" He growled in his throat. "A-hem, a-hem!" he said. He closed his eyes. I thought he'd decided to die. I screamed for Carol. He came running. He'd only been bee-stung twice. Old Man Smith

(Continued on Page 43)



Two constant dangers—

We now know that food must protect us against them—

How science has revolutionized the housewife's ordering of meals . .

IT is now known that there are two dangers constantly threatening our health—not having our body tissues built up and not ridding the body of poisonous waste matter.

Science has discovered that medicine cannot do this for us—that it is our daily food which must supply these great body needs.

But many American meals lack the life giving elements which build up body tissues and the elements which eliminate waste matter.

Statistics show that every year thousands of young men and women die of old age diseases. Scientists say that faulty habits of eating deprived them of the food factors necessary to build up health and maintain resistance to disease.

A familiar food with wonderful health giving properties

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new found vitamine which experts maintain is lacking in many of our foods.

Because of its freshness it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter.

There are many delicious ways of serving Fleischmann's Yeast. Like cream cheese it combines excellently with jams as a sandwich or cracker spread. It is good in all kinds of soft drinks and in combination with many familiar dishes. Only one precaution: if

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on bread, dissolved in milk or water, or just plain.



troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool dry place until ready to serve.

Fresh yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests have proved that fresh yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast. *Beware of untested yeast-vitamine preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures.* Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamine, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. *The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.*

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon at the right, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. RR-26, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

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Dept. RR-26, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



"... Watching her from every corner of the crowded room"

Strangers' eyes, keen and critical— can you meet them proudly—confidently— without fear?

STRANGERS' eyes, watching you in crowded restaurants—in theatres and ball rooms—do you shrink and feel apologetic before them? Or can you meet them without awkwardness or dread?

The possession of a beautiful skin gives any woman poise and confidence. It is a charm that any woman can have if she will. For *your skin changes every day*; each day old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this new skin the right treatment, you can make it flawlessly clear and soft and smooth—free from the little defects that spoil so many complexions.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the treatment that suits its special needs.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin.

For instance, you may happen to have the type of skin that is exceptionally sensitive and delicate—so easily irritated by exposure that it is a constant problem to take care of it.

To overcome this extreme sensitiveness and

give your skin the power of resistance it should have, you should use each night the following treatment:

DIP a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water, and dry carefully.

How you can tell that your skin is responding

THE very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing.

After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath so delightfully soft and smooth that you will never again want to use any other method of caring for your skin.

This is only one of the special treatments for different types of skin given in the booklet of treatments which is wrapped around every cake

of Woodbury's Facial Soap. In this booklet you will find complete treatments for all the different types of skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 101 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 101 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

The Gift of the Probable Places

(Continued from Page 40)

opened his eyes. His voice sounded queer. "Where do they think she lost her mind?"

"In Europe," I said. "Maybe in a train. Maybe on a boat. They don't know. She can't remember anything about it. The doctors say it's mystery."

"The doctors say what is mystery?" said Old Man Smith.

"What Annie's got," I explained. "What made her lose her mind. Mystery is what they call it."

"U-m-m," said Old Man Smith.

He reached way down into his pocket. He pulled out a box. He opened the box. It was full of pieces of colored glass, and of china. He juggled them in his hands. They looked gay. Red they were, and green and white and yellow and blue. He snatched out all the blue ones and hid 'em quick in his pocket. "She seems sort of partial to blue," he said.

THERE was one funny big piece of glass that was awful shiny. When he held it up to the light it glinted and glowed all sorts of colors. It made your eyes feel very calm.

Annie Halliway reached out her hand for it. She didn't say a word. She just stared and stared at it, with her hand all reached out.

But Old Man Smith didn't give it to her. He just sat and stared at her eyes.

Her eyes never moved from the shining bit of glass. They looked awful funny. Bigger and bigger they got, and rounder and rounder, and stiller and stiller.

Old Man Smith reached out suddenly and put the shining bit of glass right into Annie Halliway's hand. It fell through her fingers. But her hand stayed just where it was, reaching out into the air.

"Put down your arm," said Old Man Smith.

Annie Halliway put it down. Her eyes were still staring very wide.

"Look!" said Old Man Smith. "Look!" He dropped several pieces of colored glass and china into her lap.

She chose the handle of a red teacup and a little chunk of yellow crockery. She stared and stared at them. But all the time it was as though her eyes didn't see them. All the time it was as though she was looking at something very far away. Then all of a sudden she began to jingle them together in her hand, the little piece of red china and the chunk of yellow bowl, and swing her shoulders and stamp her foot. It looked like dancing. It sounded like clappers.

"Oh, ho! This is Spain," she laughed.

Old Man Smith snatched all the blue pieces of china and glass out of his pocket again and tossed them into her lap. He looked sort of mad. "Spain?" he said. "What in the Old Harry has a handful of glass and china got to do with Spain?"

"HARRY?" said Annie Halliway. "Old—Harry?" Her eyes looked wider and blinder every minute. It was as though everything in her was wide awake except the thing she was thinking about. "Har-ry?" she puzzled. "Harry?" She dropped the red and yellow china from her hand and picked up a piece of blue glass and offered it to Old Man Smith. "Why, that is Harry," she said. She reached for the pigtail that had the blue larkspur braided into it. She pointed to the pigtail that had the blue fan braided into it.

"Why, that is Harry," she said. She made a little sob in her throat.

Old Man Smith jingled his hands at her. "There—there—there, my pretty," he said. "Never mind—never mind."

He opened his hands. There were some little teeny-teeny pieces of plain glass in his hands. Little round knobs like beads they were, very shining. They made a nice jingle.



When Annie Halliway saw them she screamed, and snatched them in her hand, and threw them away just as far as she could!

"I will not!" she screamed. "I will not! I will not!" Her tears were awful.

When she got through screaming her face looked like a wet cloth that had had everything else wrung out of it except shadows.

"Where—is—Harry?" said Old Man Smith. He said it very slowly. And then all over again. "Where—is—Harry?" You wouldn't have dar'st not tell him if you'd known.

Annie Halliway started to pick up some blue glass again. Then she stopped and looked all around her. It was a jerky stop. Her jaw sort of dropped. "Harry—is—in—prison," she said.

Even though she'd said it herself, she seemed to be awfully surprised at the news. She shook and shook her head, as though she was trying to wake up the idea that was asleep. Her eyes were all crunched up now with trying to remember about it. She dragged the back of her hands across her forehead. First one hand and then the other. She opened her eyes very wide again and looked at Old Man Smith.

"Where—is—Harry?" he asked.

ANNIE HALLIWAY never took her eyes from Old Man Smith's face. "It—it was the night we crossed the border from France to Spain," she said. Her voice sounded very funny and far away. It sounded like reciting a lesson too. "There were seven of us and a teacher from the Paris art school," she recited. "It—it was the March holiday. There—there was a woman—a strange woman in the next compartment who made friends with me. She seemed to be crazy over my hair. She asked if she might braid it for the night."

Without any tears at all Annie Halliway began to sob again.

"When they waked us up at the customs," she sobbed, "Harry came running. His face was awful. 'She's braided diamonds in your hair,' he cried. 'I heard her talking with her accomplice—a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Smugglers and murderers both they are. Everybody will be searched.' He tore at my braids. I tore at my braids. The diamonds rattled out. Harry tried to catch them. He pushed me back into the train. I saw soldiers running. I thought they were going to shoot him. He thought they were going to shoot him. I saw his eyes. He looked so—so surprised. I'd never noticed before how blue his eyes were. I tell you I saw his eyes. I couldn't speak. There wasn't anybody to explain just why he had his hands full of diamonds. I saw his eyes. I tell you I couldn't speak. I tell you I never spoke. My tongue went dead in my mouth. For months I never spoke. I've only just begun to speak again. I've only just —"

She started to jump up from the ground where she was sitting. She couldn't. She had braided Old Man Smith and his wheel chair into her hair! When she saw what she had done she toppled right over on her face and fainted all out.

Over behind the lilac bush somebody screamed.

It was Annie Halliway's mother. With her was a strange gentleman who had come all

the way from New York to try and cure Annie Halliway. The strange gentleman was some special kind of doctor.

"Hush—hush!" the special doctor kept saying to everybody. "This is a very crucial moment. Can't you see that this is a very crucial moment?"

He pointed to Annie Halliway on the grass. Her mother knelt beside her, trying very hard to comb Old Man Smith and his wheel chair out of her pigtail. "Speak to her," said the doctor. "Speak very gently."

"Annie!" cried her mother. "Annie! Annie! Annie!"

Annie Halliway opened her eyes very slowly and looked up. It was a brand-new kind of look. It had a bottom to it, instead of being just through and through and through. There was a little smile in it too. It was a pretty look. "Why, mother," said Annie Halliway, "where am I?"

THE special man from New York made a queer little sound in his throat. "Thank heaven!" he said. "She's all right—now. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

He slanted his head and looked at Old Man Smith. "We arrived," he said, "just at the moment when the young lady was gazing so—so intently at the piece of shiny glass." He made a funny grunt in his throat. "Let me congratulate you, Mr.—Mr. Smith," he said. "Your treatment was most efficient. Your hypnosis was perfect. Your —"

"Hip nothing," said Old Man Smith. "Of course in a case like this," said the special man from New York, "the power of suggestion is always —"

"All young folks," said Old Man Smith, "are cases of one kind or another, and the most powerful suggestion that I can make is that somebody find 'Harry.'"

"Harry?" said Annie Halliway's mother. "Harry?" Why, I've got four letters at home for Annie in my desk now from some im—impetuous young man who signs himself 'Harry.' He seems to be in an architect's office in Paris. 'Robin' is what he calls Annie—'Dearest Robin.'"

"Eh?" said Annie Halliway. "What? Where?" She sat bolt upright. She scrambled to her feet. She started for the carriage. Her mother had to run to catch her. The special man from New York followed them just as fast as he could.

Old Man Smith wheeled his chair to the gate to say "Good-by."

Annie Halliway's mother never stopped talking a single second. "Oh, my pet!" she cried. "My precious! My treasure!"

WITH one foot on the carriage step, the special man from New York turned round and looked at Old Man Smith. He smiled a funny little smile. "Seek—and ye shall find," he said. "That is—if you only know how and where to seek."

Old Man Smith began to chuckle in his beard. "Yes, I admit that's quite a help," he said, "the knowing how and where. But before you set out seekin' very hard for anything that's lost, it's a pretty good idea to find out first just exactly what it is that you're seekin' for. When a young lady's lost her mind, for instance, that's one thing. But if it's her heart that's lost—why, that of course is quite another."

Annie Halliway's face wasn't white any more. It was as red as roses. She hid it in her mother's shoulder.

The horse began to prance. The carriage began to creak.

Annie Halliway's mother looked all around. "Oh, dear—oh, dear! Mr.—Mr. Smith," she said, "how shall I ever repay you?"

Old Man Smith reached out his hand across the fence. There was a sort of twinkle in his eye. "One dollar, please," said Old Man Smith.



A dinner gown of charm—

not only when it is new, but after a season's wear!

Skinner's All-Silk Satin—either regular or charmeuse finish—has qualities hidden beneath its rich lustre and graceful drape—qualities of endurance not found elsewhere in so beautiful a dress fabric.

And in this, a season of black, Skinner reigns supreme, for Skinner's has a real jet-like depth.

Skinner's All-Silk Satin

may be obtained in 90 different shades—all with the unvarying Skinner wearing quality. For frocks—formal and informal—underthings, blouses or skirts, ask for Skinner's Silks and Satins, and always

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Better for the family health

Do you eat to live—live to eat, or just eat as a habit without considering whether it is a pleasure or nourishing? In either case there is only one answer—home made food is by all odds the very best.

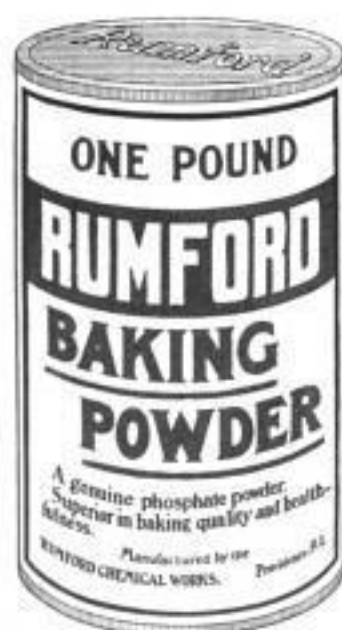
Stop and think what you would use when you make biscuits or any hot breads or cake. Do you imagine bakers would use as good things?

It will pay you to send for a free Rumford cook book and get its hints and recipes for making all kinds of hot breads, cake, etc. It may not make epicures of your family, but it will at least show them what good, digestible, delectable food is, so that eating will be worth while.

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The Vanishing Girl

(Continued from Page 7)

she'd mistaken the room; she was a nice girl, and I was afraid she'd be terribly embarrassed when she realized. But before I could say anything, she crossed to my closet, opened the door and—walked in." Duff paused. "I jumped out of bed and rushed over to the closet; I didn't know what to think. And —"

"There was no one there," Doctor Blake concluded.

"No," Duff said, "there wasn't anyone there. And I tell you I saw her, doctor."

The doctor smiled again reassuringly. "My dear Duff," he said kindly, "it's perfectly simple. And it's nothing serious. You must remember that your nerves are not normal. Somewhere, sometime you saw that girl in just that gesture, the gesture of taking off her cape. By some shock it was impressed on your mind; I mean that just as your eyes rested on her, before your conscious mind had fully grasped the picture, something interrupted. Your eyes simply visualized the picture again at Sleepy Valley. You say you were reading; what was it?"

"ESSAYS on opera, I think," said Duff. "But I tell you I never saw that girl before in my life. Heavens, doctor, don't you suppose I'd remember her if I had? She was the most beautiful —" He paused, embarrassed.

"You've forgotten," the older man said gently. "You needn't worry about it. It's perfectly —"

"Perfectly natural be hanged!" Duff exploded. "I beg your pardon, doctor. But if I ever saw that girl —"

For a moment they stared at each other. Doctor Blake had been a little taken aback by Duff's sudden rage; it was difficult for him to realize that it was not the boy Duff, but a grown man who faced him across the flat desk. Duff laughed shortly.

"Well—what are you going to do about it?" Doctor Blake asked, breaking the silence.

"I don't know. I can't work. I can't play. There doesn't seem to be anything I —"

The older man looked at the younger sympathetically. "You need an interest of some sort, Duff. It's true that you're not in condition to play—if you call this hectic round of entertainment that Elisabeth and the rest of them indulge in, playing. But I do think it would be good for you to have some contact with young people. Come along home with me for dinner and meet Anita again; I imagine she's forgiven you the past. Remember how she used to hate you when you were youngsters?"

Duff smiled faintly. "It's awfully nice of you," he said politely. "But honestly, Doctor Blake, I don't feel like seeing people. I'm sort of—oh, I don't know. I—I don't know what I do want."

BLAKE frowned. If Duff had been any patient he would perhaps have shrugged his shoulders and let him depart; but he liked the boy and wanted to help him. He leaned forward with a quick smile. "I've got it, my boy," he said. "Why don't you find the girl?"

"Find the girl?"

"Yes."

"Find—the—girl." For a moment Duff stared at the wall, and the doctor knew that he was revisualizing the phantom figure that had blundered into his chamber. Suddenly Duff held out his hand. "By heaven, I will," he said.

During the early spring Duff searched New York. A dozen times a day he thought he had found her, only to discover a strange face staring blankly into his when he had reached her. A few days before

the Schuyler family moved to The Elms he was sure the quest was at an end. The red cape of a slender figure winding down Fifth Avenue caught his eye; as his footsteps hastened he saw a glimpse of profile; a lock of dark hair escaped from beneath a scarlet hat.

He stopped abruptly at her side; he was so sure this time that he blocked the girl's way, and again there was an exchange of blank glances. Duff flushed and raised his hat.

"Hello," the girl said, smiling.

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I thought you were someone else."

The girl laughed; she was exceedingly pretty, he admitted grudgingly. "Well, does it matter so much—Duff Schuyler?" she asked, tilting her chin.

It was a second shock to find that she was someone he knew. He racked his memory as he looked at her dancing eyes.

"Elinor Webster," she supplied finally. "You went to college with my brother. To think that it should come to this too! Don't you remember, Duff —"

When at last he left her at the door of her home, with promises to call again soon to look up all the old crowd, he strode to his own house indignantly.

Blake was an absolute fool; but not so great a fool as he himself had been. He would look for the girl no longer; he flushed as he considered the absurdity of the whole affair, the humor of his quest. Yet in Scarborough he found himself unconsciously following dark-haired ladies and girls in scarlet, only to discover, when he reached them, that they were old or fat or ugly—or merely not The Girl.

"DUFF, you ought to get married," Elisabeth said firmly one day at luncheon. "At least you ought, if you'd marry a girl I like. You're getting awfully old, and —"

He laughed grimly—at least he felt that it was grimly.

"I think you ought to marry Helena Morton, if she'd have you," she continued calmly. "She's a nice girl, and I'm sure you'd like her. You don't go out enough, anyway; you'll never meet any girls. Freddy Burns wants me to go to the movies to-night, and mother won't let me go with him. And, really, I do think you ought to meet more girls."

"Elisabeth, your approach is nothing if not subtle," said Duff. "May, oh may I have the pleasure of your company at the Idle Hour this evening? Mother won't mind, I'm sure."

The theater was crowded when they arrived, and Elisabeth engineered him to a bench in the rear where a group of boys and girls were eating peanuts and giggling. He went through the introductions mechanically and sighed a little as he saw Freddy's hand close over his sister's.

The picture slid across the sheet hazily, and he watched it without caring what it was all about. He was half asleep when suddenly, while the figures still moved about on the screen, weaving the plot into a pattern more and more involved, the electric lights in the hall snapped on, outlining the walls and the audience for a brief moment before darkness dipped over them again. The light had lasted only a few seconds, but it had been long enough for Duff to see a dark-haired girl in a belted red coat disappearing

through the exit at the right of the stage. He leaped to his feet, rushed down the aisle and fairly tumbled down the stairs. There had been no mistaking her, although she had been illumined so briefly.

The country street was entirely deserted except for the huddle of cars beside the wooden hotel. Duff stared about him with a stupid sense of unreality when suddenly he felt a hand on his arm; he turned reluctantly toward Elisabeth.

"What is it, Duff?"

FOR a moment he stared at her. "Oh—nothing," he said. He felt an utter fool, and he knew that his cheeks were flaming.

"Nothing!" Elisabeth repeated scornfully. "Funny sort of nothing! Oh, Duff, and we thought you were so much better. You didn't even jump when I blew up that paper bag in the hall."

"Really, it wasn't anything," he said. "I can't explain, Elisabeth."

He followed her to the car and sat down beside her; he was forbidden to drive himself. As they swung past the ice-cream store, two doors down from the theater, again came the flash of a red coat.

He clutched his sister's arm excitedly. "Oh, Elisabeth, do you—I mean, would you like a soda?"

She looked at him indulgently. "I think we'd better go home, Duff dear," she said gently; infuriatingly gentle she was. "Be a good boy."

He clenched his fists angrily. If he had seen her he was a fool not to follow through to the end. And he had seen her! But if he hadn't; if it was all hallucination, all — He sighed, and his sister looked at him sharply.

For days following he wandered about Scarborough, searching. Because his mother and sister regarded him with such obvious distrust and apprehension, he decided in self-defense upon a hobby. He announced that he had always been interested in photography and intended to make a Scarborough scrapbook. It was an unexciting pursuit and would keep him out of doors.

One day as he was strolling along the beach, regarding dark-haired ladies and girls in red with a curious, detached and uninviting eye, he remembered that he had left his camera on a lobster pot half a mile down the shore. He walked back and found it where he had left it, snapped the films aimlessly, and left the roll at the developer's.

A week later, when he remembered to call for his prints, he looked them over idly. Suddenly his heart gave the familiar imitation of a machine gun, and he leaned against the counter, staring at the photograph he held in his hand.

THE woman behind the counter looked at him solicitously. "Come out bad?" she asked, peering over his shoulder. "Why, I call that real nice."

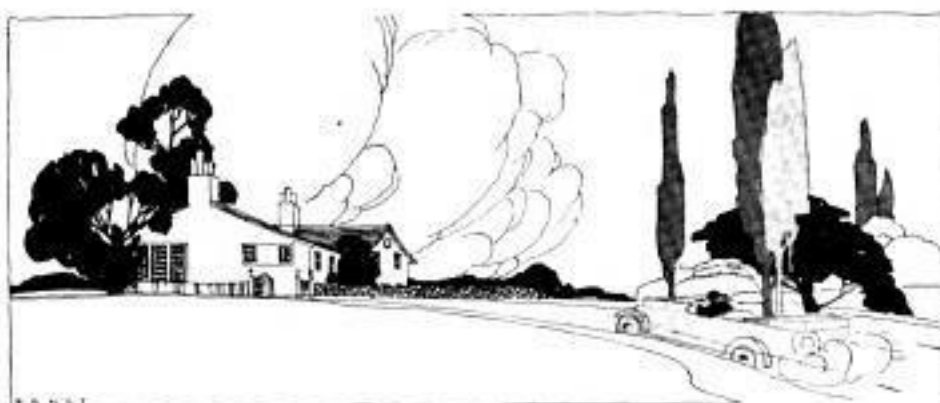
Duff did not answer; he remained staring at the print. It was a better piece of photography than any of his attempts—the picture of a slender girl standing at the edge of the water, dark hair blowing back from her low, white forehead, her dress fluttering in the wind. Her lips were parted slightly, and her eyes looked straight into the camera, wistful eyes, half mocking, half entreating.

"Is anything the matter?" the woman demanded of Duff suddenly.

He stared at her and shoved the picture behind the others abruptly. "No, thanks," he said, and walked out of the shop.

He was not conscious of the distance he traveled or of the number of times he pulled out the picture and studied it.

(Continued on Page 47)



L'Empire de la Joie

(Adapted from an
old French Fairy Tale)

But the last knight, le
dernier chevalier, bore in his
hand only a little bouquet,
les fleurettes de la Jeunesse.
But there was in them so
much of sunshine and
starshine and soft, dewy
fragrance that to keep
them meant youth in the
heart forever.



© 1921 A. H. S. Co.

How do "les Parisiennes" achieve a true Harmony of the Toilette?

IT IS so necessary if Madame would be in tune with the French fashion of the day, la mode du jour, that she follow the decree of Paris for a perfumed unity of the modern toilette.

That decree so known in the boudoirs of the élite among Parisiennes—each nécessité de la toilette shall gently breathe but a single fragrance—a fragrance of French charm.

Dames Américaines! For the sake of your beauty, do obey. And what fragrance brings to you more qualité française than Djer-Kiss itself?

For the bath, par exemple, savon Djer-

Kiss—that soap so pure, fragranced with the French essence of Djer-Kiss itself. Après le bain—Talc Djer-Kiss; and for the smooth, gently rounded arms a little Djer-Kiss Toilet Water sprinkled on the bath sponge.

As Madame proceeds, soft Djer-Kiss Vanishing Cream for the slender throat and the delicate complexion. Then a wise natural touch of Djer-Kiss rouge with the soft finish of Djer-Kiss Face Powder si exquise. And for the final comble de triomphe, a drop of Djer-Kiss Extract, so fragrantly chic, and Parisian. C'est fini, merveilleusement! How beautiful is Madame!

Djer-Kiss Cold Cream

There is no Spécialité de Djer-Kiss which adds more lasting beauty to Madame, to Mademoiselle, than pure Djer-Kiss Cold Cream. Used daily as a cleansing cream it restores a charming loveliness to the skin, keeping it smooth, white and fine of texture. Let its pure smoothness and French fragrance add to your beauty, Madame, Mademoiselle!

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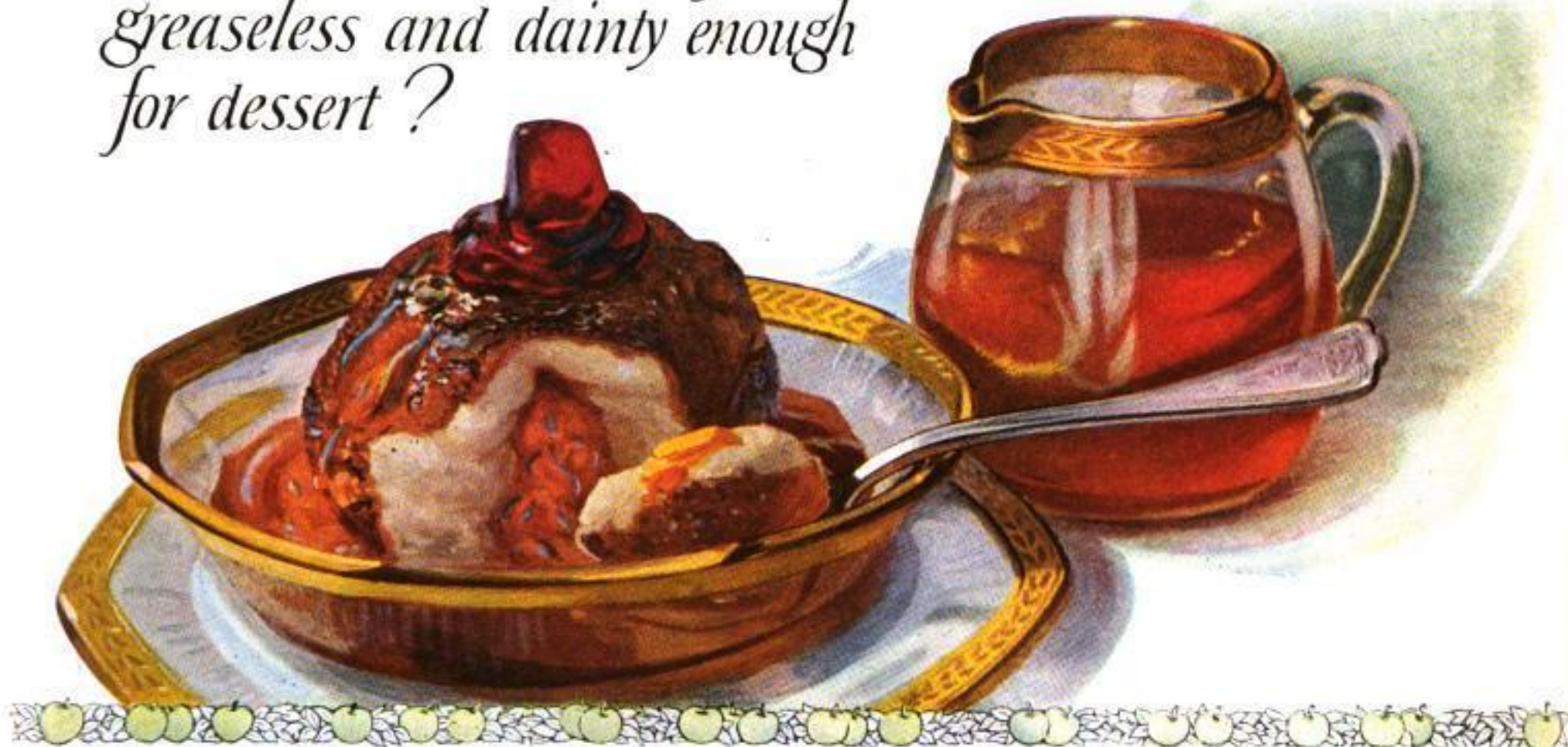
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These spécialités, Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams, temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss concentré imported from France

Djer-Kiss

Made in France

Can you make fried foods greaseless and dainty enough for dessert?



A New Fried Apple Dessert

An apple, boiled in syrup, then fried in Crisco, gives a dessert of a new and delicious taste. Follow this exclusive recipe — one of many in the cookbook offered below:

Apples with Red Currant Jelly

6 cooking apples	6 glace cherries
4 tablespoons flour	red currant jelly
1 egg	Crisco
cake crumbs	syrup
apricot jam	

Choose apples as much as possible same size; peel and core them carefully, so as not to break them. Put 1 cup syrup in stewpan or baking tin, put in apples and cook over fire or in oven until nearly done. Baste them occasionally with syrup. Let them get cold, then roll them in flour, brush over with beaten egg, toss in sifted cake crumbs, and fry in hot Crisco a golden brown. Drain on piece of paper, fill centers with apricot jam, cut out some rounds of red currant jelly, place 1 on top of each apple and a glace cherry on that. Dish up and serve hot or cold. An apricot syrup should be sent to table separately with apples.

Should Fat be Heated in a Hot or a Cold Kettle?

The answers to practical questions like this, covering all branches of cookery, make "A Calendar of Dinners" one of the most helpful books a housekeeper could have. Its author, Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal," fills 231 pages with cookery instructions drawn from her wide experience, gives instructions for marketing and carving, tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. You can not duplicate this book at any bookstore. Each book costs almost fifty cents to print. You can get one copy for only 10c in stamps mailed with your name and address to Section D-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALF the credit for dainty, greaseless fried food goes to the skill of the cook, and half to the frying fat.

The cook's part lies in knowing how to heat the fat without spoiling its quality; in knowing how much fat to use and how hot it should be; in knowing how to coat the food for frying and tell when it is done; and in knowing how to drain off the surplus fat while the food is still warm.

The fat, for perfect results, should be of vegetable origin, so it will not make the food hard to digest; it should be tasteless, so it will give no fatty flavor to delicate foods; it should give up its heat quickly to form on the food a protecting crust that will

keep the fat out and the flavor in; it must heat without smoking, so that the frying kettle is pleasant and easy to use; it must not take up any food odors or flavors, so that it can simply be strained after each frying and kept always ready to use again.

You can get *all* of these qualities for perfect frying in Crisco, the modern, vegetable cooking fat. You can get the expert directions that will enable you to do your part right, in the complete cookbook offered at the left. You need not be a user of Crisco in order to get the cookbook. But we are sure that if you once try Crisco, as directed, you never will go back to old-fashioned methods or old-fashioned cooking fat.

Crisco is sold by grocers everywhere, in sanitary, sealed cans, holding one pound, net weight, and upwards. Never sold in bulk.

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making



The Vanishing Girl

(Continued from Page 44)

Finally he turned back and reentered the store. "I didn't take this photograph," he said without further preliminaries, holding it towards her but not surrendering it to her outstretched hand. "I guess there's a mistake; do you think the films could have been mixed?"

"I'm sure they weren't. You have the only camera of that size in Scarborough's far as I know. It was on your roll right enough." She smiled tolerantly upon him from the heights of middle age. "Someone must have played a joke on you and picked up your camera. Did you leave it anywhere?"

"Oh, I'm always leaving it somewhere," Duff answered. "But—" Again he held out the picture. "Say, do you know this girl?"

SHE looked at the photograph again, smiling quite broadly now. "Pretty, ain't she? I think I've seen her around—couldn't be sure, though. But—"

"You think you've seen her," Duff said incredulously. Without another word he left the shop, and the woman's laugh followed him.

He was whistling when he swung up the driveway of The Elms.

"You look so much better, Duff," his mother said as he sat down on the piazza beside her.

"Better!" said Duff. "Gee, you don't know how good I feel!"

He grinned expansively; he could not remember ever having felt more exhilarated, more radiantly happy in his life. The Girl was real! She not only was real, she was in Scarborough. He was absurdly gay during dinner; afterwards he bore Elisabeth to the pavilion and refused to surrender her to Freddy Burns for a single dance.

"My land, you're getting human, Duff," Elisabeth sighed happily as they climbed into the car. "I've had the peachiest time. You dance better than any man I know. It's great to have you like this."

"This, my child, is nothing to what I'm going to be," Duff said.

"Then you will let me have parties at the house for you to meet everyone?"

"Let's have a coming-out party tomorrow," said Duff. "I want to meet every girl in Scarborough—especially the brunette ones."

"If only you didn't crawl into your shell so every time I mention Helena Morton—" Elisabeth began.

"Kismet!" Duff interrupted. "Abracadabra! Also, presto and eureka! Tell me, what color hair has Helena Morton?"

"Black," his sister answered, giggling. "She —"

"Stop the car," ordered Duff. "I want to talk. Listen! Is it too late to call on her now?"

"Helena? Now? At twelve o'clock?"

DUFF laughed.

"Honest, I'm not going crazy again. If I'd been born with an atom of sense—Elisabeth, I know that flappers try not to have memories; they're so wearing. But can you remember the first time you mentioned Helena Morton to me?"

"I'm not a flapper," said Elisabeth quite seriously. "I'm eighteen; that's legally a woman. I think it was in New York. I sort of remember —"

"I've got it!" Duff said excitedly. "She was the girl you pointed out to me at the opera the night I fainted like a Victorian heroine."

"I guess she was there," Elisabeth admitted. "But what on earth, Duff —"

"Eyes and subconscious mind register—whoopee! Oh, don't you think she'd be awake now, Elisabeth?"

Elisabeth giggled. "I'm sure that you're crazy, Duff," she said, "but you're sweet that way. And she probably is still up; she went to the Yacht Club dance, and that lasts later than the pavilion. Do you really want —"

"You're the chauffeur—worse luck," said her brother. "But I can help step on the gas. Take me to her."

Helena Morton was sitting on her piazza steps with her beau of the dance; her hair was like a dark cloud, her face delicately lovely above the mist of her pale-green chiffon scarf. She was so thoroughly pretty that Duff drew a deep breath of admiration before he drew the second breath of disappointment. For she was all that a man might desire; everything in the world—except that she was not The Girl.

He concealed his disappointment manfully as he took her hand and received one of those smiles that make a man tingle from his toes to the top of his head.

"We were beginning to think you were a myth," she said as he sat down beside her. "It's thrilling to find that you actually do exist. But you've got to be frightfully interesting after all the mystery you've created."

"In time, in time!" Duff said with an airy wave of his hand, while Elisabeth watched him with unconcealed admiration. "But you mustn't mind if I just stare at you for a few years."

SHE blushed prettily; altogether the hour on the piazza steps with the moonlight sifting over them was delightful.

"By the way, how's the photography going?" she asked, and bit her lower lip as he lifted his eyes questioning. She had risen and was standing in the doorway, the light from the hall behind her making the edges of her filmy dress glisten.

"Very well," Duff watched her closely. There had been something in her tone that made him wonder. "I had rather a strange experience the other day —" he began tentatively, and Helena Morton threw back her head and laughed, while Elisabeth and the young man listened, uncomprehending.

"It wasn't a mistake, either," said Helena Morton. "It was the challenge direct, the slap with the glove. And I see it worked!" Her hand was on the knob of the screen door, and Duff leaped up and caught it.

"Who is she?" he asked.

But her eyes met his challengingly. "It'll give you something to dream about," she said. "And if you've really recovered from being an interesting mystery and will come to the masquerade at the country club tonight —" She laughed again and closed the door.

Before he slipped into bed he took out the photograph of The Girl. "You're not so pretty as Miss Morton," he told her honestly. "Nobody could be. I think she's almost too pretty. I think I'll like you better, and I'm going to find you."

That evening he fussed about having to wear a borrowed Yama-Yama suit, and protested as irritably as any debutante because the tarlatan ruff was crushed. Finally, at nine o'clock, when Elisabeth had adjusted his tight black cap and his mother had bent the wire stem of the pom-pom that waved from his head, he was satisfied.

"You look very pretty," Elisabeth said, sinking on the couch. "But we've certainly worked."

"Oh, I'm the handsome boy," he answered cheerfully, snapping on his mask. "Ready?"

THE country club was decorated in the usual style—balloons, papier-mâché flowers, confetti. The dancers wore the usual costumes—pierrettes and harlequins, cowboys and dancing girls, pirates and court ladies. Duff surrendered Elisabeth to Freddy and crossed to the end of the room, where the shy and critical males were assembled and stood unsocially apart watching the dancers. He recognized Helena Morton; he had known she would be a Carmen; he might

(Continued on Page 49)

YOU and every man, woman and child thoroughly enjoy the flavor of sweet sugar cane.

The delicacy of Domino Syrup will delightfully surprise you. For Domino Syrup is a cane sugar product. Domino Syrup can be used every day on the table or in the kitchen. Because of its unusual flavor it wins its way with all the members of your family.

Domino Syrup is made by the refiners of Domino Package Sugars.

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Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup

Domino Syrup

As Foods

Puffed Grains are whole grains steam exploded. They are made by Prof. A. P. Anderson's process.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot there occur in every kernel more than 100 million explosions. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is made easy and complete.

Puffed Grains are the best-cooked cereals in existence. Every element in the whole grain is fitted to digest. Every granule feeds.

That was the great purpose of this invention. It makes them supreme among grain foods.



Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for supper or for any hungry hour



Puffed Rice with cream and sugar is the finest breakfast dainty children ever get

As Tidbits

These steam explosions puff the grains to eight times normal size. They come out as bubble grains, crisp and airy, flimsy as a snowflake.

This makes them fascinating morsels, both in texture and in taste.

Being fragile and flavory, the grains add much delight to fruit.

Many people like them best doused with melted butter.

Children crisp and butter them to eat like peanuts when at play.

They make ideal toasted wafers for your soups.

There are countless ways of serving such flavory grain bubbles. Encourage them if you want your children to eat whole-grain food in plenty.

No other method known makes whole wheat half so tempting.



Puffed Rice will give to any fruit dish a multiplied delight. Try it with stewed raisins



Crisp and lightly douse with butter for hungry children after school. Tastes like toasted nuts

As Confections

The fearful heat gives to the grains a taste like toasted nuts. So they use these Puffed Grains in home candy making and as nut meats on ice cream.

The grains are so porous and so flimsy that they fairly melt into the cream. And they make the candies light and airy.

Thus millions of children now revel in Puffed Grains morning, noon and night. Whole-grain dainties often take the place of sweets, etc., not so good for children.

Serve both kinds and in plenty. The two grains differ vastly. In some ways of serving Puffed Wheat is the favorite, in other ways Puffed Rice.



Puffed Rice is used to make home candies light and nutty



Scatter Puffed Rice like airy nut meats on ice cream. Learn how much this adds

Puffed Wheat

is whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Puffed Rice

is whole rice puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory, delicious.

The Vanishing Girl

(Continued from Page 47)

perhaps have claimed her for a dance had not The Girl, unmasked, appeared in the doorway.

In a photograph her costume would have been demure: a tight little bodice, a skirt that billowed over generous hoops, starched pantalettes, ankle ties and mitts. In the hall, after adjusting her mask, she made anything but a demure figure; for the primness of her gown was shattered and almost burlesqued by its color, the inevitable but ever-arresting scarlet. She was like a flame; if she had appeared with a screaming of sirens and an explosion of shells, the effect would scarcely have been intensified. The color of the other dancers faded into a pleasant background for her slender figure; as she moved slowly alone across the floor, a spotlight might have followed her.

Duff bounded forward with a leap that outrivaled Nijinsky for sheer joyousness, with a speed that shamed the art of Babe Ruth. "My dance," he said, and they swung off before she had even answered him.

"I haven't the slightest idea who you are," The Girl said finally. "But don't tell me. I shall hope against hope that you're an interloper, the villain who takes advantage of a masquerade to accomplish his desperate purpose."

She had not spoken before, but Duff had always known her voice would be like that. "You're absolutely right," he answered. "Funny that you should guess." He looked down at her happily. "I know who you are, though."

"Really?"

"But I don't know your name. It isn't important; names are so impermanent."

"Yes? You interest me strangely, Arsène Lupin."

HE LAUGHED. "Oh, I'm only beginning," he assured her. "By the way, I might as well break it to you now that your dances are all mine."

She drew her breath. "Not really?" she said mockingly.

"Yes. But we're not going to dance them all. In fact"—skillfully he had drawn her from the dancers and now he helped her over the threshold to the piazza—"we're going to commence some important talking this minute."

The piazza was deserted so early in the evening and, although he had not been there before, he found the corner by the azalea bushes by instinct—or was there a slight guiding pressure of her hand on his arm?

The girl took off her mask.

"Now then," he said, sitting down. "To begin at the beginning, it really wasn't you who came into my room at Sleepy Valley, was it?"

"What?"

He laughed. "I thought it wasn't," he assured her. "The doctor said it wasn't."

But one has to be exact. You did leave the moving-picture theater three weeks ago Saturday in the middle of the picture, didn't you?"

"You're not a desperate criminal," The Girl remarked calmly. "You don't deceive me in the least. You're a madman."

"I thought it was you that time," he said. "Thanks. And this photograph?"

In the moonlight he saw the color creep over her face.

"Right again," he said triumphantly. "You don't know what a relief it is to have these things settled."

"Would you mind trying to tell me what you're talking about?" she asked.

"That's just what I brought you out here for," he answered, and told her the story from the very beginning.

They were silent when he had finished.

"You're sure I'm real now?" she asked.

"Almost. But I want to tell you that I'm madly in love with you before you vanish, and I don't know how to begin."

SHE jumped to her feet with an embarrassed laugh. "Well, Duff Schuyler," she said, gasping a little as she spoke, "if I hadn't known you since you were about seven years old and used to drag that moth-eaten Airedale pup around with you, I think I'd either be frightened or annoyed. As it is I'm just going to—vanish."

She was gone before he caught her, and he followed slowly into the hall.

"The plot thickens," he said to himself happily. "Known her since I was seven, have I? Huh!"

For a moment he could not find her, then he discovered her with Helena and Elisabeth talking excitedly. A passing pierrette seized him and whirled him to the midst of the dancers. When he returned to his corner, The Girl had vanished.

He caught Elisabeth as she danced by and dragged her from her partner. "What happened to that girl I was dancing with?" he demanded.

"What girl?"

"In red. You saw her, Elisabeth; you were talking to her a little while ago."

"I haven't seen any girl in red," she answered. "Let me finish this dance, Duff."

He held her wrist firmly. "The girl in the red hoop skirt," he persisted. "Of course you saw her."

She squirmed impatiently. "You're seeing things again," she said, but her eyes were not worried as she looked at him. "Let me go."

He released her impatiently and sought Helena Morton.

"But I haven't seen any girl in red," she protested. "Really I haven't. Do you insist on red, Duff Schuyler?"

He waited for an hour and then went home disgustedly. "She is real," he said to himself, "and she's adorable. I'm going to find her if I have to get a job as gas collector and stop at every house."

In the morning he took the car from the garage and set forth, his mother's warning of not more than twenty miles an hour following him. He drove slowly about the town during the entire morning.

After lunch he set forth doggedly again.

The cool wind rippled through his fair hair as he drove; the whole countryside was sweet and fragrant. He was not aware of another car until a gray automobile

(Continued on Page 50)



"My dear, you look like a new person!"

WHATEVER have you done to improve your skin so wonderfully? Why, it's as soft and clear as a baby's! Do tell me the secret."

But there is no secret to tell—the adoption of Resinol Soap for her daily toilet and bath explains it all.

There is a world of hope in that statement for the discouraged woman who has tried various treatments and finds her complexion is still sallow and muddy or her skin coarse, oily, rough, blotchy or otherwise blemished.

It seems incredible that anything so simple as regularly bathing the face with Resinol Soap and warm water could restore skin health and beauty when other things have failed. Yet it can, and does, because in addition to its unusual cleansing qualities, it has just the soothing, healing, corrective properties necessary to overcome these facial imperfections.

Use Resinol Soap for one week and you will know why you will want it all the year round.

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Resinol products at all drug and toilet goods counters.

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"The Churchill" — January's Feature

To own such furniture as this Berkey & Gay dining suite is to know ceaseless pride of possession.

Reflecting those Irish designers of the Queen Anne period who gave a delightful interpretation to the accepted styles, "The Churchill" yet has a character distinctly its own. In its beautiful combination of plain and figured walnut, with the Berkey & Gay finish bringing out the glory of the wood, there is abiding charm.

See "The Churchill" at the better stores during January. Ask to be shown also other distinctive Berkey & Gay Furniture — of enduring merit, moderately priced.

We invite you to write for our Brochure, describing "The Churchill" Dining Suite and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
440 Monroe Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan



This shopmark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after.

The Vanishing Girl

(Continued from Page 49)

sped suddenly from behind him and tore past. The driver was easily making fifty miles an hour, but as the car shot by he caught a glimpse, in the round mirror beside the wheel, of an oval face, a low, white forehead below dark hair, and a curving red mouth.

His foot jammed down on the accelerator; twenty miles an hour became a limitation of the past. The trees ran together like wet water colors. A small white hand was thrust out, and Duff stepped on the brake, barely missing collision as the gray car whirled recklessly around a curve and began gobbling the long stretch of road unrolled like a carpet before them.

"You won't drive like that after you're married to me, young woman," he said between his teeth as he followed.

The wind whipped against his face, and the landscape grew more and more dizzy. On and on. . . . If she was a ghost he was willing to drive over a cliff after her; if there was a cliff in the way he probably would, anyway, at the rate they were moving. On and on. . . .

AGAIN the small white hand; he felt the blood beat against his temples as he jammed the brakes, stalling the engine. The gray car had disappeared around a corner and he pressed the self-starter impatiently. His car shot forward, taking the corner in a sudden leap. Before him stretched a long, straight highway, a dusty ribbon of road, lying flat as far as he could see, bordered by a dense wall of trees—and not an automobile was anywhere in sight!

Somehow he collected himself enough to stop the car. He sat there dizzily, his heart thumping, his breath coming in gasps.

"What's the big idea—stopping in the middle of the road?" called an indignant masculine voice as a small car climbed around him.

He did not answer or move; for nearly five minutes he sat watching the small car move up the long stretch of road toward the horizon. The gray car had been traveling quickly, but it could not have made that distance in the few minutes that had separated them.

It was five minutes more before he mustered enough courage to start the car and turn it about. He drove back over the road slowly, looking straight ahead. It was several minutes before he discovered where he was; then the Unitarian church, calm and peaceful in the middle of its green, told him that Doctor Blake's house was only a few doors down the side road. He drew up outside the door and waited for a moment at the wheel before he felt that he could trust his legs.

Then he walked dizzily up the path between the rows of hollyhocks and lifted the brass knocker.

"I want to see Doctor Blake," he said to the maid.

THE doctor entered the room and looked at Duff. "Hello," he said, crossed briskly to his laboratory and returned with a glass of liquid. "Drink this."

It steadied Duff. His hand was more controlled as he set down the glass.

"You look about all in."

"I am. Doctor Blake, was there ever any insanity in my family?"

"Pish-tush!" said the doctor firmly. "Duff, before you tell me what's up, I want you to listen to this. When I examined you a week ago you were in perfectly normal condition. I don't believe there's anything the matter with you now except imagination. You'd better get it out and let me see what I can do for you. This sort of thing has got to stop."

The assurance in Blake's voice steadied him. "Well, it's beyond me," he said. "It may be all right."

Quickly he told about the three encounters with The Girl that had followed her first appearance in Sleepy Valley.

The doctor's eyes narrowed as he described the ride which had just occurred.

"And I don't know much about this spirit photography business," Duff concluded, "but there's an awful lot of rot about it in the magazines. Look at this." He pulled the picture from his pocket, handed it to Blake. "Of course Miss Morton—oh, heavens, I'd forgotten that. They took the picture. I suppose it's all explainable."

"What about Helena Morton?" asked the doctor, smiling at the photograph.

Duff told him about the meeting with Helena.

Blake roared.

"THAT rather settles the ghost business, doesn't it?" he asked. "I think these two young women have been having a good deal of fun with you." He laughed again.

Duff flushed. "Oh, I suppose so," he said. "But that blinking race simply turned me upside down."

"I should think it would about finish anyone, from the way you've described it," Blake returned. "You haven't been in Scarborough for some time. Duff, but have you forgotten the old mill road that turns off the causeway at right angles? It's a short cut to this place. It's a terrible turn to take

when you're driving fast and the trees are so thick on each side that you'd hardly know it was there. Dangerous corner that." He shook his head. "But you know what girls are like these days—can't do anything with 'em. Result of the war, I suppose."

Duff looked up uncomfortably. "Oh, I suppose you can explain it all away," he said. "I know I must seem an utter idiot to you. I suppose she is a real girl as you've said all along, but if this sort of thing goes on much longer —"

"It won't," the doctor answered confidently, still smiling at the photograph. "Duff, I asked you to come home to dinner with me the night you got back from Sleepy Valley, the only place where you ever saw a ghost, if you want to call it that. Pretty husky ghost, I'll say." He handed the photograph to the young man and grinned outright. "Will you take your physician's advice and remain with me for dinner tonight?"

"I don't know what you're driving at," said Duff; "but I don't feel as though I knew much of anything. I'll do whatever you say."

"ONE question more, then," said Doctor Blake. He seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, and his patient felt uncomfortable. "You really do want this mystery solved? You're not afraid of meeting your girl and pricking the bubble of this little romance?"

"Good heaven, no!"

"All right." The doctor crossed to the hallway. "Oh, Anita!" he called. "Anita! Come here a minute!"

"Yes, father." It was a pleasant voice, warm and vaguely familiar.

Duff waited, his eyes on the door, his brain hardly moving.

"I think I'll leave you," said the doctor.

And The Girl appeared in the doorway.

Duff hesitated only a fraction of a minute before he seized her. "I have known you ever since we were kids," he said, speaking so rapidly that his words almost choked him, and tightening the hold of his arms about her. "And you've been making my life hectic for over a year now. I may not like you a bit after I really know you again—you were a nasty little girl—and you may not like me. But I'm going to kiss you now, and there's nothing in the world that can stop me."

For a moment Doctor Blake, shaking with silent laughter in the next office, heard nothing.

Then the voice of his daughter, clear, but warmer and more vibrant than he had ever heard it: "I was *not* a nasty little girl, Duff Schuyler!"

Smell the real naphtha
in Fels-Naptha



The last little piece still holds its naphtha

The easiest way to get clothes clean through and through—put them to soak half an hour, soaped with Fels-Naptha! Its real naphtha gets at every thread of the clothes and quickly makes the dirt let go. Only a light rubbing, a thorough rinse, and the washing is done.

No matter how much the golden bar of Fels-Naptha is worn down when you use it, the real naphtha stays in to the last little bit, and makes clothes just as clean as when the bar is new and big.

Clothes washed with Fels-Naptha always get a double cleansing—one with naphtha; the other with soap-and-water. They are cleaner than you could get them with ordinary soap and hard rubbing. Yet you only have to rub a little with Fels-Naptha.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naphtha soap—of your grocer. The clean naphtha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

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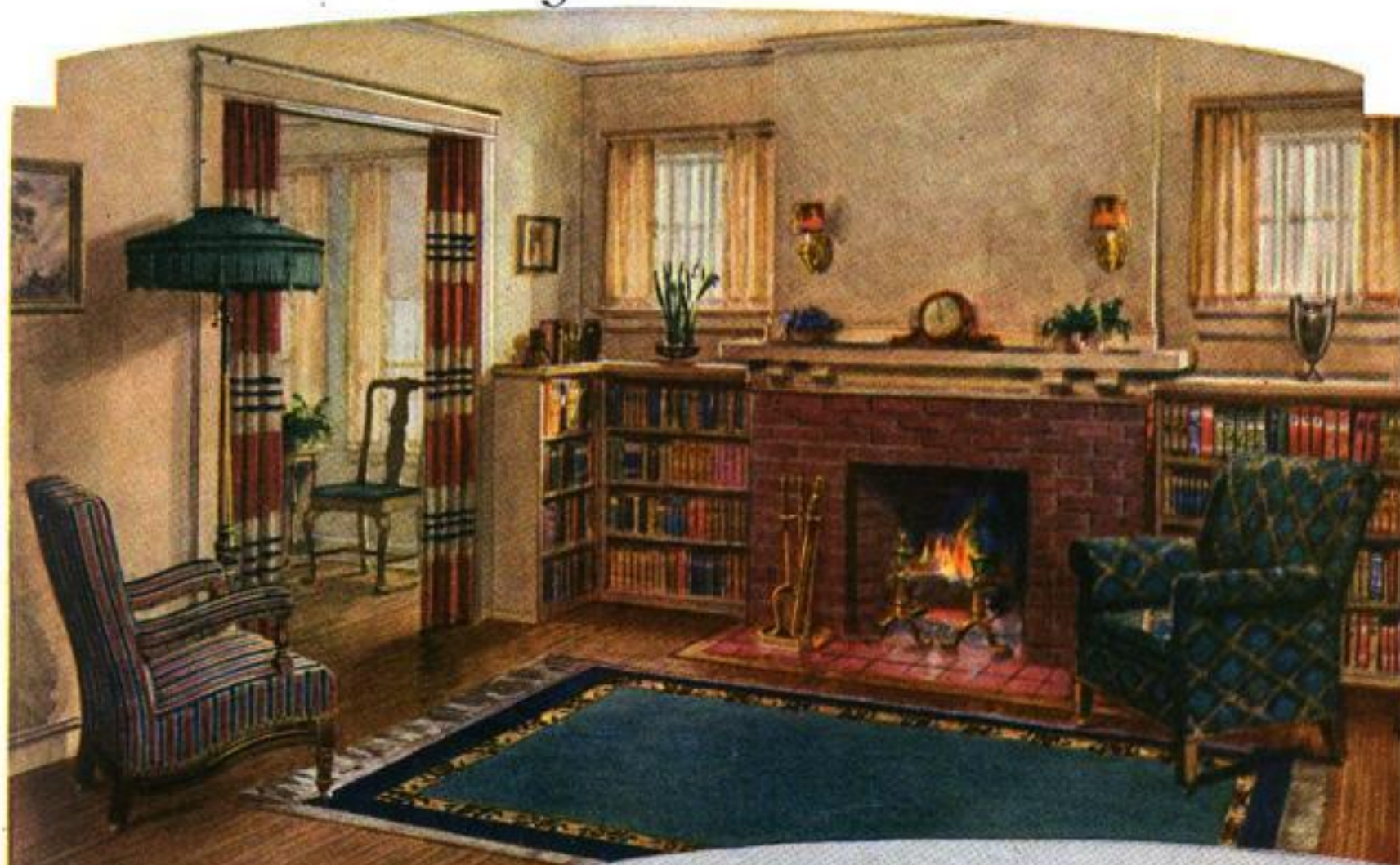
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Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



In this cheerful, inviting living-room the floor of Armstrong's Brown Jaspé Linoleum harmonizes perfectly with the walls and furnishings, and makes a pleasing background for the fabric rug.

Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
trademark on
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Architects Are Specifying Permanent Linoleum Floors

In many modern houses you will find that floors of linoleum are as much a part of the permanent construction as the walls or the windows.

Architects are specifying these floors for new houses. The linoleum is laid over soft wood underflooring; it makes a beautiful and durable floor, upon which the finest fabric rugs are displayed to advantage.

You will find floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in bedrooms, dining-rooms and living-rooms of homes where good taste prevails. These floors are smooth, solid, restful to walk on and stand on, easy to keep clean.

First cost is less than that of other good floors, and there is never any necessity for expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing keeps a linoleum floor looking like new.

If you want to see really beautiful

linoleum for permanent floors, ask your merchant to show you the Armstrong Jaspés—gray, green, blue, and brown. Handsome plain colors, too, and the many artistic Armstrong patterns.

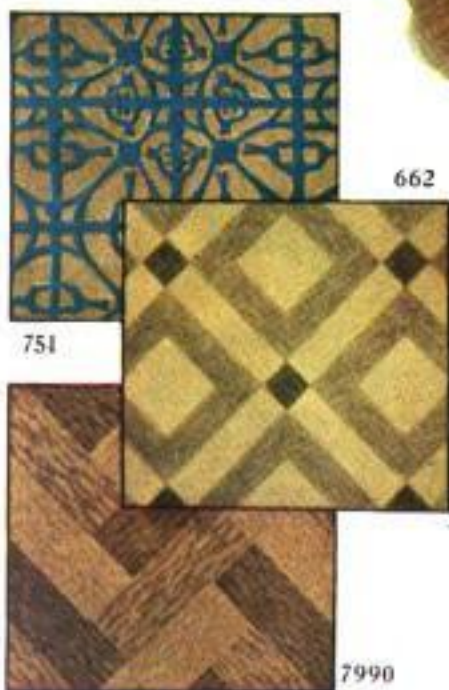
A room 12 x 14 feet can be floored with Armstrong's Linoleum in Brown Jaspé at a cost of about \$52.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This includes cementing the linoleum down over builders' deadening felt, which is the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

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You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

A Persian Wedding

(Continued from Page 21)

Farkhunde, which means 'Happiness.' Farkhunde was one of the pupils of our missionary school, the daughter of a rich Moslem. You could not find a better example than this of a household that remains strictly Mohammedan and yet wants to take advantage for its women of some of our Western ideas."

Translated, the wedding invitation read:

In blessedness and prosperity, on Tuesday, the first of the month Shaban, 1338, a wedding assembly for my daughter, Farkhunde Khanum, in the house of your slave is arranged for. I request that four hours to sunset you will decorate your slave's house by your blessed steps for (drinking) sherbet and (eating) sweets, and make her grateful and blessed. The seal of Malak-taj.

So on Tuesday, about three o'clock, we set out for the wedding. As we drove along my friend pointed to a small procession of porters. "There," she said, "is a part of the wedding."

The men were carrying on their heads wide, flat trays on which were displayed wedding presents—the silver-wrought objects for which Persia is famous; pieces of priceless embroidery; rich lengths of silk. Passers-by were staring and estimating.

"It is always done," Mrs. Boyce said. "The dowry is displayed in the same way, too, all of it that can be; sometimes a wedding is delayed until a dowry can be assembled that will make enough show to correspond with the family pride."

We turned down a side street and stopped before a small door in a high wall. Not till the chauffeur had driven away did we knock. The door was opened cautiously by a woman completely covered with a black chuddar. All we could see of her was a glint of dark eye. We went through a small passage—and then it was as if we were in fairyland.

The Bride's Girl Friends

GONE was the effect of muddy streets, of dark-clad figures, of anxious faces. Here were color, light, fragrance. We were in a court; two of its gleaming walls were made by the wings of the house; the other two were garden height, and beyond we could see tall trees and violet hills. In the center of the court was a lovely fountain, about which grew straight, slim cypress trees. Here and there stood an orange tree; thick vines, flower-hung, were draped along the walls and over the doorways. And everywhere—on the marble pavement, standing with the immemorial grace of the East, moving swayingly or even running lightly—were upper-class Persian girls and women.

But not as I had known them in the streets, dark, shrouded figures with a white, thick covering over the face, even the eyes hidden by a thick lattice of embroidery. No melancholy here, nothing gloomy or furtive. They all wore white or pale lavender or blue, and over their heads were white, filmy veils, fastened in the most charming way under the chin. The Persians are, I believe, the only Moslems who use veils fastened in this fashion. Most of them had their hair arranged in two braids down the back, the usual Moslem custom, but some of them wore it in French style. All the dresses were after French patterns, but of a style of some two years ago, before the skirts made motions of vanishing completely.

They were not all pretty; some of them had eyes too deeply set, too near together, noses too long and chins that receded. But others were as lovely as a dream, with delicate oval faces, large eyes and regular features. I could have looked a long time at the picture they made, so charming an impression did they give me of gayety and spontaneity and delight.

The bride's sister, a pretty girl in pink, who spoke English perfectly, ushered us

upstairs into the reception rooms, a series of three furnished with chairs delicately upholstered and with many little sandalwood tables. The chairs in a Persian house are always set against the wall, with little tables in front of them. A few priceless Persian rugs covered the floor, while one or two were hung—and well they might be, for they were what we should call museum pieces. The one the family seemed to value most was beautifully woven enough, but was made grotesque by being patterned with pictures of some former shah.

Against this background sat forty or fifty women and girls, repeating the same delicate colors I had seen in the court. More of them were standing on the balcony that ran the length of the reception rooms, calling down to their friends below.

Presently we were seated, like all the others, with a little table before us on which the feast was spread.

And such a feast! Cakes and nuts and sweets of all sorts. Sherbet was brought in first, quite the most delicious I have ever tasted.

The Wedding Ceremony

SERVANTS brought us in tea or pressed more sherbet on us.

Presently half a dozen of the women were smoking tobacco in water pipes, putting the ends of the long tubes in their mouths, and inhaling so that the water in the bulbous vessels below made the most fascinating bubbles.

"When does the real wedding begin?" I asked Mrs. Boyce; "when do the bride and groom appear?"

I took it for granted that sometime or other a little wedding procession would come in and all the Moslem guests would shroud themselves in their chuddars.

"Didn't I tell you?" she replied. "The aghd, or religious ceremony, is going on now, downstairs. None of the company attends that."

"Not even the father and mother?"

"Not even the bridegroom," said Mrs. Boyce. "The poor little bride gets married all by herself. She sits or stands on one side of a screen and the mullah or priest on the other. For two or three hours he tells her her duty and preaches and prays, and performs all the ceremonies necessary to bind her fast from the religious standpoint."

"But where is the bridegroom? Doesn't he have to go through this aghd?"

"The bridegroom is in Resht just now. Oh, yes, he will be married in the same way. Not necessarily to-day, but sometime soon. Then in a week, or a month, or a year, whatever time suits the two families, there will be a social function; relatives will meet with the bride and groom in the home of the parents of the bride. There will be a party like this. Then the young couple will go to their own home, or to the home of the parents of the groom, or wherever it is they are going to live."

"The essential part of the wedding, however, is this present religious ceremony."

"It will go on, perhaps, for another hour, and then the bride will come upstairs for a few minutes. She will then be legally married."

A wedding without a groom, and all these women and girls attending a wedding without seeing the ceremony, without seeing any men! Of a sudden it all seemed rather pitiable to me. I fought against the feeling, for all these women seemed happy enough, delighted to be together, taking in each other's clothes—and ours. There was not a jarring note. But presently I yielded to the feeling, for Mrs. Boyce and I were told we might see the bride, because the American visitor had come so far and had never seen a Moslem wedding.

We went downstairs and were taken to a little dark room at the end of a wing. Not

here were there any gleams of sunshine, though the room was richly furnished enough. Heavy, magnificent rugs were on the floor; there was a large chair, arranged on a platform, rather like a throne, draped with rugs, and there was a tall, dusky sort of mirror. The chair and the mirror are essential to the setting of the bride during the religious ceremony.

Against this background stood Farkhunde, dressed in a magnificent satin wedding gown with a sweeping train, white flowers in her hair, her veil flowing back. She looked precisely as any American bride might look, except for her expression. Her face was sad and nervous. I believe that Moslem brides are supposed to look sad during their wedding, but Farkhunde did not have to assume anything. Her dark eyes were troubled, her full lips were trembling, her little olive hand shook as she extended it to me.

When Mrs. Boyce kissed her she clung to her a little. Her mother was with her, and her elder sister; on the other side of the screen, behind the mirror, was the mullah.

"We are going to leave her now," the sister said; "the ceremony is over, but the mullah is going to speak to her again."

So we wished Farkhunde happiness and left her looking wistfully after us. The gleaming court was as lovely as ever, the light-colored figures as graceful, but for me the radiance was dimmed. That little sad bride being married all alone, preached at and nagged at by the priest for three hours; so pretty in her bridal finery and no lover present to tell her so, proud to have a horde of wedding guests admiring her and then eager to take her away from them all.

The whole wedding was symbolic to me of the fate of the average Eastern wife: not a companion of her husband, only a chattel, like anything else he owns—no tenderness, no real sacredness, no comradeship.

Emblematic of such a beginning is the whole course of the average Persian woman's married life. She lives in the shadow of the chuddar, shut off from the world, bearing children, seeing her husband only when he chooses to be with her, perhaps sharing him with other women, but never a vital part of his life nor of the lives of her sons.

The Dawn of a Better Day

MY DEPRESSION lifted a little as we talked to Farkhunde's mother, Mrs. Boyce translating for me. I saw that, after all, there is a trend in Persia toward better conditions for the women. Education is the first step toward lessening polygamy.

"Farkhunde is rather old to be married," said Malak-taj; "but it took some time to decide on her husband. The young man is her second cousin. I had been thinking of him for her for some years now, but it is not always easy to arrange a marriage. We were very fortunate to have a second cousin of an age to marry her."

"She won't say in so many words what she means," said Mrs. Boyce, "but it is this: When a family can marry a daughter to a cousin he is not very likely to take a second wife; there is too much family pressure against it. The mothers know what a woman suffers when there is a second wife to share a man, and I suppose the fathers understand enough, at least the progressive ones."

The next day I drove to Kasvin, with Willamalie, an Indian driver. As we were passing a village, I heard bitter sobbing.

"That is Zahra," he said, "the daughter of the man who lives in that corner hut. Last week her husband divorced her because she is so old; I think she is twenty-five. He sent her back to her father's house, and he kept the six children; the youngest is two weeks old. Zahra's father is making her marry the old one-eyed saddler who has already two wives. Zahra says she will have to work hard, but it is not that; she wants her children, and to-day her husband is marrying a young wife of thirteen who she knows will beat them. Her husband has the right to divorce her for old age or anything else and to keep the children. She knows it is fate, but she weeps."

The Persian women submit to fate, but they weep.



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PEACH ISLAND—Place 6 halves DEL MONTE Canned Peaches in a serving dish. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons of sugar and ¼ teaspoon of salt, add 1 cup of hot milk, cook in double boiler until thick, cool, add ¼ teaspoon of vanilla, fold in 2 beaten egg whites, pour over the peaches and sprinkle with coconut.

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3420

3419

3417-2668

3416

Southern Clothes that are Harbingers of Summer

THE women who go to Palm Beach started it, this business of making summer clothes in midwinter, but it didn't take the rest of the feminine world long to find out that Christmas money plus January sewing equal spring gladness to the nth power. Spring fever and spring sewing were never very good friends anyway; and besides, it's such a delightfully snug feeling to know that warm weather cannot creep up and catch you unprepared, as it certainly will your less forehanded neighbor, sending her some happy April day into a mild frenzy of fitting, sewing and shopping, while you smilingly dig in your garden.

The signs are up now, pointing the way. The materials are made and in the shops, the patterns are cut, the style ball is already rolling merrily for 1922. What, then, are some of the outstanding influences in clothes that Paris has sent over, Palm Beach is now wearing, and we all must have, sooner or later, to be really of this year's fashion?

As to materials, it seems that for cottons this is something of a ratine and éponge year. It is a natural consequence of

silk crêpes, and these cottons, which somewhat resemble the silks in weave, will no doubt be used extensively for daytime dresses, tailored frocks, sports clothes, both in colors and in white. There is a square open-meshed éponge which, when made into a sweater or sports coat, looks very much like crocheted work, and comes in gay colors—rose, orange, green—especially suitable for this use. This material, too transparent to be used for an entire frock, is also being pressed into service in combination with linen or cotton crash for one-piece dresses.

Ginghams will be more in demand than ever this summer, and in addition to the usual pretty checks and plaids, there are some smart new small-line checks in fast-dyed fuchsia, yellow, henna, clear blue, rose and green colorings.

Voiles, too, promise to be in the fashion picture; but these are voiles that have gone far

beyond their humble forbears. They are voiles with batik colorings, innumerable lovely shades melting and fading into each other with perhaps a stab of cerise here and a vein of purple there; voiles with tiny embroidered dots in broken squares, dots in every conceivable new arrangement, a refreshing change from the dotted Swisses of last year, though reminiscent of them; and voiles with small, old-fashioned patterns embroidered or stamped, giving an impression of quaintness and primness that is one of the season's most persistent notes.

This back-to-grandmother movement in materials is, of course, natural enough in a year in which the clothes of the real lady are the clothes to wear. Bare backs and short skirts have been discarded; with them have gone the more striking designs, and in their place we have quaint, old-fashioned patterns. Cretonnes, which will be seen more generally





3418

3421

3415



than ever in dresses, will carry out this prunes-and-prisms note, and we shall even be wearing that modest stuff, percale, which blooms forth this year in bright, close little designs in yellow and black, orange and black, and green and yellow, very tempting for trimming as well as for an entire frock.

One of the most popular fabrics for chemise dresses will be a stout, close cotton material with a linenlike weave, whose colors are all those of the rainbow, colors that are likewise absolutely guaranteed to be as unquenchable as those celestial hues. It is a point of great pride with American manufacturers this year, by the way, that many colors are to be fade-proof and others as nearly fade-proof as is possible.

It would seem that colors this season will be better than they have ever been before. As for the rest of the summer fabrics, linen will be used a great deal, both handkerchief linen and the heavier varieties. In silks, crêpe of all sorts is still at the head of the class.

The 1922 silhouette follows in general the popular chemise line, with many variations in

detail. Dresses with or without blouses have a tendency to cling to the long waistline. Fullness at the hips, flounces in new and unexpected places, will be used a great deal in soft materials for the fluffier type of summer clothes. A new note on many frocks is that of a deep yoke, either actual or simulated. Aprons remain steadfastly with us, quite as if they had enjoyed their climb into society and meant never to go back to the kitchen where they came from. Capes also refuse to be routed, and are appearing in new guises every day.

An unusual treatment of white linen is found in frock No. 3420, where the material is embroidered in black. It might also be braided, or if less work is desirable—and it usually is—an embroidered flounce might be bought and laid on. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 42 inches.

The indispensable frilly frock, without which no summer is really summer, is shown opposite, made in white handkerchief linen, fluttering with scallops, fine pink linen flowers here and there, and a flyaway sash that quite belies the

demure little surplice bodice. It would be lovely also in a dotted or flowered voile, or in a light silk crêpe of a soft coloring. A frock like it was headed lightly in the scallops. It is a model with a dozen possibilities; the important thing is to keep the rose-petal, flowery effect. The pattern number is 3419; it comes in sizes 16 and 18 years, and 36, 38 and 40 inches.

The white cloth suit, with skirt No. 2668 and coat No. 3417, is a smart, boyish little affair whose only concession to femininity is in its wide bell sleeves. It is braided in white silk braid on the sleeves and a round yoke, and may be braided at the bottom of the coat, or may have a hip border of the same width of navy blue crêpe de Chine. The Puritan collar of cloth may be used as in the sketch, or a choker collar of fur might be worn with it. The skirt is plain and straight. In navy or black tricotine or gabardine, collared demurely in white linen and braided in self or contrasting color, this would be the last word in modishness for spring. The skirt pattern comes in sizes 16 years, and 26 to 32 inches, while the coat pattern may be secured in sizes 14 to 20 years.

(Continued on Page 102)

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City.

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Lucette
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Paris Points the Way to January Bargains

PARIS, December, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR: Though every day is bargain day to the Parisian shopper, this is the season when the first houses of France have their most exclusive finery on sale. Dresses that have been described by telegraph round the world can be picked up for just the fewest number of dollars. But the French woman considers that nothing is cheap which does not go with all her wardrobe, actual and potential. Buy a dress for twenty-five dollars in the Great Emporium basement, she reasons, but call it a little flyer in extravagance unless it accords with your last winter's coat and your next winter's furs. What do the French women choose as winners in the fashions' speed and endurance race?

After Vionnet had her opening, people not invited all but stood on her doorstep



Very generally becoming in a wide variety of materials is the slip-on frock at the right. For winter wear tricotine, Canton crepe, duvetyn or velveteen, with braided pockets, is good, and, velveteen excepted, any of these is equally appropriate for spring. Pattern 3414, in sizes 36 to 46.

Mole-colored duvetyn, with collar and cuffs of moleskin and a colorful metal girdle, makes the unusually smart coat below. This is a good type of coat to make for late winter with a view to wearing it, on occasion, throughout the summer. Pattern 3412, in sizes 16 and 36 to 44.



to ask what materials she used. You know she waited until most of the possible purchasers left and then "invited a few friends in." These friends spread the news to an attentive world that a cloth called drapella would be fashionable. Chéruit, Callot, Worth and others had already been using it for some time, and gowns of it are what the bargain hunters fight for. It is just about to start on what will probably be a long run. At first sight you would say it was broadcloth, and so it is, but worked to a thin, soft silkiness that makes it feel like crêpe de Chine. In draperies it takes on the soft lines of evening materials. And it has a sheen. You can figure out by the law of averages that shiny materials are on their way to power. Dead crêpe and mourning effects are still

(Continued on Page 65)

In the center below is another frock, equally smart, in winter fabrics or in any of the heavier summer materials. The side panel, with its rows of self-covered buttons, gives a new touch to the Russian effect of the long-waisted bodice. The pattern is No. 3388, sizes 16 and 36 to 44.

Because of its simplicity, the smartly tailored suit below is well within the powers of the home dressmaker. If made of black broadcloth, with narrow bands of caracul edging collar and pockets, it still may be worn during spring and early summer. Pattern No. 3413, sizes 16 and 36 to 42.



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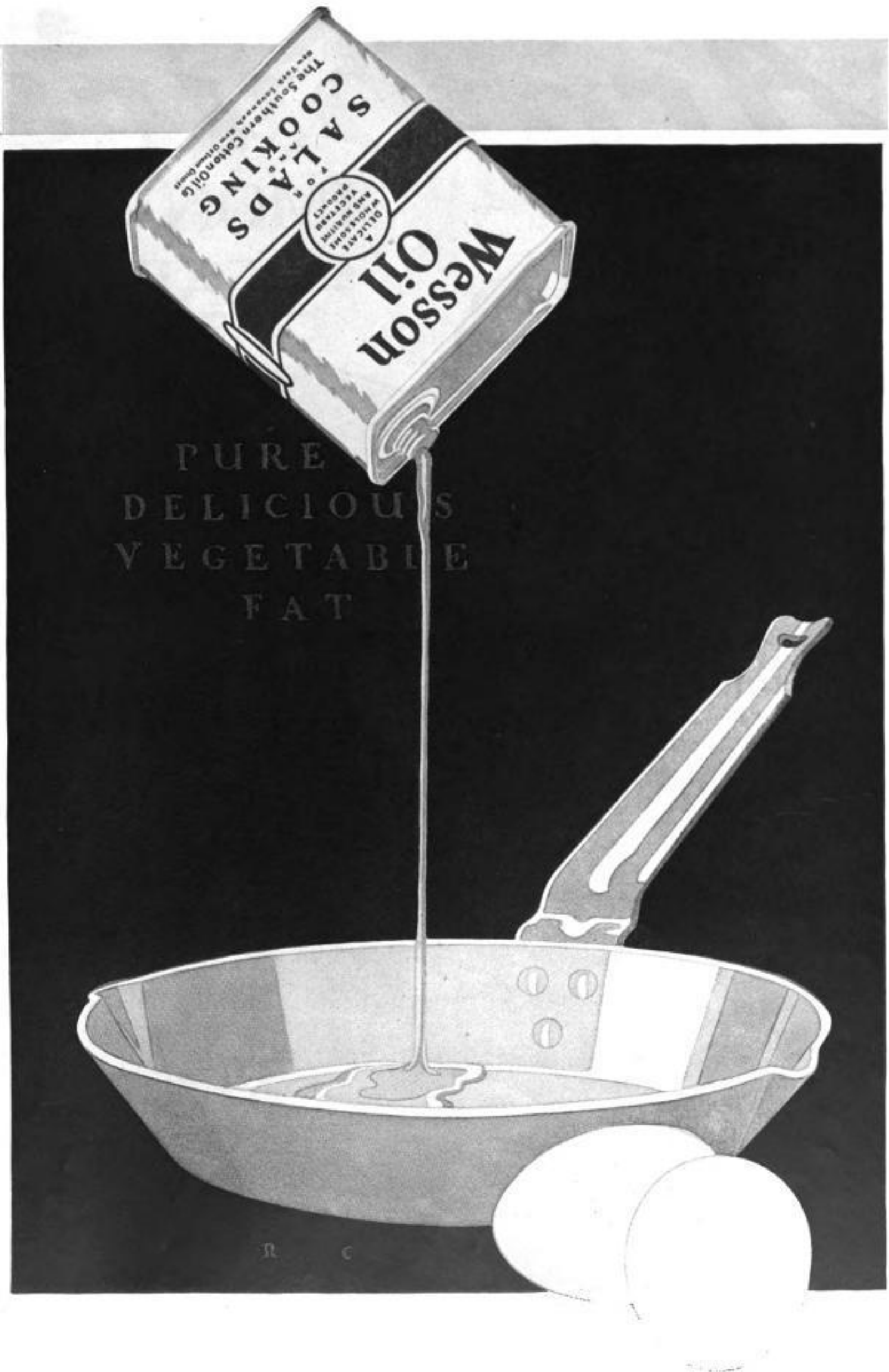


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Old Clothes and Make-Over Magic

THERE is a certain horror in every woman's closet beside which the well-known skeleton who is reputed to live there is a cheery, companionable fellow, without a terror to his name. It is the horror of old clothes, of shabby suits, limp blouses, out-of-style dresses, hanging there neglected and forlorn, ghosts of a former day, when they were useful and pretty and admired. But sartorial ghosts, like all others, must be laid. One cannot go on living with them forever. And so the moment comes when we must clean out that closet. But what to do with the old clothes—that is the problem.

There are several methods of dealing with them. One school gives everything away, practicing charity with one hand and expediency with the other. Another wing advocates selling to the Old Clothes Man, and that individual is sent for and bargained with—two suits, a frock, three blouses and a skirt yielding about \$3.85. Another group runs a practiced eye over the antiquated collection, rolls up its sleeves and evolves something new from something old, a process known as "making over." For these last named the accompanying sketches are suggestions for the use of old coat suits, dresses and blouses, and can be fashioned with any good basic pattern. They are chosen from new French models, and there are no seams beyond the requirements of the original model.



girdle which ties in a small bow or buttons in the back. Buttons also may be used on the front, one in each upper corner of the bib. Lengthwise inverted tucks may be put in the belt under the arms and extend a couple of inches into the bib if a casual wrinkled effect across the front is needed. For the

worn-out long sleeves remove the old cuff, slit the sleeve to the elbow, cutting out the worn spot, and edge all the way up with double bias fold of the silk crepe, about an inch wide, thus making one of the new open, wide sleeves. Add a small round collar, also of the crepe.

For B about one-third to one-half yard of new material is required. Of this make front and back panels, having edges picoted. Fasten the front and back together with a small belt which buckles or buttons at each side of the front panel. Cut off the sleeves above the elbow and add a wide finish, made of two bias pieces cut from the lower part of old sleeve.

This is picoted around the edge, hemstitched onto the sleeve, left open at the elbow and caught together on the inside, and makes a wide, loose cuff effect. Make a bateau neck line, cutting away the Georgette of the blouse, press the blouse, put it on, and let your friends guess where you bought it.

To make a dress out of an old cloth suit requires dressmaking surgery of a little more skillful sort, yet the models shown in C, E, J and K are really quite easy for the woman who sews at home. The trick in C lies in the inverted plaits, which are set in from shoulder to hem and effectually take care of the dart in the front of the jacket, which is so bothersome.

Inverted Plaits First Aids

THESE plaits may be of the same material as the suit in matching or contrasting color, or of silk—gray or chambray is especially attractive if the suit is black or navy blue. The plaits may be repeated in the back if desired. In making a back entirely of the suit material—and this method can nearly always be followed in turning a suit into a dress—make a center panel in the waist by straightening the center back of the coat if it is curved, then cutting new underarm pieces, piecing them alike on each side of the waist, if piecing is necessary. If the coat is a rather long one these new underarm pieces can usually be cut from the old without piecing. The center panel should be sewed in place in the same way that the skirt of E is joined to the waist. At the low waistline use a

fancy metal girdle to cover the place where waist and skirt are seamed together, and on the old sleeves put wide cuffs of the same material as that used for the plaits.

A suit with a box coat that is no longer fit for society can be made so by converting it into the coat dress shown in sketch E. The long-waisted effect is the chief ambition of this frock, and it is accomplished by putting the skirt and coat together at the hip line. To make this a good tailoring job, fold

the edge under about a quarter of an inch at the top of the skirt, and then lay it up just above the edge of the waist, stitching down very close and firm. The coat will probably be full enough to bring over to one side for a double-breasted effect, whether the original suit was double-breasted or not. A narrow tailored cloth belt, or a metal one, around the bloused waist, buttons for trimming, and cut-off sleeves, if preferred, will finish the dress.

For the tailored frock shown in J an old suit with narrow skirt can be used. Slit the skirt up the sides to the hip line, giving the apron effect in front and back. Lap the front apron over the back three or four inches if material is plentiful; otherwise have the two

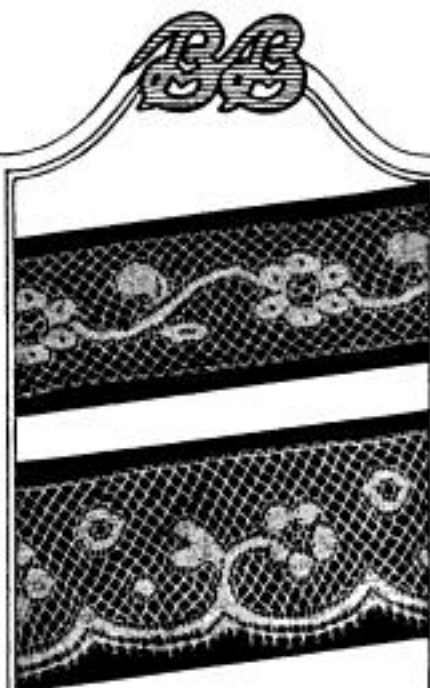
aprons just meet. A silk skirt made from an old dress can be used under these aprons; either black or a contrasting color would be good. For the upper part use two panels in front, taken out of the old coat, and make the back as in sketch C. Run one wide or several narrow rows of flat silk braid in front and across the neck at back, around the belt and the front apron, and

finish off the old narrow sleeves with a wide cuff edged with braid.

If you have some old suit material badly cut up, the model K can be followed for a very effective street dress, as the bandings of soutache braid make many piecings possible in both waist and skirt. This dress is worn over a black silk slip with fancy girdle. The coat sleeves are given a wider cuff effect, as in A.

For making over an old evening gown or afternoon dress

(Continued on Page 102)



Can you detect the difference? One of the above is hand-made and the other is a "B. B." Valenciennes reproduction.

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The Clothes We Like to Wear from Eight to Fourteen



NOT so many years ago small daughter considered the donning of her winter coat a hateful ordeal to be postponed as long as the Fates, and mother, could be propitiated. And little wonder, when that coat was made of material so heavy and stiff it dragged on her shoulders and half submerged her in its boxlike depths. More fortunate is the growing girl of to-day, whose topcoat of duvetyn, velours, or one of the soft twilled materials has lines as graceful and becoming as those of her daintiest frock.

Sketched above is an excellent example of the modern coat, effective in any of the fabrics mentioned and good-looking also in black velvet, with self-covered buttons and a lining of old-blue crêpe de Chine. Both practical and smart for school wear or "best" is the suit of navy tricotine, with collar faced in red, sketched at the right. Other materials would be equally attractive; wool homespun, tweed, velours de laine, duvetyn and gabardine suggest themselves, and, for more formal wear, black velvet or corduroy, faced with broadcloth. The coat may



be lined with foulard, flowered in the same shade as the collar facing, or with self-toned crêpe de Chine.

The child who spends her winter school hours in a sleeveless serge dress and a washable guimpe will look spick and span each morning and not grow too warm in the steam-heated classroom. The sleeveless dress of navy serge at the extreme left has a deep hem of plaid material and may be worn with a narrow patent-leather belt. One does feel particularly well dressed, there is no denying the fact, in a Russian blouse of black velvet with cuffs and crushed collar of squirrel. If one has a squirrel muff and toque to match, so much the better. The blouse may be worn with a black velvet skirt, as in the sketch; or, for more utilitarian purposes, with collar and cuffs of velvet instead of fur, it is very good-looking with a skirt of plaid wool. This pattern, like all the others for the clothes on this page, comes in sizes 8 to 14.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.



Shall They Suffer

As you did from film on teeth?

PEPSODENT is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

How troubles come

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays.

If not removed it forms a constant danger. Millions of teeth are made dingy by it and millions of teeth are ruined.

Night and day that clinging film threatens damage to the teeth. So able men have long been seeking a daily film remover.

Makes teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with

tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. Anyone who once employs it can see and feel its need.



Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to Pepsodent. Learn how you can attain them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE 764

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 398, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

You've got to know more than your mother

MOTHER used to look on gasoline as something to clean gloves with—and kerosene as something that smoked up lamp chimneys.

Today you ride around in automobiles run by gasoline, and cook your Thanksgiving turkey in the oven of an oil cook stove.

These are days of progress, and things that were once unbelievable are perfectly understood today. We tell you that the Florence Oil Cook Stove burns like a gas stove with a blue flame that turns on and off—high or low—and you believe it.

Then you are interested and want to see the stove.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove is the best-looking oil cook stove made and is a modern convenience.

It means more heat, less care.

Its wickless burner turns the oil into gas—and a blue gas flame never smokes.

Kerosene is the cheapest fuel you can use.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove saves enough expense on wash days, ironing days, baking days, and in the preserving season to pay for itself in a short time.

At any store where the Florence is for sale there is one filled with oil, and you can see it work. Light it yourself and see what a convenience and help it will be in your home.

More
Heat
Less
Care



Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful burner.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.

385 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners),
Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Tank
Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES



3374



3381



3355

And Now the Costume Blouse

PARIS introduced the costume blouse at the fall fashion openings, intending it primarily for wear with the seven-eighths jackets of the new suits. Its possibilities, however, have proved almost limitless. An old suit, for instance, is quite transformed by a costume blouse of crêpe de Chine in a contrasting color. If the jacket is long, the blouse is a fraction shorter, and when the coat is removed the effect is that of a dress; if the jacket is short, a topcoat is worn over the blouse. Then there is in every wardrobe an out-of-style satin or crêpe de Chine, which can be used for the foundation slip sketched

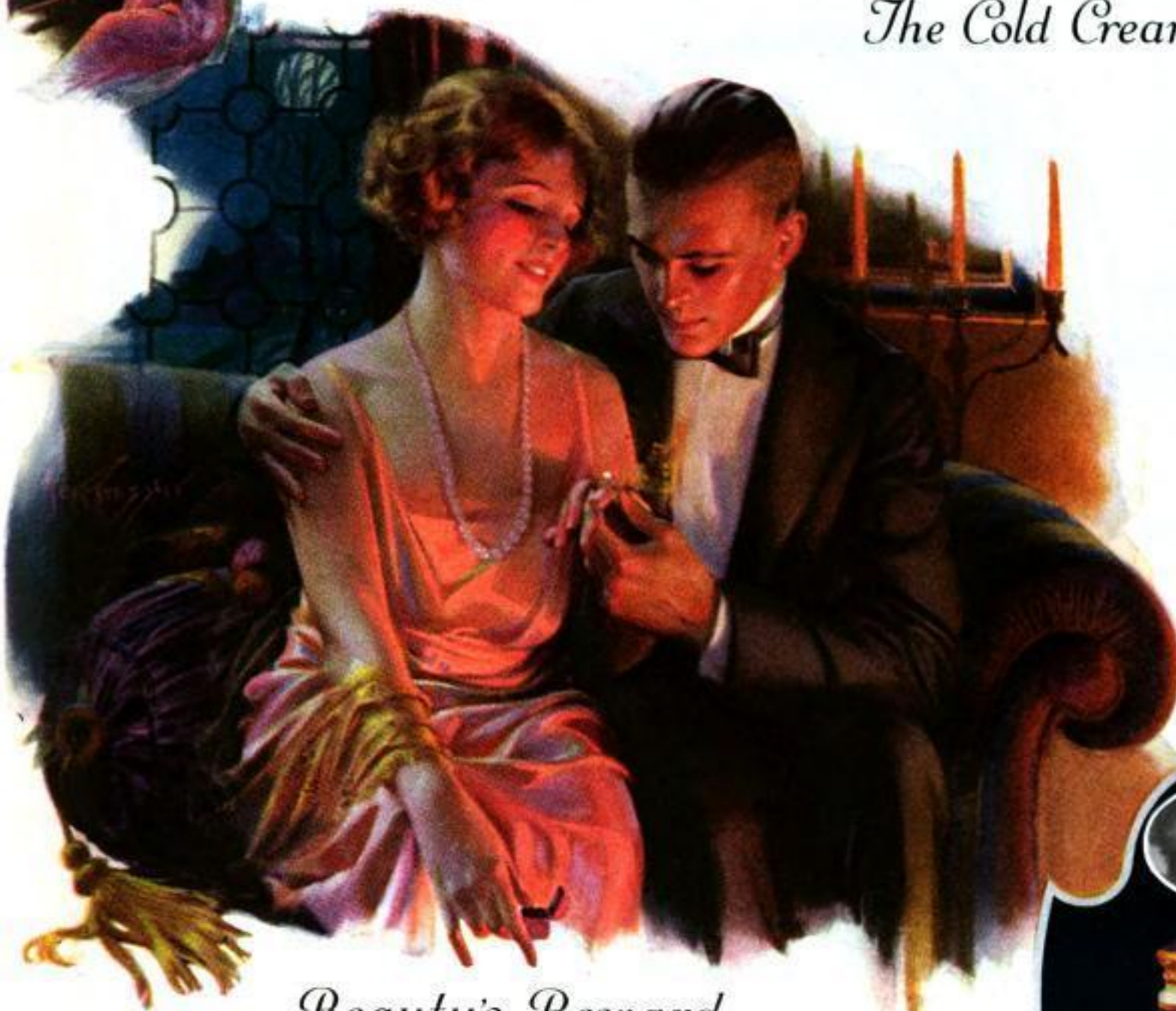
above, if one has no suit skirt. The smart blouse at the top of the page with its wide sleeves and bateau neck-line is excellent for crêpe or chiffon, while the other blouse is well adapted to make-over purposes, since the skirt is split up sides, sleeves are pieced and blouse can be cut in two parts and joined under arms. Sleeves are open down top and velvet disks used for trimmings are pasted to material. Various material and color combinations may be worked out: Plain chiffon over a foulard foundation, figured chiffon over satin or crêpe de Chine, and any of the crêpes over serge, tricotine or satin.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents.



Pompeian Night Cream

The Cold Cream for Beauty



Beauty's Reward

His eyes rest tenderly upon her lovely, glowing beauty. Upon her dainty finger he slips the crowning jewel of her happiness—the sparkling solitaire that proclaims his love. Such is the reward of beauty. And she holds the secret of lasting youth and girlish loveliness.

For every night before retiring she uses Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty). It brings while she sleeps the beauty of a soft, youthful skin.

Just try this simple treatment every night before retiring: First, coat your face thickly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream, patting it gently into the pores. Then, with a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, which will bring with it all the day's dust and grit.

Next, wring out a cloth or towel in warm water and lay it on the face. Pat it gently—do not rub. Now, rinse the face in cool—not cold—water. Dry without rubbing.

Then again apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty), and leave it on the skin to "youthify" you through the night. It brings beauty while you sleep.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all druggists' at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.



"Its fragrance brings you instant charm."



"Brings Beauty While You Sleep"

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we

have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 2001 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in queue as shopping-reminder

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2001 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

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State _____

Natural shade powder sent unless you write another shade.





THIS is the Fuller Handy Brush—lots of folks call it the most useful little helper in the home. It cleans vegetables, or meat or fish, or pots and pans; it sprinkles clothes, and fills a dozen other needs.

The Fuller Man gives this brush when he calls at your home. This is his way of making people familiar with the Fuller Trade-Mark and the Red Tip Tag which are found only on genuine Fuller Brushes. He just asks in return that it be used, in order to show how handy and helpful Fuller Brushes are. The Fuller Man also gives many useful tips on short-cuts in housekeeping—for that is his business. He shows many novel ways to use

the 45 Fuller Brushes. He points out why Fuller quality and service are economical.

The Fuller Man is always welcomed because he brings this real service to the home, and because we have picked men who are courteous. He is a man whom one need never hesitate to admit. You will know him by his Fuller Trade-Mark button.

Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores. When the Fuller Man gives this Free Handy Brush he brings the only opportunity to learn the best methods of making daily tasks easier by the aid of proper brushes.

Write us for "The Handy Brush Book"—it's free.

The Fuller Brush Company
Hartford, Connecticut

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Paris Points the Way to January Bargains

(Continued from Page 56)



This cut-in-one-piece navy serge at the right may be fringed to the depth of an inch, or wool ' fringe may be used with a neckband and belt of rust-colored duvetyne. Pattern in sizes 4 to 12.

Perfect poise from six years to fourteen is insured by the cut-in-one-piece serge frock at the left. Rows of soutache black or alternately red and blue are a feature, with serge belt and black grosgrain tie.



good for blouses and dresses; but more and more garments are growing shiny. You are quite safe in buying the lustrous satins that are being thrown on the bargain counters so cheaply. They will be the fashion of day after to-morrow.

For evening and even late afternoon a softly brocaded material has no rivals, even supplanting the embroidered effects, so ever popular in France. Crêpe de Chine and velvet are an excellent combination, the former for the draped dress and the heavier material for the ever-present detachable cape.

Callot has a one-piece dress in that awfully popular brocade. It is in light blue and silver, and it puckers up into a fastening at the waistline on the left, the puckers spreading like an open fan over the corsage and skirt. It is for evening, but one American woman I know has it in black crêpe for daytime, and it is very chic. This and a low-belted, baggy waist over a narrow, slinky skirt, and with big chiffon sleeves, constitute the principal silhouettes of the day.

Renée has a model belted somewhere in the general neighborhood of the knees. Wide belts are very smart in braided leather, like dog's ruffs. For Palm Beach—and therefore for next summer—white ribbed velvet is good, and long jumpers, embroidered where they turn back, over pleated skirts. Hats match belts and are bell or panama in shape.

As to color, one may indulge in any latent savagery of sense, for it can be vented through sleeves of contrasting hue. The woman of the fashion capital is straying a little into *bleu de nègre* and fuchsias, but cautiously. For she has learned that when she wears black she always registers as smart.

Economy in Paris is not confined to the thrifty Frenchwoman. The other day I heard Monsieur Jean Worth advising Mrs. Harry Lehr of New York and Newport what to order for the Riviera. "Three white velvet gowns and one in fuchsia—" He never finished his sentence, for her husband exclaimed: "No, no; she can't afford it—she will sit on cane-bottomed chairs, and they leave the mark of the waffle iron." Nothing, however, is so elegant for this and every other winter.

The smartest French houses, as a matter of fact, arrange for you to be able to dress economically. When I entered the door of Monsieur Rodier's the last time, he said: "Callot made your frock." He could see only a V-shaped cut of it under the rolling fur

of the coat collar. But he recognized the shade of dark blue. It is dedicated to her, and a good many seasons have passed since any variation of it has been allowed to enter her establishment. If you say "dark blue," whether you have in mind a material in shiny satin or dull crêpe, in rough wool or smooth tricotine, the shade produced will be the same.

Callot has probably more rich clients than any other establishment in the world. They come from South America, from South Africa and as far east as Japan.

And she keeps the same shade of dark blue for them from one year to another, so that they can not only "scramble their clothes" of several seasons, as a smiling young thing put it, but they can wear in a single toilette garments that have been bought over a period of years.

The other day Callot Sœurs still further helped me to answer the question how the rich dress—and by telephone. One of their very chic customers, a French lady of distinction, the wife of a man whose income ran into not less than two hundred thousand dollars a year, had just gone into mourning, and they were only then finishing her fall wardrobe, which she wished to sell at a great reduction. Her measurements were almost identical with mine. Shouldn't I like to come and look at some of her lovely things? Before I could get there the evening things were gone, but in the brocaded dressing room lay the wardrobe which was to get her through from early morn until sunset—and what did it consist of?

There were three costumes complete, and they were all off the same piece of cloth! This was so that the cape of one could be transferred to the dress of another, or the cape of one even requisitioned to button on as an ornament to the coat of another, thus providing in a very economical manner for the newest, most futile style of the day. Of course, only a soft dark wool could serve as the self-effacing background for such a performance.

Since Paris clothes are always smart for several seasons, and January sales are annual events in America, you have but to buy with these outstanding features in mind and your bargains will be bargains in the truest sense of the word.

Yours very sincerely,

May Burch Williams



How would you like to be still more Charming?

"MY DEAR," said a very wise mother to her daughter, "there is something very important I want to tell you about—I wish I could talk to every girl just before she dresses for such occasions as a dinner party, a dance, the theatre, or other crowded gathering.

"A girl's great asset in life is her daintiness and feminine charm; and, for whatever occasion she dresses, she does everything in her power to preserve and enhance them.

"When preparing her toilette, she takes infinite pains with her gown, her hair, her hands, and the many other little touches that mean so much—for, after all, the thing that counts most is her fascinating attractiveness.

"And yet after she has taken such pains to make a perfect toilette, how often, as the evening wears on, and the inevitable odor of perspiration and the other body odors begin to assert themselves—how often the effect of this careful toilette is greatly impaired!

"She may not be conscious of it. But others notice it. If neglected, it affects her whole life most unfortunately. She has fewer intimate

friends, she receives fewer invitations—yes, opportunities in business are fewer too.

"And there's no need of this. These odors can be entirely kept away by using 'Mum,' the great discovery of an eminent physician. 'Mum' takes all odor out of perspiration and all other body odors. All you have to do is to apply a little once a day and you have the comfortable assurance that you will be entirely free from all body odors the whole day and evening.

"There is not the slightest danger of injury or discomfort of any kind in using 'Mum.' It does not irritate the skin or even make it uncomfortable. You can use it as often as you like, even after using a depilatory. No after-cream is needed after 'Mum.'

"And there's nothing in 'Mum' to stain or injure your clothes, no matter how delicate they may be. You can put them on immediately after using 'Mum.'

"So 'Mum' is the word for every woman who wants to be sure that no body odors of any kind can embarrass her or prevent her from realizing the full effectiveness of her natural daintiness and charm."

"Mum" is the word

THE advice which this wise woman gives to her daughter is good advice for every girl or woman.

"Mum" is the real foundation of a woman's daintiness. And every woman will be more charming for using "Mum."

With each jar of "Mum" you will find a pamphlet which tells more about this delicate subject and explains why "Mum" is especially the friend of womankind.

This woman might also have told her daughter about a delightful talcum powder which is really a Perfume in Powder form. "Amoray" is its name—"Amoray," the distinctly feminine talc with the rich exotic fragrance that lasts all day.

Get these toilet helps at your drug- or department-store.

"Mum"—for all body odors—25c.

"Amoray"—the distinctive feminine talc—35c.

Special Offer to introduce "Amoray"—Send us 50c and your dealer's name. We'll send you both "Mum" and "Amoray" postpaid. Use the coupon.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1100 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

I enclose \$_____ Please send me the articles checked below:

☐ "Mum" 25c ☐ "Amoray" 35c

☐ Special Offer "Mum" and "Amoray" 50c

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Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 16th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.

MUM MFG CO 1100 CHESTNUT ST PHILADELPHIA

Makers of "Mum," Amoray Talc (a powder perfume), Evans' Cucumber Jelly, Elderflower Eye Lotion

French Lingerie With Directions for Making

By RUTH SILL

EVERY woman owes it to herself, her family and the rest of us to look as well as possible always. For a woman to be well dressed she must know her type and discriminatingly choose clothes and decorations to make the most of that type. She should think of herself as a unit. She should examine that unit with a very critical eye, know the good, bad and indifferent points, and select clothes to emphasize the best and to conceal the worst.

For example, the well-dressed woman buys her hats not only to fit her head, but to be an attractive top to her unit. She buys her shoes not only to fit her feet, but to be an attractive base for her unit. She keeps in mind simplicity and appropriateness.

To be truly well dressed she must select her lingerie with keen discrimination, too, for top garments fit well or ill according to the underpinnings. The long straight silhouette being the popular mode in clothes, lingerie, too, is straight, soft and flat. Some women adopt the chemise and knickers, wearing the chemise under the corset, while others prefer a soft shirt under the corset and a combination on top. All wear a soft straight slip of silk or cotton hanging from the shoulders under the straight dress.

To make straight, soft and flat lingerie one needs soft materials, like nainsook, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, silk Jersey, washable silks and satins. Quaintly patterned dimities, checked or striped dimities in white, pink, blue, yellow or lavender, and plain or delicately flowered voiles also make attractive lingerie, and offer an interesting use for discarded frocks or left-over materials. One thing, though, must be borne in mind in connection with such festive lingerie—it cannot be worn under transparent waists. Cotton crêpe is sometimes desirable, when laundry is a problem, because it can be washed and need not be ironed. But for plain, honest-to-goodness everyday wear, select a good quality of nainsook—a piece closely woven with lengthwise and crosswise threads of about the same weight. This will stand many tubbings and always come out fresh.

Testing the Pattern

THE trimmings of course must harmonize with the material. Attractive lingerie, like attractive top clothes, is made of fine material, well sewed, and needs little decoration. If you are a novice, look over the designs and workmanship of an artist and then make your plans. Always plan a garment before beginning work, and remember that it is not necessary to put all your ideas into the first garment—simplicity again.

Let's consider first the step-in combination. The home dressmaker has an excellent opportunity with this, for with a pattern, used intelligently, the results are certain to be gratifying.

Combination patterns are bought according to bust measurements; therefore, have your bust measure taken accurately, and after buying your pattern, examine it carefully and be sure that you understand directions. Certain lines of the pattern must be placed on the straight of material, certain lines on the fold, and so forth. All are indicated on the pattern by marks, and an experienced person never takes liberties with these marks.

The envelope chemise at the left may be of nainsook, with yoke of wide insertion and edging of lace, or of all-white checked dimity, with the material used for the yoke and narrow ruffles. Pattern 16, 36, 40 and 44.

Soft white batiste with bias bindings of colored batiste makes the dainty step-in combination at the right. Very youthful is the rounded neck, which is gathered slightly by satin ribbon. The pattern is in sizes 16, 36, 40, 44.

In case you are not quite a perfect thirty-six it is wise to test the pattern. Take your own lengthwise measurement from the shoulder to the length desired for the finished combination, then test this measurement on the pattern, remembering whenever testing a personal measurement on a pattern to apply it carefully to that part of the pattern which would come over the part of the body measured. For example, you have taken your length measure from shoulder to knee, or any desired length. Test that measurement on the pattern as line A-B in the diagram on page 69. If the pattern be too long or too short make the alteration at the waistline on C on diagram. If too long, make a tuck so that line A-B will measure the desired length. If too short, cut through the pattern at the waistline at point marked C, and set in a piece of paper so that the line A-B will measure the desired length.

A commercial pattern is sometimes too wide on the shoulder. Test your pattern by holding it up to your person. If it seems to extend too far out make a little tuck at point D on the diagram in front and at the same point in the back.

Now your pattern is ready for action. The amount of material necessary is estimated on all patterns; so note the exact amount desired for your particular size and buy that amount. Thirty-six-inch material cuts to advantage. There are certain general rules for cutting all garments.

First, straighten your material by a thread. Some material may be torn, other material must be straightened by pulling the thread and cutting through the line so made.

Second, pull the material into shape. Straight material often appears uneven at the ends and may be straightened by pulling the corners diagonally until the ends are straight.

Third, place the pattern on the material in the most economical fashion, observing carefully the marks on the pattern.

Fourth, pin the pattern in place and trace the seam lines, the desired neck lines and the notches. Never cut out notches.

Fifth, cut out your garment, keeping the material flat on the table while cutting.

Sixth, mark the notches and the center front and center back with colored thread, as shown in the diagram on page 69.

The Felled Seam Best

TO PREPARE the combination for fitting, join the shoulder seams by placing the two right sides together, matching the notches, pinning the tracings exactly together, and basting on the tracing line. Join the underarm seams by placing the two right sides together, matching the notches, pinning the tracings from the notches to the armhole and from the notches to the bottom, then baste on the tracing line. These edges are bias; so, in order to avoid stretching, baste the seams flat on the table. To hold the neck line in place for fitting, run a basting thread around the neck. Now try the combination on, adjust the neck line to fit, take a general survey of the garment to see if the neck line is a becoming one, the seam lines in good places and the general hang of the garment satisfactory.

If alterations are necessary, fit the right side only. Remove the combination; make the corrections, such as changing the shoulder seam, and so forth, by pinning on the right side; open the corrected seams and fold the back and front exactly through the centers. Place the original tracings together and make the alterations on the left side. Now baste the garment on the corrected lines.

The felled seam is the most satisfactory finish for the seams of lingerie. To make a fell place the right sides together and stitch on the seam line. Then trim one side of the seam, usually the front, to less than one-eighth inch, and fold the wide side over the narrow until you have the desired width of

(Continued on Page 68)



Lacing Hooks
for boys' and girls' shoes—just about as natural and necessary as the lace itself! Quick and easy in every-day use, they are most convenient for mother or child.



Every dealer can secure footwear with the handy shoe hooks. Insist on having what you want!

LACING-HOOKS-FOR-MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

How young
will you be
at fifty?

Had Your
Iron Today?



Free We'll send 100 Luscious Raisin Recipes in a *free book* to anyone who mails coupon below, also new booklet, "Eating Raisins for Health and Beauty."

A Vital Attraction

that some women overlook

—the proper use of foods frequently determines youth or age. Note what a famous sanitarium prescribes

There's a reason for stewed raisins—a dainty breakfast dish—that transcends their unique attraction for the palate.

That reason is *food-iron*. Raisins are rich in it.

Food-iron is the basis of a rare vitality and magnetism that are woman's greatest charms.

Some women overlook these *real* attractions, thinking mainly of trim features and rosy lips and cheeks. Yet iron promotes true *beauty*, too, by producing *natural* color that cosmetics cannot imitate. There's no beauty that is so beautiful as the *good looks of good health*.

Not youth's sole rights

These attractions don't belong to youth alone. Women of forty-five and fifty may preserve them and enhance them. And certain foods—the "iron-foods" like raisins—are prime aids.

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital*.

That dish of luscious stewed raisins enjoyed regularly each morning is a safeguard to proper iron supply.

At Battle Creek

Stewed raisins are part of "the treatment" in the famous sanitarium at Battle Creek for pale-cheeked, listless women who are old before their time.

Physicians thus attest the power of raisins as a regular breakfast dish. Take their advice and try it for yourself.

It's good food if you're well, to *retain* those vital powers and that natural beauty if you have them. Begin tomorrow to make a two weeks' test. If you feel under par or are a little pale, this dish may "re-make" you in just the way you wish.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

We make Sun-Maid Raisins from finest California table grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh long distances. The grapes are juicy, tender, thin-skinned, and so are the raisins. Try them stewed. There never was a daintier breakfast dish.

Seeded, blue package (seeds removed), best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package (grown without seeds), best for stewing; Clusters (on the stem)—a luscious, quick dessert. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

Membership 13,000 Growers

Dept. A-101, Fresno, California

The Iron Food for Vitality



Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar.

Red package, Seedless Raisins, best for stewing.



100 Recipes Sent Free

We've compiled 100 tested recipes in a valuable *free book* which we'll send to any woman on request. They suggest the most attractive ways to serve these fine fruit-meats. Simply mail the coupon and get them by first mail.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. A-101, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," and new book, "Eating Raisins for Health and Beauty."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

SUN-MAID RAISINS

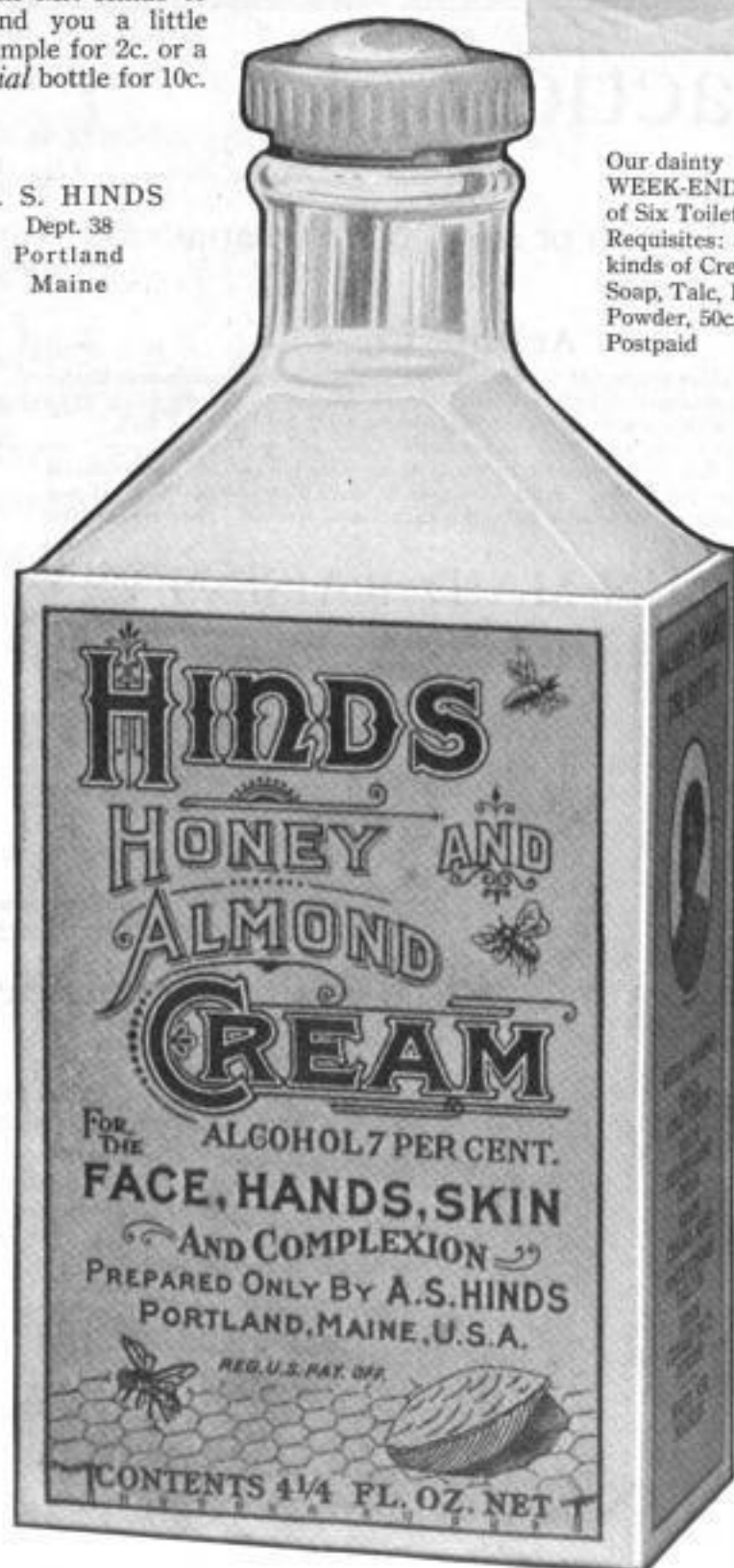
for your
Complexion's
sake This
winter

let me suggest that you try Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Of course there are lots of good creams, but for some reason Hinds Cream seems to keep the skin so naturally soft all the time that it won't roughen or chap in the least. Then it is so cleansing and refining, so invigorating and refreshing, that you feel sure of yourself on the street or indoors at evening affairs. *Everybody* in our house uses Hinds Cream. You can buy it everywhere. Ask Mr. Hinds to send you a little sample for 2c. or a trial bottle for 10c.



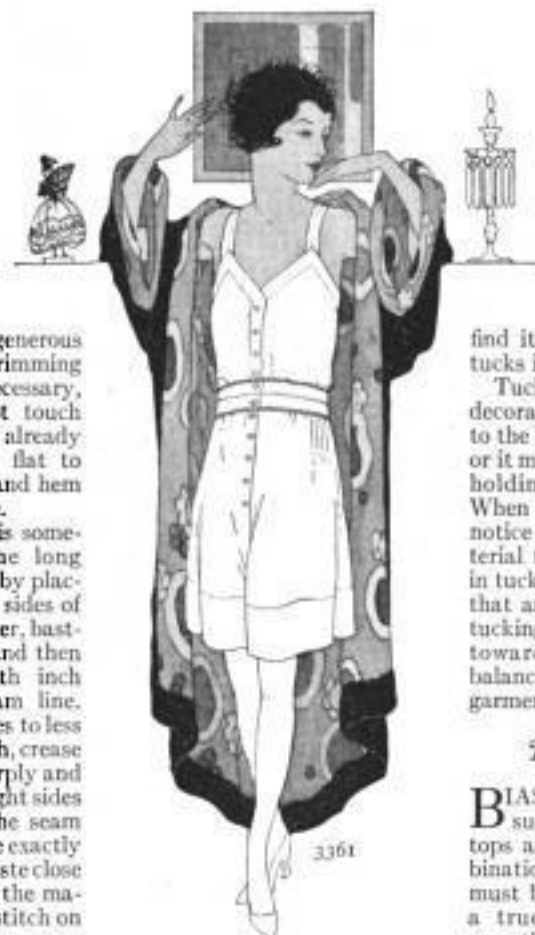
A. S. HINDS
Dept. 38
Portland
Maine

Our dainty
WEEK-END BOX
of Six Toilet
Requisites: 3
kinds of Cream,
Soap, Talc, Face
Powder, 50c.
Postpaid



French Lingerie With Directions for Making

(Continued from Page 66)



the fell (usually a generous one-eighth inch), trimming the raw edge if necessary, so that it will not touch the line of stitching already made. Now baste flat to the cloth beneath and hem or stitch into place.

A French seam is sometimes used on the long seams. It is made by placing the two wrong sides of the material together, basting on seam line, and then stitching one-eighth inch outside of the seam line. Now trim both edges to less than one-eighth inch, crease the seam open sharply and fold with the two right sides together so that the seam just made will come exactly on the top edge. Baste close to the edge to hold the material in place and stitch on the seam line.

If tucks are to be used to hold the fullness in place at the neck, work from the center line outward on each side. Of course the two sides of the front and the two sides of the back must be alike; therefore fold the front or the back on the center line, with the top edges exactly together, and crease crosswise the desired depth for the tucks. Put a basting through this crease, too, so that the line will not in any way be lost.

To Whip in Tucks is Easiest

TUCKS must be perfectly straight with the threads of the material. Always use a card measure to get the correct line for the tuck, and always measure from the sewing of the last tuck and prick where the next tuck is to come, creasing on the line of pricks, as shown in the diagram on page 69. You will

find it easiest to whip the tucks in place.

Tucking may be most decorative and add much to the beauty of a garment, or it may be just a means of holding in the fullness. When fitting the garment notice the amount of material that can be used up in tucks. Then plan to use that amount, so that your tucking may do its part towards making a well-balanced and interesting garment.

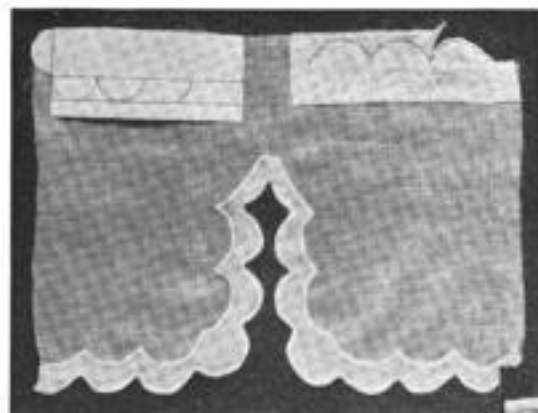
Bias Bindings

BIAS bindings are used successfully to trim tops and bottoms of combinations. These bindings must be cut accurately on a true bias to give the smooth binding. A true bias is the line made by folding a lengthwise straight of material on a crosswise straight. Be perfectly sure that the lengthwise and crosswise threads are parallel. Then measure out from the fold the desired width of the binding, mark and cut. All cuts must be parallel to the first fold. To join the bias pieces, have the ends of the

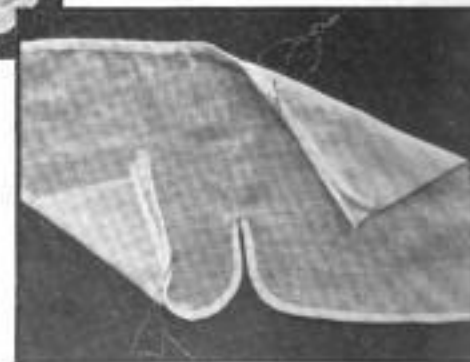
For its tailored appearance, so welcome to the business woman, the nainsook combination sketched above must give credit to the bias strips binding its neck and the pearl buttons down front. Pattern comes in small, medium and large sizes.

strips straight with the thread of the material. Place the two right sides together, the straight ends together, the bias sides forming right angles. The line of sewing must follow the thread of the material and starts and finishes at the intersection of the bias edges. The binding is cut twice the width desired when it is finished, plus the seams. Place the right side of the binding to the right side of the garment, baste and stitch the desired width of the seam, crease the seam sharply on to facing, turn in the remaining raw edge the width of the seam allowed, fold over to the wrong side and baste so that the folded edge just covers the first line of the sewing, and hem into place.

For very sheer material you may get the same effect on the straight edge by making a tuck on the wrong side of the garment. For instance, if one-quarter-inch binding is desired measure from the raw edge one inch and crease, run in one-quarter-inch tuck, crease sharply down and fold the raw edge toward the right side of



To make a scalloped or pointed finish for lingerie a facing is basted along the edge of the garment, right side to right side, and the design is traced onto the facing as in diagram. After stitching around scallops, trim closely, turn right side out and crease sharply. Raw edge at top of facing may be turned in straight or scalloped. When applying bias bindings, be sure to place right side of binding to right side of garment.



garment one-quarter inch; then crease the folded edge up to the stitching of the tuck and hem into place. This is often done for the shoulder straps on fine materials.

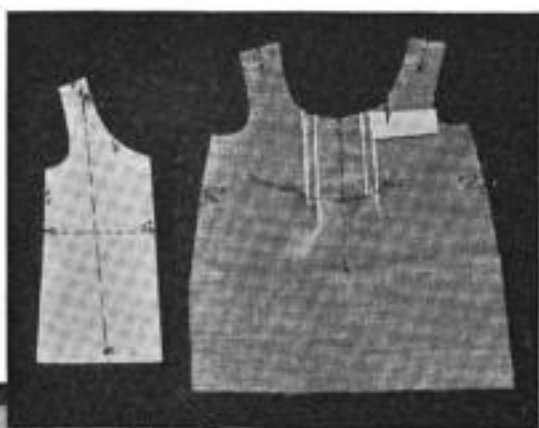
Another attractive finish is to shape the edge of the garment into scallops, points, and so forth. This is done by means of a facing. Make an accurate pattern of the design, then place the right side of the facing to the right side of the garment, baste in place and transfer the pattern on to the garment, as shown in the diagram. Stitch on this shaped line and trim, leaving a narrow seam; turn right side out and crease the seam sharply, then crease the facing on the wrong side. Baste in order to hold the seam exactly on the top, and either shape the remaining edge like the first edge or make this line straight. It is held in place by plain hemming or some embroidery stitch, such as scalloping, chain stitching or feather stitching. Sometimes the bottom of the combination is finished with a binding or facing, while the top is daintily trimmed with lace and entre-deux.

In choosing trimmings be sure your selection harmonizes in texture with the top of the garment, in addition to being an attractive trimming. The French lingerie shown here offers all kinds of interesting suggestions.

When ribbon is used to draw up the neck, it may be run through a narrow casing, held by a row of hemstitching about half an inch below the top of the garment; or, over a band of lace or insertion, folds of batiste or footing may serve as ribbon carriers. To make the batiste folds, cut from the lengthwise straight of the material twice the desired finished width, plus a scant quarter inch for making.

Casings for Ribbon

TURN in one-eighth inch at end, crease down center and press or baste to hold smooth, then place the raw edges of the fold and the edge of the lace together and whip securely. Footing may be used instead of batiste, in which case narrow lace must be sewed on top of the fold or a line of stitching run a little below the top, to keep the footing from stretching out of shape. When a broad, straight band finishes the top of a chemise or camisole, the garment will fall



When tucks are used to hold the fullness in place below the neck, a card measure will assure their being in correct lines. Always measure from the sewing of the last tuck and prick, creasing on the line of pricks as shown in the diagram above.

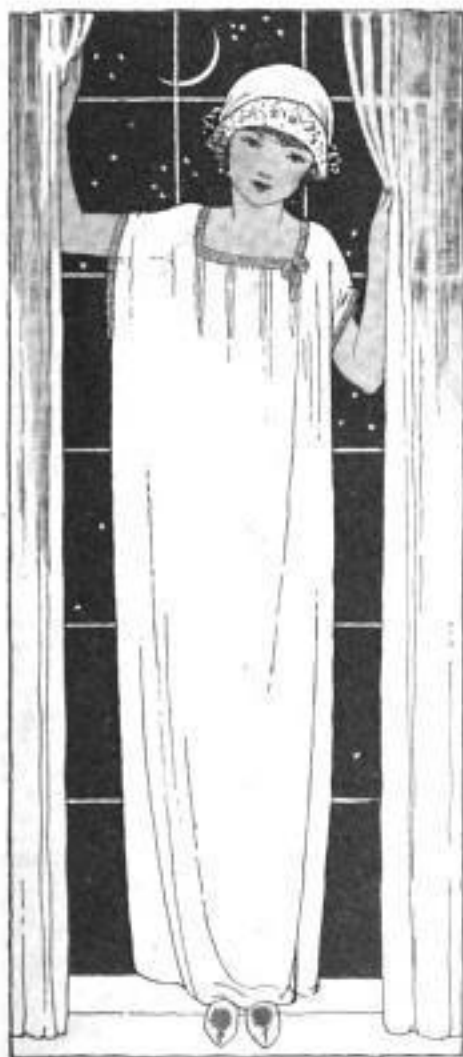
in better lines and be more attractive if ribbon is run through two casings, one at the top and one at the bottom of the band. Double-faced satin wash ribbon, in white or the pastel shades of pink, blue, orchid or lavender, is daintiest and in best taste.

Accuracy in Preliminaries

REMEMBER when making any garment, from a chemise to the most elaborate gown, one always works in exactly the same way, carefully planning the entire garment, carefully cutting, carefully marking and making. Accuracy in preliminary fittings is well worth while, for in this way only can one be sure that the effect of the finished garment will be just what is desired. Special care should be taken, both in choosing a pattern and in adapting it to one's personal requirements, to obtain a becoming neck line, for an ugly or unbecoming line about the neck may spoil an otherwise charming bit of lingerie.

The finest, daintiest and prettiest lingerie is, of course, made by hand. A French woman would be horrified at the idea of sewing her undergarments on a machine; but sometimes this is necessary, and saving in time and strength more than offsets any loss of charm.

There is one thing to bear in mind, however—a plain piece of lingerie, without elaboration of cut or trimming, is smarter and more distinctive than a be-decorated, machine-wrought affair.



Nothing could be more simply made than this very attractive nightgown. In a width of dimity or nainsook twice one's length, a square hole is cut for the neck, tucks hold the fullness back and front, the sides are sewed up, leaving wide armholes to be finished with lace or folds. The pattern is in sizes 16, 36, 40, 44 and 48.

Patterns may be purchased from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents.



When Jill came tumbling down the hill,
And Jack dropped down upon his head,
He asked her, "Do you mind the spill?"
"I'm feeling quite upset," she said.
"But still I know I am secure,
My dress is fastened safe and strong,
My footing may not be too sure—
My hooks and eyes are all De Long."

Adapted from an old De Long advertisement

How do you fasten your children's clothes?

DE LONG Hooks and Eyes are ideal fasteners in places where there is particularly great strain on the clothes. Especially on children's garments are they good, for they will not discolor the cloth or rust through repeated washings.

For most fastenings, however, De Long Snaps are the best and most convenient. They lie flat under the sheerest materials. The covered springs grip tightly, yet release instantly at the proper touch. The clasps cannot be sewn on wrong, for either side up is right. Rust? Never!!

For thirty years women have bought De Long Hooks and Eyes and found in them all the qualities needed. And now De Long Snaps are supplementing De Long Hooks and Eyes in places where snaps are better.

All De Long fasteners—Hooks and Eyes, Snaps, Safety Pins, Toilet Pins, Hair Pins—are made with little refinements that make enough difference in use and wear to lift them above the ordinary.

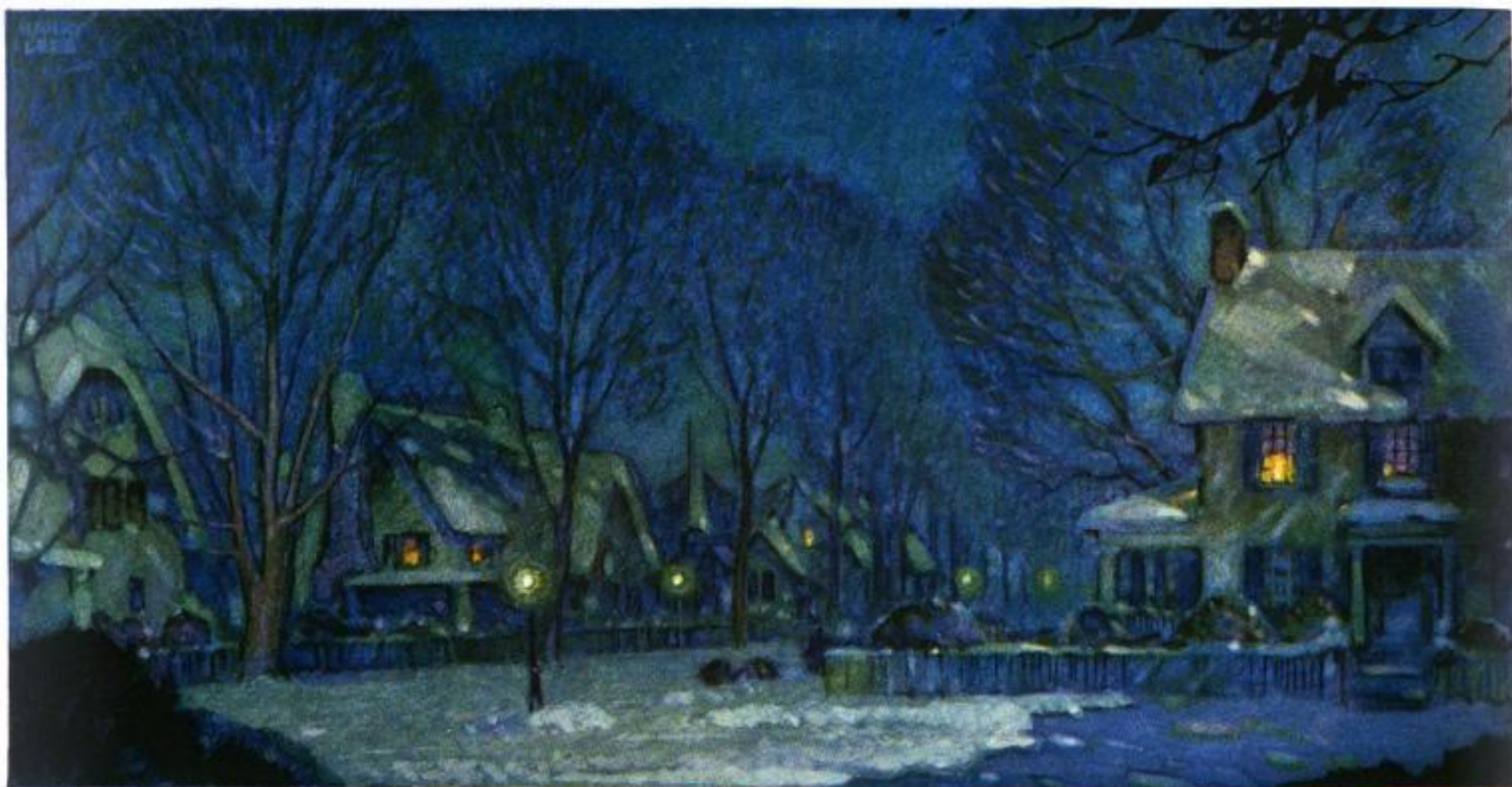
Look at the illustrations on the left. Whenever you buy any of these, take the time to get De Long. They are sold on a blue card with a red circle and the famous old trademark, "See that hump?"

DE LONG HOOK & EYE COMPANY
St. Marys, Canada Philadelphia, U. S. A.

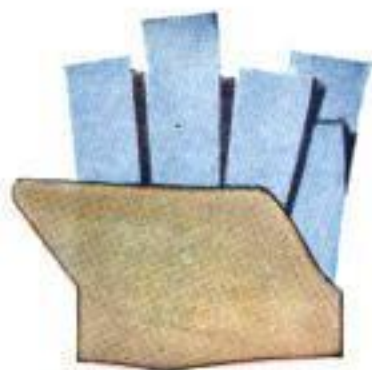
DE LONG SNAPS

See that
hump?
De Long
Snaps

Send 14 cents and your dealer's name and we will mail you our useful little Handy Kit which contains some Hooks and Eyes, Safety Pins, Toilet Pins, Hair Pins, Snaps and Klips.



Don't go to bed with "Acid-Mouth"



How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

*First, send for Litmus Test Papers
and generous Trial Tube of Pebeco*

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition of the mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Fill out the coupon, enclose ten cents and mail to us now. The Litmus Test Papers and big Trial Tube of Pebeco will be mailed you at once.

During the long hours while you are asleep "Acid-Mouth" gets in its work on your teeth. "Acid-Mouth" is a condition that causes premature decay. One by one your teeth are sure to go unless you check this work of destruction.

Start at once to clean your teeth at night with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Do the same in the morning. Pebeco keeps the teeth clean and sound, and counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

LEHN & FINK, Inc.

635 Greenwich Street, New York

Makers of Lysol Disinfectant

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Selling Agents for the United States and Canada
171 Madison Avenue, New York City 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

For sale by druggists everywhere

LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large Trial Tube of Pebeco.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City or Town _____

State _____



The Jazz Path of Degradation

(Continued from Page 26)

by reason or religion. It is a dangerous and pernicious philosophy for unsettled youth and for grown-ups who have never thought out the problems of life. There may be infinite mischief done when supposed scientists and medical men promulgate the doctrine that is a denial of morality and an indorsement of *laissez faire*—do as you please because you can't do otherwise.

We can perhaps see how manners, social vices and fundamental ideas are connected and interrelated. We can see ground for criticism of mere frivolity and empty-headedness.

If there is only froth inside and nothing in the way of principle or serious aims we know that the field is at least prepared for a growth of noxious weeds.

Cynics and idlers and those who cry "On with the dance!" are next door to a diseased state, if not already in the clutches of mental and physical malady. Lack of faith in good things or in anything except the ephemeral is the chief token of the world's present sickness.

The first step toward health is belief. Let us believe that it is worth while to clean up, and tackle the job enthusiastically, armed with the trusty broom, the mop and eke the vacuum cleaner.

What if the neighbors are not interested and refuse to cooperate? There is an example in the case of Epictetus, a slave, who stood alone in the world of Roman corruption and decided upon a line of independent conduct, whereby his name yet lives in contrast to the forgotten line of tawdry, jazzy wearers of the imperial purple. History plays up quite a few notable bad women. But this has been explained on the ground that the historians were men, and in the future there will be women historians to make a more equitable selection.

It is indeed time to clean up and to throw out psychoanalysis along with the jazz and other rubbish.

A neurologist told me that he was asked by many idle, feverish women to analyze them and extract their complexes. He always refused. He knew of a case of a young girl who was analyzed, and the terrible picture, whether real or false, that was evoked from the depths of her unconscious self so preyed upon her mind that she committed suicide. Then there was a gifted young married woman, clever and almost brilliant. She was curious and had herself analyzed. Next she must needs persuade her husband to be mentally unraveled by the same expert. The upshot was the discovery that the couple were not ideally mated and could not live together.

A Wife's Complaint

THEY obeyed the dictum of the subconscious and are yet separated. It seems more sensible for people to get a divorce for good, old-fashioned reasons, like the wife throwing flatirons or the husband failing to provide. For there are no absolutely ideal marriages except during honeymoons and golden wedding celebrations and in stories and movies.

Speaking of marriage, a reader who lives in the Middle West writes to this office asking why husbands have gone downhill so after the war. There is a note of sincerity and of personal experience that is touching. "Our husbands, who before the war were respected and respectable citizens of the community," says the writer, "are now demoralized to the point where they have no sense of right and wrong, and their brains are so soggy that they cannot or will not keep themselves up to their former point of efficiency. Their finer sensibilities are so dulled and distorted that they are more pleased to do a willful hurt than a loving kindness. Many men who served overseas are in far better condition to-day than others who were stationed at army camps on this side, where they learned to 'jazz around' night after night in the many places provided for that most vicious form of entertainment.

"There are dozens of women of every class to-day nearing the forty-year mark—a period when they need the material assurances and the sympathetic understanding that would

make those difficult next few years easier and more certain—who find themselves bereft of the companionship, loving support and also of the financial security to which they were accustomed and could reasonably expect as their due. Some can find no solution other than the divorce courts, and what a poor one that may be!

"It is a tremendous task for the trained woman even, to be forced to take over, say, a family of three children with frail financial support from a husband who gives grudgingly and because the court compels him to do so.

"The majority of women who have been married for ten or fifteen years are unfitted to make quick, satisfactory decisions and sudden, big readjustments. Lots of these women will 'go down' along with their falling men, through sheer physical fear and utter unpreparedness for this phase of the toll exacted by the Great War.

"Those who are able to weather the situation on the financial side are nevertheless shocked and ravaged quite as hopelessly as the victims of shell and gas."

Signs of Repentance

WHAT solution can we look for? What do the doctors of the human mind say to give encouragement to the women whose husbands know them not, or perhaps better, those wives who find themselves married to hostile strangers?

"Shall they look forward to an eventual righting of the wrong? Or is there no assurance that moral sanity and just reason and wholesome balance will be restored to these men? It would help many women to get adjusted if they could know whether they have taken over a life work now, since they are virtually widows.

"Is there a good prognosis for mental sickness of the sort that makes beasts and brutes out of superior and gentle men?"



This letter brings into relief a new aspect of dance dissipation and of general deterioration. If jazzing were an innocent and wholesome pastime it would still be a crime because of its injury to the home. How many married folk who dance are skulkers and deserters from their own firesides? If they do not neglect each other they are probably neglecting their children. It is a mania of selfish amusement. The idle female jazzer is a poor sort. Worse is the married male who side-steps his family obligations while practicing the newest movements with strange partners upon the waxed floor. He has "a right to his recreation," but he did not say that to the court-martial when he took French leave during the war. There were no apron strings on soldiers, yet every man was held responsible for conduct that undermined his health and efficiency.

It is quite proper that the writer quoted should mention the financial aspect. Dollars and cents are included in duty. Wicked extravagance and wastefulness belong to the jazz pastime. A husband who neglects his family to jazz is a defaulter as well as a deserter. He is wasting home time and money as well as his own resources, his strength and his character. All this is not yet written in the statute books, but it is equity and will some day prevail.

Will the errant husbands recover from their war dissipation and turn over a new leaf? The signs are hopeful and indicate a generally affirmative answer. There are economic forces that make for righteousness. The era of easy living and spending has already passed. A lot of gay Lotharios and their feminine counterparts are now studying the want columns of the newspapers. The prodigal husband is coming back home with sincere if inexpensive peace offerings, taking advantage of the bargain rates in candy. He no longer has important business engagements nights.

The lurid dance itself is going out under the stress of public opinion, municipal regulation and the enlightened selfishness of the organized dancing profession. The ban of the church has been added, though somewhat tardily, as exemplified by the action of the Episcopal denomination in and round Louisville.

Yet it would be a mistake to regard the immoral dance as totally routed and permanently abolished. It is a sensuous poison as insidious and as hard to eradicate as King Alcohol, who yet defies the United States Government and an army of enforcement officials. Dancing and wine drinking were scriptural pastimes. Whisky and jazz are modern inventions.

There is a beautiful lake that lies like a jewel in a multiple-curved setting of hills in an Eastern state. At night it is a fairy paradise under the stars and with the twinkling lights from castlelike dwellings that loom indistinctly on the edges of cliffs and at the points of jutting, forested promontories. Speedy fireflies of chugging refrain streak across the dark waters and disappear mysteriously in hidden coves. It is an ideal place to rest and to commune with the majesty and perfection of Nature.

Amid this paradise the traveler's vision is smitten with a blaze of light. It is a popular dance hall for the young folks who spend their summers at the lake. Three or four hundred of the best types of American youth, stalwart lads of bronzed skin and comely girls whose cheeks need no paint, are gathered for their nightly bout of social festivity. It is a pretty sight at some distance. Closer, you see that these men and women of to-morrow are jazzing, mostly rather innocently; only a few extreme postures and movements by certain couples. There can't be anything very much out of the way, what with abbreviated dance periods, plenitude of chaperons, and refreshments limited to ice cream and soft drinks.

Perhaps Darwin Was Wrong

BUT not far away there is a graduate school of the jazz in a fashionable hotel, where the lights burn until close to day-break. Here, appropriately in a gaudy cellar room, men and scantily clad women, with a sprinkling of precocious youth of both sexes, go the dance limit and the drink limit. Nothing is barred.

Satyr and faun perform antics that seem to interest only themselves. A young girl with a bandaged arm snatches up, as she juggles past a table, a glass of liquor and empties it at a gulp. The episode threatens trouble for a moment. Apparently the only crime remaining on the calendar or recognized here as such is the theft of liquor, although the air reeks with the odor of alcohol. The old-fashioned qualities known as modesty and the sense of shame are conspicuous for their total absence.

The people here are dressed in the conventional style of human beings of the prosperous class. Their behavior seems to prove that Darwin was wrong; we are not traveling up from but down to the simian race.

Nature's paradise on the lake was profaned, polluted and made utterly distasteful to any normal mind by these doings. Perhaps it may be all summed up, without recourse to moral code or physical hygiene, in the English critic's conception of manners. People of good manners respect Nature and themselves, enjoy beauty and are satisfied with wholesome things. The ill-mannered suffer from some kind of an internal kink.

Let's behave ourselves!



"I paid my bills by easy work at home"

"My husband was taken ill. The cost of living during the last few years had exhausted our savings. So, with his weekly income cut off, things were serious.

"I saw I must earn the money to buy our food and other necessities.

"But how? I knew nothing of stenography or business. Besides, my husband needed me at home, as we couldn't afford a nurse.

I read the Gearhart Plan

"In casting about for something I could do I turned to the advertising pages of a magazine.

"One of them carried an advertisement of the GEARHART STANDARD KNITTER.

"It told how, without even leaving the home, men and women of all ages could earn \$1.50 a dozen pair knitting ALL-WEAR hosiery. You see, they offered to pay for all the ALLWEAR hose I knit, or I could sell them profitably to my neighbors, friends or to the stores. Besides, they replace free the amount of yarn used in the ALLWEAR socks sent them. And it said I could knit as much or as little as I chose.

"It seemed just the thing, particularly since no experience was necessary.

The Knitter arrived

"Anyway, I sent for one. With it came instructions how to use the Gearhart Knitter. They were easy to understand and I set the knitter up myself.

"The knitter came with a sock already started on it, and there was a lot of very fine yarn given free with it, too.

My problem was solved

"Not only was I able to earn enough money to keep things going, but when my husband was able to sit up he knit, too.

"And now, though he has gone back to his work, we are more comfortable than ever before because my knitting money buys lots of little things we need to make our lives happier."

Whether you have illness in your family, your income has been reduced or you just want little things you don't feel you can afford, you may earn all the extra money you need without leaving your home, with a Gearhart Standard Knitter. Use the Coupon.

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Inc.
Home Dept. D, Clearfield, Penna.

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Inc.
Home Dept. D,
Clearfield, Penna.

Please send me my copy of the free Profit Guide Book. Knitting samples and full particulars about making money at home with the Gearhart Standard Knitter.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Safe Course in Dental Hygiene

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

does these *important* things:

- 1 It cleans teeth *safely* and *thoroughly*.
- 2 It polishes the tooth surfaces, so that deposits are less likely to adhere to them.
- 3 It helps to maintain a normal, healthful degree of alkalinity in the mouth.

This fact also should be kept in mind: Colgate's contains nothing to injure the tooth structure, the gums, or the delicate mouth membranes.



It is not enough to know that the dentifrice you are using whitens your teeth. Be sure that it does them no injury, and that it does not cause dangerous conditions to develop in your mouth.

Chalk and Soap the Logical Tooth-Cleansing Combination

THE principal constituents of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream are fine precipitated calcium carbonate (chalk) and pure edible vegetable oil soap.

When the precipitated chalk is brought into action by the wet tooth-brush it loosens deposits upon the teeth.

At the same time, *thorough* washing is effected by the pure soap ingredient.

No débris is left to ferment in the mouth. Colgate's *washes* it out.



How Colgate's Promotes Normal Mouth Conditions

ACID is the chief immediate cause of tooth decay. Deposits that are permitted to remain upon the teeth become breeding places for bacteria, which generate lactic acid. This acid eats into the substance of the teeth, and decay is begun.

In addition to its effectiveness in *loosening* and *washing out* the deposits in which bacteria germinate, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is mildly alkaline, due to the pure vegetable oil soap content.

Where a normal degree of alkalinity is maintained, acid is neutralized and bacterial activity suspended.

Since the alkalinity of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream corresponds to that of the normal, healthy mouth, it follows that the use of this superior dentifrice tends to prevent the development of disturbing or dangerous acid conditions.

Depend Upon Colgate's and Your Dentist

BRUSH your teeth twice a day with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, and have them examined twice a year by your dentist. This is the safe, common-sense course for the prevention of tooth troubles.

Where it is difficult to get children to adopt the healthful habit of cleaning their teeth night and morning, start them with Colgate's. Its delicious flavor makes care of the teeth a treat, not a task.

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 16)

Then came the flies; it was unendurable; Pharaoh spoke to Moses, who abolished the plague; immediately the king was himself again. Then came a murrain, a pestilence which destroyed all the cattle; Pharaoh was interested sufficiently to make inquiries as to the extent of the disease; but he remained firm. Then came boils, which later were to try the patience of Job, but the king would not relent. Then there was a frightful storm, thunder and lightning and hail, which wrought untold damage to man, beast and crops. Pharaoh could not endure it, and he said quaintly: "I have sinned this time." The storm ceased, carrying Pharaoh's repentance with it. There came a fresh east wind, bringing numberless locusts, which ate up everything that the hail had spared, so that the farms looked as if recently visited by the army worm. Pharaoh had another attack of remorse; the west wind came and blew the accursed locusts into the Red Sea, so that there was not one left in the whole country.

A friend writes me: "I wonder do you know of the locust plague in Jerusalem, during the war? The locusts came 'out of a clear sky,' suddenly. They ate every vegetable thing except wood, stripping a tree to its bare twigs and branches within an hour. The government ordered everyone to bring in his peck or so of dead insects each day. The poor earned their living collecting the daily quota for others. Tin is the best offensive. The American colony's special technique was to 'shoo' the insects along converging, low, tin-walled canals into sunken gasoline tins. But this seemed like trying to empty the ocean with a medicine dropper. Finally, when no green thing is left, the plague passes on abruptly. And no one knows whither the locusts go, as no one knew whence they came."

They Borrowed Jewelry and Departed

THE plague of locusts was followed by Egyptian darkness, thick darkness for three days, so that no man could see and no man dared move. Pharaoh sent for Moses, and when the darkness was lifted and the pleasant light returned, he said bitterly to the man of God:

Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die.
And Moses said, Thou hast spoken well, I will see thy face again no more.

Then came the last terrible plague, the killing of the first-born in the night, and the first passover, when the Lord passed over the favored people—an event that is still annually and solemnly celebrated by millions.

There arose a great cry in Egypt; both the king and the people besought the aliens to depart. In the midst of this turmoil there is one touch of humor. The children of Israel "borrowed" of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment. They had been in Egypt four hundred and thirty years when the great exodus began; and then they were not allowed to take the short way to the Promised Land through the country of the Philistines, but were led southeast to the Red Sea. In front was the Pillar of Cloud by day and the Pillar of Fire by night.

Pharaoh ought to have been glad to see the last of them; but either he regretted his defeat or the loss of the borrowed jewels; he pursued them with chariots and horsemen; so the Israelites, who preferred life to honor, and slavery to death, bitterly attacked Moses and for the first time raised a protest that was to be heard more than once: "We were better off in Egypt."

But the Red Sea opened; the timid and querulous multitude passed through in safety. Then in the darkest hour before the

dawn the waters returned and swallowed up the Egyptian host, soldiers, chariots and horsemen. And in the morning light the children of Israel saw the pleasantest sight their eyes had ever beheld:

"Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore."

I remember hearing Phillips Brooks preach a notable sermon on that text. We may have sorrows in the future; we may have enemies to-morrow; but there are difficulties, there are evils that we survive. They can never annoy us again. "Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore."

The immediate troubles of the Hebrews were over; the troubles of Moses began. He had more vexations with his own people than he had had with his avowed enemies. Human nature asserted itself in the wilderness. In spite of their great deliverance and the mighty evidences of God's favor and of the inspiration of Moses, the people were constantly discontented; they were always on the point of rebellion. The genius for complaining, which is inherently human, found almost daily expression; until the patience of Moses was exhausted.

Forty Years Under a Great Leader

THE shortest distance from Egypt to the Promised Land is considerably less than the distance from Philadelphia to New York. So far as miles were concerned, Canaan could have been reached in a week. But Israel was not fit to occupy Canaan or indeed any other country, as the behavior in the wilderness abundantly proved.

Furthermore, during these wanderings a complete system of laws, both moral and technical, became established; the health of the people was cared for by a definite set of hygienic regulations; the ritual for worship was proclaimed. The Israelites reached Canaan when, and not before, they were mentally and physically fit to settle there.

It was perhaps natural that in comparison with the privations and hardships of the wilderness, Egypt looked good; they saw it only in retrospect and, as is frequently the case, the difficulties of the past faded out of the picture, and they remembered only their homes and their regular meals, as indeed a free man will sometimes during a vacation spent in voluntary camping. They complained of the lack of food, so manna rained down from heaven. It covered the ground like a frost, was white to the eye and sweet to the taste. When the people complained of thirst and nearly mobbed Moses, he was divinely ordered to strike a rock, and pure water gushed out. These are some of the chief events that were recorded during the journey.

The laws established by Moses were fair and reasonable, and in all that concerned man's dealing with man were adapted to the times and the people. They often went beyond mere scrupulosity, and enjoined kindness to strangers, gentleness to widows and orphans and consideration for animals. The nineteenth chapter of Leviticus contains rules that ought to be remembered to the eternal honor of their maker. People were forbidden to reap the corners of their farms; gleanings must be left for the poor and the stranger. Laborers must be paid at the end of the day's work; "the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." Cruel practical

jokes were forbidden. No doubt some boys thought such things were funny. "Thou shalt not curse the deaf"—I have heard American boys do this—"nor put a stumblingblock before the blind." Rich and poor were to be treated exactly alike in court. "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer."

(Continued on Page 74)



GIVEN TO YOU

Four Books That Should Be in Every Home

HERE are four books that should be in every home where there are children or where children are expected. Together they cover every problem that faces the mother—from pre-natal care to the moral and intellectual training of the growing child. They are comprehensive and authoritative, but written in simple English that is easy to understand and follow. Each represents years of experience and study by a foremost expert in the field it covers—they are not quack "doctor books," but capable, reliable scientific works. They are the very best manuals on their subjects obtainable at any price—but you need pay no money to obtain any or all of them. We offer them to you COST-FREE.

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Many puzzling questions occur to the woman about to become a mother. Since these questions are reasonable and natural, they should be frankly and scientifically answered. That is exactly what Doctor Slemons, Professor of Obstetrics in Yale University, does in this competent manual endorsed by hundreds of prominent physicians. It covers such practical subjects as first signs; calculating the date; appetite; diet and food requirements; care of the body; recreation; influence of work; confinement; nursing the baby.

② THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN by L. Emmett Holt, M. D.

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③ THE HOME CARE OF SICK CHILDREN by Emelyn L. Coolidge, M. D.

It is not Doctor Coolidge's purpose to show you how to dispense with a doctor's services in the case of serious illness, but to tell you when you need to call a doctor and how best to work with him when he is needed. It covers the care of the sick-room; the sick child's toilet and clothing; amusements; recipes to tempt the appetite; foods best suited to different diseases; the care of infectious diseases; administering medicine; bathing; etc. It is intended to help the mother become a trained nurse for her sick children.

④ HOW TO KNOW YOUR CHILD by Miriam Finn Scott

This book aims to tell mothers how to develop the best in their children and how to prevent the growth of the bad. Some of its chapter headings suggest its scope: About Modern Educators, Discovering a Human Continent, When Faults Are Virtues, The Secret Doors of Childhood, "My Child is Disobedient—," Unspoiling Your Spoiled Child, The Person Your Child Might Be, Materials For Play, Your Children's Clothes, Fathers and Children. This book will supplement articles by the same author coming in *The Journal*.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ·

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Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

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Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 72)

Courtesy and etiquette were taught by law. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." They must see to it that they have just balances and just weights.

Those who maintain that the Mosaic Law was harsh and cruel, and exacted on every occasion an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, should remember that the following verses are in Leviticus, though many seem to have forgotten the fact:

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart.

Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

When our Lord gave the eleventh and twelfth commandments he was quoting from Moses, as He was when He said: "I will give you rest."

The presence of laws forbidding all kinds of strange sins and crimes seems to indicate that so-called unnatural evils were known to exist there and then, as they have in all nations since.

There was the same fondness for superstition and the same eagerness to be gulled as there are to-day. "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards."

The Ten Commandments, which have had such a prodigious influence in human history, are all prohibitions except one. The chief sins are forbidden in the Tables of the Law, and it would be difficult indeed to have arranged at that time a list of regulations that would have covered a wider area of human conduct with fewer words.

I. *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

In the ancient world man was polytheistic; here was the promulgation of one divine principle. Literally translated, it reads: "You shall have no gods except me." More and more this commandment is seen to be the expression of philosophical truth. Later, the children of Israel ran after other gods with tragic consequences; and in the twentieth century the German Empire broke the first commandment, worshipping the gods of iron and steel as revealed to man in huge armaments.

"A Jealous God"

AND just as nations have madly worshiped other gods, so individuals have constantly substituted other gods for the Ideal; the gods of money, of influence, of pleasure, of social position, of fame; most common of all and most tragically absurd is the substitution for the Eternal Spirit of Truth and Right—One's Own Self.

II. *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image . . . for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.*

It was necessary to forbid idol worship, to which the Israelites continually surrendered, copying, as so many nations do, only the evil features of their rivals; remember how Rachel, Jacob's wife, stole the images out of her father's house, and how bitterly ironical was the language of the prophet Isaiah in dealing with this form of superstition. The awful words, "I am a jealous God," give offense to many people to-day, but they are a statement of simple fact. Religion is the most jealous thing in the world—more jealous than any woman. There is only one place in the human heart for religion—the first place. It must have that or nothing. It must either dominate a man's life, be the supreme, controlling factor, or it becomes as ornamental as a graven image, and as powerless.

Those who use religion as a decoration, or as a last resort in fear and sickness, betray their real paganism in brushing it aside when their personal, selfish interests are concerned. Religion is never content with a weekly contribution, or a large occasional present, or a tribute of courtesy; religion demands the heart, the inmost citadel; and unless it has that it wants nothing. Either religion is the most vital of all truths or else it stands for silly superstition, and should not be allowed to annoy and harass conduct any more than Napoleon permitted it to interfere with his purposes.

The Fruits of Evil

THE last part of this commandment, which speaks of the remote consequences of evil doing (and also, be it remembered, of virtue) particularly enrages the enemies of religion. Thomas Hardy sneered at it in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, saying it might be good enough for Divinity, but was scorned by average human nature. Precisely so; it is scorned by average human nature, which is one reason why there are so many unfit children born into the world. Their lifelong weakness and suffering come from the selfishness of their ancestors, who scorned this commandment just as they scorned the established truths of science, of which this is a powerful affirmation.

The second commandment will be supported by every family physician, and by students of society like Henrik Ibsen.

III. *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.*

Never was this commandment more needed than in the twentieth century. Swearing is instinctive in human nature; all men are naturally cursers, but that does not make them admirable. There has been an enormous increase in swearing within recent years. Of all habits, it is the most difficult to break.

IV. *Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.*

Dean Brown, of Yale, wisely pointed out the fact that there is now more profanation of the second sentence than of the first. "Six days shalt thou labor." If this commandment were universally followed, there would be enough food, fuel and clothing for everyone in the world. Every lazy, idle and useless person breaks the fourth commandment six times oftener than other men. The first clause means: "Remember the day of rest and keep it inviolate." Take one day in seven off, provided you have earned it; don't let anything interfere. It is curious that so many persons have thought it much more wicked to have recreation on Sunday than to work.

Sunday was never meant to be a day of gloom; it ought to be the happiest day in the week, for God blessed it. Forget business and the regular round of toil. Experience seems to show that people need one day in seven; the French Bolsheviks tried to make it one day in ten, but the experiment was not successful. An excellent way to spend the day is to go to church and thank God in the morning, and enjoy some outdoor sport in the afternoon. The Sabbath was established for man's health and happiness, as our Lord pointed out.

V. *Honor thy father and thy mother.*

This is often called "the only commandment with promise," but those who say so forget the second. That length of days should be associated with filial affection seems curious; for some cruel sons have lived long. But, more closely examined, it is not longevity,

(Continued on Page 76)

This Beauty

Every Girl Can Have

The charm of a fresh, schoolgirl complexion depends more on care than Nature

MANY a girl would be considered pretty if she would only remedy those defects of complexion which so greatly detract from charm. Too often she doesn't realize that a dull, lifeless, sallow skin is fatal to beauty. And that blotches and blackheads affect her popularity and prevent the attention and admiration which every girl craves.

There is no need to have such a complexion—improving it is easy. A little time and care each day will quickly be repaid with becoming freshness, smoothness and fine texture.

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Thorough cleansing once a day with fine, mild soap on whose soothing properties you can rely. Most women will tell you that this soap is Palmolive.

Massage the profuse, creamy lather well into the pores so that every trace of oil, dirt and perspiration is removed.

Don't be afraid to be thorough—the mild, gentle Palmolive lather soothes while it cleanses. The result is a skin healthfully cleansed from the accumulations which are the original cause of most disfigured skins.

What neglect does

When you fail to cleanse your face thoroughly once a day this is what happens:

The network of pores which compose the surface of the skin becomes clogged with dirt and oil. The pores collect powder and accumulate excess cold cream.

This clogging causes enlargement—your once fine skin becomes coarse. You have blackheads and ugly blotches. Your complexion is dull and sallow.

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Volume and Efficiency enable us to sell 25c quality for

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There is no danger of irritation—the most sensitive skin thrives when cleansed with Palmolive.

Let it do for your body what it does for your face

Because the skin of the face is burned by the sun, roughened and chapped by the wind and made sensitive by temperature changes, the greatest care must be observed in its cleansing. It must be with soap, but such fine, mild soap that the skin is soothed and healed. Such soap is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Use Palmolive for bathing, and the dry, rough, itching condition doctors call winter itch will be greatly relieved. It is caused by living in moistureless rooms and bathing with drying soap. The combination exhausts the natural oil supply which lubricates the skin.

Bathe with Palmolive and you remove one cause of discomfort and help the other. The mild lather softens the skin, lessens the dryness and soothes the itching. If you value comfort in cold weather, bathe with Palmolive and let it keep the skin of your body as smooth as your face.

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Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 74)

but continued residence on the family property that the statement emphasizes. Affection and care for one's parents keep up the estate; neglect of them means wandering, and the invasion of strangers. It is unfortunate that parents love their children so much more intensely than children love their parents; but the whirligig of time brings in its revenges. There is no commandment that parents must love their children, for the commandments were in every instance directed at common sins.

VI. *Thou shalt not kill.*

Do no murder. Some extremists have held that this means one should not kill a quail or a woodcock. Nonsense; it is true that as we grow older we more and more appreciate the gift of life and hate to take it away. Few young people think shooting is wrong; but there are plenty of conscientious objectors among adults—Thomas Hardy, for example, and Emerson, who said: "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?" A little common sense is useful here, as elsewhere; the wanton destruction of animals is no doubt wicked; but if it be wrong to go out and shoot an occasional partridge, then it is even more wrong to kill chickens. For you feed chickens and pretend that you are interested in their welfare, when in reality you are a traitor. The wickedness in shooting enormous bags of game, raised for the purpose, consists in the fact that many wounded ones escape, and while you are eating your dinner and talking of a "good day's sport" these creatures are in agony.

VII. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

Every adulterer is also a liar and usually a sneak. It is interesting to observe that many men, who would not lie to others in business, will break their word given in the church before many witnesses. The reason is largely a matter of cowardice. If a man breaks his word to another man, penalties follow; whereas a man can break his word to a woman with impunity. But adultery is founded on falsehood and dishonor fully as much as corrupt dealing in trade. In the fifth chapter of Numbers there is a strange but impressive method of dealing with jealousy and adultery.

VIII. *Thou shalt not steal.*

Which ought to apply as much to embezzlement and crooked manipulation as to housebreaking or borrowing apples.

IX. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

Which refers, I suppose, not merely to perjury, but to slander and malicious gossip.

X. *Thou shalt not covet.*

The Moral Constitution

OBERVE that all these commandments are meant to preserve from harm those who accept them, not merely those who might be victims. It is not pleasant to have a thief steal from you, but it is much better for you than to steal something yourself; it is unfortunate to be killed, but it is better than to go out and kill somebody. That is, the commandments were not only necessary for the welfare of society, but fidelity to them is necessary for individual happiness. The tenth is wholly devoted to this purpose; it does not hurt your neighbor if you covet his house; some persons are so constituted that this adds to their delight; but it hurts you horribly and poisons your peace of mind. I suppose covetousness of one's neighbor's possessions drives more people into financial difficulties than any other one thing.

The twentieth chapter of Exodus, containing the Ten Commandments, which might be called the Moral Constitution, is immediately followed by a succession of chapters which might be called the by-laws, because they give specific regulations. Then follow detailed directions for the ritual of worship—very tedious reading this is to-day, but doubtless important then—in order that the people might have ever before them the thought of divine leadership.

Human nature lost little time in asserting itself; despite the wonders they had seen,

despite the terrible majesty of the promulgation of the Law, what do we hear of the people's behavior? Well, they did exactly what millions are doing to-day: they forsook the worship of God for the worship of the Golden Calf. Moses could not trust the people out of his sight; they behaved like bad boys in the absence of the teacher. Moses was away in the mount; and the children of Israel said to Aaron: "Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." To the eternal discredit of Aaron, he surrendered to mob sentiment at just the moment when a strong voice was most necessary. Apparently the women had much jewelry, perhaps the finery they had "borrowed" from the Egyptians; Aaron fashioned the whole collection into the form of a golden calf and worshiped it with song and dance.

God Above Popular Clamor

IMAGINE the feelings of Moses coming down the mountain with the two tables of the Law, his mind still in the solemn obsession of the Divine Presence. That honest young lieutenant, Joshua, hearing the racket below, said to Moses: "There is a noise of war in the camp." Moses replied crisply: "It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear."

When he saw the calf and the idiotic dancing around it, ungovernable rage possessed him; he smashed the tables he was holding. When a man is in a state of terrific rage he simply has to smash something or burst; it is an immense relief to take it out on the furniture.

The rest of this narrative is downright funny. Moses took the golden calf, burnt it, powdered the ashes, made a soup of it, and forced the whole congregation to drink it! If you want your calf, down with it! Then Aaron behaved even worse than Adam in Eden; in response to the sharp questions of Moses he said: "Thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief." Then he declared that he had taken their golden contributions. "So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." Was there ever a more ridiculous, a more childish lie? Can't you see the liar's face?

Observe that meek Moses was not rebuked by God for smashing the tables; he was given new ones in their place. He was punished for only one thing—because he had momentarily lost confidence in God at the waters of Meribah, when he was more afraid of popular clamor than of God Himself. For this reason he was not permitted to enter the Promised Land.

Moses lived to be one hundred and twenty years old, in sound bodily and mental health. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. His farewell charge to the people is filled with poetry and splendid imagery, containing many promises and many warnings. Like all persons, they needed advice, received it, and forgot it. Human nature is revealed in their shortness of memory; for nothing is more frequently heard than good advice, and there is nothing so quickly forgotten. The first alluring picture is enough to drive it out of the mind.

One passage in his farewell speech retains its flavor: "Thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow."

Moses stood on Pisgah Height, on Mount Nebo, and looked with what emotion we can only imagine on the fair panorama of Canaan. He could not enter it any more than Abraham Lincoln could live to see the growth of the mighty nation he had saved. But Moses, though he had little confidence in the people, knew that their immediate future was assured, that the results of his wisdom and foresight would last long; he saw the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

NOTE—In the next issue Professor Phelps will discuss famous fighters in Canaan, dealing with the tragedies of the wilderness, with comments on Moses and the color line, the conquest of Jericho, and the story of the Benjaminites.

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 19)

The thing that made the party a sad affair to me was the attentions paid to Virginia by Bob Wade. I might have been comforted by the nice way Kittie Fleming treated me if I had had eyes for anyone but Virginia; but when Kittie smiled on me I always thought how much sweeter a smile Virginia had than she. But her smiles that evening were all for Bob Wade. In fact, he gave nobody else a chance. So I was wretched, especially when the younger people gathered in the big dining room, from which Jack Wade had the tables cleared and began turning the gathering into a "play party."

NOW there was a difference between a play party and a kissing party, or kissing bee, as we used to call it. The play party was quite respectable. In it the people taking part sang airs, each with its own words, and moved about in a step to the music. The absence of the fiddle and the "calling off" and the name of dancing took the curse off. They went through figures a lot like dances; swung partners by one hand or both; advanced and retreated, "balanced to partners," bowing and saluting, clasped hands, right and left alternately with those they met, balanced to places, and the like. Sometimes they had a leading couple to lead them, as in the dance my granddaughter tells me of called the german; but usually they were all supposed to know the way the play went, and the words were always such as to help. Here is the one they started off with that night:

*We come here to bounce around,
We come here to bounce around,
We come here to bounce around,
Tra, la, la
Ladies, do si do,
Gents, you know,
Swing to the right,
And then to the left,
And all promenade!*

I have seen Wades and Flemings and Holbrooks and all the rest singing and hopping about to the tune of We Come Here to Bounce Around, and also We'll All Go Down to Rowser, and Hey, Jim Along, Jim Along Josie, and Angelina Do Go Home! and Good-by Susan Jane, and Shoot the Buffalo, and Wevilly Wheat, and Sandy He Belonged to the Mill, and I've Been to the East, I've Been to the West, I've Been to the Jay-Bird's Altar, and Skip-to-My-Lou, and The Juniper Tree, and Go In and Out the Window, and The Jolly Old Miller, and Captain Jinks, and lots more of them; and Boyds and Burnses and Smythes tripping the light fantastic with them, and not half a dozen dresses better than alpacas in the crowd, and the men, many of them, in drilling trousers and half of them with hayseed in their hair from the party they rode to the party on.

I WENT around with the rest of them, for I had seen all these plays played on the canal boats, and once or twice taken part in them. Kittie Fleming went around with me, and she was very graceful and gracious as she bowed to me and as I swung her around. Bob Wade still devoted himself to Virginia, who was like a fairy in her fine pink-silk dress.

"This is enough of these plays," shouted Bob at last, after looking about to see that his father and mother were not in the room. "Let's have the Needle's Eye!"

"The Needle's Eye! The Needle's Eye!" was the cry, then.

"I won't play kissing games!" said one or two of the girls.

"Let's have the Gay Balanza Man," shouted Doctor Bliven, who was in the midst of the gayeties, while his wife, too, plunged in as if to outdo him.

"Oh, yes!" she said, smiling up into the face of Frank Finster, with whom she had been playing. "Let's have the Gay Balanza Man! It's such fun!"

The Needle's Eye won, and we formed in a long line of couples—Wades, Finsters, Flemings, Boyds and the rest of the roll of present-day aristocrats—and marched, singing, between a boy and a girl standing on chairs with their hands joined. Here is the song—I can sing the tune to-day:

*The needle's eye
Which doth supply
The thread which runs so true;
And many a lass (sung by the boys)
And many a beau (this by the girls)
Have I let pass (boys)
Have I let go (girls)
Because I wanted you!*

AT THE word "you" the twon on the chairs—they were Lizzie Finster and Charley McKim at first—brought their arms down and caught a couple—they caught Kittie and me—who were at that moment passing through between the chairs—which were the needle's eye; and then they sang, giving us room to execute:

*And they bow so neat!
And they kiss so sweet!
We do intend before we end, to have this
couple meet!*

Crimson of face, awkward as a calf, I bowed to Kittie and she to me, and then she threw her arms about me and kissed me on the lips. I saw her wink slyly at Bob Wade. Then Kittie and I became the needle's eye and she worked it so we caught Bob Wade and Virginia, even though it was necessary to wait a moment after the word "you." She meant to do it! As Bob's lips met Virginia's I groaned and, turning my back on Kitty Fleming, I rushed out of the room.

Judge Stone tried to stop me. "Jake, Jake!" he whispered in my ear, looking anxiously around, "have you seen the governor in the last half or three-quarters of an hour?"

"He hain't been in here," I said, jerking away from him.

"Sure?" Judge Stone persisted. "I've looked everywhere except in his office where he put the money—and that's locked."

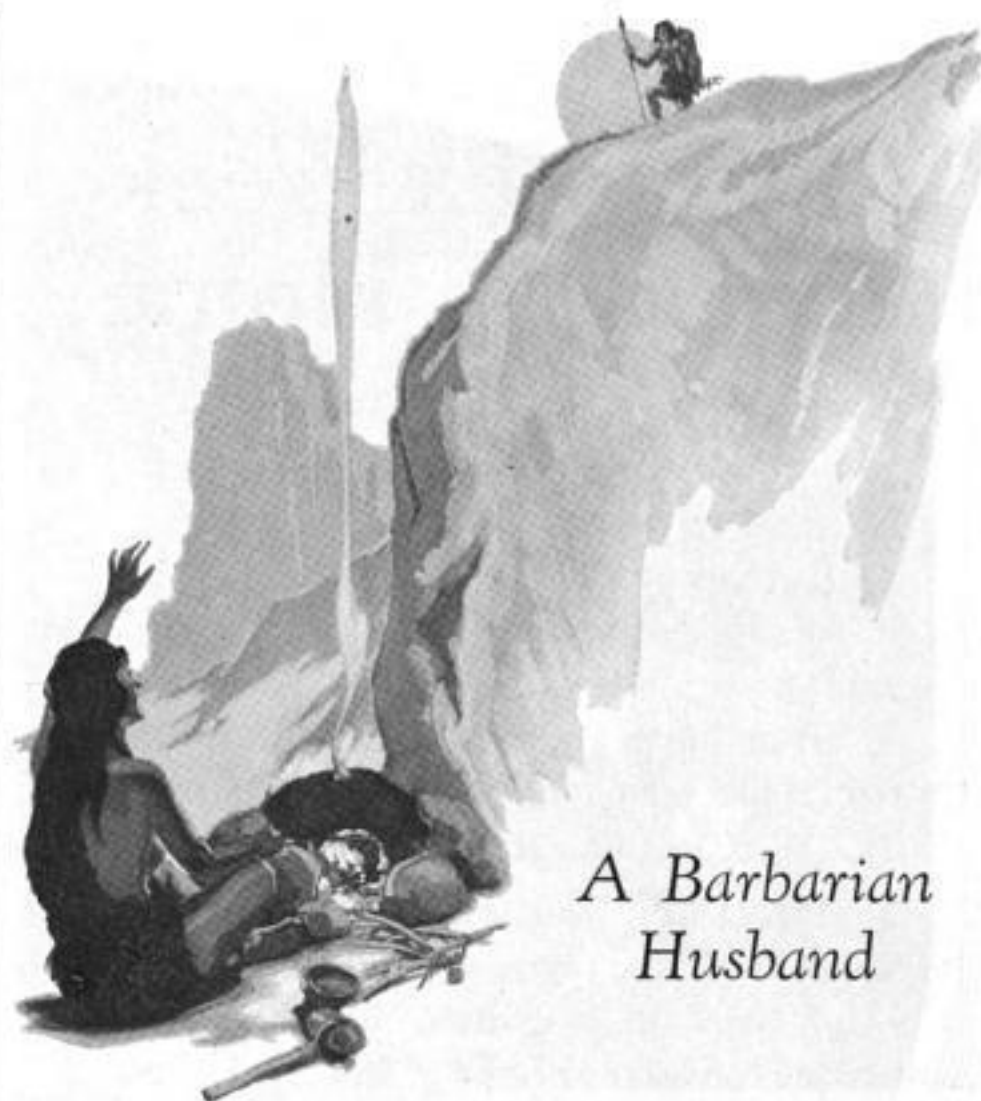
WELL, the party came to an end presently, and Judge Stone came out and called for me to bring the team. When I drove up to the door he came to me and asked me in a low tone to come and help carry the money out. The governor unlocked his office, and then unlocked the safe and took out the bag, which he handed to Judge Stone.

"Heavy as ever," said the judge. "Catch hold here, Jake, and help me carry it."

"A heavy responsibility at least," said the governor seriously.

As I looked about among the governor's working people, who were gathered to see us go, I saw a head taller than the rest, Pitt Bushyager. He was looking at me with that dare-devil smile of his, the handsomest man there, with his curling brown mustache and goatee; and nodded at me as the judge got into the carriage in the back seat with Mrs. Stone, and Virginia came up in her pretty pink silk, with the Paisley shawl around her shoulders, to be helped up into the front seat

(Continued on Page 79)



A Barbarian Husband

discovered, ages ago, how to start a fire. And at once he commanded his wife to keep the home fire burning.

From that day to this, thru many centuries of barbarism and civilization, woman has always been the fire-watcher. Even today in kitchens the world over, except where there is a "Lorain," woman watches the fire—lest it burn the food she is cooking for her husband and family.

Knows Her Cooking Will Be a Success

But how different in every kitchen where there is a "Lorain." There the housewife puts food into the oven and needs never look at it again until it is delightfully done and ready to serve. No fire-watching, no oven-slavery, no guessing, no worrying, no "unlucky days," no cooking failures. For "Lorain" controls all oven heats and controls them exactly; and whether the oven contains bread or cake—or even an entire meal of vegetables, meat and dessert, at one time—the housewife knows beforehand just when it will be done, and that it will be done perfectly. She never has to look.

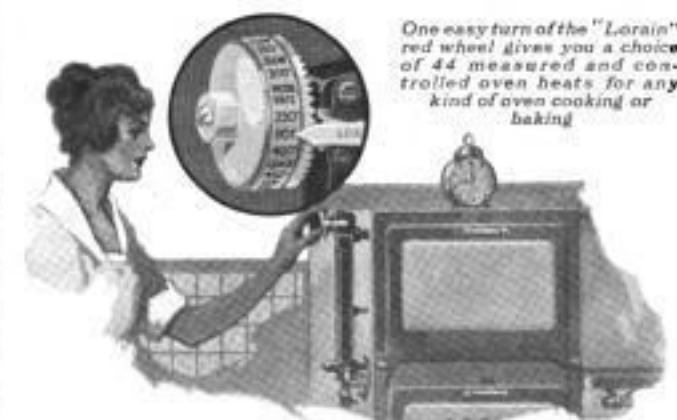
Makes Good Cooks Better, All Cooks Happier

Some women like to cook, but to some cooking is drudgery. "Lorain" makes cooking delightful and sure, banishes all thought of drudgery, gives the family better food and at less trouble to cook it, and makes good cooks better and all cooks happier.

Wonderful, simple, accurate, reliable—that's "Lorain." We want you to know all about it, and shall be glad to have you read "An Easier Day's Work," which is a most interesting book. Simply mail the coupon for your copy.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
21 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain" cannot be used on these



LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—
George M. Clark & Co.
Div., Chicago, Ill.

DANGLER—
Dangler Stove Co. Div.,
Cleveland, Ohio

DIRECT ACTION—
National Stove Co. Div.,
Lorain, Ohio

NEW PROCESS—
New Process Stove Co.
Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL—
Quick Meal Stove Co.
Div., St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE—
Reliable Stove Co. Div.,
Cleveland, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE CO.
21 Chouteau Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free booklet, "An Easier Day's Work."

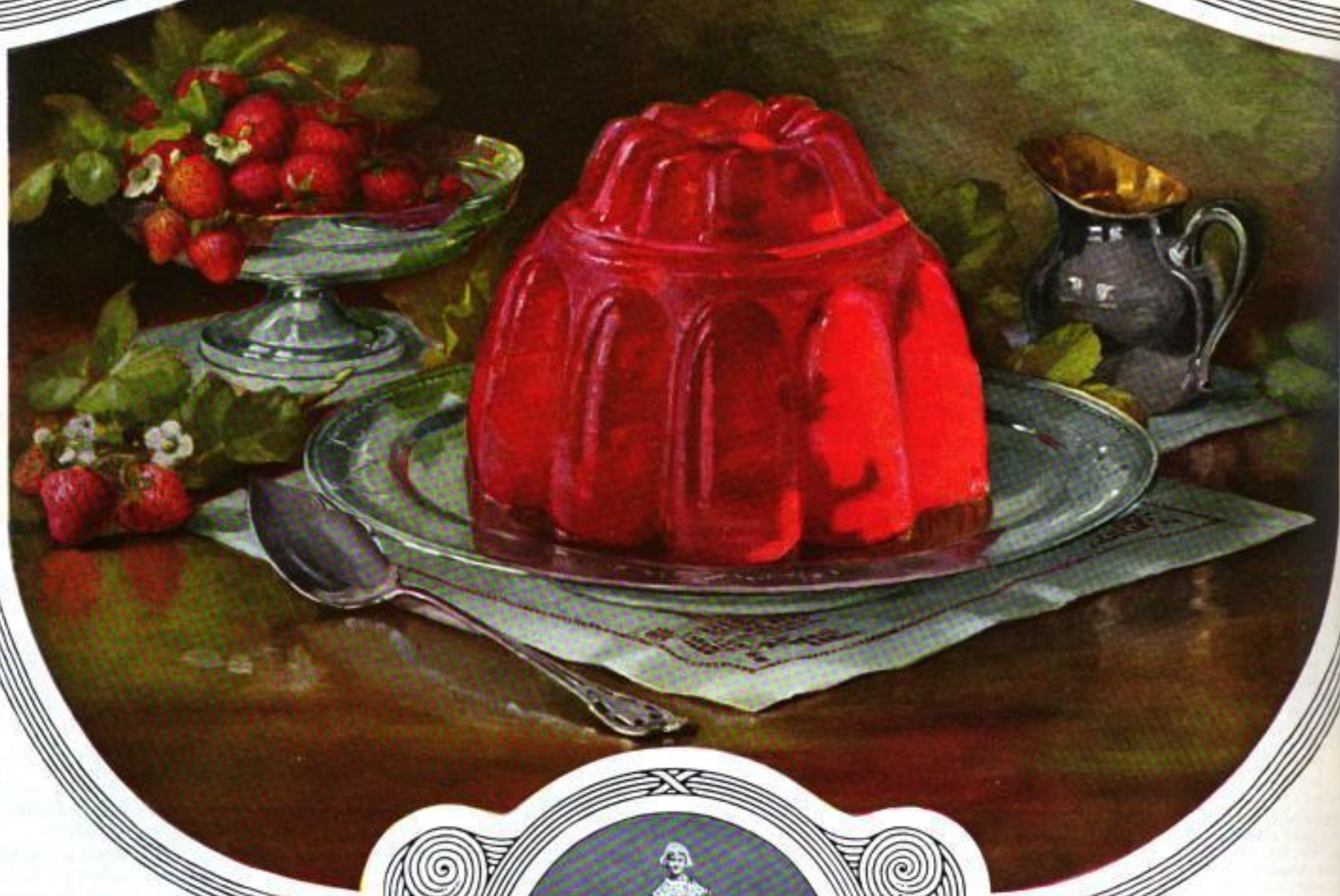
Name _____

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Of the six stoves listed above my favorite is _____



JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert



METHODS of living have undergone great changes in America in the last few years. Elaborate desserts, such as boiled and baked puddings and dyspepsia-producing pies, have given place to the more attractive and healthful desserts made from Jell-O. These desserts are economical both in money and time. Why should any woman stand for hours over a hot fire, mixing compounds to make people ill, when in two minutes, with an expense of a few cents, she can produce such attractive, delicious desserts? Its economy is particularly in point now that it is again selling at 2 packages for 25 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, New York Bridgeburg, Ontario

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 77)

with me, just after the satchel of money was placed under the seat where the judge could feel it with his feet.

We drove off in that silence which comes with the drowsiness that follows excitement, especially at night. The night was dark and still. Virginia's presence reminded me of those days of happiness when we drove into Iowa alone together, but I was not happy. I had lived with this girl in my dreams ever since, and now I faced the wrench of giving her up; for I repeated in my own mind over and over again that she would never think of me with such big bugs as Bob Wade shining around her.

The judge and Mrs. Stone were talking together now, and I heard references to the money. Then I began slowly to turn over in my slow mind the fact, known to me alone, that there was a man at the Wade farm who was one of a band of thieves and who knew about our having the money. If he really was connected with the Bunker boys, what was more likely than that he had some way of passing the word along to some of them, who would be waiting to rob us on our way home? All this time Virginia seemed to be snuggling up a little closer.

Jim Boyd's light buggy had got far ahead of us, out of hearing, and the lumber wagons with the bulk of the crowd were far in the rear. We were alone. As we came to a road that wound off toward the south, where there was a settlement of Hoosiers, I turned off and followed it, knowing that when I got to the Hoosier settlement I should find a road into the Center. It was a mistake made a purpose, done on that instinct which protects the man who feels that he may be trailed. I was on a path unexpected to anyone waiting for us.

After a while the judge noticed that we were off the road. "Stop!" he commanded, and when I explained that we would soon reach a trail which would lead right into the Center he still persisted.

"If we were robbed on this out-of-the-way road," said he, "it would look funny."

"It would look funnier," I said, "if we were to go back and then get robbed. Anyone waiting to rob us would be on the regular road, wouldn't they?"

So I stubbornly drove on, the judge grumbling all the while for a mile or so.

AND then came one of the interesting events of this eventful night. We turned into the main road to Monterey Center, just where Duncan McAlpine's barn now stands, and I thought I saw down in the hollow, where it was still dark, though the light was beginning to dawn in the east, a clump of dark objects like cattle or horses—or horse-men. As I looked they moved into the road as if to stop us. I drew my pistol and fired it over their heads, and they scattered. Then I was scared still more by a sound as of a cavalry or artillery platoon coming behind us. It was three loads of people on the hay-racks, who had overtaken us because we had come by the roundabout way, coming at a keen gallop down the hill to have the credit of passing a fancy carriage. They passed us like a tornado, shouting as they went by, asking what I had shot at, and telling us to hurry up so as to get home by breakfast time. The horsemen ahead, whatever might have been their plans, did not seem to care to argue matters with so large a force and rode off in several directions, while I pressed close to the rear of the last hayrack. Thus we drove into Monterey Center.

"What did you shoot for?" asked the judge as we stopped at his house.

"I wanted to warn a lot of men on horseback that were heading us off that there'd be trouble if they tried to stop us."

"Foolishness!" said the judge. "Well, come in and let's have a bite to eat." Virginia was staying with them the rest of the night, and I helped her out, feeling in her stiffness that she was offended with me. As we went in carrying the satchel the judge lifted it up on the table. "We may as well take a look at it," said he. Mrs. Stone and Virginia and I all stood by the table as he unsnapped the catch and opened the bag. It was full almost to the top.

"That ain't the way I packed that money!" said the judge. His hands trembled as he pulled the contents out. It was full of the bags and wrappers in which the money had been packed, according to the judge's tell, but there was no money in the wrappers and the bags were full, not of coins, but of common salt. That was what made it so heavy. "I am ruined!" Judge Stone fell back into a chair, groaning. Then he jumped to his feet. "They've taken it out while we were at the party!" he shouted. "The canting, sniveling old thief! No wonder he's got money! He probably stole it where he came from! Jake, we've got to go back and make him give this money back! Come on!"

"Make who give it back!" I asked.

"Who?" said he. "Why, old De Witt Clinton Wade, the old thief! Who else had the key to the office or knew how to open that safe? Come on, Jake, and bring your pistol!"

I handed him the pistol. "I agreed to guard you and the county's money," I said, "and that's all. You hain't got the county's money, it seems, and my job's over. I've got to break prairie to-day, and I guess I'd better be going!"

XIII

IOWA lived in the future in those days. It was a land of poverty and privations and small things, but a land of dreams. We shivered in the winter storms, and dreamed; we plowed and sowed and garnered in; but the great things, the happy things, were our dreams and visions.

I was sorry for the people in the towns, and sold most of my eggs, fowls, butter, cream and milk on credit; and though Virginia and I were not on good terms and I never went to see her any more, and though Grandma Thorndyke was, I felt sure, trying to get Virginia's mind fixed on a better match, like Bob Wade or Paul Holbrook, I used to take the Elder's family eggs, butter, milk or flour almost every time I went to town; and when the weather was warm enough so that they would not freeze, I took potatoes, turnips, and sometimes some cabbage for a boiled dinner, with a piece of pork to go with it. When the Elder found out who was sending it he tried to thank me, but I made him promise not to tell his family where they came from, on pain of not getting any more.

But there were days of dark despondency. Magnus Thorkelson, however, tried to cheer me up. I had been wishing that I had never left the canal, for there I always had good clothes and money in my pocket. We couldn't stay in this country, I said.

"Oh," exclaimed Magnus, "you shouldn't talk so! We got plenty to eat. Dere bane lots people in Norway would jump at de chance to yange places wit' us. What nice land here in Iovay!"

One trouble with all of us Vandemark township settlers was that we had no money. I had long since stopped going to church or to see anybody because I was so beggarly looking. Going away from our farm to earn wages put back the development of the farms, and made the job of getting started so much slower. I hated to work for Buck Gowdy, but when Magnus came to me one

(Continued on Page 80)



FROM doubt to exuberance
—the swift changes in this
baby's face would put a regu-
lar grown-up actor to shame.
He is the son of Mrs. A. A.
Beard, Priest River, Idaho.

What is finer in children than steady, normal progress?

ROBERT BEARD is what every child has a natural right to be—healthy, normal, perfect in every way. He has always been that way—for he has been fed on Eagle Brand since he was three months old.

When he was born he weighed nine pounds. At five months he weighed eighteen pounds. When he reached the age of sixteen months he tipped the scales at twenty-seven pounds and was in sturdy health—just as you see him in the picture.

All of it steady, regular progress—as it should be. Robert "never has had a sick day," his mother tells us, in spite of "the intense heat" of last summer.

Of course Robert started life with a fine constitution—even if his mother does give to Eagle Brand the credit for his fine progress. He is but one example of what Eagle Brand has done for thousands of other normal children. Thousands more who were weak and under nourished—who were unable to retain other foods—have thrived and grown strong on Eagle Brand, too. Doctors recommend it in difficult feeding cases—it is so very digestible.

No thoughtful mother would experiment with her baby. Unquestionably you should nurse him if you can—but don't risk giving him foods of which you are doubtful. Eagle Brand has been the standard infant food for three generations. It is not a "special baby food" at all. It is milk—just pure milk and pure sugar, the natural food when mother's milk fails. Eagle Brand maintains its uniform quality and perfect purity no matter where you buy it—and you can get it anywhere.

Write us for "The Best Baby"—a beautiful little record book for your baby. It is free. We will also be glad to send you information and feeding chart for Eagle Brand.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building New York



Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk





Rigaud's Parfum Mary Garden

Rigaud's Mary Garden will make you
beautiful and keep you young

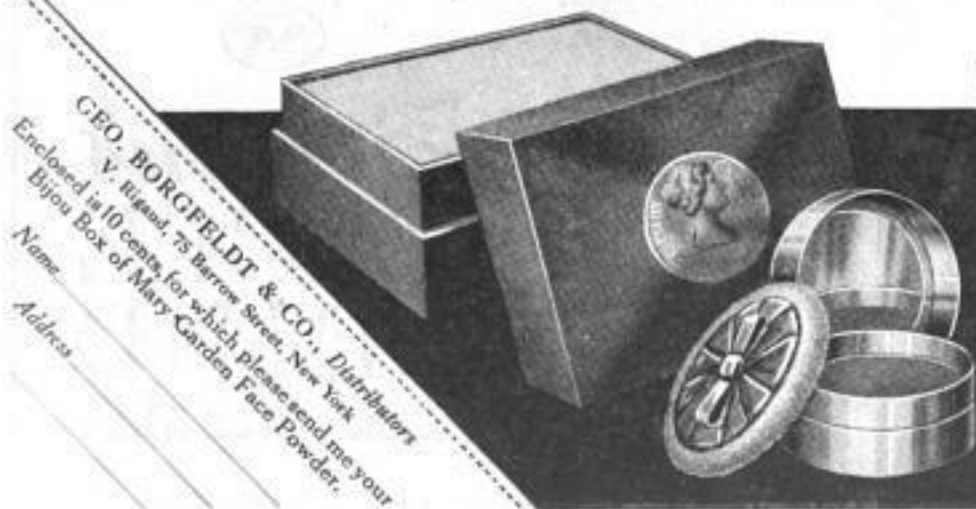
Mary Garden! So marvelous is her loveliness that all
the world pays her homage. Yet even beauty such as hers
must be preserved—enhanced—glorified.

If you would bring out the compelling charm of a lovely
face, touch it with just a little

MARY GARDEN Rouge
and then impart a rose-petal softness with
MARY GARDEN Face Powder
Both are fragrant with the exquisite
Parfum MARY GARDEN

Send for a Bijou Box of the Face Powder for your handbag

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York, Sole Distributors



GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Distributors
Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your
Bijou Box of Mary Garden Face Powder.
Name _____
Address _____

Vandemark's Jolly

(Continued from Page 79)

day after we had got our oats sowed and said that Mr. Gowdy wanted hands, I decided that I would go over with Magnus and work a while.

I was astonished, after we had walked the nine miles between the edge of the Gowdy tract and the headquarters, to see how much he had done. There were square miles of land under plow, and the yards, barns, granaries and houses looked almost as much like a town as Monterey Center. We went straight to Gowdy's office. His overseer was talking with us when Gowdy came in.

"Hello, Thorkelson," said he, "you're quite a stranger. Haven't seen you for a week."

MAGNUS stole a look at me and blushed so that his face was as red as his hair. I was taken aback by this, for he had never said a word to me about the frequent visits to the Gowdy place which Buck's talk seemed to show had taken place. What had he been coming over for, I wondered, as I heard Gowdy greeting me.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Vandemark," said he. "What can I do for you-all?"

"We heard you wanted a couple of hands," said I, "and we thought —"

"I need a couple of hundred," said he. "Put 'em to work, Mobley," turning to the overseer; and then he went off into a lot of questions and orders about the work, after which he jumped into the buckboard buggy, in which Pinck Johnson sat with the whip in his hands, and they went off at a keen run.

We lived in a great barracks with his other men and ate our meals in a long room like a company of soldiers. It was a most interesting business experiment which he was trying; and he was going behind every day. Most of the aristocrats who came early to Iowa to build up estates lost everything they had, and became poor; for they did not work with their own hands, and the work of others' hands was inefficient and cost as much as it produced or more. Gowdy would have gone broke long before the cheap land was gone if it had not been for the money he got from Kentucky. I could see that his labor was bringing him a loss, every day's work of it; and at breakfast I was studying out ways to organize it better when a small hand pushed a cup of coffee past my cheek and gave my nose a little pinch as it was drawn back. I looked up, and there was Rowena, waiting on our table!

"Hello, Jake!" said she. "I heard you was dead."

She was as pretty a twenty-year-old lass as you would see in a day's travel. No longer was she the ragged waif to whom I had given the dress pattern back toward Dubuque. She was rosy, she was plump, her new calico dress was as pretty as it could be, and her brown skin and browner hair made with her dark eyes a study in brown and pink, as the artists say.

It was two or three days before I had a chance to go to her house and talk with her. She had changed a good deal, I sensed, as she told me all about her folks, and now she was about to change her situation in the Blue-grass Manor establishment. She was going into the big house to work under Mrs. Mobley, the wife of the superintendent.

"Well, that'll be nice," said I.

"I don't want to," she said. "I like to wait on table better."

"Then why do you change?" said I.

"Mr. Gowdy —" began Ma Fewkes, but was interrupted by her daughter, who talked on until her mother was switched off from her explanation. Then she came over and sat by me. "Tell me, Jake," she said, "how you're gittin' along. Off here we don't hear no news from folks over to the Center at all. We go to the new railroad, an' never see anyone from over there —"

"Exceptin' Magnus," said Ma Fewkes.

"You ain't married yet, be you?" Rowena asked.

"I should say not! Me married!"

We sat then for quite a while without saying anything. It was getting embarrassing, and her next remark made it even more so.

"How old be you, Jake?" she asked.

"I'll be twenty," said I, "the twenty-seventh day of next July."

"We're jest of an age," she ventured—and after a long pause: "I should think it would be awful hard work to keep the house and do your work ou'doors."

I told her that it was.

"Well," said she, "for a smart, nice-lookin' young man like you, it's your own fault —"

And then there was a tap on the door. Ma Fewkes opened, and there stood Buckner Gowdy. He came in with his easy politeness and sat down among us.

"I didn't know you had company," said he; "but now I remember that Mr. Vandemark is an old friend."

He took me into the conversation, but he sat where he could look at Rowena. He seemed to be carrying on a silent conversation with her with his eyes while he talked to me, looking into my eyes, too, a good deal, and stooping toward me in that intimate, confidential way of his.

AFTER working a time for Gowdy I took home money enough for some new clothes. Both Magnus and I were glad to see the long black streaks of new breaking in the section of which my eighty was a part, and two new shanties belonging to new neighbors. Magnus stopped at his own place, and I went on. I saw that there had been a lot of reding up done; and as I came around the corner of the house I heard sounds within as of someone at the housework. The door was open, and as I peeped in, there, of all people, was Grandma Thorndyke putting the last touches to a general housecleaning.

The floor was newly scrubbed, the dishes set away in order and all clean. The churn was always clean inwardly, but she had scoured it on the outside. There was a geranium in bloom in the window, which was as clear as glass could be made. The bed was made up on a different plan from mine, and the place where I hung my clothes had a flowered cotton curtain in front of it, run on cords. It looked very beautiful to me; and my pride in it rose as I gazed upon it. Grandma Thorndyke had not heard me coming, and gave way to her feelings as she looked at her handiwork in her manner of talking to herself.

(Continued on Page 83)

The House Plan Contest

WE ARE still hopeful of being able to announce in our February issue the names of the winners in the HOME JOURNAL House Plan Contest. We received 6000 plans—a splendid response—and so many of them came in the last week of the time allowed that the House Plan Contest Editor was fairly swamped. At this writing he is working day and night, examining each one with the utmost care, and he reports encouragingly that he is finding some wonderfully good ideas. Watch the February JOURNAL for the names of the prize winners, and the March JOURNAL for the winning plans.

STARTEX

STARTEX



This is the new dish towel that leaves no lint
Send for this sample towel (15c) and know why

A STARTEX towel will dry and polish the finest glass, china and silver-ware without leaving lint. Moreover, it has the highest absorbent qualities. This fact has been proved by scientific tests conducted by Professor Haven of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The low price of Startex has caused

some people to confuse it with so-called "union linens" in which flax is woven only one way. Startex, however, is an entirely distinctive fabric. In this product flax and cotton fibres are spun together in every thread of Startex so that the linen is woven into it *both ways*, warp and weft alike. This is why Startex toweling

launders better and wears much longer than ordinary towels.

In order that you may test for yourself the remarkable drying qualities and the real economy of this new fabric, we have made up a limited number of sample towels in 27 inch lengths. If you will return the coupon with 15 cents, we will mail you one.

STARTEX

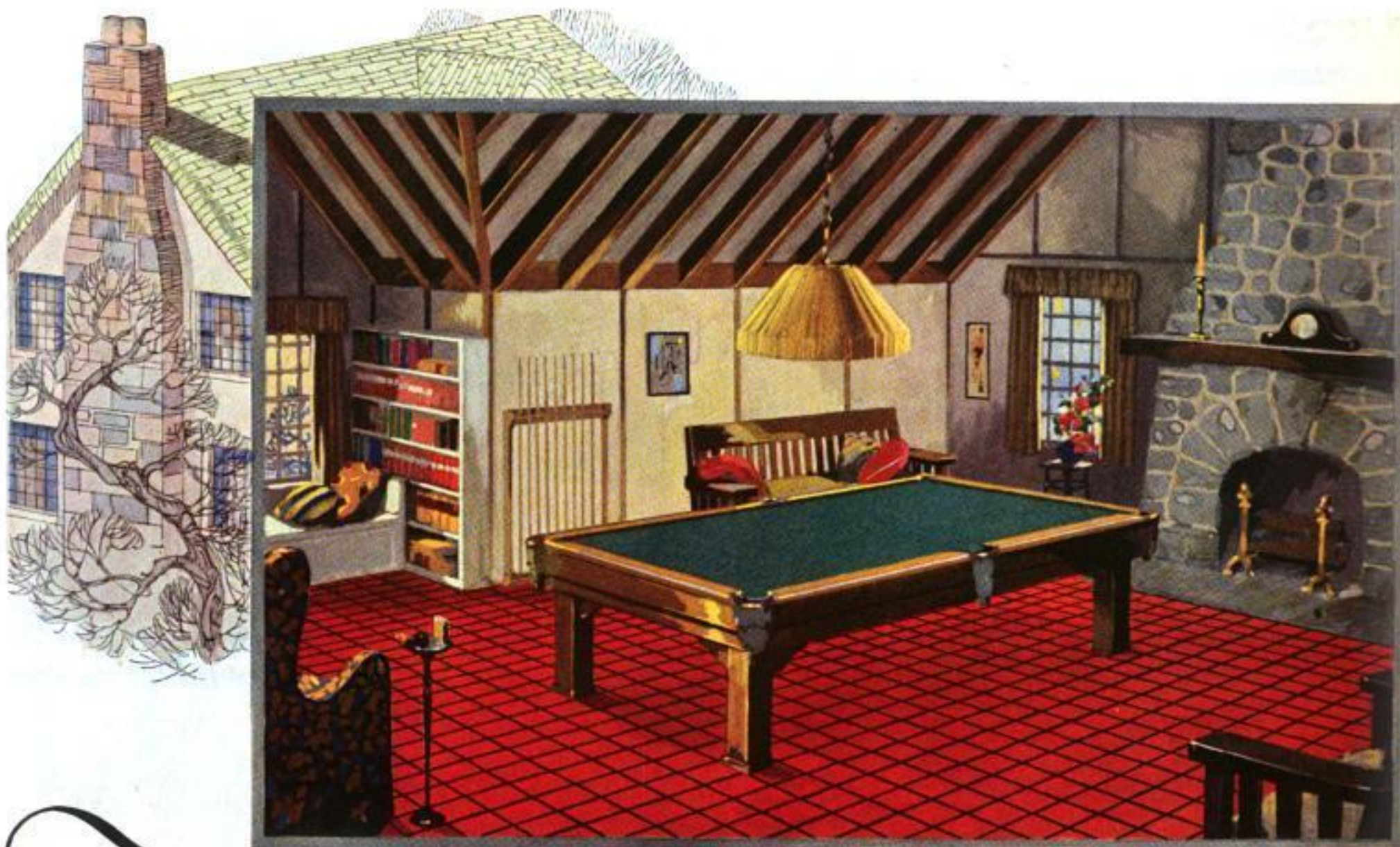
CRASH TOWELING

Has linen spun and woven both ways

INTERNATIONAL COTTON MILLS
 LAWRENCE & CO., *Selling Agents*

BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON

SEND THIS COUPON
 and 15 cents for a 27-inch sample Startex towel,
 and test this quick-drying, lintless new fabric.
 Address: STARK MILLS, MAINTON, N. H.
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Making your attic of real use

Important Notice
Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

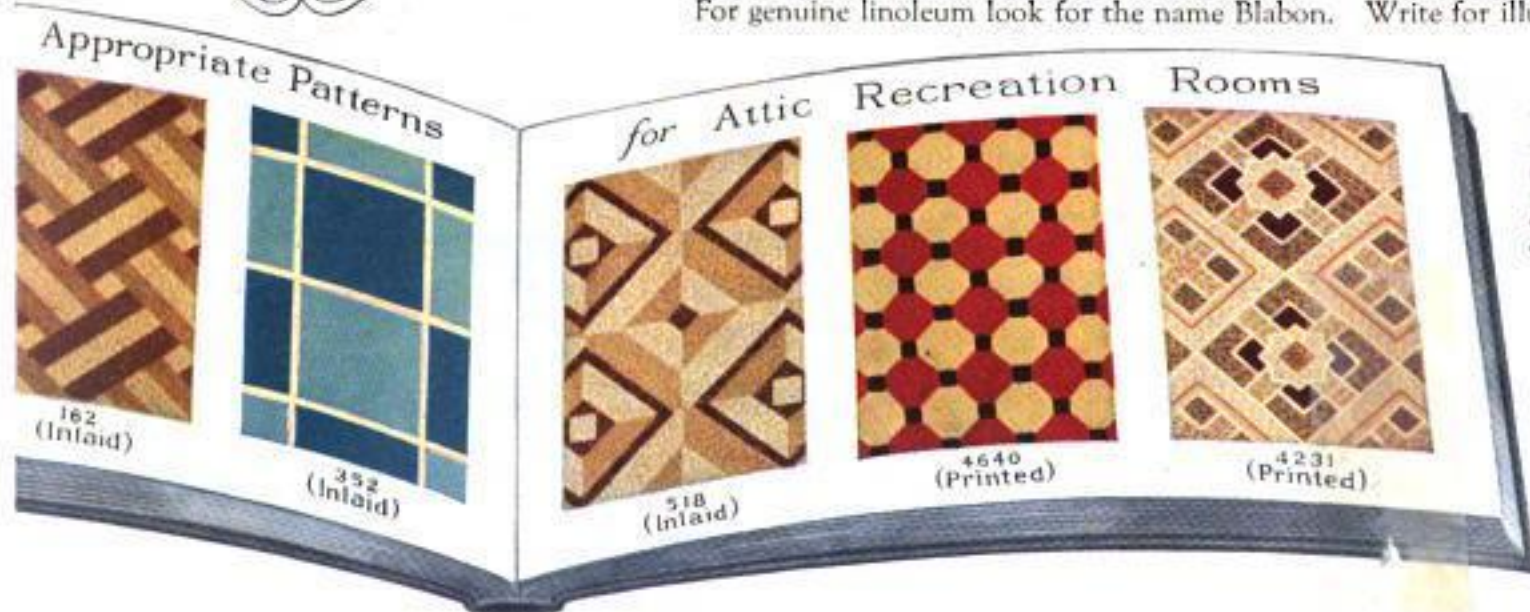
Many a big attic room, now practically useless, can be made such an attractive family recreation center that the boys and girls will be glad to stay home these long winter evenings.

In harmony with any decorative scheme you may select for such a room a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum will be not only most appropriate but will yield the maximum of service. Pattern No. 350 Inlaid is shown on the floor above.

The colors of Blabon plain and "Invincible" battleship linoleums, as well as the inlaid patterns, go through to the burlap back, and stay bright and clear as long as the linoleum lasts.

Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable to walk upon. They are easy to keep clean by a light regular going over with a damp cloth or mop. For every room, upstairs and down, they are beautiful, sanitary, and economical, whether used as a floor or as a background for fabric rugs.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.



Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum have the soft rich colorings of costlier fabric rugs at a fraction of their cost. Mothproof, sanitary, durable. A variety of beautiful patterns and color combinations. Ask your dealer for Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum.
The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 70 years



Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 80)

"That's more like a human habitation!" she ejaculated, standing with her hands on her hips. "It looked like a hoarow's nest!"

"It looks a lot better," I agreed. She was startled at seeing me, for she expected to get away when Henderson L. Burns came back from his shooting of golden plover, before I came in. But we had quite a visit all by ourselves. She said quite pointedly somebody had been keeping her family in milk and butter and vegetables and chickens and eggs all winter, and she was doing a mighty little in repayment. Her eyes were full of tears as she said this.

I got all the news of the town from her. Several people had moved in; but others had gone back East to live with their own or their wives' folks. Elder Thorndyke, encouraged by the favor of "their two rich men," had laid plans for building a church, and she believed their fellowship would be blessed with greater growth if they had a consecrated building instead of the hall where the secret societies met. On being asked who their two richest men were she mentioned Governor Wade, of course, and Mr. Gowdy.

"Mr. Gowdy," she ventured, "is in a very hopeful frame of mind. He is, I fervently hope and believe, under conviction of sin. We pray for him without ceasing. He would be a tower of strength, with his ability and his wealth, if he should, under God, turn to the right and seek salvation. If you and he could both come into the fold, Jacob, it would be a wonderful thing for the Elder and me."

"I guess I'd rather come in alone!" I said.

"YOU mustn't be uncharitable," said she. "Mr. Gowdy is still hopeful of getting that property for Virginia Royall. He is working on that all the time. He came to get her signature to a paper this week. He is a changed man, Jacob—a changed man."

I can't tell how thunderstruck I was by this bit of news. Somehow I could not see Buck Gowdy as a member of the congregation of the saints—I had seen too much of him lately; and yet, I could not now remember any of the old hardness he had shown in every action back along the Old Ridge Road in 1855.

But Virginia must have changed toward him, or she would not have allowed him to approach her with any kind of paper, not even a patent of nobility.

"This ain't the last time, Jacob," said Grandma Thorndyke as she climbed into Jim Boyd's buggy that Henderson L. had borrowed. "You may expect to find your house redd up any time when I can get a ride out."

I was in a daze for some time trying to study out developments. Buck Gowdy and Mrs. Mobley; Rowena and Magnus Thorndyke; Gowdy's calls on Rowena, or at least at her home; Rowena's going to live in his house as a hired girl; her warmth to me; her nervousness, or fright, at Gowdy; Gowdy's religious tendency in the midst of his entanglements with the fair sex; his seeming reconciliation with Virginia; his pulling of the wool over the eyes of Mrs. Thorndyke, and probably the Elder's — Out of this maze I came to a sudden resolution. I would go to Waterloo and get me a new outfit of clothes, even to gloves and a pair of "fine boots."

XIV

LIFE dragged along for all of us from one year to another in the slow movement of a new country in hard times, only I was at bottom better off than most of my neighbors, because I had cattle. They grew in numbers, and keeping them was just a matter of labor, for I could use the land of others for pasture and hay without paying rent. Town life went backwards in most ways. My interest in it centered in Virginia, and through her in Elder Thorndyke's family; but of this family I saw little except for my visits from Grandma Thorndyke. She came out and redd up the house as often as she could catch a ride, and on the other hand I kept up my now well-known secret policy of supplying the Thorndyke family with my farm, dairy and poultry surplus.

Virginia never came with Grandma to help redd up. Grandma often told me that now I was getting pretty nearly old enough to be married, or would be when I was twenty-one, which would be in July. She began bringing girls with her to help fix my house up.

"Why don't you bring Virginia out some day?" I asked on one of these occasions, when it seemed to me that Grandma Thorndyke

was making herself just a little too frequent a visitor at my place.

"Miss Royall," said she as if she had been speaking of the Queen of Sheba, "is busy with her own circle of friends. She is now visiting at Governor Wade's. She is almost a member of the family there. And her law matters take up a good deal of her time too. Mr. Gowdy thinks he may be able to get her property for her soon. She can hardly be expected to come out for this." And Grandma swept her hands about to cast down into nothingness my house, my affairs, and me.

SO, WHEN I furnished the cream for the donation picnic at Crabapple Grove in strawberry time, I went prepared to see myself discarded by my love. She was there, and I had not overestimated her coldness toward me. Buck Gowdy came for only a few minutes, and these he spent eating ice cream with Elder Thorndyke, with Virginia across the table from him, and he looking at her in that old way of his. Before he left she went over and sat with Bob Wade and Kittie Fleming; but he joined them pretty soon, and I saw him bending down in that intimate way of his, first speaking to Kittie, and then for a longer time to Virginia—and I thought of the time when she would not even speak his name! Once she walked off by herself in the trees, and looked back at me as she went; but I was done with her, I said to myself, and hung back.

I do not remember that I was ever so unhappy, not even when John Rucker was in power over me and my mother; not even when I was seeking my mother up and down the canal and the Lakes; not even when I found that she had gone away on her last long journey that bleak winter day in Madison. I now devoted myself to the memory of my old dreams for my mother, and blamed myself for treason to her memory, getting out that old letter and the poor work-worn shoe and weeping over them in my lonely nights in the cabin on the prairie.

It was not more than a week after this donation picnic when I came home for my nooning one day and found a strange covered wagon in the yard and two strange horses in the stable. This was in the early summer of 1859, almost a year from the time Magnus and I left Bluegrass Manor. When I went to the house, there were Old Man Fewkes and Mrs. Fewkes, and Surajah Dowlah and Celebrate Fourth. I welcomed them heartily. I was so lonesome that I would have welcomed a stray dog, and that is pretty nearly what I was doing.

"I guess," ventured the old man after we had finished our dinner, "that you are wondering where we're goin', Jake."

"A long ways," I said, "by the looks of your rig."

"YOU see us now," he went on, "takin' steps that I've wanted to take ever sen' I found out what a den of iniquity we throwed ourselves into when we went out yon," pointing in the general direction of the Bluegrass Manor.

"What steps are you takin'?" I asked.

"We are makin'," said he, "our big move for riches. Gold! Gold! Jake, you must go with us! We are goin' out to the Speak."

I had never heard of any place called the Speak, but I finally got it through my head that he meant Pike's Peak. We were in the midst of the Pike's Peak excitement for two or three years; and this was the earliest sign of it that I had seen, though I had heard Pike's Peak mentioned.

"Where's Rowena?" I asked.

Silence for quite a while. Then Ma Fewkes spoke. "Rowena," she said, her voice trembling, "Rowena ain't goin' with us."

"SHE ain't no longer," said Old Man Fewkes, "a member o' my family. I shall will my property away from her. I've made up my mind, Jake. Now let's talk about the Speak. Our plans was never better laid. Celebrate, tell Jake how we make our money a-goin', and you, Surajah, denote to him your machine f'r gittin' out the gold."

I was too much absorbed in thinking about Rowena to take in what Surajah and Celebrate said. I have a dim recollection that Celebrate's plan for making money was to fill the wagon box with white beans, which were scarce in Denver City, as we then called Denver, and could be sold for big money when they got there. I have no remembrance of Surajah Dowlah's plan for

mining. I declined to go with them, and they went away toward Monterey Center, saying that they would stay there a few days "to kind of recuperate up," and they hoped I would join them.

What about Rowena? They had been so mysterious about her! Not that she would be the worse for losing her family. But the tremor in Ma Fewkes' voice and the agitation with which Old Man Fewkes had delivered what in books would be his parental curse led me to think that they were in deep trouble on account of their breach with Rowena.

WHEN I next saw Magnus I asked him if he knew that Rowena and her people had had a fuss. He looked very solemn and said that he had seen none of the family since we had finished our work for Gowdy—a year ago.

"What said the old man, Yake?" he asked anxiously.

"He said he was going to will his property away from her!" I replied. "He said that she ain't no longer a member of his family, Magnus. Don't that beat you!"

"Yes," said Magnus gravely, "dat beat me, Yake." He bowed his head in thought for a while, and then looked up. "Ay can't go to her, Yake. Ay can't go to her. But you go, Yake; you go. An' you tal her dat Magnus Thorndyke bane ready to do what he can for her. All he can do. Tal her Magnus ready to live or die for her. You tal her pat, Yake!"

I had to think over this a few days before I could begin to guess what it meant; and before three days were past she came to see me. It was a Sunday night after harvest. I had put on my new clothes, thinking to go to hear Elder Thorndyke preach, but when I thought of how I had no longer pleasure in the thought of Virginia, no chance ever to have her for my wife, no dreams of her for the future even, I sat down until it was too late to go, and then I walked out to look at things.

Rowena came into my view as she passed the house. I went to meet her, astonished, for she was alone. She was riding one of Gowdy's horses and had that badge of distinction in those days, a sidesaddle and a riding habit.

She came up to me and stopped, looking at me without a word.

"Why of all things!" I said. "Rowena, is this you?"

"What's left of me," said she.

I stood looking at her for a minute, thinking of what her father and mother had said, and finally trying to figure out what seemed to be a great change in her. There was something new in her voice and her manner of

looking at me as she spoke; and something strange in the way she looked out of her eyes. Her face was a little paler than it used to be, as if she had been indoors more; but there was a pink flush in her cheeks that made her look prettier than I had ever seen her. Her eyes were bright as if with tears just trembling to fall, rather than with the old glint of defiance or high spirits; but she smiled and laughed more than ever I had seen her do. She acted as if she was in high spirits, but when she was silent for a moment her mouth drooped as if in some sort of misery.

I swung her from the saddle and tied her horse. I stopped to put a halter on him, unsaddled him and gave him hay. When I got back to the house I found that she had taken off her long skirt and was sitting on the little stoop in front of my door. She wore an old apron, and as I came up to her she spread it out with her hands to call my attention to it.

"You see, Jake, I've come to work. Show me the morning's dishes, an' I'll wash 'em. Or maybe you want bread baked? It wouldn't be breakin' the Sabbath to mix up a bakin' for a poor ol' back like you, would it? I'm huntin' work. Show it to me."

WHEN it came time for dinner, which on Sunday was at one o'clock, she insisted on getting the meal, and seemed to be terribly anxious for fear everything might not be good. It was a delicious meal, and to see her preparing it and then clearing up the table and washing the dishes gave me quite a thrill.

"Now," said she, coming and sitting down by me and laying her hand on mine, "ain't this more like it? Don't that beat doing everything yourself? If you'd only try havin' me here a week, nobody could hire you to go back to bakin' it ag'in. Think how nice it would be jest to go out an' do your chores in the morning, an' when you come in with the milk find a nice breakfast all ready to set down to. Wouldn't that be more like livin'?"

"Yes," I said, "it—it would."

"That come hard," said she, squeezing my hand, "like makin' a little boy own up he likes a girl. I guess I won't ask you the next thing."

"What was the next thing, Rowena?"

"W'y, if it wouldn't be kind o' nice to have someone around, even if she wan't very pretty, and was ignorant, if she was willin' to learn, an' would always be good to you, to have things kind o' cheerful at night—your supper ready, a light lit, dry boots by the stove, your bed made up nice and maybe warmed when it was cold."

Dumbhead as I was, I sat mute and looked as blank as an idiot. In all this description of hers I was struck by the resemblance between her vision and mine, but I was dreaming of someone else. She looked at me a moment and took her hand away. She seemed hurt, and I thought I saw her wiping her eyes. I could not believe that she was almost asking me to marry her.

"I never looked your place over," said she at last. "That's what I come over fur. Show it to me, Jacob."

THIS delighted me. We looked first at the wheat and the corn, and some of my cattle were near enough so that we went and looked at them. I told her where I had got every one of them. We looked at the chickens and the ducks, and the first brood of young turkeys I ever had. I showed her all my elms, maples, basswoods and other forest trees which I had brought from the timber, and even the two pines I had made live, then not over a foot high. Then we sat down on the blue grass under what is now the big cottonwood in front of the house. Rowena leaned back against the gray-green trunk and patted the turf beside her for me to be seated.

"I never have had a home," she said. "I never had no idee how folks that have got things lived—till I went over—over to that—that hell hole there!" And she waved her hand over toward Bluegrass Manor. I was startled at her fierce manner and words.

A feeling of impending evil came over me as I looked at her. I turned my back to her as I sat on the ground, and she took me by the shoulders, pulled me down so that my head was lying in her lap and began smoothing my hair back from my forehead with a very caressing touch.

(Continued on Page 85)



95 OUT OF EVERY 100 WOMEN HAVE FAULTY POSTURE

Faulty posture causes backaches, headaches and often more serious ills, as well as loss of grace and style

THE SPENCER SUPPORTING CORSET WILL CORRECT FAULTY POSTURE

We have studied the individual measurements of 1,000,000 women. They prove the truth of the startling statement often made by physicians that 95% of American women have faulty posture. And it is their corsets—oftener than not—that are directly responsible for this condition.

Probably the foremost public health organization of the world has declared that of the thousands of women examined by its experts "70% were wearing incorrect corsets without knowing it"—and that their corsets were wrong because they were either (1) improperly made or (2) "did not meet the specific needs of the wearers."

And wrong posture is as injurious to good style as it is to good health. For style is that indefinable poise which goes with an alert, graceful carriage and reflects perfect comfort and abundant vigor.

Faulty posture leads to ptosis—which means sagging of the abdominal muscles and inner organs, often causing backaches, headaches, poor digestion and more serious ills. Seventy of every 100 women already have ptosis and need special abdominal support.

Many women suppose that an abdominal support is a cumbersome appliance; they think of all supporting corsets as surgical corsets. But the Spencer Supporting Corset, although

prescribed by thousands of physicians, is primarily a style corset.

The Spencer Supporting Corset will immediately lift the organs of the abdominal cavity into place and relieve strain on the spine. This gives the erect, graceful carriage and trim straight lines that every woman seeks. The improvement in appearance is instantaneous.

Many women who do not have ptosis have one or more faulty figure lines which show a tendency toward incorrect posture. The Spencer Designing Service will arrest this tendency and restore the perfect lines of the youthful, well-balanced figure.

Every Spencer Corset of every kind is designed and made according to the exact measurements and individual requirements of the woman who is to wear it. If your measurements indicate that special support would give you better health and style, the Spencer Corsetière who measures you will include this in her instructions to

our designers. And the corset that they create for you will be *yours* as no other corset can be. Every line of it, the placing of every seam and bone will be planned to benefit you in style, comfort, and the correct posture that means good health.

As proof of this unique individual service you receive with your Spencer Corset a guarantee backed by a \$1,000 bond that *every measurement and the description of your figure were actually used in designing and making the corset.*

Because we make no corsets except from individual measurements, Spencer Corsets cannot be found in stores or listed in catalogs.

The Spencer Corsetière in your locality is at your service. If you will send for her she will be glad to tell you more about the Spencer System.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT—We make supports for every purpose upon physicians' prescriptions. The designers in our Medical Department are required to have a training equivalent to a course in anatomy and dissection at a medical school of the first class.

We shall be glad to hear from well-bred, capable, earnest women who desire to represent us. Those whose applications we accept will be given free training in the Spencer System of Corsetry. Spencer Corsetry is a profitable occupation in which you have the satisfaction of rendering service to others.

SPENCER Rejuveno CORSETS

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Wrong posture—fatigue type

In the fatigue posture, which is very common, the sagging abdominal wall, rounded shoulders and flattened spine allow the abdomen to fall forward. Every organ in the abdominal cavity is forced out of place and its action disturbed. Headaches, backaches, indigestion and other more serious ailments are often due to this condition. A wrong corset makes this condition worse. Often the front clasps at the top of the corset poke into the body. A Spencer Corset, especially designed to support the abdomen and relieve the strain on the spine, will correct this condition and prove to you that comfort and style go hand in hand.



Wrong posture—lordosis type

The lordosis, or "sway back" posture is often due to a poorly designed corset which was too tight at the waist line in back. Note the exaggerated curve of the back at the waist line. The result of this posture is that the stomach and other organs sag out of place and cannot function properly. Frequent backaches, headaches, indigestion and many other ills are caused by this condition. A Spencer Corset, designed especially for the needs of the individual, will correct lordosis.



Correct posture—erect type

This is the erect, or normal posture. It is the ideal posture—head and body erect, shoulders square and the weight supported evenly on both feet. Normal posture not only insures better health; it also gives a graceful erect carriage and a smart looking figure, which lends an air of distinction to the simplest garments. If your figure is still youthful, a Spencer Corset will keep it so. If you are one of the 95 out of 100 women whose posture is wrong, a Spencer Corset especially designed to meet your needs will bring it back.

Spencer Corsets are made by The Berger Brothers Company, 141 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. If you do not find our representative in your telephone book under the listing "Spencer Corsetière," write direct to us for the address.

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 83)

"Well," said she, "we won't spoil our day by talkin' of my troubles. This place is heaven to me, so quiet, so clean, so good! Let's not spoil it."

And before I knew what she meant to do she stooped down and kissed me on the lips—kissed me several times. I cannot claim that I was offended, she was so pretty, so rosy, so young and attractive; but at the same time I was a little scared. I wanted to end this situation; so, pretty soon, I proposed that we go down to see where I kept my milk. I felt like calling her attention to the fact that it was getting well along in the afternoon and that she would be late home if she did not start soon; but that would not be very friendly, and I did not want to hurt her feelings.

So we went down to the spring at the foot of the hill. She did not seem very much interested, and soon went over to a big granite boulder and sat down as if to rest. So I went and sat beside her.

"Jacob," said she, with a sort of gasp, "you wonder why I kissed you up there, don't you?"

I should not have confessed this when I was young, for it is not the man's part I played; but I blushed and turned my face away.

"I love you, Jacob!" She took my hand as she said this, and with her other hand turned my face toward her. "I want you to marry me. Will you, Jacob? I—I—I need you. I'll be good to you, Jake. Don't say no! Don't say no!"

Then the tragic truth seemed to dawn on me, or rather it came with a flash; and I turned and looked at her as I had not done before. I am slow or I should have known when her father and mother had spoken as they did; but now I could see. I could see why she needed me.

"Rowena," said I, "you are in trouble."

SHE knew what I meant. I hope never again to see anyone in such agony. Her face flamed and then turned as white as snow. She looked at me with that distressful expression in her eyes, rose as if to go away, and then came back and, sitting down again on the stone, she buried her head on my breast and wept so terribly that I was afraid.

"I ain't bad, Jacob," she cried. "I ain't bad. Take me, and save me! I'll always be good to you, Jake; I'll wash your feet with my hair! I'll kiss them! I'll eat the crusts from the table and be glad, for I love you, Jacob. I've loved you ever since I saw you. If I have been untrue to you it was because I was overcome, and you never looked twice at me, and I thought I was to be a great lady. Now I'll be mud, trod on by every beast that walks, an' rooted over by the haws unless you save me. I'll work my fingers to the bone for you, Jacob, to the bone. You're my only hope. Oh, let me hope a little longer!"

The thought that she was coming to me to save her from the results of her own sin never came into my mind. I only saw her as a lost woman, cast off even by her miserable family, whose only claim to respectability was their having kept themselves from the one depth into which she had fallen.

I knew there was no hope in the cold heart of Buckner Gowdy to which she could appeal. She had told me of his blame in the matter, of her appeal to him, of his light-hearted cruelty to her, of how now at last, after months of a losing rivalry between her and that other woman, the wife of Mobley the overseer, she had come to me in desperation. I tried to look in the face of what I should have to give up if I took this girl for my wife. I pushed her hands from my shoulders and rose to my feet; and she knelt down and clasped her arms around my knees. "I must think!" I said. "Let me be! Let me think!"

I TOOK a step backward, and as I turned I saw her kneeling there, her hair all about her face, with her hands stretched out to me; and then I walked blindly away into the long grass of the marsh. I finally found myself running, as if to get away from the whole thing, with the tall grass tangling about my feet.

All my plans for my life with Virginia came back to me; I lived over again every one of those beautiful days I had spent with her. I remembered how she had come back to bid me good-by when I left her at Waterloo and turned her over again to Grandma Thorndyke; but especially, I lived over again our days in the grove. I remembered that for months now she had seemed lost to me, and that all the hope I had had appeared to be that of living alone and dreaming of her. I was not asked by poor Rowena to give up much; and yet how much it was to me!

I caught my feet in the long grass, fell—and it did not seem worth while to rise again. The sun went down, and the dusk came on as I lay there with my hands twisted in the grass which drooped over me.

Then I thought of Rowena, and I got upon my feet and started in search of her, but soon forgot her in my thoughts of the life I should live if I did what she wanted of me. I was in such a daze that I went within a rod of her as she sat on the stone without seeing her, though the summer twilight was still a filtered radiance. Suddenly all went dark before my eyes and I fell again. Rowena saw me fall and came to me.

"Jacob," she cried, as she helped me to my feet, "Jacob, what's the matter?"

"Rowena," said I, trying to stand alone, "I've made up my mind. I had other plans—but I'll do what you want me to!"

(Concluded in the February Home Journal)

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Housing the Foodstuffs

Some Iceless Cooling Devices

By M. H. CARTER

SOME time ago a farmer's wife described her daily routine to me. Enumerating the chores she put through between breakfast and dinner—making beds, washing dishes, scalding milk tins, churning, bunching vegetables for market and cooking dinner, which always included a pudding or three or four pies as mere details—she added in a casual tone: "At harvesting time I have to bake bread every day and ten or twelve pies. From eighteen to twenty-two people sit down to dinner then, all of 'em starving hungry, and when they get up there isn't a crumb left of those pies. If I have fruit enough handy, I make up another batch in the afternoon for supper; if not, I make three or four loaves of cake."

Subsequently I repeated this to a friend by way of illustrating the "simple life" on the farm; but without apparently noticing my point, she pounced on me with the question: "Where does she cool all those pies when she takes them out of the oven?"

I said I hadn't asked—why should I?—and got an amused smile as my friend replied: "I guess I've caught you on something you don't know about kitchens—where you cool your pies when you bake them by the dozen. Since you evidently don't know, just let me tell you it's a big problem to the housekeeper. I find it the main problem about making pies, even three or four. So naturally I wondered how your farmer's wife managed with a dozen on hand at once and dinner to get besides, because in the ordinary kitchen your worktable is the only place large enough to hold so many pies, and cooling them means that you have to give it up when you're needing it most for preparing the next meal."

The whole problem of housing the food until eaten—and especially the breadstuffs products that are cooked in batches to last over several days—has been pretty much left to solve itself as best it can everywhere in the country except in New England. New England tackled that problem in colonial times and solved it with the "buttery."

The Refrigerator Annex

DID you ever see a genuine, well-built New England buttery opening directly out of the kitchen? It is worth seeing—and having. It is a room six or seven feet long by four or five feet wide, occasionally larger, seldom smaller, with a window always faced to the north. Shelves line the walls. Below them, in every properly tailored buttery, is a series of small closets and drawers. The shelf running level with the window sill is the widest, and in my young day was familiarly known as the "pie shelf."

A den of temptation always, I suspect, was that New England buttery to the rising generation, though the New England conscience was supposed to be up and resisting as soon as a child could lisp its name. The buttery itself was an offspring of that same conscience; it was New England's answer to the "Sunday Blue Laws" when no food was cooked in the house from Saturday sunset until Monday morning, and the big families of those days had to be fed their three accustomed meals a day, Sunday or no.

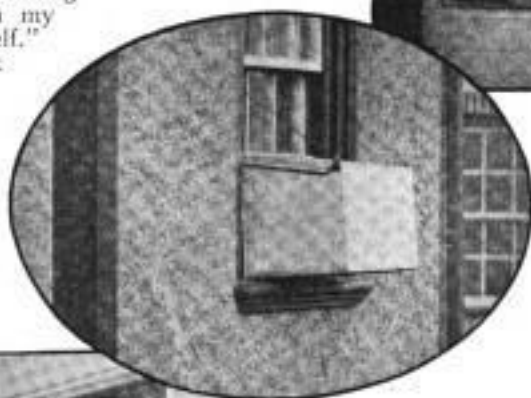
As an adjunct to the kitchen of the average own-your-own-home family, modern architecture has never developed anything superior to the old New England buttery. It provided adequately for the cooling and housing of cooked foods in the breadstuffs line, which must be kept on hand and need a dry, well-ventilated atmosphere or they mold; the upper shelves held dishes, the lower closets and drawers took care of the pots and pans, table silver and linens; and under the pie shelf stood the flour and sugar barrels. In those days the thrifty housewife felt she wasn't really keeping house unless she could dip both out of the barrel with her own hands.

But the high style of living changed all that. The early rising generation that ate in the kitchen gave place to a socially rising generation demanding a separate dining room with a butler's pantry wedged between it and the kitchen. Floor space in the kitchen paid the bill. The capacious buttery found itself transmogrified into a small windowless kitchen closet and a butler's pantry—each useful enough in its way of course. But neither singly nor in combination can they take the place of the old-fashioned buttery, if only for the reason that a butler's pantry is the general thoroughfare between the kitchen and the main body of the house and quite unsuited to the cooling or the housing of cooked foods.

If, however, the dusty butler's pantry and the unventilated kitchen closet are already in your home, you can probably put in the next best thing to the New England buttery, a refrigerator annex.

By rights, a refrigerator annex should be built with the house; and by preference it should be placed in the cellar stairway, both to save kitchen floor space and for greater coolness. But the preference is scarcely possible unless you have an upper landing which will give the kind of corner shown below. At any rate, wherever you place your refrigerator annex, one of its sides must be an outer wall, in order to insert the ventilators on which its keeping powers depend. The annex here shown has two built-in ventilators protected by slat shutters with wire fly screen tacked on the outside. The upper ventilator can be seen in the picture; the lower one is let in at floor level. To create a "draw," each of the three-cornered shelves had its tip cut off, making an open passage between the two ventilators. There is thus a continuous flow of fresh air circulating between the shelves and carrying off odors and vapors when the annex door is shut.

The lady in whose bungalow this annex stands cools there first for about an hour everything that is to go into the refrigerator—left-over meat and vegetables from the table, berries, melons, soup stocks, and so on; she says it effects a noticeable saving in her ice



THE UBIQUITOUS WINDOW-BOX REFRIGERATOR ANNEX ADDS NOTHING TO THE ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY OF THE HOUSE



A REFRIGERATOR ANNEX BUILT IN THE CORNER OF A CELLAR STAIRWAY. IT AIRS ITSELF AUTOMATICALLY

Another great merit of the refrigerator annex not to be sniffed at these days is its trifling cost, and it would probably save the whole of that out of the ice bill the first year of its use.

If you have no cellar-stair landing, and kitchen floor space cannot possibly be spared, there is another type of refrigerator annex that takes up no floor space whatever: you build it in the wall. This is shown in another illustration



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FLOORLESS REFRIGERATOR ANNEX SHOWS JUST A PLAIN SHUTTER

A FLOORLESS REFRIGERATOR ANNEX BUILT INTO A KITCHEN WALL

bill. In winter she dispenses with her refrigerator entirely and lets the annex do all the refrigerator's work besides its own, which consists in taking care of the nonrefrigerator foods and breadstuffs.

I asked her, if she were forced to

give up one or the other, the refrigerator or the annex, which she would keep. She replied instantly, "The annex!" Its chief merit in her eyes was that it "aired itself out automatically all the time."

"At least once a week," said she, "I have to air out the refrigerator and clean it, and every two or three weeks scald it and pour boiling water down its throat, or it gets smelly. It takes a lot of time to keep a refrigerator in a sanitary condition, to say nothing of cleaning up after the ice man every day, when he carries dripping cakes of ice across my nice kitchen floor. All the sanitary work the annex needs is an occasional wiping off with a damp cloth, and once or twice a year a coat of lime wash that you can mix up in an old tomato can and put on in half an hour."

and was worked out in detail by the owner, who with his wife's help and suggestions designed his house and home himself and had it built the way they wanted it.

Their refrigerator annex works like a charm. The shelves are of woven wire to allow the freest possible circulation of air; the slat shutter is covered with cheesecloth inside to exclude dust and flies. On the outside you see merely a shutter set between two windows.

Compact, convenient, thoroughly aired, needing no floor space, this type of refrigerator annex is admirably adapted to the summer home, the bungalow, the tiny house that must count the cost of every foot of space. But there is one criticism that most of my readers have already perceived. If taken on faith in its good looks alone, this neat cooler promises more than it can sometimes perform; like many another and greater thing, it suffers from the "defects of its virtues," one of which is being so very open-faced and airy, a fine virtue when the outdoor thermometer stands at sixty in the shade. But with the thermometer at ninety the butter will be grease; and at ten above the vinegar will burst its bottle and yesterday's cold roast will have to be carved with an ax. So look before you leap into putting this type of refrigerator annex into an all-year home; look into the annual temperature range of your building site and find out for how many weeks the outdoor thermometer stands at ninety in the shade or zero in the sun, because during those weeks the annex will be of little service except for foods that are not hurt by heat or freezing; and in ordinary housekeeping they are few and far between. This particular specimen, which is just outside of Philadelphia, can be used right along for nine or ten months of the year.

Of stationary refrigerator annexes, the last, the smallest and the cheapest is too familiar to need description—the ubiquitous window box; and if you want a piece of sheer ugliness to add to the outside looks of your house, this is a genuine seek-no-farther. Just how much ugliness you can acquire as your very own for about a dollar-fifty you will see by the picture, and let us hope you will save your one-fifty. Wouldn't you think that that insignificant lean-to kitchen annex was bad enough without hanging out a galvanized iron box, different in color from everything else in the place? There is no concealing that box with vines; it would obtrude its gray back through a Dorothy Perkins in full bloom.

Nothing else about the house counts in the way of looks, because nothing else is looked at. That box catches and holds your eye in spite of you.

The Window-Box Annex

BUT if you care nothing about the outside looks of your home as seen from the trolley car and think only of the convenience of having a little refrigerator annex attached and handy, let me drop this hint.

The temperature range will be even greater than that of the wall-type annex. A friend of mine tells me that when the summer sun falls on her "iron oven," as she calls it, she can "just about roast an egg; and things mold in it worse than anything you ever saw." There is practically no ventilation, no escape for heat or moisture, because the holes in the bottom—when there happen to be any—are covered over by the dishes, pitchers and boxes put in there to keep cool. Side holes improve the ventilation and—present you with quarts of rain water.

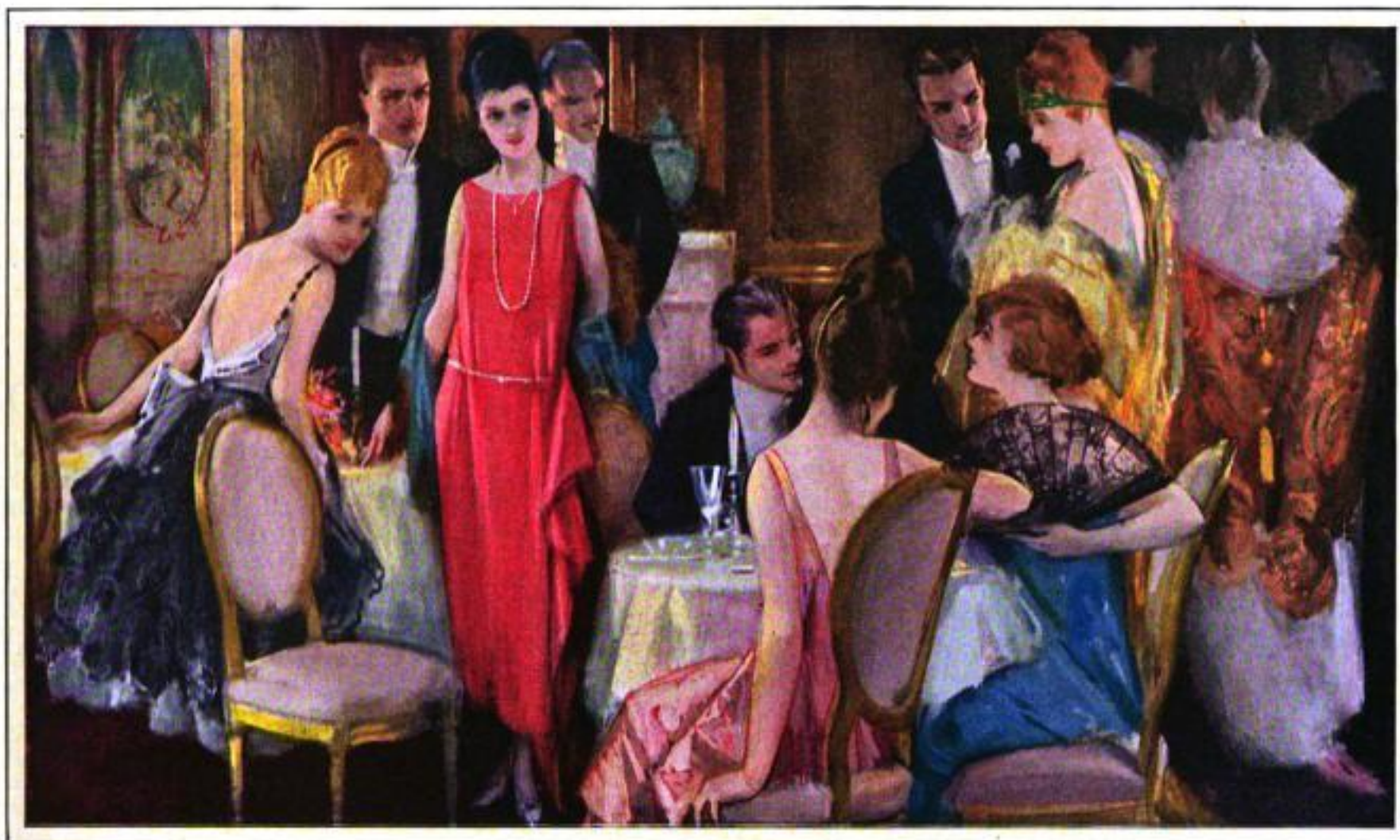
"Oh, but you open the window to which the box is attached when you want to ventilate it. I leave my window open all night."

Yes, I know. And you have a mouseproof kitchen. If you haven't, unless you remember to cover every article in the box, so it doesn't get ventilated, you fish a drowned mouse out of the milk pitcher in the morning. Not for me, thank you!

My opinion of the window-box cooler is that it is worth all it costs—to get rid of it.

The New England buttery and the large refrigerator annexes are stationary and permanent features of the kitchen, part of its general architecture; and though it is possible to add any one of them, when you desire, to a completed home, they should be planned and put in at the time of building if you would have them without the high cost of afterthoughts.

All three in common are reached on the floor level of the kitchen without intervening steps or stairs, and satisfactorily solve the food-housing problem for breads and flour products, whose great enemy is mold. And all three depend on fresh air for their keeping powers, not on a low temperature. The low temperature that comes along in winter is merely incidental; sixty-two is adequate for all ordinary purposes. Fresh air—figure out first how to get a plentiful automatic supply of that, and with these hints and illustrations you can design housing arrangements for breadstuffs to suit your kitchen.



Clothes that Belong in the Smartest Gathering

And for less money than any clothes you ever made before

IMAGINE it! The kind of clothes you have always longed for, and for less money than any clothes you ever made before! Imagine having the fulfillment of your dearest desires become an economy instead of a luxury! A wonderful invention—the Deltor—makes it all possible! For now every woman, no matter what the skill of her needle or the limitations of her purse, can revel in clothes that bespeak Paris.

Though the Deltor endows every woman with the talent of a Parisian modiste, its saving comes in addition to that effected by making clothes at home!

Lines! Paris lines! and at less than any clothes ever cost you before!

ENCLOSED in the envelope with your new pattern is this wonderful Deltor. It is not a part of the pattern itself, but a separate patented service—a picture-guide especially planned for the pattern it accompanies. It is a practical, easy-to-follow and marvelously economical interpreter of the smartness that is *Paris*!

The first thing that the Deltor does is to save you money by an individual layout chart (yes, *individual*, not just a general chart but one for your exact size and for each suitable width of material). Because of it you buy $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards less material than would otherwise be possible—a saving of 50c to \$10 on materials alone.

The DELTOR

*Saves you 50c to \$10
on Materials*

Suggests Correct Fabrics
for Each Fashion

- I. YOU buy $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards less material because of an individual layout chart.
- II. IT guides you in putting your garment together so that you attain the fit, drape and finish of an expert.
- III. IT gives you Paris' own touch in finish—those all-important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

BUTTERICK
Style Leaders of the World

Then you follow the inspired originator, as he tells you, through the simplest of pictures and words, just how he would put your own frock together. You take every step he would take, sewing instinctively, with real professional finesse. Indeed, making Parisian clothes, the *Parisian* way, becomes far easier through the Deltor than even ordinary dress-making could be!

And finally—the smartest new ideas of finish! This year, with the irregular hem, the bizarre sleeve, bateau neck and oddities of trimming, the finish is the most important part of the frock. But the Deltor illustrates any puzzling new whim which your frock may embody—tells you exactly how the Parisian would achieve the smartest effect!

*Your winter wardrobe—brimful of
Paris Clothes!*

SELECT your winter wardrobe from among the new Parisian fashions which appear at Butterick counters simultaneously with their acceptance in the Butterick Shop in Paris on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

From the simplest blouse for a boy to the most intricate frock for yourself—your sewing can attain a new professional appearance. And no matter how small the garment, the Deltor saves money *always*!

ESMOND

JACQUARD Blankets

Two Blankets in One

You'll forget the snowy, blowy outdoor chill when you're snuggled under an Esmond Two-in-One Blanket.

The warmth of two blankets—the lightness, convenience and economy of one.

And you don't know how beautiful blankets can be until you see the Esmond Jacquard patterns. From simple plaids to exquisite flowered designs—from pastel boudoir tints to rich dark shades. Any color scheme can be matched.

Esmond Blankets are so practical, too. Their all-over patterns require fewer tubings—finest quality, moth-proof and moderately priced. Esmond Cortex Finish gives unequalled softness.

When you buy blankets ask for Esmond and be sure you see the Esmond label.



The Two-in-One Bed Blanket is a "pair" woven as one, in colors. Originated and made only by The Esmond Mills. Washes better, warmer, and lasts longer than the ordinary pair of blankets of the same weight.

The same beautiful colorings are found also in Esmond Blanket Comfortables, Esmond Crib Blankets and Esmond Indian and Outdoor Blankets.

Send 10 cents for Doll's Blanket and story of "Bunny Carter," a book for children.



THE ESMOND MILLS — ESMOND, R.I.

CLARENCE WHITMAN & SONS, INC. — Selling Agents



"Soft as Rabbit Skin"

Thirty-Cent Meat Dishes for a Family of Four

By CAROLINE B. KING

GIVEN thirty cents' worth of meat, with a few inexpensive vegetables and flavorings, any woman possessed of a little ingenuity and liking for things culinary may provide her family of four with such nourishing, attractive and toothsome dishes that they will cease to demand the costly steak or chop and declare themselves entirely content with the good things she has prepared. To be sure, she must spend a little more time in the cooking of these less expensive dishes, and she must also take especial care in the selection and ordering of her thirty-cent meats. A knuckle of veal may be had for as little as ten cents a pound, or, if it contains a great deal of meat, for fifteen or eighteen cents; or a beef brisket at the same price; or a kidney, the basis of several delightful dishes; or stewing lamb; or a calf's heart, at a cost of about twenty-two cents a pound. How does it happen that we hold them all in such light esteem?

Round steak at twenty to twenty-eight cents a pound is not, I will admit, very fine when broiled, but it is a very adaptable, satisfactory sort of meat when properly prepared. Beef liver, selling in most shops at fifteen to eighteen cents a pound, when cooked appropriately and served in a tempting manner will prove very appetizing; so, too, will lamb's kidneys, which you may have at twenty to twenty-five cents the half dozen and transform into such dainties as are usually served in exclusive hotels and restaurants.

And the possibilities that lie in a calf's head! There is a breakfast of mock sweetbreads to be made from the brains; or if you prefer you may have scrambled brains with eggs or creamed brains on toast. The tongue will provide a delightful little luncheon dish, if braised with vegetables; and there is a choice of several tasty dinner dishes, with a soup for the following day, to be made from the head itself. And the whole cost of a calf's head is not more than fifty cents.

As to corned beef: I purchased a good, juicy piece of corned brisket not long ago for eighteen cents a pound, and when it came to the table as planked corned-beef hash, with its colorful garnishes of carrot and turnip cones and sliced pickle, and accompanied by a tasty coleslaw, it was so heartily received that the very nice orange gelatin, which was to follow it as a sweet course, met with only lukewarm approval. The meat, a nice, juicy piece, was placed over the fire in cold water to which half an onion and a bit of celery were added, and permitted merely to simmer until it was quite tender. Then it was cooled in the liquid, drained and chopped very fine.

A Hash Par Excellence

COLD boiled potatoes were also finely chopped and measured, so that there would be just one and a half times the quantity of meat; then the two were mixed well, a teaspoonful of grated onion and a tablespoonful of finely chopped green pepper added, with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Then the mixture was moistened with a little of the water in which the meat was boiled, and milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter stirred into it.

Meantime the oak plank was heated very hot and well greased, then the hash was made into a nice oval mound on it and placed in a hot oven to bake fifteen minutes; then it was placed under the flame of the gas broiler—the upper part of a very hot oven would answer as well—and left to brown very delicately. Then little cones of carrot and turnips were placed alternately about the edge of the plank, and small cucumber pickles, cut in quarters lengthwise, arranged in upright fashion around the base of the hash; a sprig of parsley ornamented the top.

Beef pot pie has for its base a pound of round steak cut very thin. Cut the meat into finger lengths, flour these and brown them nicely in hot fat. Slice one large carrot and one white turnip crosswise; then cut each slice in halves or quarters and place in the

pan with the meat to become brown also; add two cups of boiling water and simmer gently, keeping the sauce pan closely covered, for an hour. Season well at the end of this time and thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed to a paste with a quarter of a cupful of cold water; cook for five minutes, then turn into a baking dish and cover with a baking-powder biscuit crust rolled half an inch thick. Bake twenty minutes and serve with baked potatoes and lettuce salad.

Ask the butcher to skin and split the head for you, keeping the brains and tongue whole, and when you receive it in your kitchen wash it well in several waters. Then place it over the fire to boil in slightly salted

more costly. But it is not necessary to demand the top of the round, the most desirable section for other dishes; beef from the neck, leg or shoulder will answer quite as well, only be very sure that it is always fresh, wholesome beef.

For croquettes the meat should be rather finely ground, and added to two cupfuls of white sauce made with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and a cupful and a half of milk and water mixed, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion and a pinch of parsley. Cook till the sauce has thickened, then add the meat and a cupful of bread crumbs. Cook until the meat is done, then turn the mixture into a flat greased pan to cool. Half an hour before dinner form into croquettes, roll in bread crumbs, place in a buttered pan and bake to a crisp brown.

A knuckle of veal, usually regarded as fit only for the soup kettle, will afford a choice and delectable dinner if prepared as follows: Select a knuckle which has plenty of meat on it, even though it may cost a trifle more; at most its price should not exceed twenty-eight cents. Place the knuckle over the fire just covered with cold water, adding a piece of bay leaf, a small onion, a sliced carrot and a small piece of salt pork, diced.

Deviled Kidneys

SIMMER the meat with the vegetables for two hours, then remove from the liquid and place on a hot platter. Make a drawn butter sauce of the liquid in which the meat was boiled, using two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter. Season with a dash of mace and the usual salt, pepper and paprika, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and serve in a gravy boat.

Deviled lamb's kidneys. Cut half a dozen kidneys in slices, removing the hard cores, then lay them in a sauce made by mixing together a tablespoonful of chili sauce, a tablespoonful of highly seasoned tomato sauce, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a tablespoonful of melted margarine, with a quarter teaspoonful of salt and, of course, a dash each of pepper and paprika, also a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Coat the kidney slices all over with this sauce, then roll them in fine, dry bread crumbs; let them stand a few moments, then cook them in hot fat for six minutes, turning often. Pour the rest of the sauce over them and serve on a hot dish. Heat the plates also, as kidneys are uninviting unless eaten very hot.

Tripe à la Creole. A pound will make a generous amount, as it is very light. Cut the tripe as it comes from the market in pieces for serving, cover with boiling water and simmer fifteen minutes, then drain well, rinse with cold water to blanch, and place in the oven for a few moments to draw out superfluous moisture. Melt two tablespoonfuls of margarine or butter in a frying pan and add one small onion finely chopped and half a green pepper also cut in small pieces and sauté them to a light brown; then stir in the strained juice of a small can of tomatoes and, when boiling, thicken with a tablespoonful each of flour and water stirred to a paste; now add the tripe with a quarter teaspoonful of curry powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter teaspoonful of pepper, also a single dash of cayenne. Simmer five minutes and serve.



A combination kitchen cabinet, table and refrigerator that holds 75 pounds of ice saves much space.



This versatile cabinet, white-enameled, is just as convenient as it is good-looking.

water, adding one carrot, one onion, a bit of celery and a pinch of marjoram. When it is very tender, remove the kettle from the fire and leave until quite cool. Then cut the meat from the bones and trim it into neat pieces. Make a white sauce by cooking together till smooth two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine and two of flour, then adding two cupfuls of water in which the head was boiled and half a cup of rich milk. Season well and add the meat with half a canned pimiento cut in small pieces and half a green pepper shredded coarsely and sautéd in a little margarine. Simmer fifteen minutes and serve on toast fingers.

Baked Croquettes of Chopped Beef

STRAIN the rest of the liquid in which the head was boiled and skim it well, then it may be boiled with fresh vegetables for a second day's luncheon or dinner.

The calf's head may also be simply boiled, the meat removed in large pieces and served with Hollandaise sauce. Or, if preferred, it may be dressed after boiling, as calf's head piquant. In making the piquant sauce, cook the same quantity of margarine and flour together, mix with two cups of water, and cook smooth; season well, adding a quarter cup of strained tomato juice, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a small cucumber pickle cut in minute pieces and a single dash of cayenne.

Baked croquettes made from three-quarters of a pound of chopped beef are enough for four persons. Chopped beef may be purchased at between eighteen and thirty cents a pound; if cut to order it is usually



Where foods must have the daintiest appeal

—Quite natural that the careful hostess should choose Del Monte. It shows her high appreciation of fine flavor and delicacy.

Whether it be peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, plums, asparagus, spinach or any of a hundred other delicious fruits and vegetables—she knows that Del Monte always gives her the very choicest that Nature can produce.

The convenience and dependability of Del Monte Products make them ideal for every-day use all the year round. Always ready to serve—at less expense than if you had canned them yourself—they lend themselves to endless tempting, healthful menu combinations.

As an illustration of their ready adaptability to any need, serve the following salad the next time you want an especially dainty dish:

JELLIED ASPARAGUS SALAD—Dissolve 1 envelope of softened gelatin and 2 bouillon cubes in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water; add 1 teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of pepper, 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Asparagus. Tip cut in pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped celery, and 1 chopped DEL MONTE Canned Red Pimiento. Pour into a wet mold, set in cold place until firm and serve with mayonnaise.

For 500 other thrifty suggestions for adding tempting variety to every-day meals with canned fruits and vegetables, you should have a copy of our new book, "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor." Write us for a free copy.

Address Department A
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

DEL MONTE
ASPARAGUS



No. 751—"Dove" Envelope Chemise of flesh-color crêpe de Chine, trimmed with ecru Val lace and Appenzell embroidery medallions. Two-tone ribbon; satin ribbon shoulder straps. (Center drawing; left-hand figure.)

No. 7429—"Dove" Camisole of white nainsook. Ecru Val lace insertion across front. Lace edge at top and on shoulder straps.



No. 1748—"Dove" Step-in Bloomer of lustrous, flesh-color batiste. Narrow lace edge and pink hemstitching.



No. K5117—"Dove" Pajama, two-piece, of white batiste, hand-embroidered in blue. Hemstitching at neck, sleeve and ruffle.

No. 572—"Dove" tailored style Night Gown of flesh-color Radium silk. Hemstitched with two clusters of tucks in front. Two-tone ribbon bow at neck. (Center drawing; right-hand figure.)

No. 5236—"Dove" Night Gown of white nainsook, trimmed with embroidery insertion and medallions and fish-eye Val lace. (Center drawing; center figure.)

New Lingerie with the Spirit of Paris —but Modest in Price

BEAUTY and novelty of fabric and trimming and equal beauty and novelty in style—these are the essentials of really interesting lingerie. "Dove" Under-garments with their truly Parisian freshness of design satisfy every requirement, not only of beauty but of dependability in making.

"Dove" Under-garments this year celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their makers. For fifty years we have searched the world for the new and beautiful in materials and trimmings—for the daintiest of America's superb cotton and silk fabrics—for the laces made famous by Calais, the embroideries authorized by St. Gall.

Never before in the whole half-century have "Dove" Under-garments been so attractive as this year, we think. Novelty—restrained or daring—inspires every garment.

Such Fine Cottons and So Charmingly Trimmed

The simplest cotton Night Gown or Envelope Chemise reveals real judgment in choosing the fabric and taste in applying trimming. No matter how small the price may be, the style is tasteful, the laces or embroideries and ribbons are well-chosen, and you may depend upon ample sizes and careful sewing of every seam. If your taste demands the frillest of lacy garments, you will be delighted with the "Dove" styles your leading stores are showing. If you prefer tailored models, the style range from which you may choose is equally broad.



No. E78—"Dove" Hand-Made Night Gown of white batiste. Hand-embroidered and hand-hemstitched, with tucked front.

FROM Porto Rico and the Philippines come hand-made Night Gowns, Envelope Chemises and other garments which rival the best work of the famous French convents. The designs are our own and they show the true French inspiration. The workmanship is superb. Truly, no woman who loves fine and individual hand-made lingerie can fail to appreciate the remarkable quality of these imported "Dove" Under-garments. Nor will she be less impressed by their very reasonable prices—little more than half the cost of similar lingerie last year.

"Dove" Philippine and Porto Rican lingerie brings real hand-made under-garments within reach of almost every woman. This is a distinct achievement, because there has been no lowering of the highest French standards in either the quality of the material or the character of the hand-embroidery and drawn work.

No. 389—"Dove" Under-shirt of flesh-color, washable satin. Tucked blouse of fine ecru Val lace imported from Calais. Two-tone ribbon trimming.



SILK under-garments this year are rich with lace and colorful in material. Some of the most inexpensive styles are made from clever silk-and-cotton fabrics which are as durable as they are novel and pretty. Radium, best of all Fashion's charming creations in silks this year, is the basic fabric of many superb Night Gowns and Envelope Chemises. And satins, georgette, and rich, shimmering crêpes de Chine, in white, flesh, peach or orchid (the last shade so becoming to many women), are used in other equally smart creations.

"Dove" Under-garments of silk are especially notable for their correct, full cutting. So many women have been disappointed by skimpy, incorrectly sized silk under-garments! You may be sure, if the "Dove" label is on a silk under-garment, of full sizes.

The "Dove" Label— What It Means

All our under-garments bear a little blue label with the name "Dove" and the dove picture. If you wish to take advantage of the unusual value and satisfaction which our long experience and high degree of specialization offer, please look for this label.

Although "Dove" Under-garments are sold by one or more leading stores in almost every city in America, and you should have little difficulty in finding them, you may write us direct, if you like, for the name of the store nearest to you. Please do not ask us to sell direct to you. We cannot fill mail orders.

D. E. SICHER & CO., INC., 45-51 W. 21ST STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

DOVE  Under-garments
Beautiful, well-made Lingerie

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

THIS YEAR—1922—IS THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF D. E. SICHER & COMPANY, INC.

Easy Soups for Busy-Day Dinners

By MARY D. WARREN

BUSY-DAY dinners we call them at our house; those good, savory, nourishing soups that come to the table, not strained and denuded of all their homely, wholesome vegetables and flavorings, but thick and rich, and altogether satisfying, making a whole meal in themselves. We serve them on those occasions when it is desirable or necessary to cut the process of dinner-getting to mere essentials—wash day, house-cleaning time, or when the dress-maker comes. No *pièce de résistance* is required when such a soup is served. A salad, perhaps, if a simple one, may be relished, with a dessert of fruit, or crackers and cheese with black coffee; nothing more can possibly be desired.

There are three kinds of soup which may be served, if not as entire meals, at least as the principal dish—the substantial soups which have meat or bone for their foundation, those made from the legumes or dried vegetables, and the cream soups.

Naturally, the best broths and soups require fresh meat and bone for their making; but it is possible to make good soups from the left-overs, bits of meat and fowl, ends of roasts and steaks, the bones which accumulate in every kitchen, and the trimmings from steaks, chops, veal cutlets, and roasts, whether beef, mutton, veal or lamb, which are always sent home with the meat itself. These may be used in the manufacture of stock. Ham bones, too, are useful in soup making, even if not a scrap of meat remains on them; and the turkey or chicken carcass; even the trimmings from fish, with the heads and tails, go into a separate stock kettle reserved for them.

BUT this does not mean that the stock pot is always steaming and simmering away on my kitchen range, after the manner which is mistakenly believed to be prevalent in France. Such a course would never yield a fine soup. The bones and bits of meat are collected and kept in a cold place until a sufficient quantity has accumulated for use; then they are cut into small pieces, the fat removed, the bones cracked and placed in the kettle with the meat, a small onion, a sprig of parsley, a very tiny piece of bay leaf, a medium-sized carrot and a sprinkle of celery seed or a few leaves of celery, with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and cold water to cover well. The kettle is placed on a cool part of the range to simmer gently for two or three hours, when the liquid is strained and set away to cool. Then the fat is skimmed from it, and it is ready for use in my soups or gravies. If to your scraps and left-overs you add one-third their quantity of fresh soup meat or bone, you will obtain a fine quality of stock.

If soup is to form a standard dish in your household during the cold weather you will wish to make a stock that may be used for several kinds of soup. Here is the process:

Purchase a piece of shin or soup meat weighing about three pounds, crack the bone in several places, and cover with five quarts of water, adding three teaspoonfuls of salt, and let it stand while the flavorings are being prepared. Insert two cloves in an onion and add it with a sprig or two of parsley, a medium-sized carrot, sliced, and half a bay leaf to the soup kettle; a stalk of celery or a half teaspoonful of celery seed with a quarter teaspoonful of black pepper will also be needed; then the kettle is placed on the range, and the liquid is brought very slowly to the boiling point; then it is permitted only

to simmer for four or five hours. At the end of this time it may be strained and cooled; later the fat, which will have formed in a solid cake, may be removed from it. The liquid will be clear and amber colored and delicately flavored. The fat may be reserved for frying, and the meat, bones and vegetables, which have been strained from the stock, again covered with water and cooked very slowly, when they will yield a second stock, weaker but excellent for gravies and sauces. These stocks may be poured, while hot, into jars, sealed, sterilized and kept for weeks, ready for instant use.

SPANISH SOUP WITH RICE AND CROUTONS

is one of the many soups which has beef stock for its foundation. It is made by heating a quart of the stock to the boiling point, then adding to it two cups of canned tomatoes, a green pepper chopped fine and sautéed in a tablespoonful of butter with a small, finely chopped onion, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, or the same quantity of grated

horse-radish with a teaspoonful of vinegar. Season the soup to taste and simmer it for fifteen minutes, then thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of flour. While the soup is simmering, boil half a cupful of rice in plenty of salted water till tender, then drain it and rinse with cold water. Strain the soup, add the rice and serve in a tureen, with the croutons, which are merely little squares of fried bread, floating about.

BROWN ONION SOUP WITH CHEESE—Use the meat stock also in its making, allowing two large Bermuda or Spanish onions to one quart. Slice the onions and fry them a golden brown in margarine or butter; then add them to the boiling stock and simmer for a few moments. Meantime toast a slice of bread for each plate, and pour the steaming soup over it; sprinkle thickly with grated cheese—Parmesan preferably, though any hard cheese can be used—and serve immediately. Pass a dish of grated cheese with the soup.

For **VEGETABLE SOUP** a marrow bone or a shin of beef weighing from two and a half to three pounds is the first essential. This should be covered with a gallon of water, two teaspoonfuls of salt added, and left to stand for half an hour before it is placed on the fire. Then it must come but slowly to the boiling point and be left to simmer gently for two to three hours. At this point skim the liquid well, so that little fat remains. Some fat is permissible, but do not be too generous with it. Now add a cupful each of carrots, turnips, celery and onions, each cut in small pieces; also a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, two cloves and a pinch of thyme. Simmer again very slowly for two hours, then add a cupful of potatoes, pared and cut in tiny bits, and half a cupful of barley which has been soaking in cold water for an hour. Cook until the barley is tender, season to taste and serve without straining.

Canned corn, rinsed with cold water, Lima beans, string beans or chopped cabbage may go into the soup kettle when old-fashioned vegetable soup is under way, if one wishes,



For a really pleasant morning in the kitchen, one should wear a cheerful apron, perhaps like that pictured above. It is of gay, yellow print with yellow bands.



TO THE unquestioned economy of Middy Suits and Blouses, clever designers have added that indefinable touch of smartness which distinguishes all "Miss Saratoga" garments. "Miss Saratoga" Middies have the authentic lines of naval uniforms; snug fit at hips; tailored roll collars; hand embroidered correct insignia; loose blouse sleeves; genuine ivory buttons. These features combined are exclusive to "Miss Saratoga" garments.

Fabrics are both beautiful and practical. Strictly tailored models in serge, Jean, flannel, poplin, Heathergold (knitted wool), real Irish linen and other materials in a wide range of colors. Suitable models for all girls from 6 to 22 years. Prices very moderate.

See the "Miss Saratoga" garments at your favorite store. Write us direct (Baltimore, Md.) for the new style book.

CRIPPEN & REID, Baltimore, Md.

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Miss Saratoga Tailored MIDDY SUITS and BLOUSES



WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK
MADE IN U.S.A.

A Good Cook is an Artist

HER kitchen is her studio, and her daily masterpieces of cookery delight her family.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

enable such a woman to give best expression to her art.

Made from hard, thick sheet aluminum. Cannot chip, cannot rust—pure and safe.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., New Kensington, Pa.
In Canada: Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto



A one-quart "Wear-Ever" stew pot will be sent postpaid anywhere in U.S. or Canada on receipt of 40c. Stew pot and cover will be sent for 50c. Extra pots for Christmas Gifts, 40c. each (50c. including cover). Offer expires Jan. 31, 1922.

(Continued on Page 92)



Have you a row of Griswold Cast Iron Skillets?

IT'S worth while getting the best kitchen utensils just as it pays to buy good furniture! Both are intended for long use.

And there's a satisfaction in a row of Griswold cast iron skillets which only a woman understands. For the longer you have them the more useful they become. Cast iron wears a lifetime, it doesn't warp and it has no

enamel to chip off and get into food.

What delicious fried dishes there are, popular with all the family and so easily prepared! Once you've heated the fat in a Griswold cast iron skillet, it takes very little heat to keep it at the right high temperature; and every good cook knows how important that is! The skillet stays hot evenly all over, too—food isn't burned in one place and underdone in another.

Griswold cast iron skillets come in about a dozen different sizes—you need three or four at least. They range from the smallest, 4¼ inches in diameter, to large ones, 13½ inches across the bottom.

THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO.

DEPT. F-2, ERIE, PENNA., U. S. A.

Makers of the Bala Oven, Extra Finished Iron Kitchen Ware, Waffle Irons, Cast Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Food Choppers, Reversible Dampers and Gas Hot Plates.

MENDEL

Going South this Winter?

YOU will enjoy a new convenience, and a new satisfaction, if you travel with a Mendel Dustproof trunk.

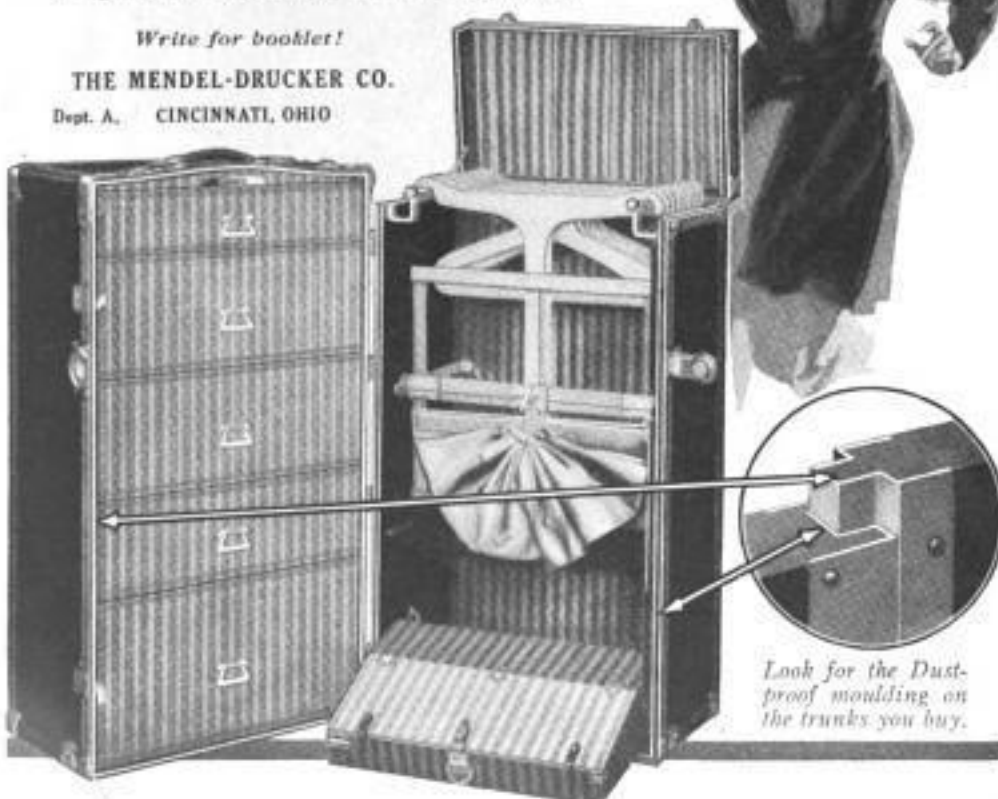
It's wonderfully spacious, and arranged for compact packing. Your garments are safe from wrinkles, safe from dust and grime. You need not unpack until you get home again.

Everywhere Mendel Dustproof trunks are recognized as the choice of those who know.

Write for booklet!

THE MENDEL-DRUCKER CO.

Dept. A. CINCINNATI, OHIO



Look for the Dustproof moulding on the trunks you buy.

Easy Soups for Busy-Day Dinners

(Continued from Page 91)

and a cupful of tomatoes, canned or fresh. In adding cabbage take care not to cook it too long; fifteen minutes should suffice.

BLACK-BEAN SOUP—Soak a pint of washed and picked-over beans overnight or for several hours. Cover a two-pound soup bone with two quarts of cold water, add the beans with the water in which they were soaked, one medium-sized onion, three cloves, a generous pinch of marjoram, the same quantity of thyme and three sprigs of parsley; then simmer gently until the beans are very soft. Now remove the bone, and rub the soup through a coarse sieve, season it highly, not forgetting a tiny pinch of cayenne and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and return to the fire to become thoroughly hot. Cut two hard-boiled eggs in quarters, place them and a thinly sliced lemon in the tureen and pour the hot soup over them.

HOLLANDAISE SOUP—A knuckle of veal or a veal shin weighing about two pounds forms its foundation. It should be placed in the soup kettle with cold water to cover it well, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a celery stalk, a small carrot and an onion. Simmer the broth for two hours, or longer if convenient, then strain and pour it over two tablespoonfuls of flour cooked smooth with the same quantity of butter, stirring well to prevent the soup from becoming lumpy. Add half a cupful each of canned green peas, and string beans cut in lengthwise strips, and stir in two eggs beaten with a cupful of rich milk. Cook very gently for a few moments, then remove from the fire and add quickly a tablespoonful of lemon juice and one of finely chopped parsley. Pour into the tureen and sprinkle generously with paprika.

CHICKEN AND MEAT BROTHS are usually more interesting when boiled rice, macaroni rings, noodles or the like are added. As to the noodles, here is a way to make a very delicious variety which has always been popular in my household: Beat one egg lightly and add a generous pinch of salt to it, then work in as much flour as it will take, and knead the ball of dough until it is firm and pliable. Set it aside to become rather hard and dry; then grate it on a coarse grater, in little ricelike grains, to be dried gently in a cool oven, then dropped into the boiling soup.

COCK-A-LEEKIE soup, according to the original Scottish recipe, calls for a tough old fowl; but I prefer a pullet, as the meat is to be served as well as the broth. Clean a chicken weighing from two to three pounds and place it over the fire in sufficient water to cover it well. Cut one-quarter of a pound of bacon into dice and add it with two bunches of leeks cut in small pieces—the Scots like their soup "thick o' leeks"—and cook gently until the chicken is tender; then remove it from the broth and press the latter with the leeks through a sieve. Cut the chicken into pieces for serving and return them to the liquid with a pint of water, a dozen large prunes which have been soaking for several hours, and seasoning to suit the taste. Cook slowly until the prunes are quite tender, then thicken slightly with a tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed to a paste, and pour into a tureen on squares of toasted bread. In serving, each plate should receive a portion of chicken, a bit of toast and a prune or two.

POTAGE BELGIQUE is merely a good red-cabbage soup, which may be made with ordinary winter cabbage. Cook a small soup bone in two quarts of water for two hours; then strain and to the hot liquid add a tablespoonful of dripping from ham or bacon, or the same quantity of butter; also one

small onion cut in pieces, half a medium-sized head of red cabbage shaved very fine, two potatoes pared and chopped, with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Cook slowly until the cabbage and potatoes are done.

PHILADELPHIA PEPPER POT has honey-comb tripe as its chief essential, with one-quarter of a cupful of sliced onions and half a cupful each of chopped green pepper and celery and a cupful of diced raw potatoes. Melt one-quarter of a cupful of butter and add the vegetables to it; sauté them to a delicate brown, stirring them constantly; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and continue cooking a moment or two longer. Pour six cupfuls of boiling water over the vegetables and add half a pound of tripe cut in small pieces, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook an hour and a half; then add a cupful of cream or rich milk and a teaspoonful of butter. Cook for just a moment, and add more salt if necessary.

SPLIT-PEA SOUP is just the thing for a cold day's dinner. Soak a pint of split yellow peas overnight, and in the morning place them in a kettle with a ham bone, cooked or raw, and two quarts of water. Chop one onion and a stalk of celery fine; sauté them in a little butter or dripping and drop into the kettle; then let the contents cook slowly until the peas are very tender. It would be well to stir the soup occasionally during this process, as the peas are only too prone to stick to the kettle. More water may be required from time to time also if the liquid becomes too thick. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and a dash of nutmeg and press through a sieve. Return to the fire and when the soup begins to boil once more, thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with two of flour diluted with some of the hot liquid before adding to the pot. A cupful of cream or rich milk may be added just before serving.

Bean soup is made in this same way, using small navy or pea beans; red kidney beans or lentils may also be used.

The cream soups require no meat basis, but are very substantial and satisfying, nevertheless. They make excellent luncheons for the children coming home from school, and, followed by an apple and a cookie, are all that a normal child will require at noon.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP is one which many persons find troublesome and uncertain as to results, but it is an easy matter to overcome their difficulties. The talisman of success lies in the little pinch of soda added to the tomatoes and the manner in which the ingredients are combined.

Half a three-pound can or a two-pound can of tomatoes should be placed over the fire to cook for fifteen or twenty minutes, with a slice of onion and a bit of parsley; and while this process is going on a white sauce is made by cooking together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, then adding a pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper. Let the sauce simmer until thick; add half a teaspoonful of soda to the tomatoes and as soon as they have finished foaming press them through a sieve. Now combine the two liquids, stirring well, but do not permit them to boil or even simmer again.

All the cream soups are made in the same way, except that the soda is omitted from the others. **CREAM OF BEET** soup calls for two large beets pared and chopped fine while raw, then cooked twenty minutes in a pint of water, and next pressed through a sieve into the white sauce. A pinch of mace adds a piquant savor to this, as well as to **CREAM OF LETTUCE** or **SPINACH SOUP**.



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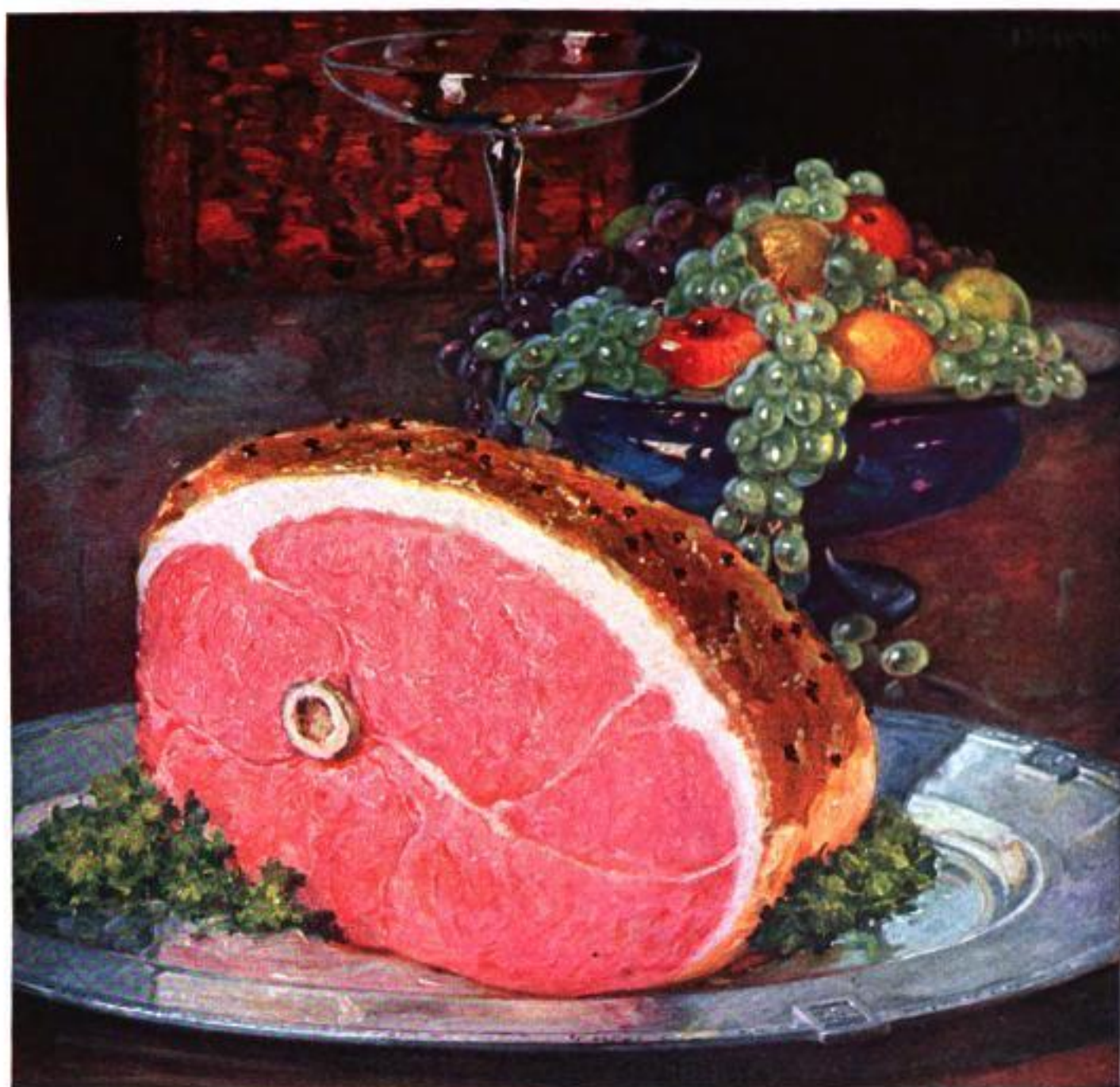


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How Alice Smith Herself Paid those Worrying Bills

DID the sight of the mailman around the first of the month ever make you feel sick at heart because you knew that the handful of slim letters he had for you were all "please remit" bills that you hadn't the money to pay?

That has been the experience of another HOME JOURNAL reader, but with a difference: Just when she was feeling so blue over owing money, Alice Smith found a way to make enough extra dollars to settle all those bills.

Let me tell you how she did it. Her plan has worked out with equal success for thousands of other girls and women who have tried it. If you'd like to have extra money it will work out for you!

IT STARTED that morning when Alice Smith, to her amazement and consternation, found that the unexpected bills which had come in since the first of the month amounted to forty dollars.

As she sat there looking at them, it seemed to Alice that those bills were possessed of impish little demons that grinned back at her expressively: "You know you can't pay us. It will take you months to get out of this hole. Easy to spend, but squeezing forty dollars out of your house money is a very different matter! Just forget those things you wanted for the children, and your new shoes, if you please!"

"And I haven't a thing to show for it," thought Alice despairingly. "Five dollars for fixing that chair—I never dreamed it would be so much. And a double gas bill. And here's that bill for the children's 'unders' I sent for in a hurry—I forgot all about that. Oh, why did last week have to be the time for me to break my glasses, on top of these other things!"

Alice hated to owe money. But she hated worst of all to tell her husband, Worry Charley, as generous as he was, when to help her he had gone without a new overcoat this winter, badly as he needed one? "Never!" thought Alice. And then and there she determined to pay those bills somehow.

Now please skip two weeks' time and shift the scene to my own office here with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Come and read a letter from this same lady.

Oh, say, dear Manager, but I am one happy woman! Do you know that I have made fifteen dollars already? It is the first money I ever made in my life! Oh, I am so angry at myself for not writing you long ago! I thought your plan would be something I couldn't do—and here I am just delighted with it.

Two weeks later came this second letter:

Dear Manager: The last of those little demon bills I have settled with money I made by your Girls' Club plan! Isn't that great? Indeed, I think it is perfectly wonderful that The Ladies' Home Journal will give a married woman like me this perfectly splendid way to make over forty dollars in less than a month, without neglecting her family in the slightest. I am making the "grandest plans" for some pretty things for the children and new furniture which I will buy with what I shall be making from now on. I am very much excited!

It is exciting to make extra money. Think of all the things that can be done with it!

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And you can join us too! All you have to do is to write and find out how we make this money. Write that little note this very minute! Just say: "Tell me how Mrs. Smith and other JOURNAL readers are making money in their spare time." Don't you think THE HOME JOURNAL's special plan ought to be good? I will send you all the particulars immediately, so that you can begin at once. No expense of any kind to you, now or later. Just address me as the

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Out of the Frying Pan

By MARIE JACQUES

BEFORE telling about the dishes cooked in the "friture," which is Colette's word for the big pan of dripping in which things are fried, it may be well to say a word, first of all, as to the friture itself. Any kind of nice dripping will do, provided that it is rendered down and cleansed—not clarified, but just cleansed—by having cut away from it any dark matter that may fall to the bottom when the dripping is set. It should be kept in the pan in which it is used, this pan being deep and large enough to take in the frying basket easily. Before each using warm the pan just a tiny trifle, to loosen the hard cake of dripping from the sides. Slip it out, turn it upside down, and scrape away any little burnt bits that you may find at the bottom. By this means the fat is kept always clean and nice.

Colette does not use a real frying pan for her deep frying. She has a round iron pan, about twelve inches deep, with a little round handle at each side. She always keeps two sets of friture—the big one for things in general and the little one for fish. You can do fish in the general friture, if you like; but you always run the risk of tanging the fat, with the result that you will get fishy fritters and sweets for the rest of the chapter.

There is nothing equal to good beef dripping for the friture. There is nothing equal to fresh butter for eggs and omelets, cooked in an open frying pan; lard makes a good second, while oil fries things to a most lovely color and makes them very crisp.

Friture Batter. 1. Put into a good-sized basin half a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of olive oil, and a pinch of salt (no salt if the batter is for a sweet dish). Sift the salt into the flour, and then make a hole at the center and pour in the oil and lemon juice. Pour in also a little cold water, and begin to mix from the center, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. When you have put in enough water to make a mixture of the consistency of whipped cream, begin to beat across and across, raising the spoon well at each stroke, so that plenty of air may get into the batter. When you have beaten for five minutes put the batter aside and let it stand in a cool place for two hours.

It is not possible to tell the exact quantity of water that you will want, because the amount differs with different kinds of flours. But the batter ought to be thick enough to coat the back of a spoon; also it ought to follow the spoon in a kind of thread when you raise the spoon from the basin (of course, the thread breaks when it is a few inches long); but, on the other hand, it must be so thin that it does not make lumps; it must be a running mixture, not a paste.

2. This is more delicate and more suitable for sweet things. Sift a very tiny grain of salt into the flour, and mix it with sweet milk to the consistency given above. When well mixed, and before you start beating, add a small half-teaspoonful of vinegar. This batter may be used at once if you wish. The whipped-up white of an egg, stirred in batter just before use, is always an improvement to it; but, except in the case of very good dishes, it is rather a needless extravagance.

Fried On Brains. Clean the brains carefully and soak them for one hour in cold salt and water. Put them into a pan with enough cold water to cover them, pepper, salt, half



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plate, from which it may be scraped off and used again. Keep them very hot. Pile them on a hot dish and garnish with parsley.

Any other kind of brains may be served in the same way, though most others need only a few moments of boiling.

CROQUETTES OF VEAL. Any kind of white meat—chicken, rabbit or pork—may be prepared in this way. Melt in a pan two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a grate of nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, well piled up. Stir all together with a wooden spoon and, when well mixed over the fire, add slowly a small cupful of hot milk, or, if you prefer, a little good gravy. Stir the sauce over the fire till it becomes as thick as porridge. Cut your meat into neat, little squares—quite tiny, please—and mix them into the sauce. Let the mixture get quite cold, and then you will find it firm enough to handle. Roll it into small croquettes, and roll them in fine white crumbs. Beat up an egg. Dip the croquettes into it. Crumb them again. Drop them into deep fat, heated to smoking point, and cook them just like the brains. Serve them very hot indeed, garnished with fried parsley.

PETITES PÂTES FRITES. Take one pound of any nice short pastry that you know best how to make. Roll it out to the thickness of a quarter inch and cut it into circles with something just a trifle larger than a tumbler. Damp the edges of the circles. Now mince any cooked meat that you happen to have, season it well with pepper, salt, mixed spice and, if you like, a little grated onion or chopped parsley. Add to it enough good gravy to make a rather damp paste of it. Put a large spoonful on one side of a round of pastry; double the other side over, press the edges together and pinch them up and down with your fingers to make a sort of frilly border. Now you have things the shape of English turnovers. Drop them into the friture, which has been heated to smoking point, and fry them a nice bright brown. Serve very hot folded in a napkin.

A spoonful of jam folded into the pastry gives a sort of little sweet pie which, when sprinkled with sugar, is most delicious.

FITTERED OYSTERS. Take the oysters from their shells and drop them into boiling water, to which the juice of a lemon has been added. Let them cook in it for a half hour. Drain them very well. Sprinkle them generously with pepper and salt. Dip them into the friture batter and fry them in deep fat heated to smoking point. Pile them up high in a dish, and garnish them with fried parsley.

a lemon sliced, and three small onions. Cover the pan and boil gently for one and a half hours. Drain the brains. Cut them into pieces of the size of an egg. Dip them in the friture batter.

Now heat the friture till it stops bubbling and begins to give off a thin blue smoke. Try it with a bit of bread; if the bread turns crisp and brown at once, the friture is ready. Put in the pieces of brains, one at a time, with a little pause between each. Leave plenty of room in the pan, so that they may not touch each other. Fry them to a good golden brown. Take them out with a drainer, and put them on a sieve with a plate underneath, so that whatever excess fat there may be will drip through the sieve on to the



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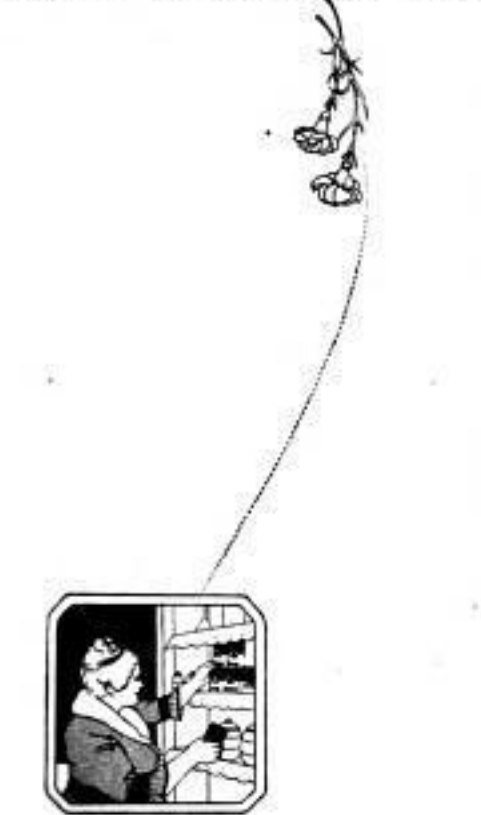
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Chicken Croquettes—Seasoning, 2 cups cold cooked chicken, 1 tsp. parsley, 1½ cups Thick White Sauce. Grind or chop chicken fine. Lemon juice, onion juice and celery salt may be used for seasoning if desired. Add chicken to Thick White Sauce, cool and shape. Roll in bread crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg and again in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and garnish with parsley. This recipe serves six people.

Pie Cakes—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ cup molasses, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 tsp. soda, 2½ cups flour, ¼ tsp. allspice, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. baking powder. Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar, well beaten eggs, molasses and milk. Mix and sift the flour, soda, baking powder and spices. Add to mixture and bake in muffin pans in a moderately hot oven. This recipe makes sixteen cakes.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested, economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.

BOULETTES OF COLD MEAT. Mince a pound of any sort of cold meat with a quarter pound of cooked bacon. Now boil and mash two pounds of potatoes; mix well into the meat, adding pepper, salt and a bit of grated onion. Add two beaten eggs, and roll all into wee balls. Dip them in flour, brush with beaten egg, and roll in crumbs. Put them in the frying basket, and brown them well in deep fat. Serve piled up in a high pyramid at the middle of a hot dish with thick tomato sauce poured round the base of it.

CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS. Take the flowers only, and break them into nice neat little sprays. Wash them very well, and boil them in salt and water till they are tender. Drain them. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and a few drops of vinegar. Dip them into the batter, and fry them in smoking fat.

BEIGNETS OF POTATOES. Steam your potatoes, peel them while hot and beat them through a sieve. Salt them well and mix in enough flour to bind them into a firm, smooth paste. The paste must be just well bound, but not so stiff that it is tough. Work it into a ball, roll it out on a floured board to the thickness of a half inch and cut it into rounds with the edge of a tumbler. Heat your friture till it smokes, drop in the rounds, one at a time, and fry them fast. They swell up enormously, and become almost like balls in shape. Take them up with a skimmer as soon as they are brown; let them drip dry, roll them in sifted sugar, and serve at once. They must be got on to the table without a moment of delay, for as soon as they become cold they fall, and are no longer either pretty or good. If served very hot they are the least expensive and the most delicious of puddings; if made without sugar, they are served as a vegetable.

CRÊPES. That is the French name for pan-cakes, eaten on Shrove Tuesday almost as a matter of religion and at many other times as a matter of pleasure. Put into a deep dish one pound of flour. Make a hole in the middle and break three eggs into this hole. Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a good pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of olive oil. By way of flavoring you may add either a little orange flower water or the grated rind of a lemon. Add a little cold water and begin to stir from the center with a wooden spoon, putting in water a few drops at a time, till the mixture is like a thin custard. It should just coat the back of a

spoon smoothly, but not thickly. Put the dish in a cool place when the batter has been well beaten, and leave it for three hours. Melt in a small omelet pan a little piece of lard. Pour off into a cup as much of the lard as will come, leaving only enough to grease the bottom of the pan. Put the pan on a brisk heat till it is quite hot, and then, with a tablespoon, pour in the batter, tipping the pan as you do so, in order that the batter may run fast all over the bottom of it, covering it very thinly. Let the crêpe fry for a moment, and when it is brown underneath turn it and fry the other side too. When all are done, fold them; pile them up in a scaffolding on a dish, sprinkle them with lots of sifted sugar and garnish them with slices of cut lemon. The batter must be constantly stirred all the time the frying is going on, so that the thick part may not drop down to the bottom.

CRÊPES WITH APPLES. Make the batter as above. Take very nice cooking apples, peel and core them, and cut them into wafer-thin slices, going right across the apple at each slice. Just before frying the crêpes stir the apples into the batter, and when frying try to arrange things so that at least two good slices are in each crêpe. Lay them flat on a hot dish, sprinkling each thickly with powdered sugar.

FRIED STICKS. Make a store of these at a time, then reheat them to serve with stewed fruits, custards and other soft sweets. Sift one pound of flour on to the pastry board, mixing in with it a good teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and a half pound of sifted sugar. Chop roughly in it a half pound of good butter, and then rub the butter in with the tips of your fingers till the mixture is like bread crumbs. Make a hole at the center of the flour. Break an egg into the hole, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Begin to mix with your fingers, adding a little more water from time to time, till the whole is of the stiffness of pastry. Knead it just like bread till it leaves your hands quite clean. Then roll it out to the thickness of a quarter inch; cut it into narrow strips and twist them, just like cheese straws. Some people turn the strips into little rings; others tie them in wee bows. The paste is so firm and at the same time so flexible that it is easy to handle, and all kinds of pretty things can be made with it. Put a few at a time of your dainty things into the frying basket, and brown them lightly in the hot fat.



A LAUNDRY HAMPER OF RUST-PROOF METAL IS LIGHT AND DURABLE. IT SHOULD BE ENAMELED TO MATCH THE WALLS OF THE ROOM



HERE A THICK SHEET OF GLASS COVERS THE WORKING LEDGE OF A VERY CONVENIENT CUPBOARD, AND ADDS VERY MUCH TO THE APPEARANCE OF THE KITCHEN



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Some Smart Summer Sweaters Will be Ribbonzine

By ELSA KRAWIEC

IF YOU like new things you will want one of these smart ribbonzine sweaters for summer. If you are also forehanded you will make it now. Paris sponsors them, and American women are eagerly buying them for the Palm Beach and other Southern resort seasons. Fashion, recognizing their appealing qualities, has been very obliging about the matter, even going so far as to decree that nothing shall be quite so distinctive as the simple knitted jumper blouse over a plaited skirt of wool or silk. Ribbonzine, as you probably know, is a kind of lustrous ribbon, loosely woven and "baby" width. It can be purchased in the art-needlework department of almost any large store. It is perhaps a little expensive for sweater use, but the satisfaction of having the newest thing and the knowledge that a ribbonzine sweater made at home at a cost of twelve to fifteen dollars would be sixty or more in the shops go a long way toward a serene and quailless mind.

The Way of the Slip-Ons

THE peacock blue with latticework of silver gray which Alison Bradshaw, of "Mr. Pim Passes By," wears so charmingly in the photograph at the right requires 5 gross of 144 yards each of the blue ribbonzine and 1 gross of silver gray. Two kinds of needles are used: 1 pair of No. 5 amber knitting needles and 1 pair of steel No. 12.

The following directions for knitting the ribbonzine may also be applied to silk-wool floss or Shetland floss, in which case 7 ounces of yarn are required and 1 ounce of contrasting color. If heavy 4-ply knitting yarn is used No. 4 needles must be selected.

With amber needles and peacock-blue ribbonzine, cast on 90 sts. knit in ribbing of 3 plain and 3 purl for 2 inches, then knit 1 ridge with gray. Again knit 1 inch with peacock in ribbing, then 1 ridge with gray, 2 inches with peacock in ribbing. Now decrease at end of last needle, by knitting the last 2 sts. together, so 89 sts. remain. Knit 1 ridge in gray. The lattice pattern is now made as follows:

FIRST NEEDLE: Knit 2 sts. in peacock, slip the next stitch with yarn behind stitch, knit 5 sts., slip next stitch, knit 5, slip next, and so on to end of needle, where 2 sts. will remain.

SECOND NEEDLE: Purl 2, slip gray stitch in purl fashion, having yarn in front of slipped stitch, as this is the wrong side of sweater, purl 5, slip stitch purl fashion, purl 5, and so on to end of needle, where 2 sts. remain after slipped stitch. Repeat first and second needle until 6 needles are knit in all, then change to gray and knit one ridge (2 needles), also knitting the gray slipped stitch, which will draw up long and loose to form the lattice effect.

NINTH NEEDLE: With peacock knit 5 sts., slip next gray, knit 5, slip gray, and so on to end of needle, where 5 sts. will remain.

TENTH NEEDLE: Purl 5, slip gray stitch purl fashion, purl 5, slip gray, and so on to end of the needle, where 5 sts. remain. This change forms the lattice design. Continue in this way until 6 needles are made, then knit 1 ridge in gray. Begin again at first needle and repeat this design throughout the sweater. No further mention will be made of the pattern. Knit until entire piece measures 17 inches, then cast on 60 sts. for sleeves at each side of work. Knit until sleeve measures about 6 inches in width (about 5 designs). Divide for fronts in making the second needle of the gray ridge, as follows: Knit 82 sts., bind 45 sts. for neck, knit in pattern on the remaining 82 sts. for 2 lattice designs. Then knit other 82 sts. up to same point. Cast on 45 sts. in center, and join, again having 209 sts. on needle. Allowing for the 2 designs at shoulder, knit until there are about 5 designs in second half of sleeve (12 in all). Bind off the 60 sts. of sleeves on each side and continue knitting in pattern until there are as many lattice patterns in the body sections of the front as there were at the back before the

For a strenuous game of golf on a sunny Southern morning Miss Bradshaw deems a slip-on sweater of peacock-blue ribbonzine with latticework of silver gray entirely practical and smart.

A simple slip-on blouse of silver-gray ribbonzine, knitted in blocks and banded in white Angora, proves most becoming to Alison Bradshaw, the lovable and talkative "Dinah" of "Mr. Pim Passes By." Miss Bradshaw is also known on the screen.

sleeves were cast on. Then knit the ribbing on front, like at back. Bind off loosely.

CUFFS: With steel needles pick up 40 sts., knit in ribbing for 4 inches.

FINISH AT NECK: With steel needles No. 12 begin at shoulder, pick up 57 sts., to other side of shoulder, across the front of sweater, knit in ribbing of 3 plain and 3 purl for 2 inches. Pick up 57 sts. on back of sweater, same as on front from shoulder to shoulder, knit same 2 inches. Bind loosely. Join the seam on ribbing at neck, and turn ribbing back onto sweater and baste in place.

For Miss Bradshaw's silver-gray slip-on blouse 6 gross of 144 yards each of ribbonzine are used and a half-ounce ball of Angora wool. Use 1 pair of No. 5 bone knitting needles and 1 No. 4 crochet hook. In Shetland floss or silk-wool floss, 8 ounces are required.

Cast on 90 sts., knit in ribbing of 3 plain and 3 purl for 6 inches. Then knit in block stitch of 4 plain and 4 purl, alternating after every fourth needle until the entire piece measures 17 inches. Now cast on 60 sts. at each side of work for sleeves, having 210 sts. on needle, knit until the sleeves measure 6 inches in width. Now knit 95 sts., put on a stitch

holder, bind 20 sts. for neck, knit 4 blocks on the remaining 95 sts.; then increase 1 stitch at neck in each block, and bind off the 60 sts. of sleeve, when this is 12 inches wide in all. Continue knitting on the remaining sts., increasing as usual until there are 4 blocks knit after the binding off of sleeve. Then put these sts. on a stitch holder and knit other side of front up to same point. Join, and continue knitting until there are as many blocks from where sleeves were bound off as there are at back. It is more reliable to count the blocks after measuring, to assure perfect accuracy. Knit the ribbed section at bottom of blouse same as on back. Join the underarm and sleeve seams. With Angora wool crochet 4 rounds of single crochet stitches around neck, beginning at inside of garment, then turn back onto blouse and baste in place. There are also 3 rounds at cuffs, beginning at inside of sleeve. Turn up about 1 inch of sleeve to form cuff. If heavier yarn is used No. 4 needles must be selected.

Making the Tuxedo

MISS BRADSHAW'S beaded Tuxedo sweater is made of 12 balls of silk-wool floss or Shetland floss and 1000 wooden or glass beads, and is knitted with 1 pair of No. 5 amber needles and 1 pair of No. 70 needles for cuffs.

With amber needles cast on 96 sts., knit 1 ridge. The beads for border—about 160 beads—must be strung onto yarn before casting on sts. Knit 3 sts., slide a bead over close to last stitch made, knit 3 sts., again drop bead, and so on to end of needle. Knit 5 needles, which will form 2 ridges on the bead side of work, then knit another "bead" needle. Continue in this manner until there are 5 rows of beads. Then knit in block stitch of 3 plain and 3

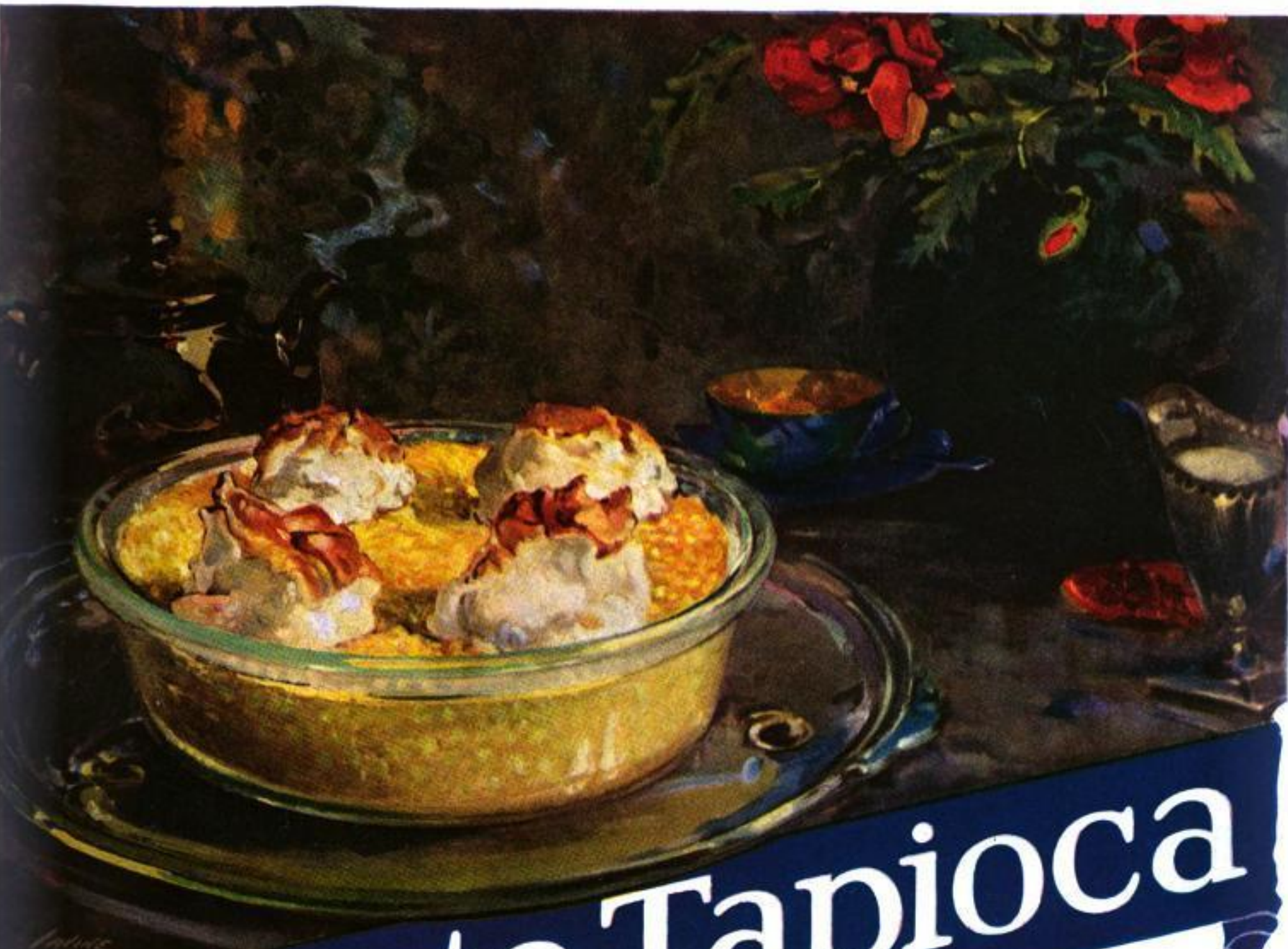
Sports wear can be distinctly feminine, as Miss Bradshaw has discovered; here she wears a Tuxedo blouse of silk-wool floss in dull blue, bordered with rows and rows of black wooden beads.

purl, for 3 needles. In fourth needle alternate, knitting the purlled stitch plain and the plain stitch purl, thereby forming the block design. Continue in this pattern, alternating after every third needle, until the entire piece measures 18 inches in length without stretching. Then cast on 42 sts. at each side of work for sleeves. Knit on these 180 sts. for 4 inches. The bead border at neck is now to be started as follows: Knit in block-stitch pattern for 69 sts., drop bead, knit 3 plain, drop bead, knit 3 plain, and so on until 15 beads have been dropped and 69 sts. remain on other needle. Knit these 69 sts. in block-stitch design. Repeat this last needle, knitting the stitches of border where beads are dropped plain, the others in design. When there are 4 bead rows, each having 5 needles between them, like at bottom of sweater, divide the sts. for fronts. Knit 79 sts., put on a stitch holder, bind 22 sts. for neck, knit 3 blocks on the other 79

sts. There will be a border of 4 beads at neck and down the fronts of sweater. Always knit 10 stitches in this border plain, the others in block stitch. Increase at neck to form V, in the first stitch after the 10 sts. of bead border, by adding 1 stitch in each block, until the sleeves are 12 inches in width, then bind off the 42 sts. of sleeve and continue the increases in every block at neck for 6 blocks. Then knit border as usual, and design without increases, until there are as many blocks in front as there were in back section before the sleeves were cast on. Then knit the plain knit border as on back, having 5 bead rows. Take sts. off stitch holder at shoulder, knit other front in same manner. Pick up the sts. of sleeve, about 40, knit 1 ridge plain, then knit bead rows until there are 4 bead rows. Transfer to steel needles and knit cuffs in ribbing of 2 plain and 2 purl for inches. Bind off.

BELT: Cast on 14 sts., knit 1, drop bead, knit 3, drop bead, knit 3, drop bead, and so on until 5 beads are dropped and 1 stitch remains. Knit 5 bead rows, then knit plain ridges until belt measures 52 inches, then finish with bead rows like at beginning. If heavier yarn is used large beads must be purchased.





Minute Tapioca

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Minute Tapioca Pudding is liked by them all. The flavor appeals to Father's sweet tooth. Bill likes it because he can always have two helpings. It looks pretty and so it is Sister's choice. Grandma knows how digestible and nutritious it is. Mother likes it because the family like it and it is so quickly and easily made.

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Minute Tapioca should be used in many other favorite dishes. Use it in soups, baked dishes, for thickening pies and gravies, as well as for desserts. It blends with fruits, vegetables, fish or meat. It is an energy-build-

ing food. It is good for children as well as for the grown-ups.

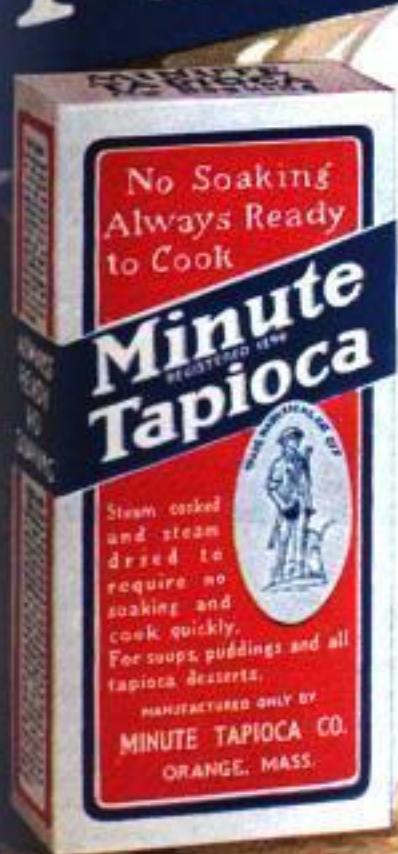
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Boil in a double boiler 15 minutes, one quart of hot milk, 3 heaping tablespoons Minute Tapioca and a little salt, stirring frequently. Beat together the yolk of one egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, one tablespoon cold water, and at the end of 15 minutes stir into milk and tapioca. Boil until it begins to thicken like custard. Remove from fire and add any flavoring desired, then, while it is hot, fold in the white of the egg, which has been beaten until very stiff and dry. Put in oven to brown the meringue if desired. This is delicious poured when cold over oranges or any fruit or berries.

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"Like mother used to make"



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Order None Such Mince Meat from your grocer or a None Such Pie from your baker. Remember that None Such Mince Meat has set the standard for over thirty-five years.

Many other delightful dishes can be made with None Such Mince Meat.

Try this recipe

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Make dressing in the usual way; add one package None Such Mince Meat and more apples and some celery to suit individual taste.

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None Such Mince Meat comes in two convenient forms: in cans, ready for use; in packages, condensed

EVERY THURSDAY IS NONE SUCH MINCE PIE DAY

Little Things to Give a Touch of Style



3409

A prosy coat suit suddenly develops personality when one of these new silk duvetyne vests is worn under it. One is gray, trimmed with steel nailhead buttons; the other is henna, with black jet buttons down front.



3374-Transfer, 15006

ONE feels inclined to indulge in superlatives and call the frock above the easiest dress in the world to make. For it is really so simple as to make failure practically impossible. All you have to do is to cut out the neck and sleeves and sew it up, just as you used to make doll's dresses of a primitive order. The only difference is that for this dress you do take the trouble to plait the extra fullness that comes under the arm. It was a superfluous touch for a doll dress, of course. The neck is finished with a cord and the waistline with a girdle.

But what you escape in actual dressmaking you make up in handwork on this frock, for that nine-inch embroidery is done right on the dress. The pattern is an Egyptian one. The color possibilities for this embroidery are many. Brick red or henna would be especially attractive with a few threads of gold outlining the border. Rich yellows, browns and coppers, any metallic thread, would be suitable.

The dress might be made of tricotine, in which case the design might be embroidered in lightweight wool in bright colors. For summer the frock of white linen, embroidered in black and white, would be stunning. The new fast dyes in embroidery cottons make this feasible.

The silk duvetyne vests shown above might be made in any popular color to

A one-piece dress, which is cut from the material literally in one piece, is this of black Canton crepe whose brick-red Egyptian embroidery gives it a touch of rareness. The dress pattern is 3374 and comes in sizes 16, 36, 40 and 44.

tone up the workaday suit. They are worn, too, in place of a blouse, when the coat is not to be removed. The new fuchsia shade would make an extremely attractive vest to wear with a navy-blue suit; all reds, a soft light yellow, grays and chamois colors



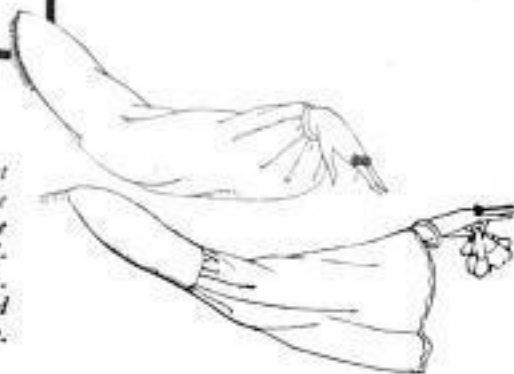
PHOTO BY NICHOLAS HURRY

15007



3410

Banish the old telltale narrow sleeve, put in one of these new wide ones, and last year's dress can face the world with equanimity. For the coat, a wide cuff of fur, as in top-most sketch, will turn the trick. The pattern, in three sizes, includes all the sleeves except the coat sleeve.



would be good. The vest at the left has a link belt of the duvetyne and V neck.

There's many a left-over dress this year whose sleeves, being narrow and therefore old-fashioned, stand between it and public appearance. But, presto! Above are four ways out for the blouse or dress and one for the coat.

The device for the coat sleeve is simple enough. Great cuffs cut from fur are put on the sleeve near the elbow, where they hang in shaggy elegance, brazenly pretending they have been there all the time!

The dress sleeves are of various types. The two upper ones have big armholes, which are especially to be recommended if the old blouse or dress has worn places under the arm. The lower ones reverse the order, having small armholes and flaring cuffs. Printed silk crepe may be used, as well as plain colors, with all kinds of wool frocks, and plain or printed chiffons with silken ones.

The Parisian bags shown at the left are especially beautiful ones and sell in New York shops for from \$35 to \$50. They can easily be made at home, for the patterns give directions both for mounting on a frame and for gathering the bag on a cord.

If you buy these lovely French bags, there won't be much left to put inside, but to make them costs comparatively little. One is blue taffeta beaded in steel, the other is of softest gray satin beaded in steel. The pattern gives complete directions for making both.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City.



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This Chatty Little Booklet, "The Etiquette of the Powder Puff," tells of dainty arts that every woman can master...

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Nazareth Waist



This is a high-quality knit waist at a popular price. We have maintained our high-quality service for 35 years. This fact is proof that the Nazareth Waist is made to wear well, to add to the comfort of children and to satisfy mothers with the service it gives.

Suspender tapes support outer garments. Buttons front or back for boy or girl. Metal pin-tubes prevent garter tears. Look for the Nazareth name in red. Sizes 2 to 15 years.

Nazareth Waist
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Introduced years ago, this three-in-one undergarment has continued to give satisfaction because it saves you time, labor and money. One garment to put on, wash and buy instead of three separate undergarments. Sizes 2 to 15 years for boys and girls.

SEND FOR NAZARETH DOLL CUT-OUTS

Two dolls in color, with two costume changes for each one; enclose two-cent stamp.

NAZARETH WAIST CO., Dept. K, Nazareth, Pa.

Old-Time Patchwork and Appliqued Quilts

(Continued from Page 31)

A quilt will tell no tales, and into it are stitched the gay barbaric colors that a pioneer woman may not have in her clothing; into it go the eccentric design that is her escape from the dull routine of the usual, the inevitable; into it go her gaiety and humor unquenched even by the dry life of hard work. Note the humorous names of quilts: "Shoo Fly," "Toad in the Puddle," "Hair-pin Catcher," "Old Maid's Puzzle," "Hobson's Kiss."

It may seem to be a poor substitute, this vicarious adventuring instead of the real thing, but the thrill of playing with colors, of creating new patterns for them, of putting blue where everybody else puts yellow, of doing the unexpected, the novel, the daring thing, with bits of cloth and a needle and thread, is a real thrill just the same, and artistically satisfying, however humble its sounds. And there is no need to apologize for the humbleness of quilt making, for in the world of handicraft it has a high and honorable position.

It is not known when quilt making first began in this country. Probably the first quilt was made of "pieces" over here during the first spare hours of the earliest English or Dutch women settlers. Quilting as a type of needlework was common in England and Holland during the period of America's colonization, and the new country presented rigorous winters, so it was as a matter of course that the Colonial mothers sat down to piece quilts in their odd hours of leisure (?) between the labors of apple drying, candle making, weaving, baking and washing. They pieced quilts for the beds, curtains for the doors and windows, petticoats and jackets for the family.

This was the beginning of a woman's art that soon well-nigh reached perfection. Mother taught daughter, and neighbor taught neighbor, patterns were eagerly exchanged. And to-day we have in public and private collections about four hundred and seventy-five patterns which have been retained for their beauty and originality.

Old Clothes and Make-Over Magic

(Continued from Page 59)

whose high waistline and round neck tell the tale of long service, the model shown in *D* is a solution. Nothing new need be bought except the trimming, and you may have that. If the dress is pink, old blue velvet ribbon is effective; if the dress is black net or chiffon, use a strip of jet trimming or velvet of the same color as the dress, if no contrast is desired. To achieve the indispensable low-waistline effect, cut off the skirt at the top, piece the material on to the waist, bringing the fullness down to the new waistline, where it is sewed on to the skirt again. Cover up the lines of piecing with a strip of trimming around the old waistline and again where skirt and waist join. Run the trimming around the cut-out neck and down the sides of the waist panels in both front and back. The original French model used undulated velvet ribbon for the trimming, an effect accomplished by plaiting the ribbon and then tacking it down to the dress between the edges of the plaits.

A simple little evening dress that has seen better days will perk up and go gayly through another season if it is ministered to with new chiffon as in sketch *H*. The bodice may be lowered to meet the skirt by piecing under the belt, or a bodice of brocaded silk may be put in if the old one is soiled or split. The strips of chiffon are picoted and plaited and attached to the string belt, which is separate from the old dress and donned like an apron.

These plaited chiffon panels may fall to the bottom of the skirt or below it. If the dress is a plain silk one the bodice might be embroidered in running stitches in silver thread in blocks two inches square or in any other design. With silver embroidery the belt might be of silver ribbon.

Two old dresses may be joined together in a happy union if the ideas in sketches *F* and *G* are used. An old crepe silk dress of gray or chambray or henna color would be an ideal slip for *F*, if the overdress were dark blue, brown or black cloth. Again, it may match the overdress. The old cloth dress is slit up the back and front, brought down to a slightly long waistline and given a fancy belt. The panels of this overdress hang loose. The neck line is cut away again and the sleeves, which are a part of the slip, may be changed as in *A* or *B*.

A new frock like the model in *G* may be made of a tired old foulard dress and a serge dress or of two old silk dresses, if they are of harmonious colors. Either material may be used for the waist or the skirt. If the serge dress has a good waist and a shiny skirt, use the serge for the top of the dress and make the skirt of dozens of picoted silk scallops. Scallops are an excellent make-over idea, because they can be made of exceedingly small pieces. Put a few of the scallops in two rows around the sleeves, making them flare for the necessary wide effect.

Southern Clothes that are Harbingers of Summer

(Continued from Page 55)

No. 3416 is a smart frock for practically any figure. It is made of white silk crepe in the popular apron style with fullness in the blouse, a long waistline and effective cartridge plaits across the front at the top of the apron. The apron provides an easy method of trimming. Bands of contrasting color in crepe silk might be laid on the apron and across the sleeves. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 42 inches.

An echo of basques and hoops is heard faintly in No. 3418, which has a straight plain blouse, a full skirt, and is made of spotted linen with intervals of white linen. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 42 inches.

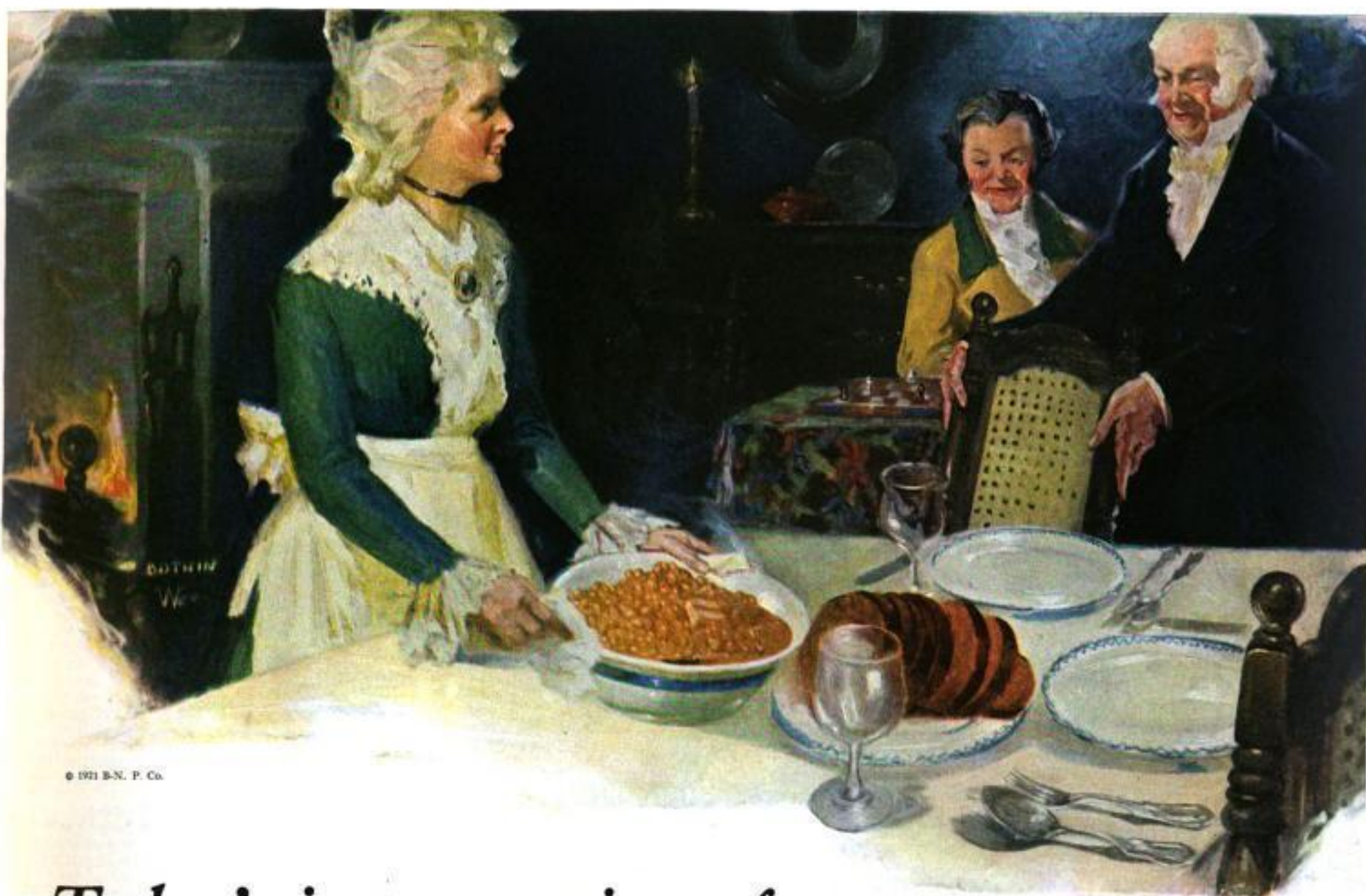
A tailored frock, not too severe, is No. 3421, which could be made in checked gingham with plain linen or cotton. The back and front panels of the skirt are applied and, like the body of the waist, might be of the plain color. The raw edges of the scallops

are overlaid with a flat braid, matching the panels. The pattern comes in sizes 14 to 20.

A cape that will stand the weather is the soft wool, red-and-gray checked. The coat is Cossack style, the cape set on a yoke and forming the sleeves.

An ideal frock for ratine, and equally good for linen or gingham, is the little morning tailored model, No. 3415. It is piped with black. The simulated deep yoke is achieved by allowing the skirt to come slightly above the waistline under the narrow belt. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 42 inches.

The fabric suggested for the frocks on pages 54 and 55 are the outstanding cotton and linen materials for next summer. In wools, soft cashmere, weaves and cloths of the serge family, supple gray cloth bordered or barred in color, crepey wools and homespuns will be best for general wear throughout both spring and summer.



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MANY a woman's complete dower—in the old days of good things to eat—was her ability to concoct flavorful, savory dishes for the delectation of her household. Nor was it a dower to be despised by one who had tasted of those homely delicacies!

A favorite that was almost a staple was the combination of dried beans simmered for hours with generous pieces of home-cured pork and flavored lightly with spices and salt and sugar. A stroke of culinary genius discovered that pork and beans were natural complements and gave to the world a delicious and popular dish.

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In grandmother's memories of her girlhood days, there is a favored place for the ice-sleigh and the happy hours it made. There is a favored place, too, for COLUMBIA YARNS. For it was in grandmother's girlhood days that COLUMBIA YARNS made their debut—a debut that introduced to the womenfolk of America yarns of beautiful colorings and unusual quality. Half a century has elapsed

since COLUMBIA YARNS first were sold. Times have changed and styles have changed, but the COLUMBIA reputation for beauty and quality has endured. It is, therefore, only natural that womenfolk of today place complete confidence in the yarns that are identified everywhere by the well known COLUMBIA label.

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COLUMBIA YARNS

My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 13)

stage one night. In *Love on Crutches* there was a scene in the last act in which Lewis and I stood at the back of the stage, partly concealed from the audience. We were not supposed to be seen by the characters on the stage. Mrs. Gilbert and William Gilbert (he was no relation whatever) were playing a scene that was full of laughs before an American audience.

On this night before a German audience it was going very badly. Lewis whispered to me: "I'll bet you that Grandma gets the first laugh."

Before I could answer him I got the first laugh, for just then my dresser, who had followed me down from the dressing room, pulled up my coat at the neck. He had not been quite satisfied with the way the coat set and righted it in full view of the audience.

Our happy relations were somewhat strained in Berlin by the abrupt departure from the company of Edith Kingdon. Just before we left London she had been called upon with almost no notice to play Ada Rehan's part in *A Night Off*, as the latter was ill. She played the part very well. In *Love on Crutches* she had scored a great comedy success in both New York and London. When she left the company on account of a misunderstanding with Daly, Virginia Dreher was forced to play Marjorie Gwyn without sufficient rehearsal.

In Germany there was no entertaining for the company, but in London we were asked about a great deal and we met a great many of the people interested in the arts—the writers, both English and American, editors, painters and a great many persons of our own profession.

Of James McNeill Whistler we saw a great deal. One time at the house of an English authoress he showed me his book, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, which I had not seen before. He was on the arm of the sofa on which I was sitting, and as I turned over the pages he would point out especially the things that seemed good to him. He had a boyish delight in showing me the roasts and the slaps.

Robert Browning was at lunch one Sunday at the house of George Boughton, the painter. Boughton was standing before the fireplace with a man who was partly bald and had whitish hair, white mustache and a white small beard—chin whiskers they are called in make-up.

How He Met Browning

BOUGHTON turned to his companion: "You know John Drew, don't you?"

The small man answered: "No, I do not; but I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan act in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and I am pleased to say how much I enjoyed it and how pleased I was with such talent and success."

I thought to myself: "He's going a bit strong."

I asked Boughton when I got a chance: "Who is this old chap?"

"Robert Browning," he told me somewhat impatiently.

I was puzzled at my own stupidity. It seemed so silly that I should not recognize the famous poet whose picture I had seen so many times.

Of Irving we saw a great deal during our London visits. On my last trip to London with the Daly company in the early nineties we did *As You Like It*. Irving had a box for the opening night, and after the performance he came behind the scenes and congratulated Ada Rehan upon her *Rosalind*.

He turned to me, patted me on both shoulders and said: "Drew, you got away with that wrestling scene wonderfully, but of course you don't want to play Orlando; no, no, no, no-o-o."

He emphasized this in a fashion that made it seem indicative of but the faintest praise, and left me in no doubt as to what he thought of my performance.

When we did *The Taming of the Shrew* in London, no one seemed more genuinely enthusiastic about the Katharine of Ada Rehan and my Petruchio than Henry Irving. He gave a most delightful supper for us in the Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre.

This had been the original quarters of the Beefsteak Club. Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, who was then playing in London, Damala, the Greek actor, Lord Ronald Gower, who has a bust of Shakspeare at Stratford, and John Tenniel, the cartoonist of Punch and the illustrator of Alice in Wonderland, were all at this supper.

Tennyson I met at his place in the country, and he talked to me of the play that he was then writing, *The Foresters*. We did this play later at Daly's Theatre; in fact, the part of Robin Hood in this was the last new character I played under the management of Augustin Daly. I was no longer a member of the Daly company when the play was performed by them in London. Arthur Bouchier took my part. *The Foresters* was never a great success. By reason of Arthur Sullivan's music and Daly's production, the play managed to run for a time in New York.

Swinburne and Hardy were at many of the dinners and suppers that we attended in London, and Hardy wrote a very charming rime address that Ada Rehan read at a benefit for the Actors' Dramatic Fund.

Paris Criticized Plays

MEREDITH I met once in the country. He was staying with a friend near where we were at Weybridge in Surrey, and we went over to see him.

Some of the other house guests danced in bare feet on the lawn.

I asked Meredith if he were not going to dance.

"I am for other than dancing measures," he said, quoting from *As You Like It*.

I sat on the porch with him in the bright moonlight. He talked of the dancers and he thought them rather silly, but his comments were not caustic and not nearly so sharp as his descriptions of his characters in his books.

One night at dinner I was rather taken aback by W. S. Gilbert. I told him that I had known, learned and loved his "Bab Ballads."

"Oh, they're juvenile indiscretions," he said in a rather incisive way which seemed to pooh-pooh my estimate of the work.

He surprised me still more when he told me that his best work was his serious plays, *The Wicked World*, and *Charity*. I had played in *Charity* in the seventies with the Fifth Avenue Company, and of the players only Fanny Davenport liked the play very much.

In 1886 when we played in Paris, both the English and American Ambassadors had boxes for the first performance of the Daly Company at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. Couquelin attended every performance, and the English and American residents were enthusiastic followers of our short season.

The plays for the three-day engagement of "La Troupe Américaine d'Augustin Daly du Daly's Théâtre, New York (États Unis)," were *A Woman's Won't* (one-act play), *Love on Crutches*, *A Night Off*, *A Country Girl* and *Nancy and Company*.

It must be remembered that this Paris engagement was less than twenty years after the Prussian war, and there was a good deal of bitterness about our plays from the German. It was argued, with some justification, that it was not consistent to license our plays and to forbid the giving of the operas of Wagner.

One critic wrote: "Mr. Daly's artists probably have much talent, but they deceive themselves and have confounded Paris with a village." Another said that Daly hired unknowns to translate "the low German repertoire" and then had the "effrontery" to put his own name on the work. M. Besson, of L'Événement, thought that the repertoire was "fit only for boarding schools," and M. Sarcey, the leading critic of the day, wrote that the plays might be seen by "any young girl." These opinions are interesting because some of the critics thought the plays too realistic, coarse and offensive.

Not all of the criticism was adverse and hostile. Some of the critics were sympathetic. M. de Blowitz, the correspondent of the London Times in Paris, wrote in

(Continued on Page 107)

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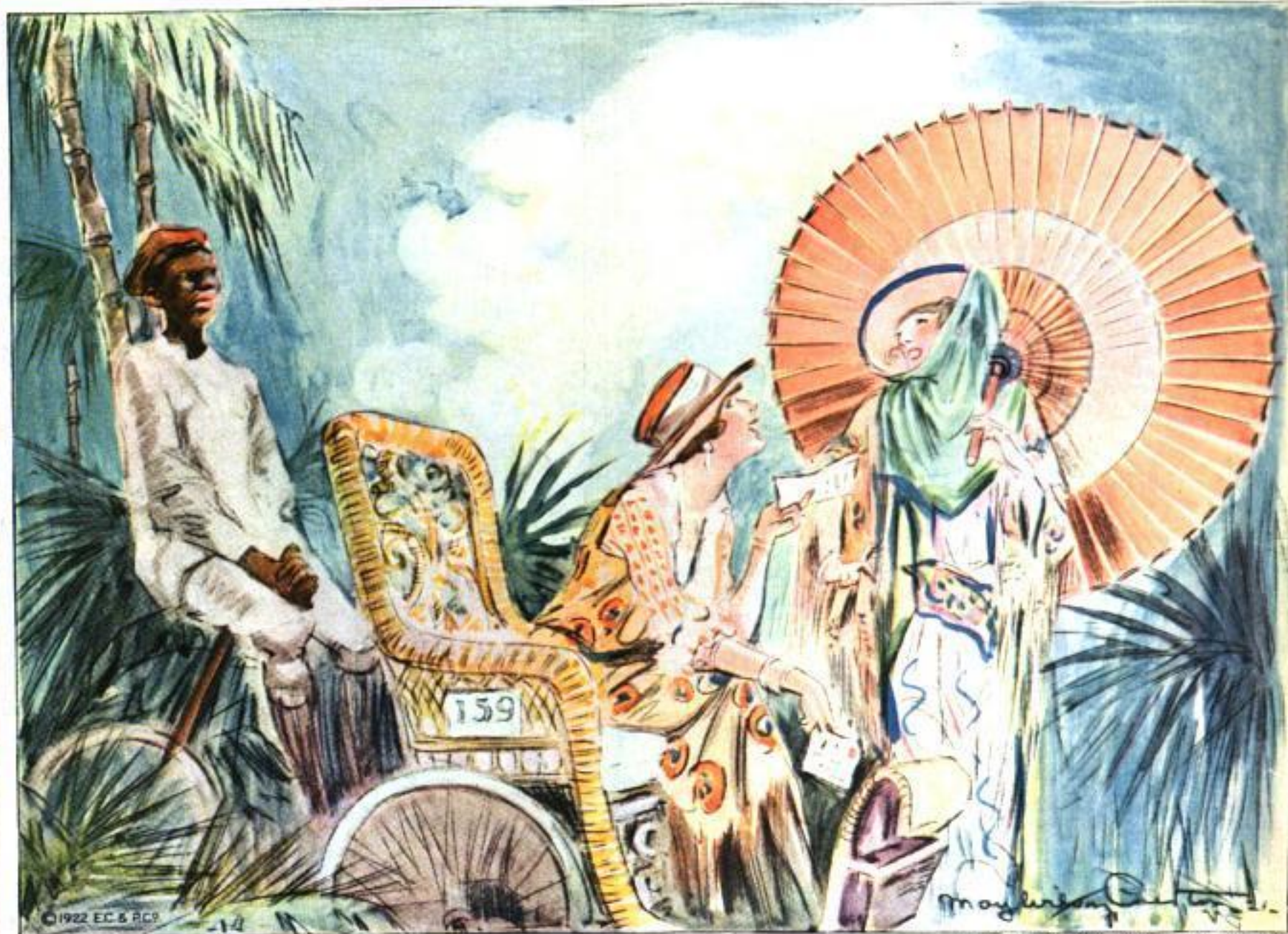
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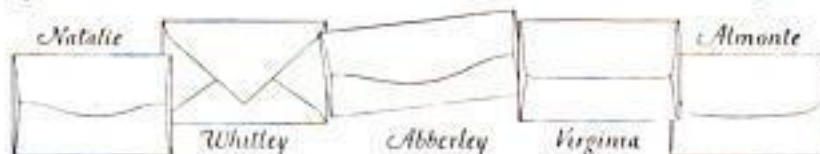
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Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence

My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 105)

correspondence to his paper that the failure of the Daly Company to win the praise of the critics in Paris was due to the fact that the French writers did not know English, and that those Frenchmen who understood the language appreciated the fine acting of the company in light comedy.

The second visit to Paris, two years later, was a far happier experience for the Daly Company. This time we gave three plays during an engagement that lasted six days: *Nancy and Company*, *The Railroad of Love*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*.

The critics devoted their attention to *Shakspeare*. A writer in *Le Petit Journal* exclaimed: "Pauvre Shakspeare! What crimes are committed in thy name, and how fortunate that thou hast been dead some time!" M. Sarcey found the comedy illogical. He could see no fun in one character hitting another with a leg of mutton. When I read this criticism to Daly he was amused and, though he knew no French, he at once called attention to Molière's *Le Mariage Forcé*, in which stuffed rocks and clubs are pried with great advantage on the classic French stage.

Many of the critics thought there was too much horse play; they were shocked when Katharine boxed Petruchio's ears. They found too much violence in the playing. Then, too, the play was coarse and flat and dull. Figaro, which discovered that I resembled Irving, said: "The attitudes, movements, walk, speech and action of these Americans are so different from what we are accustomed to see and hear that there would be neither justice nor profit in criticizing them. It is another race, another conception, another art."

Very different had been the reception given to *The Taming of the Shrew* when we gave it earlier that same summer in London. This was the first performance of a Shaksperian play given by an American company in Europe. The *Times* said that till this Daly production it seemed that this comedy was "fated to rank as the most despised of the poet's productions," and that hitherto the play had "received scant justice from the professional interpreters—so at least it would appear—in view of this splendid revival of the comedy, which, sumptuously mounted and acted with admirable spirit and point, keeps the house in a state of continuous merriment."

"How to Play Your Shakspeare"

I WAS going down to Sandown to see the Eclipse Stakes—that was the year that Bendigo won—and at Waterloo Station my companion bought a copy of *Punch*.

He opened it, laughed and handed the paper to me. "Look at that," he said.

It was a cartoon showing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal looking out of a box in a theater, and in the box on the opposite side were the Bancrofts. On the stage were Ada Rehan as Katharine and myself as Petruchio. We were depicted in the clothes worn in the scene in which Petruchio dresses fantastically. I was supposed to be saying to these representatives of the English stage who were seated in the boxes: "I guess we'll show you how to play your gosh-dinged Shakspeare."

In London I met some of the American artists and writers that I had not met in this country—Sargent, Henry James and Bret Harte. The first time that I met Bret Harte was the Fourth of July, 1888. He had been United States consul in Glasgow, and was at the time I met him living in London.

That summer there was a cyclorama in London that was very popular, called *Niagara in London*. It was the usual entertainment in the conventional round building that somewhat resembled the outside of Shakspeare's theater, the Globe. The management, being partly American and Canadian, gave a supper in the cyclorama building on the night of the Fourth. Bret Harte, Edward Phelps, who was then our minister to England, and many prominent Americans were there.

After the two national anthems were sung, the supper room opened and the people flocked in and found seats for themselves. Lewis and I were sitting next to an

Englishman, who was evidently very hungry and very thirsty.

Mr. Phelps, the American minister, walked into the room and looked about, over the tables. He wore side whiskers and to a casual observer looked not unlike a maltre d'hôtel. The Englishman, not knowing who he was, mistook him for one of the waiters and asked him to bring him a bottle of mineral water. He pointed to a bottle near by that had been opened.

Phelps very good-naturedly took the bottle and put it down in front of the Englishman and started to walk away.

The Englishman was very irate because Phelps had not filled the glass. He reprimanded him and, as he did so, he stood up and called to the retreating figure: "What do you mean by this? And who are you?"

Phelps turned and answered: "My name is Phelps. I am the American minister at the Court of St. James."

Collier's "Mean" Trick

THE most brilliant entertainment given for us during our many stays in London was the supper which John Hare gave at the Garrick Club on June 9, 1888. It was a wonderful list of guests and contained almost everyone prominent in the arts—actors, authors, painters, managers—Millais, Henry James, Du Maurier, Ambassador Phelps and the Earls of Lathom, Londesborough and Cork and Orrery were all present.

For some reason known only to himself, Daly absented himself from this supper. It was believed that he was annoyed that Hare had not submitted to him the list of those members of the Daly Company who were to be asked. Irving was furious at Daly, and so was William Winter, who was one of Daly's closest friends.

That same summer of 1888 we were asked to play for a dramatic fund benefit at the Drury Lane Theater. We played the fourth act of *The Taming of the Shrew*—the scene in which Petruchio, trying to frighten and impress Katharine with his masterfulness, whacks his servants about the stage with his whip and a "property" leg of mutton. His servants were played by Lewis as Grumio, William Collier, Hamilton Revelle and Stephen Murphy, who afterwards took the name Stephen Grattan when he went to the Lyceum Theater in New York. Murphy had a pedantic fashion of speaking, and he took himself and his work very seriously.

In this fourth-act scene the servants are intensely surprised at Petruchio's behavior toward them, as they had known him always as a kindly master. When Petruchio and Katharine exit, the servant played by Stephen Murphy has to say: "Peter, didst ever see the like?" referring to Petruchio's extraordinary behavior.

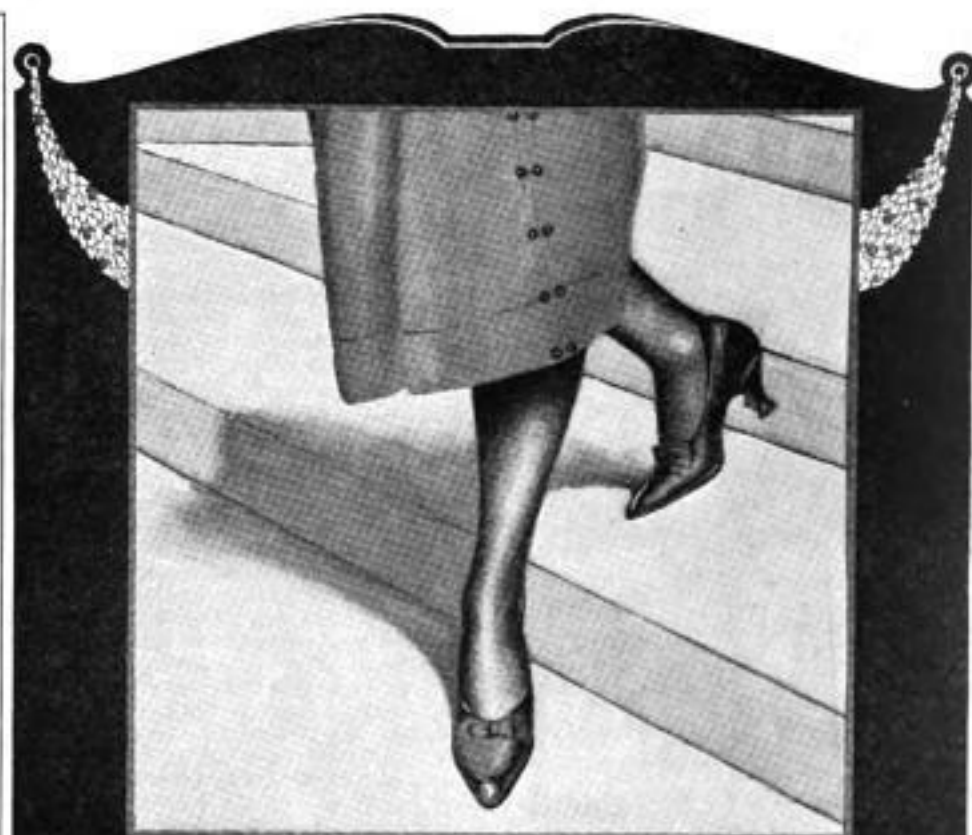
Murphy was much impressed with the fact that he was about to utter something of the immortal bard in the famous Drury Lane Theater where Garrick, Macready and Kemble had played. At the rehearsal he said to Collier in an awed voice: "Collier, do you realize that I am to have the precious privilege of speaking a line of Shakspeare in this sacred lane?"

When, in the actual playing of the scene, the cue came for Murphy's great moment Collier came in quickly on the cue and spoke the line "Peter, didst ever see the like?" before the outraged Murphy had a chance to do so.

Collier sensed from Murphy's expression of disappointment and anger that there would be trouble. Indeed, as soon as the scene was over Murphy made a dash for Collier. Collier being more agile avoided the rush and was chased all over the stage behind the scenes by Murphy.

I demanded to know from these two fellows what caused the horrible commotion while Ada Rehan and I were playing the last scene. Murphy told me that Collier had deliberately tried to belittle him; that he had robbed him of his great opportunity to read a line of Shakspeare in Drury Lane and go down into theatrical history with the Keans, Kembles and Garricks.

(Continued in the February Home Journal)



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The Undernourished Child

(Continued from Page 24)

in seeing that every school has a proper school lunch system. This is not a question which involves any great expenditure of money. A small gas or oil stove, with the few necessary cooking utensils, will cost very little, but will pay large dividends in increased health. A fireless cooker, also, may be used for this purpose. One hot dish a day should be provided for lunch. This may be a soup, a stew or some meat substitute, such as macaroni with cheese. This can be brought from home and heated at school or, by a proper system of cooperation with the mothers, arrangements may be made whereby one or two mothers would be responsible for the school lunch at least one day a week; in fact, with many mothers in the vicinity, it would mean that no mother need be on duty at the school more than one day a month. The child should always have hot cocoa or milk to drink at the lunch period. In addition fruit, bread and butter or nutritious sandwiches, with some sweet dish, such as jam, jelly or cake, are all that are needed.

In most of our cities we have school lunch systems that are fairly well carried out. There is one thing that must be remembered, however, and that is that the school lunch should always be in addition to all the food a child should receive at home, and should not take the place of a nutritious hot meal later in the day.

The teacher should remember that the child's backwardness may be due to sickness rather than stupidity. If this is the case he should never be pushed in his school work, but should have plenty of time for leisure and recreation and, above all, rest. Indeed, a rest period of one hour in the middle of the morning, followed by a glass of milk or a cup of cocoa, will often readjust the balance between normal vitality and lack of health. Fresh air in abundance is absolutely necessary in all classrooms,

and the problem of ventilation should receive most careful attention.

In the home the mother unaided can do much. She must study the daily routine of her child's life. One reason why under-nourishment among the rich and well-to-do is equal to or even greater than among the poor is because there is very little difference between the child who has no breakfast because there is none and the child who refuses to eat any breakfast because of his capricious appetite, and who sits whining at the table, saying "I don't want any oatmeal," "I don't like eggs," and "I won't drink that cocoa."

Mealtimes should be at regular intervals. If the child will eat plain, wholesome food at mealtimes there is no reason why he should not have additional lunches in the mid-morning and midafternoon; but children who will not eat at mealtimes often have this habit firmly fixed by the fact that they know they can get what they want between meals. Nature demands food for the growing child, and if children have attractively prepared food set before them and will not eat, it is perfectly proper to see that they do not get any food until the next mealtime, when they should get a proper meal. Occasionally children may refuse food for two or three days, but if they are not urged, if no particular attention is paid to whether they are eating or not, and if the food is appropriate and attractively served, they will inevitably return to normal habits of eating.

There is nothing unusual or peculiar about the diet of a growing child. It should always include milk—at least a pint a day, and preferably one and a half pints—fresh vegetables in season and plenty of leafy vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, Swiss chard and beet tops. Meat should be given not more often than once a day and chicken or fish may be substituted at least two



(Continued on Page 109)

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLE FOR BOYS

The standard or normal weight for a boy is found where the horizontal column opposite his height crosses the vertical column under his age.* Illustration—The standard weight for a boy 57 inches high and 13 years old is 84 pounds.

HEIGHT INCHES	5 Yrs.	6 Yrs.	7 Yrs.	8 Yrs.	9 Yrs.	10 Yrs.	11 Yrs.	12 Yrs.	13 Yrs.	14 Yrs.	15 Yrs.	16 Yrs.	17 Yrs.	18 Yrs.
39	35	36	37											
40	37	38	39											
41	39	40	41											
42	41	42	43	44										
43	43	44	45	46										
44	45	46	47	48	49									
45	47	48	49	50	51									
46	48	49	50	51	52	53								
47	51	52	53	54	55	56	57							
48	53	54	55	56	57	58	59							
49	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62						
50	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66					
51	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69				
52	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72			
53	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77		
54	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	
55	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86
56	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
57	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94
58	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97
59	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
60	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
61	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
62	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113
63	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118
64	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126
65	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133
66	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138
67	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143
68	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147
69	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151
70	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155
71	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160
72	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165
73	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170
74	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175
75	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179
76	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187

Children should be weighed and measured without shoes and in only the usual indoor clothes; boys should remove their coats.

* Note—The age is taken at the nearest birthday.

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Why pay more for floors with fewer advantages?

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The Undernourished Child

(Continued from Page 108)

days a week. Eggs are always valuable articles of diet and may be prepared in many forms. Bread and butter, with plain, wholesome desserts, will make up the proper diet for the child. Tea and coffee should not be allowed until after the child is at least sixteen years old.

The main points to be remembered are that the meals should be regular and on time, that the child should have plenty of time to eat and should be required to chew his food thoroughly, that he should not eat sweets between meals, but may have a limited amount after meals in place of dessert, and that there are certain things, such as rich pastries, fried foods and very hearty or indigestible foods, that have no place in the diet of a growing child. Every child has a normal desire for sweets, and these may be provided in the form of ice cream or candy for desserts. Occasional ice cream cones or ice cream soda is not harmful, provided the child does not refuse to eat regular meals as a consequence.

The routine of the child's life is of the utmost importance. Regular bedtime must be insisted upon, and the bedroom should be well ventilated. Sometimes a rest at home for two hours in the middle of the day is all that is necessary to correct an undernourished condition and to cause the child to gain in weight. School work may have to be adjusted. The undernourished child should not be pushed to overactivity. Normal, wholesome play is essential and should be out-of-doors whenever possible. Sometimes I think that the child in the family of limited resources has a great advantage over the child of the rich in respect to free play. As far as health and sheer enjoyment are concerned, the child who can get down into the dirt, make mud pies, wear old clothes and get thoroughly and happily dirty every day has an enormous advantage over the child whose form of amusement consists of

automobile rides or carefully chaperoned walks in the parks.

If physical defects are found as a result of examination they should be corrected at once. I have seen many cases where undernourishment was the result solely of defective vision or bad teeth or the presence of adenoids or enlarged tonsils. As soon as the defects were corrected, the children were able to gain.

Finally, it cannot be stated too often that children are keenly and acutely sensitive to their environment. Instances are fairly common where the condition of extreme undernourishment in a child is simply the result of unhappy family life. Nagging, ill-temper, family disputes and the unrest that comes with clashing and diverse temperaments can occur in any family in any station in life. The pitiful part is that the child pays for all of this, for children of such families are always emotional, high-strung, nervous and undernourished. Sometimes the only thing necessary to readjust such a child's physical condition and overcome its undernourishment is to remove it entirely from the family environment. Such an indictment against family life should not be allowed to stand. The cure must come from the family readjusting its own abnormal conditions, so that the children may have a wholesome environment.

It is important to remember that every case of undernourishment has a distinct cause, and the cause is usually easy to find. I am convinced that if the parents and teachers of this country will once recognize the seriousness of this menace to our childhood and will make the necessary effort to bring our children back to their heritage of wholesome and decent living, there will no longer be any reason why the United States should stand below other civilized countries in the world in the extent of undernourishment among its children.



HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLE FOR GIRLS

The standard or normal weight for a girl is found where the horizontal column opposite her height crosses the vertical column under her age. Illustration—The standard weight for a girl 50 inches high and 9 years old is 58 pounds.

HEIGHT INCHES	5 Yrs.	6 Yrs.	7 Yrs.	8 Yrs.	9 Yrs.	10 Yrs.	11 Yrs.	12 Yrs.	13 Yrs.	14 Yrs.	15 Yrs.	16 Yrs.	17 Yrs.	18 Yrs.
39	34	35	36											
40	36	37	38											
41	38	39	40											
42	40	41	42	43										
43	42	43	44											
44	44	45	46											
45	46	47	48	49										
46	48	49	50	51	52	53								
47	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56						
48	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58						
49	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61					
50	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64				
51	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66				
52	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68				
53	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70				
54	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72				
55	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74				
56	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76				
57	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78				
58	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80				
59	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82				
60	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85			
61	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87			
62	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90		
63	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92		
64	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	
65	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	
66	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
67	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102
68	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
69	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106
70	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
71	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
72	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112

Only scales with bar and weights should be purchased for school use. Spring scales with dial face are not very durable and are likely to get out of order soon. Measurements for height should be taken with the child standing with feet close together and close against the measuring rod, or for school use a measuring tape may be tacked against a wall and a book placed on the child's head, edgewise, to mark his height.

Tables prepared by Prof. Thomas D. Wood, Teachers' College.

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

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|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| • Puddings—Fig, | • Chicken in Jelly |
| • Date, Plum, | • Vienna Sausage |
| • Chocolate Fudge | • Deviled Ham |
| • Welsh Rarebit | • Deviled Chicken |
| • Lobster Newburg | • Ox Tongue |
| • Chop Suey | • Lunch Tongue |
| • Chicken à la King | • Corned Beef Hash |
| • Creamed Spaghetti with Cheese | |
| • Deviled Ham with Chopped Olives | |

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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IF ALL SALAD OILS were alike Wesson Oil could not have won its present reputation.

A Horseshoe for Luck

(Continued from Page 9)

We ain't hurtin' anything, are we? Just holdin' 'nitation in it, ain't we?"

Randolph scratched his head and looked about at the clutter of regalia and properties. "How you gonna get in with all this stuff?"

"Through the cellar window; that's how. It's already open; somebody left it open. All this stuff goes in the coffin. We'll take it all soon's it's dark. All you've got to do is to blindfold Albert an' bring him through the alleys. An' when you get inside this thing in the 'nitation, don't forget to groan an' rattle the tire chain. I'm gonna say, 'There's been double murder done this night.' Then you groan."

"Then the Gladiators that are standin' by the coffin say 'Sh-h-h-h!' all together. Then you groan again an' rattle the chain. Then we make Albert take the other chain off the coffin an' take off the lid. You rise up in your suit, point your finger at him an' say, 'There's the hand that's red with my blood.' Before we take the bandage off Albert's eyes we'll smear his hand with red ink."

RANDOLPH was very silent. He was thinking of many things.

"You know it's been a lot of breakin' in vacant houses an' stealin' 'lectric lights an' lead pipes an' things," he observed dimly.

"I ask you, who's gonna steal anything?" Kirk Newton had turned thirteen and was entering upon that transition stage wherein the dulcet tone of the youthful voice begins to quiver and croak with discordant "goss-lin's." Now, under sudden excitement, his voice broke ludicrously.

"I know we ain't," persisted Randolph, "but if we get caught, we're in for it. That house is on O'Donohue's beat, an' you know he's the meanest cop on the force."

Kirk threw his brush into the paint can and glared at Randolph. "Look here, Ranny, if you're scared, say so. Plenty of Gladiators would like to have your job."

That silenced the boy, but his soul was full of dire forebodings.

Patrolman Michael O'Donohue swung along his beat with athletic stride and silently on rubber heels. His back was straight, his keen blue eyes were restlessly alert. It mattered not to him that he had been assigned to this residence section, which was known to be the quietest sector in all the precinct; he followed the line of duty as alertly as though this were outpost duty in a riot zone. Suddenly he froze in his tracks.

Half a block ahead a car had driven to the curb and stopped. Instantly its lights snapped out. O'Donohue stepped into deeper shadows; his blue eyes twinkled as they watched a man's figure leave the car and with a bound disappear through a gate opening to spacious lawns.

FOR a full minute O'Donohue waited. Then noiselessly he ran to the car, looked in. It was empty. The patrolman whipped out note book and pencil. "Parking with lights out, bet. Lanier and Park, N. W." he jotted down. Then he looked at his watch. "8:45 P. M." he appended and then entered the license-tag number.

The patrolman was about to enter the grounds into which the man had disappeared when he turned, drew out his pocket flashlight and directed a circle of light into the tonneau. He chuckled aloud. Piled high on the floor was a comprehensive assortment of loot—a brass image that had adorned somebody's newel post, copper electric brackets, a coil of copper pipe, brass switch plates, a heavy bronze chandelier chain, bulbs, reflectors and a great copper dome.

"The nerve o' him!" muttered Michael O'Donohue, with the tang of admiration in his tone. "We'll stop your clock, me boy."

He threw up the engine hood, reached in and disconnected the wires from the spark plugs. Then on second thought he brought the butt of his heavy automatic smashing against the plug porcelain. He put down the hood.

"An' that's that," he chuckled.

Swiftly across the lawns he ran, halting behind a tree immediately before the big, vacant house. Not a sound. He tipped across the intervening space, peered until

his eyes had adjusted their diaphragms to the gloom and had recorded the image of an open cellar casement. It was too simple! O'Donohue holstered his night stick, grasped the heavy automatic in his right hand and silently let himself over the window sill. Still not a sound.

He had taken two noiseless steps forward on the concrete floor when his sensitive ears caught the sound of metal rasping on metal. Stealthily he crept across the cellar, up the stairway leading to the kitchen. At the head of the steps he froze again.

TEN feet ahead a tiny circle of yellow light was focused on the wall, illuminating the base of an electric bracket, while in the light played a steel that pried to loosen the bracket from its anchorage. The patrolman could see the silhouetted head and shoulders of the unsuspecting thief.

"Hold as ye are!" O'Donohue's voice rang out with the confidence of authority unafraid.

Instantly the circle of light went out. There was a shuffling thump as the thief whirled and dropped to his knees. The next instant a yellow-blue flame leaped through the blackness with deafening report and Michael O'Donohue's eyes were filled with powdered plaster as the bullet smashed into the wall at his head. Blinded, his blood boiling, the patrolman loosed his great automatic in roaring volley. He dropped it, charged forward, powerful fingers searching the blackness for the grapple.

But they clutched at space. The thief had fled. O'Donohue heard him running madly down the hallway. And into the hallway, his burning eyes streaming water, dashed the enraged patrolman. Guided by sound alone he followed. The man ahead stumbled, then thundered up bare steps. O'Donohue grinned as he followed. He had driven his man to the second floor and it was only a question of moments when he would have him with his back to the wall.

Close behind the pursued, O'Donohue reached the head of the stairs and followed down another hallway. The next moment the patrolman halted with a mighty effort and stared with throbbing eyes at the silhouette of his quarry standing motionless in an open doorway. About the silhouette played a ghastly green light.

O'DONOHUE rubbed his eyes, took another step forward, swallowed in a suddenly dry throat. Then mechanically he snapped the steel about the thief's nerveless wrists. And just as mechanically, Michael O'Donohue crossed himself.

From the open doorway of a hall room captor and captive faced a ghastly sight. From a great urn rose a spectral green glow that seemed to flow and drift as it quivered low, then rose brightly. High up, close to the ceiling, did float phosphorescent busts of aged men in flowing beards, old ladies in knitted caps, as though they had been severed from their hips and futilely drifted for want of legs to stand on.

But upon the floor and directly before O'Donohue's staring eyes rested the prime terror. There it lay in the sickly green glow, an ebony casket, from within whose depths sounded the quivering cry of a soul in agony. And with this the hair-raising clank and jangle of chains.

Michael O'Donohue cleared his throat, crossed himself again. Calling upon every

saint in audible prayer, he shouldered past the trembling, manacled thief, and with his heart threatening to burst tugged at the chains wrapped about that casket. With a whistling catch in his breath he wrested off the lid. It fell with fearful clatter. O'Donohue leaped back with a choking gulp.

Bolt upright rose from the casket's depth a figure. White-shrouded from the head, with horrible black caverns where eyes should have shone, with a whimpering, sobbing cry, the figure trembled and shook.

Michael O'Donohue reached forth, seized the shroud, jerked with all his might. It came off in a single piece. And Randolph Meredith stared in terror at "the meanest cop on the force," with a face as white as the shroud clutched in the patrolman's hand.

"Ah-ha," cried O'Donohue, "so this is what!"

He lifted the boy by the collar and stood him on his feet. Randolph's knees began to bruise themselves fearfully. From O'Donohue his terrified eyes shifted to the manacled criminal. But the patrolman was once more his own master and feverishly busy with practical things.

BOLDLY he seized the floating phosphorescent bust of an aged man and jerked. It came free in his hands. He was holding a box, inside of which burned a tallow candle to spectrally illumine the old chromo ingeniously fitted over one end of the black-painted box.

The patrolman broke the cords suspending the remaining illuminated chromos, extinguished their candles and then, in the green glow generated within an enormous flower pot, turned upon the quaking boy.

"An' what d'ye mean by this?" he demanded, clearing the corners of his eyes of the remaining particles of plaster.

"We—we were jes' hav-havin' a 'nitation of—of the Pur-Purple Gladiators," chattered Randolph. "We—we didn't take anything; we haven't hurt anything; we —"

"We!" shot the patrolman, darting quick eyes about the room. "Where's the rest o' your gang?"

Randolph nodded to an open window with sill close to the floor. O'Donohue stepped to it, looked out. It opened directly upon a porch roof, easy egress for any terrified boy.

"I—I was chained—up—up in the coffin. An—an' we were 'nitation' an' then somebody started shootin' downstairs an' they all got out an—an' left me in here."

The patrolman nodded grimly. "Come along, you two," he ordered. Then he remembered and turned back. "Boy, what's burnin' in that pot?"

"Jes'—a little alcohol on some—some salt, Mister O'Donohue."

The policeman extinguished the flame by covering the pot with one of the boxes he had snatched from midair. "Now come along," he called as his searchlight bored a brilliant beam through the Stygian blackness. "Boy, don't you try to run."

UNNECESSARY warning. The boy's legs scarce propelled him at a walk.

"I oughter get a life stretch for fallin' for that kid plant," whined the thief's voice as the trio descended the stairs.

"Ye'll get what's comin'," chuckled O'Donohue. "You nearly got it in the kitchen, me hearty. If me eyes hadn't been full o' plaster that coffin upstairs would a-come in handy to-night, I'm tellin' ye."

As they crossed the lawn Randolph brought up the rear. His heart was as heavy as his feet. Cold sweat ran down his back. His brain was too stunned to analyze the awful moment. But jail, trial, fine, home punishment—heaven only knew what else he had walked into this night. He had felt it, he had felt it! Oh, if Kirk had just listened to him!

To Randolph's amazement the patrolman led the way up the walk to a great house full of light, a block away from the scene of the tragedy. O'Donohue rang the bell.

"I'll be thankin' ye to let me speak in privet with your master," he said to the shrinking maid. Then he shoved



(Continued on Page 112)



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A Horseshoe for Luck

(Continued from Page 110)

Randolph and the thief into the brilliant, gorgeous hallway.

The maid ran with swishing skirts. The thief stood with drooping head. O'Donohue looked about him with unconcealed interest. Randolph cringed against the wall.

A gentleman in dinner coat came hastily down the wide stairway and approached the group. Randolph's knees began to buckle under him as he realized now what it all meant. The meanest cop on the force had arrested and brought him face to face with the meanest man in town!

"Mister Waples," said O'Donohue, touching his helmet, "I'm thinkin' I've got the gentleman what's been liftin' the fixtures from your property o' late, sir. Anyhow, I got him in your house on th' next block, hard at work, an' with a car half full o' stuff in th' bargain."

HIS house! Randolph had violated the private property of Mr. Waples! The boy was close to fainting.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Waples. "Good enough, O'Donohue. And this boy?" He withered Randolph with his eyes. "Why, aren't you the boy who threw that horseshoe through my car window? Certainly you are—Randolph Meredith. What has he to do with this, O'Donohue?"

"Quite a bit, I'm thinkin', sir. An' would ye let me have a word with ye in privet, now?"

Mr. Waples nodded and turned. Randolph started to follow the manacled thief, whom O'Donohue pushed ahead of him.

"Stay right where ye are," ordered the patrolman. "Don't ye dare move."

Randolph stood as one nailed to the floor as the three disappeared down the hallway and the sound of O'Donohue's subdued voice came to his ears. Calamity of calamity! His house, and now his house again, right where she was likely to discover him in total disgrace.

In the briefest of intervals the three men reappeared and approached him. The sweat broke out afresh from the boy's forehead. It trickled into his eyes. Now for the station house!

"Mr. Waples wants to see you, boy," said O'Donohue, leading his prisoner to the door.

As the door shut behind the pair Mr. Waples beckoned to Randolph. "Come in here, Randolph," he said.

The miserable one followed him into the great library, gratefully collapsed into a deep leather chair, then waited for the worst.

"O'DONOHUE tells me that you and some of your friends have been using my property for conducting an initiation to-night."

The inquisitor was facing the boy from another chair.

"Ye-es, s-s-sir."

"Do you realize that constitutes a violation of the law?"

Randolph could only nod.

"As a matter of fact, all of you are technically guilty of housebreaking."

Randolph's breath died in his throat.

"At the same time," continued Mr. Waples, "O'Donohue tells me the thief could easily have escaped him from that second-story window if he hadn't been frightened by what he saw in that room."

"Ye-es, sir."

"Any other policeman might not have been honest enough to admit that. But O'Donohue is a very honest man and has given you credit indirectly for capturing a very troublesome thief."

Given him credit! O'Donohue? Why, wasn't he the meanest cop on —

"So then," concluded Mr. Waples, "we'll forget all about that trespassing provided it

doesn't happen again. You might have set the place afire, you know. And, by the way, Randolph, I said something to your father about paying for that glass you broke with the horseshoe."

"Yes, sir. I've got to pay him back. I've got five dollars I'd been savin' for a baseball suit, an' I'm workin' to save the other five, an' —"

"Well," said Mr. Waples, "don't let that worry you. I'll phone your father in the morning that I'll take care of that bill."

THE meanest man in town had said it! The room began to tilt before the boy's eyes. Stupidly he turned his head at the sound of a footfall and a swish of petticoats. He was looking straight into the glorious laughing eyes of the girl with chestnut curls!

"Marion," said Mr. Waples, "this is Randolph Meredith, the boy who threw that horseshoe into our car. He's just helped patrolman O'Donohue corner and capture a thief in one of my houses."

In a split second Randolph's head had cleared. His chest shot out like a pouter pigeon's. He took her white outstretched hand. "Awful glad to meet you," he said. "I didn't go to throw that horseshoe."

"I told daddy that. And you helped a policeman to catch a thief! Good heavens!"

"Oh," said Randolph carelessly, "that wasn't much. He did shoot a few times, but that wasn't anything."

Mr. Waples turned his head and walked quickly from the room. Randolph stood twisting his white-and-blue skullcap. Marion was coloring gloriously as her blue eyes steadfastly refused to be held by his own.

"I—I dreamed about you the other night," he finally blurted. It seemed to him that his ears would burst with some sort of pounding in them.

"Oh, you didn't!"

"I did, too!"

"What did you dream?"

"That's tellin'."

"Please do?"

"Uh-huh; not now."

"When?"

"Sometime—soon maybe."

"I'm going to give a party next week. Will you come and tell me then?"

Randolph looked at her with youth's heritage lighting his face. "I sure will. Look here!" He drew from his pocket a folded bit of paper. Tenderly he opened it. She came closer, bent over to see the single strand of brown hair, bent over so closely that a chestnut ringlet brushed his cheek.

HE SWALLOWED semiaudibly. "You know what that is?" he said.

"It's a hair; it's your girl's hair."

"That's what it is all right. The day I threw that horseshoe it was rainin' an' sunshinin' at the same time. I picked up the first rock I saw. If you do that

you'll find a hair the same color of the girl's you're gonna marry. It's a sure sign. Look here!"

Gently he took a chestnut curl between his fingers, held the talismanic single strand close for her to see it was the same rich chestnut brown.

She turned red, stepped back and looked at him with an expression that made his head reel.

"Well," he swallowed, "I've gotta go. You phone me, Marion, when the party's goin' to be."

She nodded, still with her blue eyes smiling ravishingly into his own.

He walked unsteadily to the door, turned, smiled back, then, as if in a dream, went into the night.



The Girl Who Stayed Home

By Eileen Sherwood

Illustration by Alice Seipp

"CORINNA, what are you going to study at college next year?" It was Irene, the "sensible twin," talking. Rather hard on Corinna, that adjective. Yet a few said it was because she happened to be contrasted, twin-like, with Irene.

"Oh, just the regular course," absently. "Madame's going to put those new lace rosettes on my dress."

"But students don't take regular courses nowadays," persisted wise Irene. "They specialize. I'm going to be a private secretary. Miss Crane said to study business law and economics—would you like that?"

"Of course, if I could have clothes like hers. Didn't she wear the stunningest suit Sunday? But she looked too tired to really enjoy it. No wonder—it's taken her ten years to climb to her present position."

"I don't suppose you'd like teaching?" doubtfully.

"Awfully low salaries, considering the years of preparation. And you get old and frumpy so soon. But Miss LeGrange sends home to Paris for clothes."

Irene shrugged exasperatedly.

"You might try trained nursing. The uniform is universally becoming. Or newspaper work—Kate Boyd of the *Star* has a good looking coat."

Corinna only laughed. On a day a dream comes true, one is not easily disturbed by trifles like careers and caustic young sisters.

There it was, spread out on her bed! Her heart's desire, a lovely graduating dress—her first really nice frock.

Irene, of course, had chosen an inexpensive ready-made one, the surplus to be applied on next winter's coat.

But even Irene exclaimed in admiration as the cloudy mass descending over Corinna's white shoulders, fell into lines of youth and beauty.

"And did I tell you?" Corinna's eyes shone. "Madame liked my idea of the lace rosettes and all! She said I have 'ze eye of ze arteest'—I should study. But when I asked her where and how, she just waved her hands. Said it took her years—she began as a little midinette in Paris. She told me the most entrancing tales, all about Worth and Paquin and the rest!"

"I believe you'd like to go right into her workrooms."

"I would," admitted Corinna. "But you know how dressmakers guard their secrets. They make apprentices pull bastings for months."

"Speaking of careers—" began Irene.

"If you don't look out," admonished Corinna, "you'll turn into a career—a prim stiff-collared one, with type-writer keys for fingers and a filing cabinet for brain."

"Corinna, I should think you'd be serious! You know it was surprising in Uncle Jonas to offer to send us at all, after mother offended him by marrying a poor minister, right after he'd sent her through normal! She's had a hard time—" Irene's voice trembled.

Corinna became suddenly grave. "Honestly, I don't know what to do. It's worrying me more than you think."

"That vocational expert said the things we did in our leisure hours furnished a clue. What do you like to talk about and see? What magazines do you like best?"

"Those with a good fashion department."

"Well, I give it up, unless you could be a buyer, like Mrs. Hildebrand."

"It would be lovely, buying pretty things for stores. But Mrs. Hildebrand says it's frightful scrambling for bargains. And it took her ten years to become a buyer."

"Molly Kane makes loads of money in her little Kandy Kraft Shop," suggested Irene.

"Oh,—a business!" Corinna's first signs of animation. "That's surely the quickest way to get a good income—Molly started that shop less than two years ago. And she's so independent. But—I've neither training nor capital," she sighed.

That evening Corinna mailed a letter. "To Uncle Jonas. Said I couldn't decide on a career; asked for advice."

"You didn't!" Irene was horrified. "He'll think you incapable—impracticable!"

The answer came with alarming promptness.

"My dear Niece:

I have always hoped some of the Brewster practicality would manifest itself in Nelly's family. I suggest that you stay at home a year in order to make up your mind.

Very truly,

Jonas Brewster."

Irene forbore to say "I told you so." She left, lonesomely, in September. In November, Corinna's letters suddenly brightened; at Christmas vacation she appeared almost happy. Her gift to Irene was a Georgette blouse, beautifully embroidered. And in the spring came a white linen middie suit, perfectly tailored.



Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements.

Irene elected to stay for summer session, whereupon Corinna invited herself down for Commencement Week.

"Afraid you won't have a good time," wrote Irene, but she met the train eagerly.

Laughing students crowded the station, meeting the happy, well-dressed folks arriving.

"Corinna won't be fashionable, but she's prettier than most of them," thought Irene loyally.

A girl was descending, one of those girls at whom every one looks twice. It was partly the sheen of honey-colored waves and puffs beneath the smart little traveling hat, partly the "chic" of her softly blousing top coat of black silk jersey—but not a little the grace and poise which held one's eyes—that poise which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly dressed.

The girl turned—"Corinna!"

As they started toward Irene's boarding house, her eager questions yet unanswered, came a voice—

"Good morning, Miss Irene." Tommy Sullivan, popular fraternity man, calmly insinuated himself between the serene Corinna and the astonished Irene.

Hastening footsteps overtook them. Young Professor Bell, of all people! Glumly Tommy gave him faculty precedence with Corinna, but managed to whisper in her ear before they left the girls at Irene's door.

"Tell me—wherever did you get—" began Irene in her room, staring at Corinna's pretty taffeta frock.

"No time now. Mr. Sullivan is going to show me the campus. And the dance tonight, with a faculty escort! You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

"Thanks! But my new ball costumes haven't come from Paris."

From her bag Corinna took a rosy armful. "With your dark skin you need vivid shades. Aren't these organdy roses sweet?"

Corinna, at the dance, in pale pink and silver, her cheeks flushing as softly as the chiffon of her gown, was a picture that set more than one masculine heart racing, and she was the center of attention.

Even quiet Irene sparkled in her rose-tinted organdy.

The remainder of Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements. From the wonder bag came the most fetching afternoon toilette that ever wrought havoc on a campus. White chiffon paneled in white thread lace, over black taffeta and sashed with black maline, which ended in a huge heart-smashing bow, and a big white lace hat, too, wreathed with black maline poppies.

One for Irene, too. Black Georgette, banded in blue and lovely with embroidery of pomegranate red.

"Where—?" besought Irene, but the telephone summoned her sister. At last the train whisked her, smiling sphinx-like, away.

In August Irene came home. Alighting from the car, she glanced down the suburban business street.

"A new shop! What a pretty window!"

Others evidently shared Irene's enthusiasm, for few passers-by failed to stop before it.

The proprietor evidently understood the effectiveness of the one color-scheme. And this must be Sunshine Week!

Yellow blooms in a brass bowl against the gray silk curtains. A primrose organdy flaunting its multitudinous ruffles next a sports dress of orange linen. And a wee yellow chambray hobnobbing cheerfully with Patsy rompers of yellow and black checked gingham.

Two smiling girls came out, each carrying a box. "We'll have the prettiest dresses of all," said one happily.

A door was flung open, a dear familiar voice—

"Been watching for you!"

After a while, comfortably settled in an armchair by the gleaming little show case, Irene listened.

"I was so discouraged last fall," Corinna began, "I didn't know if Uncle would ever send me—I didn't know what to do. We all needed new things—clothing was still high. But materials were cheaper. If only I could sew!"

"Then I learned of a school—the Woman's Institute—which teaches women and girls right in their homes everything I wanted to know about dressmaking. It was so reasonable and I was wild to learn, so I began."

"And, do you know, in a month I was able to make that Georgette blouse for you? Several girls wanted one like it. Then I could soon make cunning things for children, and those bring such good prices. Then came Sally Jones' wedding in the spring, and not a dressmaker could she find. She begged me to try, and I wrote to the Institute for help."

"They gave me just the advice I needed and helped me plan the dresses. I copied Sally's wedding gown from the Fashion Service, an exclusive service issued by the Institute only to its students. It's simply full of lovely clothes and you learn just how to make them! I can remodel or design new things, and my dresses fit, because I create special patterns for each customer."

"Finally I started my shop. The Institute told me just how, you see. I'm doing well—cleared \$40 last week and have an assistant engaged. I'm going to carry my own materials in stock. (Imagine little me with a credit rating! But the Institute told me how to get it.) And only last week a broker said he could get me \$1000 for this shop any day. In a year it will double in value."

"Are you coming to college?" demanded Irene, finding voice at last. "Every man who met you wants to know."

"It's not practical enough for me. See, I've got a bank account and I keep books and everything! And I'm going to New York for the fashion shows next year."

"Does Uncle Jonas know?"

Corinna laughed. "He came for a visit—you should have seen his astonishment. Offered to lend me money—said it looked like a good investment to him—but I told him I didn't need it. He seemed dazed and kept repeating something about the Brewster blood."

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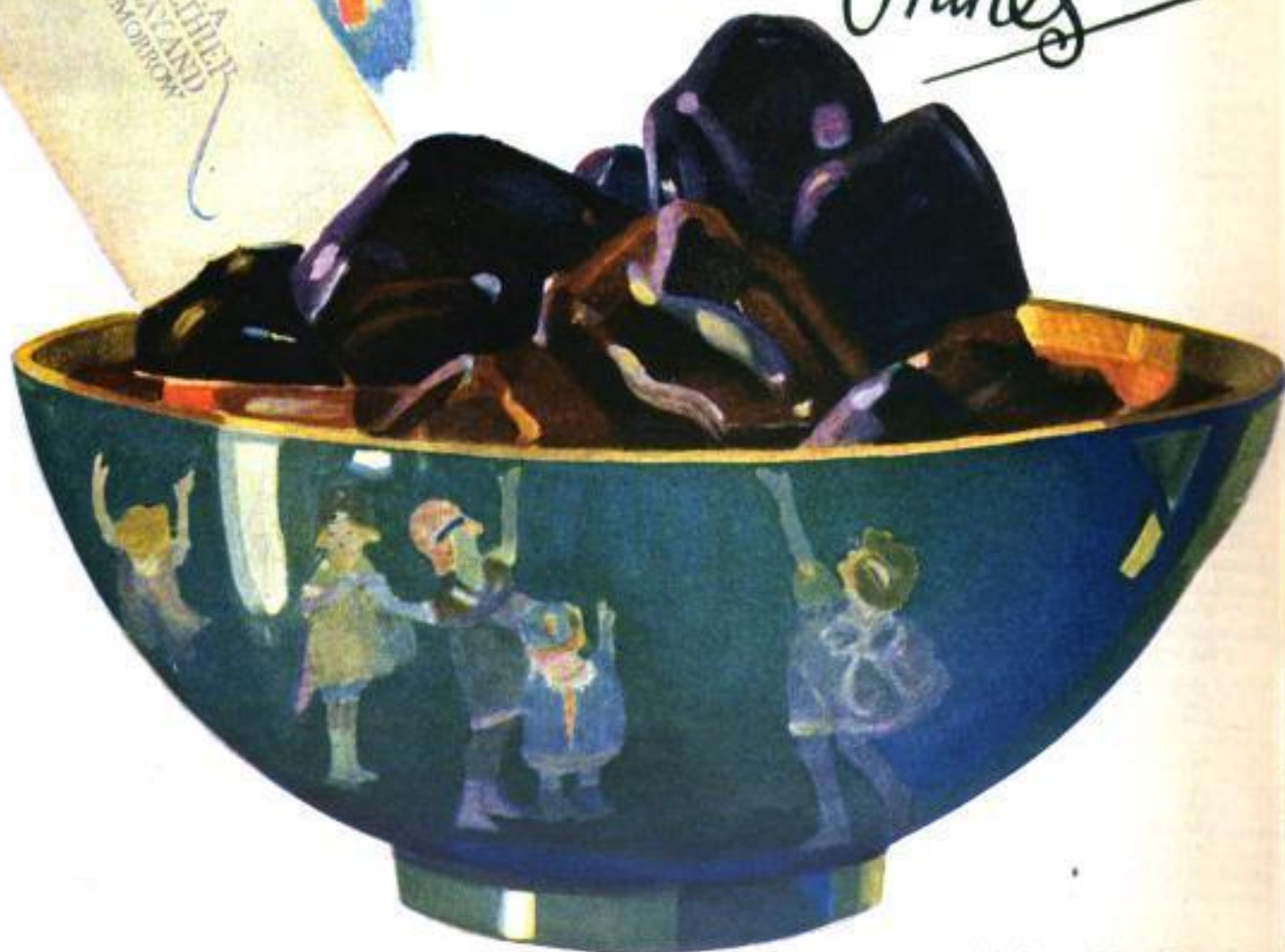
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SUNSWEEET PRUNE CUSTARD [with chocolate sauce]: Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked Sunsweet Prunes drained, pitted and cut in quarters; scald 1 cup milk; beat 1 egg, add 2 tablespoons sugar; pour hot milk over egg mixture. Add prunes; pour into custard cups or small baking dish. Set in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven until firm in center; cool and serve. **Chocolate Sauce**: beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup prune juice; pour it over 1 level tablespoon ground chocolate or 1 teaspoon cocoa, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter and cook five minutes.



The Little Road

(Continued from Page 11)

Kent was busy among the tubes of paint and with the canvas that must be prepared. Miss Prudence watched him while he worked. It was very late when he stopped and saw her nodding over her book.

"Why," he said in whimsical surprise, "I want to paint that picture. I want to paint anything, just to paint."

She smiled at him. "Yes, Kent," she said; "do you think I would have let you paint my garden unless you had wanted to do it?"

Tired though he was, it took him a long time to go to sleep that night. The scent of the roses came through his window, and he could hear the steady hum of insects. He got up once and went to the window. He could see the little road, white in the moonlight. There was a mystery about it now. He wondered where it might end, where, if he only followed it long enough, it would take him. For it seemed to him that it had begun to turn now and to take him back, by some long and tortuous course, to all that he had fled from, to the life and the work that his failure had made him put behind him.

HE DID, indeed, want to paint again. But he was afraid too. To begin again, to be deceived again perhaps by the facility that had already betrayed him once! To feel his dead hopes stir again and rise and fill his ears with their clamor, dazzle him with their splendor, sweep him on once more to—disillusionment! But it was too late to draw back. He was committed now to this return to life and work; he must take up again, whether he would or not, the fight that he had lost.

He slept at last. And with the sunlight of the morning awakening him, he was up, awake all over all at once, tingling as though cold water had played upon him, eager, alive, exultant. He could scarcely wait for breakfast; he was at work before the dew was dry upon the petals of the roses. While the brilliant morning sunlight held he painted in a fury of desire. Every moment while he worked the picture that was spread out before him changed, as blossoms came to the end of their brief life and errant gusts of wind played here and there among them.

Hand and eye struck fire together. There was no order in his working, only a savage, exulting energy. He laughed and shook his head when Miss Faith came at midday to call him to dinner. Hours later, when long shadows lay across the lawn, he stood up, stepped stiffly back from his easel, stared at his work. His eyes grew narrow; he moved to see the canvas from another angle. A strange look that was touched by awe came into his eyes. For the man who had painted that picture had done things that had been beyond Kent Marshall's power, things he had not learned to do, things that he had envied in the ripe work of other men!

The picture was practically finished in that one day of frantic, blazing work. But for a week he was busy upon it, and in that time he was ruthless; not even Miss Prudence was allowed to see it. When he let the sisters see it at last, Miss Faith cried a little, very quietly.

BUT Miss Prudence stood still. "Thank you, Kent," she said at last.

Again that night he lay awake a long time and thought.

He had put into that picture things that owed their being to a white heat of inspiration, things he had done not knowing he was doing them. And if he was to attain the only stature that could content him now, he must be able to do such things at will. That meant work—steady, grinding work.

After he had slept, he awoke, not tingling this time, but steady in his determination, and once more he took to the little road.

His destination was fixed. He had found a spot a week or two before that had stirred every latent painter's instinct in him. He had followed a wood path that stole upward from the road to a hilltop. The prospect from that summit had challenged him on the instant. There was some trick of light and shadow, nothing more perhaps. But it was a trap for one like Kent that Nature herself

had set. He knew that there was a way, must be a way, to fix upon a canvas that curious, baffling vision that, regarded for ten minutes, faded into a picture such as an amateur photographer might have hailed with delight. There was one picture. The portrait of Miss Prudence he was already planning. And there was work enough along the little road to fill his future.

It was very still upon the hilltop. Far away the Sound lay blue and misty, with the



distant Long Island hills like clouds against the sky. Before him lay wide lawns; clusters of trees; houses, low and rambling; long barns; ribbons of white road. It was dull work he had first to do; he covered sheet after sheet of his pad with notes, some of line and mass, a few of color.

He had brought sandwiches with him, and milk.

The sun was leaning downward when he stopped. After his lunch he lay down and smoked a pipe, and then went back to work.

AN HOUR later an odd consciousness of being watched disturbed him. He looked up and saw a collie regarding him gravely as he sat a score of feet away. The dog was sable and white; his ruff was like snow; his tail like some great feather fan.

"Hello!" said Kent. "Where did you come from?"

The dog rose, approached him slowly, head up and with eyes fixed upon him. Kent waited, smiling. The dog came close, sat down, raised his right paw and held it out to Kent, who shook it gravely.

"I'm glad to meet you," he said formally. "My name's Marshall. And you? Oh, yes." He looked at the plate on the dog's collar. "'Robin,'" he read.

The great tail moved; the long head was thrust into his hand.

Kent caught his breath. "You beauty!" he said. "Going to stay awhile and watch me work? Good!"

Robin lay down, his eyes fixed upon Kent. And Kent, touched, happier than he had been for a long time in this new friendship, went back to work. He was beginning to get hold of that, to lose himself in his task. But soon he heard a whistle that came from the hillside below the crest, the lilting notes of Siegfried's horn call.

Robin stirred and rose, hesitated, looked at Kent, moved uncertainly and then stood still and barked sharply.

"Ro-o-ob-in!" It was a girl's voice, clear and sweet.

Again the dog barked. But he stood still, although he was called now in a voice grown peremptory. Torn between two desires Robin ran a little way toward his mistress, barked, and raced back to Kent.

Amused and touched Kent walked with him, the dog leaping ahead, until he saw the girl. She was young, tall, bareheaded, so that the sun gleamed in the burnt gold of her hair. She was clad in a short white skirt, a sweater of a dull green like the hue of parched grass.

She smiled at him and laughed as Robin turned from her and went back to Kent. "You can't know how amusing this is," she said. "He's such a frightfully exclusive dog! People are always being hurt because he won't make friends with them."

"We took to each other right away," said Kent. "I don't know how long he'd been watching me before I saw him. But he didn't come near me until I spoke to him, and then he came up and shook hands."

THEIR laughter was mingled in the stillness. Robin was a little annoyed with them. He was inclined to think they might be laughing at him, which could not be allowed, and he barked sharply. But they still laughed, and he realized that this was a situation that threatened to pass beyond control. He took decisive steps, therefore, raced off, and returned, carrying one of Kent's sketches.

"Robin!" The girl, shocked, concerned, rescued the sketch.

Kent reassured her swiftly. "That doesn't matter a bit," he said. "I'm just making notes and throwing them away." She was looking at the sketch. "Oh!" she said. "It's—you're taking it from the top of the hill?"

He nodded. "I know," she said. "It's so beautiful sometimes, when I first stand there looking out. And then—what is it that happens? It's just for a minute; then it's gone. I've tried to photograph it a hundred times, but it's never in the picture."

"That's just what I'm trying to find out," he said, surprised, eager in his discovery that she too had seen. "I think I've run it down. I could—but it would be just dry, technical stuff if I told you. And you've found the great thing for yourself. There's something your eyes see in the first flash, before they adjust themselves to some distortion, some refraction. That's what I've got to get into my picture, you see."

"I'm awfully glad you're going to do it. I wish more people painted here." She held out her hand to Kent. "Thank you for liking Robin. We're coming to see how the picture grows—if we may?"

"I hope you will. But it'll be a week or so before there'll be much for you to see, I'm afraid."

"I think we'll understand," she said. "Good-by."

He watched them go off down the hill, not by his path—that led to the little road—but away to the north and across the fields. And then he gathered his things.

HE CAME to know again, in the next week, how good a thing it was to reach the day's end so tired that sleep was a luxury beyond all price. This picture was a baffling thing. He made a slow beginning. Here could be no such furious, impetuous painting as had given him his triumph in the garden.

Robin and his mistress came on the fifth day, just when he was ruefully regarding a canvas newly scrubbed clean. He waved his hand at it disgustedly.

"That's the sort of painter I am!" he said. "Robin, old man, you picked a wrong 'un. Better not waste time with me if you want to be a patron of the arts."

"Did you ride a bicycle ever?" she asked. "Yes—thanks!" He grinned. "Did you use to fall off all the time too?"

"You're not discouraged at all, really," she said shrewdly. "You're quite pleased with yourself, I think."

"I suppose I am," he admitted. "You see, I thought it was thundering good—last night. And it really wasn't so rotten. Most people would have fallen for it. Only I'd been—well, cheating. I'd put in things we

(Continued on Page 116)

Corns

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The Little Road

(Continued from Page 115)

hadn't really seen, you and I. And this morning I saw that, and so I've felt all day like a man who cheats when he's playing solitaire, till I decided to start clean.

"You wouldn't have gone on cheating," she said. "Would he, Robin?"

"It was remembering you and that you were coming that made me—made me know I couldn't," he said. "I've cheated in my time; that's why I know the tricks so well. But I think perhaps I'm going to bring it off this time, thanks to you."

"I hope that's true," she said.

He was still standing on the hilltop, ten minutes later, when she crossed a field far below him. She turned and saw him and waved her hand.

It was ten days before she came again, and the leaping of his pulses when he heard Robin's barking startled him and even frightened him a little. He could have sworn that he had not missed her, that he had scarcely thought of her. But in that minute while he waited for her to come he knew that he had never really ceased to think of her.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," he said.

She passed him then and stood so that the picture was before her.

SHE was very still. At last "Oh!" she said. And again: "Oh!"

He had not known how much what she should think had meant.

"I—there isn't anything for me to say, is there?" she said. Her voice was not quite steady. "You know—how—how beautiful it is?"

"I think it's what we've seen, you and I."

She looked a long time at the picture. "You haven't signed it?"

"No," he said after so long a pause that she turned to look at him curiously.

"Am I being ignorant again?" The color was rising in her cheeks. "Are you so famous that I should recognize your work? I am ignorant about such things. All I know is that it is beautiful—and true."

"There is no reason why you should know my work. No one would." His voice was faintly bitter. But he was gay suddenly. "What do you do?" he asked her abruptly.

"I was thinking of that too," she said.

"I mean—I feel as if I knew you. And I've seen you three times, haven't I? Why—I'm like other girls, I think."

"You—you're about twenty, aren't you?" he asked.

"I'm not quite old enough to be flattered and not quite young enough to be angry," she said and laughed. "I'm twenty-three."

"Still, everything's ahead of you. And I—I've had my turn."

"Let's not know all about each other," she said; "just our first names. And let's just be glad when we meet—and a little sorry when we don't. Let's have no plans. I'm Margaret." She was a little flushed in her eagerness.

"My name is Kent," he said.

She called to Robin and gave him her hand again. "Good-by, Kent," she said.

ONCE more he stood and watched her pass out of sight. But now he knew that she took something with her that he had thought gone from his keeping long before and for all time.

He knew that he loved her, and that she could not love him. It was friendship she sought from him. Even at their first meeting, after they had made their compact, there was a change in her.

"I want to know so many things," she said. "I want to be able to talk about everything. I've tried to talk to dad, and he looks so worried and puts my shoulder and tells me not to worry. If I'm specially awful, he gives me an extra check. He simply can't understand that I'm grown up."

A brother might have filled the place he came to hold in her life. No brother of flesh and blood ever did, to be sure; but that was as close as Kent could come to defining their relation to each other.

Sometimes, with frank regret, she told him of things that would keep her from meeting him. People were coming sometimes; once she told him excitedly that she

was going away for a week, and quite frankly she spoke of her anticipation of seeing again a man—a boy. Kent called him in his thoughts—whom she had met in the previous winter. She thought he was glad that she was going. He was rather proud of that.

He walked far on the little road the day after she had gone, passed resolutely the paths that they had explored together. The day was cool; it held the first breath of autumn. But he had no eyes for the beauty that lay along the road.

HE THOUGHT of the summer that lay behind him, and what he had to show for it: The picture of the garden; "her" picture of the view from their hilltop; a few studies; a sketch of her that was all alive and glowing with beauty; some notes of promise that he could work upon when winter came. He had gone far, farther than he had dared to hope he might in so short a time. All his old facility had come back to him; for most of the tricks Crocker had condemned he had substituted the simplest and the most difficult of all techniques—hard work and the telling of plain truths.

He might have been well pleased; but what he distrusted was the force that lay behind what he had done. For he recognized now only one reason for work, an urging of the spirit within a man, a vision crying out for revelation. That was what had moved him in his youth.

This summer it was for Miss Prudence that he had painted her garden. And it was for Margaret, it seemed to him, that he had worked since then. Every worthy thing he had to show for his summer's work she had inspired and made him do. It came to this: He had to know whether he could go on alone, with no support save the strength of his own spirit. He had to know if he could still work on, with no hope of Margaret's word of praise. He walked on until suddenly he came to the end of the little road, where it turned through a thicket of young trees and was lost in the great highway. He stood for a time, leaning on his stick, looking at the procession of swiftly passing motors. Not since that day in March had he seen such a sight. But he was no longer afraid; and after all, the little road had answered him and shown him what he must find when he followed it to its end. He was at peace as he walked homeward. He was at peace, even though he knew that he must not see Margaret again.

KENT worked hard and steadily and well in the cool days that came now, days crisp with the freshness of clean winds from north and west that brought the chill of distant snow and the fragrance of pines and cedars. He had an attic room for a studio, filled with a hard north light. There his notes and his sketches waited, holding all the beauty and the poetry and the romance his eyes had seen along the little road.

He followed it still, day after day, secure in the strength of his spirit, knowing that the temptation to seek Margaret would not be strong enough to conquer him. He made the road his companion in her stead. With it, as he worked, he talked. It was a good friend; silent when he was quiet; ready always to meet his mood, demanding nothing. But it knew, perhaps, that through him and through his work it was to be immortal, free to bestow upon those who had never trodden it its gifts of beauty and of peace.

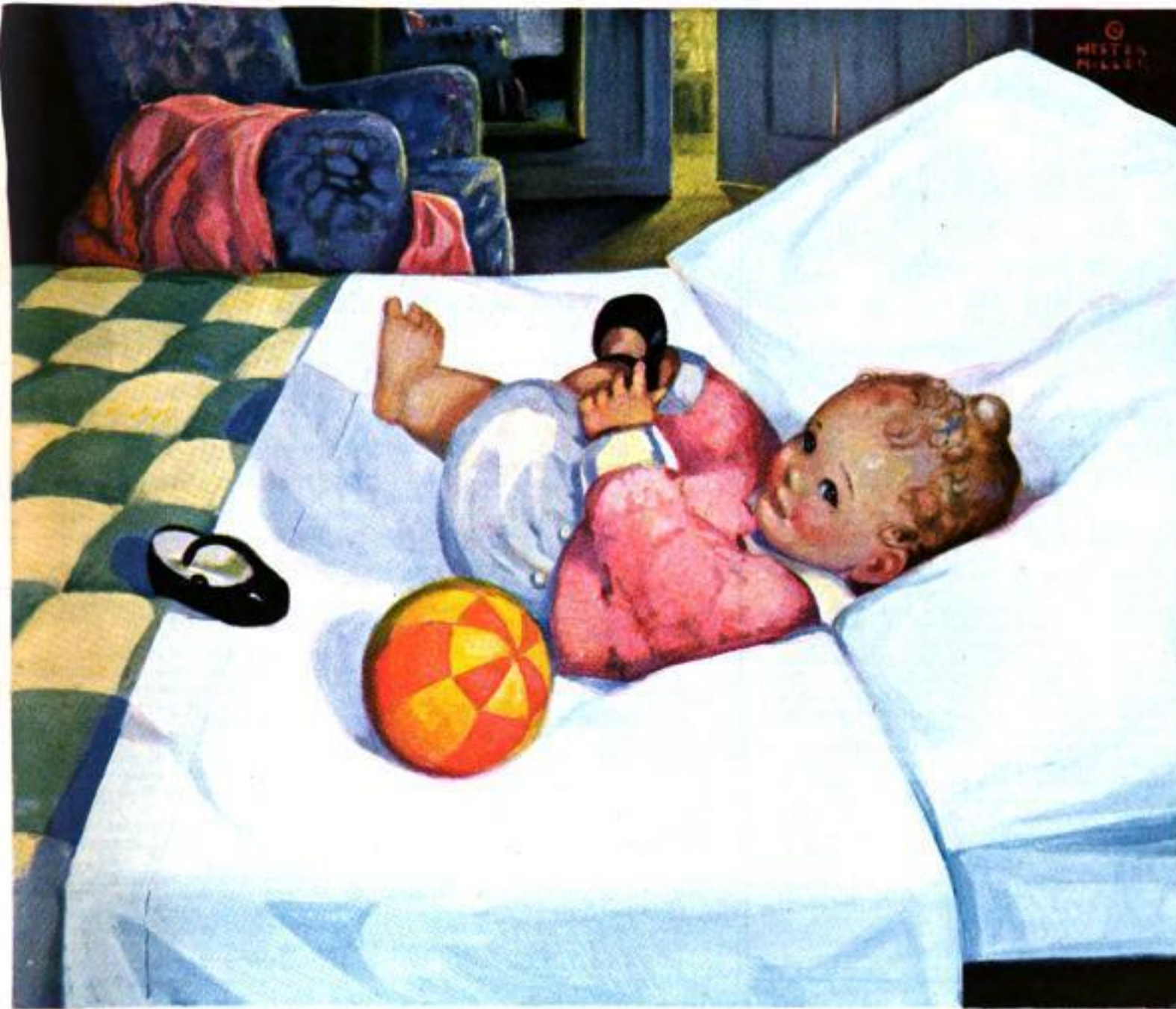
Yet it was the little road that betrayed Kent at last, and brought to him a messenger from that world to which he was not yet ready to return. For one evening, as he neared the old house, he saw a man walking toward him and grew tense at the sight of Crocker's stocky form, his arrogant, closely trimmed beard.

"Hello, Kent," said Crocker and held out his hand.

"Hello," Kent stood still a moment, smiling. "I'm glad to see you."

"Are you? I—hang it! I made old Henry tell me where to find you. And I promised him a job if you made the club fire him. So don't —"

(Continued on Page 118)



*"The baby who would grow and thrive
Must learn to use his senses five—
To see the gleam of shining things
To hear the croon his mother sings
To smell and taste the food he eats
And feel the crispy cool of sheets...."*

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The Little Road

(Continued from Page 116)

"I won't. I mean it. I'm glad you came."
"We've been pretty sick about you, Kent. And I, remembering the way I'd stoned you when that—I didn't know about the rest, of course."

"You were right. I knew that. Only I couldn't admit it."

They walked slowly toward the house.
"You've been working, of course," said Crocker.

"Yes; I'll show you what I've done."

So Crocker stayed for supper, and later they lighted their pipes and went to the attic. And even in the lamplight Crocker saw what was there to be seen. He had no words then, and in the morning he said only: "I must keep quiet, I suppose?"

"For a while yet," said Kent.

So Crocker went away, muttering, along the little road. He wanted to walk, for his figure's sake, he said. And he thought, perhaps, but could not have said, that he was walking along ground never to be quite ordinary again.

KENT was vaguely restless after that visit; it took him some days to settle down again into the routine of his work. There could be few more days left, he knew, of work outdoors; already there was frost in the morning and at night. And he was eager to make the most of what time was left to him. And so it was with an angry bitterness that he heard a motor horn one morning, as he finished some small task in the garden, and then another and still another. And when he went down to the gate he saw Miss Faith leaning on it, and looking out happily. Car after car was passing, in both directions; suddenly Kent understood. They must be using the little road as a detour; repairs were being made, he supposed, on the post road.

"How long!" he said with a gesture of despair. "What a descent of Goths and Vandals!"

"Why, Kent! I think it's kind of nice," said Miss Faith. "It's so quiet here, and lonely; and there's never time to get away. We've lived here so long. We lived in a town once, Kent, before uncle died and left us this house. I used to sit on the porch in the afternoon and watch the people passing. I declare I like to see the automobiles. I'd be afraid to ride in one. But I like to see them."

"Brutes!" he said. "They'll tear our little road to pieces. They'll fill the air with the reek of their gasoline and frighten all the little beasts and the birds away."

"For shame!" she said. "They only want to use our road for a few days until their own is ready for them. You wouldn't have us turn our backs on strangers, would you?"

"No," he said soberly after a moment. "You make me ashamed, Miss Faith. You make me think of a stranger the little road brought here once and of the welcome that he found."

He had not meant to follow the little road, since he could not have it to himself. But now he went on and smiled as he walked.

HIS destination was a spot just opposite the little path among the trees that had led him to the hilltop and Margaret. He had begun a sketch there the day before and had a little more to do to finish it. Quietly, heedless of those who passed, he set to work, and in a moment was as much alone as though the old solitude of the road had never been broken.

A sound of furious barking roused him. He stood up, amazed, incredulous, as something brown and white and soft and furry leaped upon him. He staggered, nearly fell indeed, before the frantic onslaught of Robin, clamorous in his delight at this recovery of his friend.

He heard the grinding of brakes. He saw a little car coming to a stop a hundred feet away. He saw Margaret turning to look at him. And he began to run toward her clumsily. His pad, forgotten, lay where it had fallen. She was still watching his coming. There was no color in her cheeks, no movement in her body.

He leaped upon the running board, took both her hands and held them. His eyes were hungry. "I—I thought you'd gone long since."

"I wanted to stay." Her voice was very low; it was the echo of his memory of it. "Kent—I've missed you so—I've wondered so—and worried."

"I—I couldn't come," he said, shame-faced. But then he lifted his head and met her eyes with his. "I was afraid I couldn't give you what you wanted from me, afraid I'd spoil our friendship. But, Margaret, I hope I'm ready now—to give you just my friendship, to take what you can give me of yourself."

"But, Kent"—she caught her breath, and he saw that tears stood in her eyes—"there is nothing of myself that I can give you now."

HE FREED her hands and drew away from her. "I understand," he said after a moment. "It's taken me so long a time to make ready that—someone else has taken all?"

"No, no!" she cried, and now her laughter broke in upon her tears. "Oh, Kent, how can I give you what you've had so long? Everything, my dear, everything I have to give."

Sheer wonder held him still, incredulous, distrustful of his very senses.

"I knew I loved you when you did not come," she said. "When I missed you and—longed for you."

Before all who passed he took her in his arms and held her so a moment. "And now," he cried, "you've come—so—along the little road! It's led me to all the beauty in the world!"

They sat and talked. There was so much for them to say. They had so many separate memories to share.

She laughed suddenly, and her cheeks were like twin roses as he looked at her. "There's something else," she said, in a voice so low that he bent close to hear. "I—my name is Margaret—Thayer."

His laughter pursued hers as it went echoing down the little road. "We didn't know that even of each other," he said. "Oh, Margaret, will you mind if your name must be Marshall soon—oh, very soon?"

"Kent Marshall!" she said. "Why, I used to know his work. But it was not like yours."

"No," he said, and his laughter was stilled. "That's true, thank heaven! Oh, Margaret, I've so much to show you. Can we go now?"

"Of course. Do you think I'd let you go again? Oh, Kent, to think that I can laugh at last about those awful weeks when you were gone!"

KENT called to Robin as Margaret bent to shift her gears, and he leaped in the car with them.

So at last he took her to the old house to which so often her spirit had gone with him. Miss Faith was by the gate, and when he would have told her it seemed that she knew. She had no cars for him, for Margaret was in her arms. Then they went, all three, into the house, and through it to the garden where Miss Prudence was.

When she saw them she caught her breath and tears started in her eyes. She went to Margaret and took her hands in both of hers. "My dear," she said, "I always knew that you would come."

"It was the little road that brought her to me, Miss Prudence. And now—I can tell you her name now, all her name."

"But I know it," Miss Prudence said and smiled. "You are Martin Thayer's daughter, my dear. You are very like him as he was when I knew him years ago."

"Why!" Margaret cried out in her astonishment. "My dad! Of course! You must be his Prudence; and I never thought when Kent was telling me of you and of Miss Faith. He's talked of you so often and wondered where you were. No one could tell him. And all this time, if he had only followed Kent's little road—"

Kent saw Miss Prudence's eyes then and turned away. He stood, looking out along the little road until presently Margaret came and stood beside him, and her hand stole into his, and his eyes turned from the road to her.

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What the Poets Send Us

DECORATION BY NAT LITTLE

All in All

By BLISS CARMAN

THE new moon hangs o'er the mountain crest,
The lilac blooms by the door,
The summer comes and the roses blow,
The glorious woods of autumn glow,
And love is more and more.

The seasons pass, the strong winds die,
The sunlight steals from the wall,
The glittering planets wheel and sink,
The tides return to the ocean's brink,
And love is all in all.

A Child's Epitaph

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ABOVE a low mound at the cedar tree's root
Is carved on a stone that is moldering dark,
"The Dove found no rest for the sole of her foot,
And returned unto Him in the Ark."

Motoring at Twilight

By RUTH LAMBERT JONES

ETERNITY before us,
Centuries behind—
The throb of measured motion,
The lift of rushing wind!

Out of the West the sunset,
Out of the East a star;
Vanished all pain and sorrow;
The world itself seems far!

Homesick

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

I DREAM of a smile—and the smile is yours!
I turn the key in my dear dream's doors
To hold you there, yet you slip away,
And darkness visits my dream-born day.

I dream of lips—and the lips are yours!
I press those lips while my spirit soars
To the back of the planets. I wake, and lo!
You've gone to the place where lost dreams go.

I dream of a soul—and the soul is you!
The miles that part us you've traveled through
At the call of my own soul, starved and wan;
I wake, and the soul that is you is gone!

Sometime you'll come, as I dream each night
You have come to me; and my spirit light
Will lift its songs to the star-decked dome.
Your smile, your lips and your soul make Home!

Compensation

By FLORENCE HOWARD WOLCOTT

IF I HAD not been sick abed and known the sting of pain,
I would not know the splendid joy of being well again.

If you had never gone away, I'd miss the ecstasy
That our reunion always means when you come back to me.

His Farewell

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I HAVE attempted all and lost all; now,
After your "No," what is there left to say?
And yet one promise I would ask of you
Before I go away.

Not for myself—for me it is too late.
I think my heart is broken . . . Yes, I know
Those words are shopworn. Disbelieve them, dear,
If you are happier so;

But promise this—that you will veil from men
That glowing heart of yours; it burns too clear.
Hold us away. How can we help but love you
When we can come so near?

I am not blaming you—not God, who made you,
Could change you, dearest—only try to be
Less deadly kind, and spare another man
What you have brought to me.

Haven

By CONSTANCE G. ALEXANDER

NEST of the winging heart's desire,
Hive of the homing bee,
Haven of peace for the storm-tossed bark
Is thy dear love to me.

Out of the dark, in from the deep
I cry to thy heart to hear;
Though I am strong, to thy little hand
I cling and am reft of fear.

Gather me close in thine arms to-night;
On thy tranquil breast let me lie;
Mother so tender, mother so dear,
Home from the world am I.

The Windbell

By DANIEL HENDERSON

YOUR hands have hung a windbell where
The thirsting windows drink the air,
And when the curtains blow and crinkle,
I hear its tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!

Mine is a soul that dwells content
Within the clamorous Occident,
But when, by wandering breezes blown,
The windbell wafts its Orient tone,
Its song is as a bark which plies
Between blue seas and lilac skies;
And by this ship of sound I drift
To islands where chrysanthemums lift
In ranks of gold and purple plumes
To shelter silken, scented rooms
Whose crimson lamps at dusk shall dance
To light the traveler to romance.

But ah, it would not be Cathay
With you, my heart's red rose, away!
So into this enchanted court
Your lovely presence I transport!
And sweeter than the samisen,
Or tunes that geishas sing to men,
Or windbell's rune, or temple's gong,
Or nightingale's delirious song,
Are these our murmurs which attest
A love that knows not East or West!

The Guest

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

I ENTERTAIN my joy with all I may afford,
With fair, white linen and plenty on the board,
With glowing hearth and candlelight, with neighbor talk
and song—
Oh, well-beloved guest of mine, may you stay long!

I entertain my joy in my heart's best room,
With posies on the windowsill and lights against the
gloom;
I keep my windows shining, I make my garden gay—
Oh, well-beloved guest of mine, long may you stay!

I entertain my joy with all the care I know,
That she may love my house too much to turn and go,
For of all sad places the saddest one to-day
Is where joy stayed a little while—and yawned and went
away.

Up the Hill

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

I "WILL to desire"—
I wish to will!
This is the only way
Up the hill.

The one foot forward
Keeps time, keeps time
To the tune of the will
For the upward climb.

I "will to desire"—
I wish to will!
There is no other road
Up the hill.

The air grows clearer,
The brain works fast.
I shall gain the summit
At last, at last!

No Vacuum

By GEORGE H. FREE

THERE is no vacuum. If from a cask
Is poured out wine, the air, intruding, fills
The void, and thus the cask is ever full,
For Nature tolerates no vacuum.

If from the heart the wine of
kindness flows,
To cheer and bless a fainting fellow
man,
The heart is nowise empty; love
streams in
And fills it full. No vacuum is
there.



This straightforward question struck Carley as singularly as if she had never considered such a possibility. It forced her to think of things she had buried.

"I don't believe I ever will," she answered thoughtfully.

"That is nonsense, Carley," he went on. "You'll have to marry. What else can you do? With all due respect to your feelings, that affair with Kilbourne is ended, and you're not the wishy-washy, heartbreak kind of girl."

"You can never tell what a woman will do," she said, somewhat coldly.

"Certainly not. That's why I refuse to take 'no.' Carley, be reasonable. You like me, respect me, do you not?"

"Why, of course I do."

"I'm only thirty-five, and I could give you all any sensible woman wants," he said. "We could make a real American home. Have you thought at all about that, Carley? Something is wrong to-day. Men are not marrying. Wives are not having children. Of all the friends I have, not one has a real American home. Why, it is a terrible fact. But, Carley, you are not a sentimentalist, nor a melancholiac. Nor are you a waster. You have fine qualities. You need something to do, someone to care for."

"Pray do not think me ungrateful, Elbert," she replied, "nor insensible to the truth of what you say. But my answer is no!"

WHEN Harrington had gone, Carley went to her room and, precisely as upon her return from Arizona, she faced her mirror skeptically and relentlessly. "I am such a liar that I'll do well to look at myself," she meditated. "Here I am again. Now! The world expects me to marry. But what do I expect?"

There was a raw, unhealed wound in Carley's heart. Seldom had she permitted herself to think about it, let alone to probe it with hard, materialistic queries. But custom was as inexorable as life. If she chose to live in the world she must conform to its customs. For a woman marriage was the aim and the end and the all of existence. Nevertheless, for Carley it could not be without love.

Before she had gone West she might have had many of the conventional, modern ideas about women and marriage. But, because out there in the wilds her love and perception had broadened, now her arraignment of herself and her sex was bigger, sterner, more exacting. The months she had been home seemed fuller than all the months of her life. She had tried to forget and enjoy; she had not succeeded; but she had looked with far-seeing eyes at her world. Glenn Kilbourne's tragic fate had opened her eyes. Either the world was all wrong or the people in it were.

But if that was an extravagant and erroneous supposition there certainly was proof positive that her own, small individual world was wrong. The women did not do any real work; they did not bear children; they lived on excitement and luxury. They had no ideals. How greatly were men to blame? Carley doubted her judgment here. But as men could not live without the smiles and comradeship and love of women, it was only natural that they should give the women what they wanted. Indeed, they had no choice. It was give or go without.

How much of real love entered into the marriages among her acquaintances? Before marriage Carley wanted a girl to be sweet, proud, aloof, with a heart of golden fire and not attainable except through love! It would be better that no children be born at all unless born of such beautiful love. Perhaps that was why so few children were born. Nature's balance and revenge! In Arizona Carley had learned something of the ruthlessness and inevitableness of Nature. She was finding out she had learned this with many other staggering facts.

"I LOVE Glenn still," she whispered passionately, with trembling lips, as she faced the tragic-eyed image of herself in the mirror. "I love him more—more. If I were honest I'd cry out the truth. It is terrible. I will always love him. How then could I marry any other man? I would be a lie, a cheat. If I could only forget him, only kill that love. Then I might love another man; and if I did love him, no matter what I had felt or done before, I would be worthy. I could feel worthy. I could give him just as much. But without such love I'd give only a husk, a body without soul."

Love then was the sacred and holy flame of life that sanctioned the begetting of children. Marriage might be a necessity of modern time, but it was not the vital issue. Carley's anguish revealed strange and hidden truths. In some inexplicable way Nature struck a terrible balance, revenged herself upon a people who had no children, or who brought into the world children not created by the divinity of love, unearned for, and therefore somehow doomed to carry on the blunders and burdens of life.

Carley realized how right and true it might be for her to throw herself away upon an inferior man, even a fool or a knave, if she loved him with that great and natural love of woman; likewise it dawned upon her how false and wrong and sinful it would be to marry the greatest or the richest or the noblest man unless she had that supreme love to give him, and knew it was reciprocated.

"What am I going to do with my life?" she asked bitterly and aghast. "I have been—I am a waster. I've lived for nothing but

The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 15)

pleasure. I'm utterly useless. I do absolutely no good on earth." Thus she saw how Harrington's words rang true, how they had precipitated a crisis for which her unconscious brooding had long made preparation.

"Why not give up ideals and be like the rest of my kind?" she soliloquized.

That was one of the things which seemed wrong with modern life. She thrust the thought from her with passionate scorn. If poor, broken, ruined Glenn Kilbourne could cling to an ideal and fight for it, could not she, who had all that the world esteemed worth while, be woman enough to do the same? The direction of her thought seemed to have changed. She had been ready for rebellion. Three months of the old life had shown her that for her it was empty, vain, farcical, without one redeeming feature. The naked truth was brutal, but it cut clean to wholesome consciousness. Such so-called social life as she had plunged into deliberately to forget her unhappiness had failed her utterly. If she had been shallow and frivolous it might have done otherwise. Stripped of all guise, her actions must have been construed by a penetrating and impartial judge as a mere parading of her decorated person before a number of males with the purpose of ultimate selection.

"I have to find some work," she muttered soberly.

At the moment she heard the postman's whistle outside; and a little later the servant brought up her mail. The first letter, large, soiled, thick, bore the postmark Flagstaff and her address in Glenn Kilbourne's writing.

Carley stared at it. Her heart gave a great leap. Her hand shook. She sat down suddenly, as if her strength was inadequate to uphold her.

"Glenn has written me," she whispered in slow, halting realization. "For what? Oh, why?"

THE other letters fell off her lap to lie unnoticed. This big, thick envelope fascinated her. It was one of the stamped envelopes she had seen in his cabin. It contained a letter that had been written on his rude table, before the open fire, in that little log cabin under the spreading pines of West Fork Cañon. Dared she read it? The shock to her heart passed; and with mounting swell, seemingly too full for her breast, it began to beat and throb a wild, sweet gladness through all her being. She tore the envelope apart and read:

Dear Carley: I'm sure glad for a good excuse to write you. Once in a blue moon I get a letter, and to-day Hutter brought me one from a soldier pard of mine who was with me in the Argonne. His name is Virgil Rust—queer name, don't you think?—and he's from Wisconsin. Just a rough-diamond sort of chap, but fairly well educated. He and I were in some pretty hot places, and it was he who pulled me out of a shell crater. I'd "gone west" sure then, if it hadn't been for Rust.

Well, he did all sorts of big things during the war. Was down several times with wounds. He liked to fight, and he was a holy terror. We all thought he'd get medals and promotion. But he didn't get either. These much-desired rewards did not always go where they were most deserved.

Rust is now lying in a hospital in Bedford Park. His letter is pretty blue. All he says about why he's there is that he's knocked out. But he wrote a heap about his girl. It seems he was in love with a girl in his home town—a pretty, big-eyed lass whose picture I've seen—and while he was overseas she married one of the fellows who got out of fighting. Evidently Rust is deeply hurt. He wrote: "I'd not care so, if she'd thrown me down to marry an old man or a boy who couldn't have gone to war."

You see, Carley, service men feel queer about that sort of thing. It's something we got over there, and none of us will ever outlive it. Now, the point of this is that I am asking you to go see Rust, and cheer him up, and do what you can for the poor devil. It's a good deal to ask of you, I know, especially as Rust saw your picture many a time and knows you were my girl. But you needn't tell him that we couldn't make a go of it.

And, as I am writing this to you, I see no reason why I shouldn't go on in behalf of myself.

The fact is, Carley, I miss writing to you more than I miss anything of my old life. I'll bet you have a trunkful of letters from me, unless you've destroyed them. I'm not going to say how I miss your letters. But I will say you write the most charming and fascinating letters of anyone I ever knew, quite aside from any sentiment. You knew, of course, that I had no other girl correspondent. Well, I got along fairly well before you came West, but I'd be an awful liar if I denied I didn't get lonely for you and your letters. It's different now that you've been to Oak Creek. I'm alone most of the time and I dream a lot, and I'm afraid I see you here in my cabin, and along the brook, and under the pines, and riding Calico—which you came to do well—and on my hopen fence, and—oh, everywhere! I don't want you to think I'm down in the mouth, for I'm not. I'll take my medicine. But, Carley, you spoiled me, and I miss hearing from you, and I don't see why it wouldn't be all right for you to send me a friendly letter occasionally.

I append what little news Oak Creek affords.

That blamed old bald eagle stole another of my pigs.

I am doing so well with my hog raising that Hutter wants to come in with me, giving me an interest in his sheep.

It is rumored someone has bought the Deep Lake section I wanted for a ranch. I don't know who. Hutter was rather non-committal.

Charley, the herder, had one of his queer spells the other day, and swore to me he had a letter from you. He told the lie with a sincere and placid eye, and even a smile of pride. Queer guy, that Charley! Flo and Lee Stanton had another quarrel, the worst yet, Lee tells me. Flo asked a friend out from Flag and threw her in Lee's way, so to speak, and when Lee retaliated by making love to the girl, Flo was enraged. Funny creatures, you girls! Flo rode with me from High Falls to West Fork and never showed the slightest sign of trouble. In fact, she was delightfully gay. She rode Calico and beat me in a race.

Adios, Carley. Won't you write me?

GLENN.

No sooner had Carley read the letter through to the end than she began it all over again, and on this second perusal

she lingered over passages, only to reread them. She leaped up from the reading to cry out something that was unutterable. All the intervening weeks of shame and anguish and fury and strife and pathos, and the endless striving to forget were by the magic of a letter made as nothing but vain oblations.

"He loves me still!" she whispered, and pressed her breast with clenching hands and laughed in wild exultance and paced her room like a caged lioness. It was as if she had just awakened to the assurance she was beloved. That was the shibboleth, the cry by which she sounded the closed depths of her love and called to the stricken life of a woman's insatiate vanity.

Then she snatched up the letter, to scan it again, and suddenly grasping the import of Glenn's request, she hurried to the telephone to find the number of the hospital in Bedford Park. A nurse informed her that visitors were received at certain hours, and that any attention to disabled soldiers was most welcome.

CARLEY motored out to Bedford Park to find the hospital merely a long, one-story, frame structure, a barracks hastily thrown up for the care of invalided men of the service. The chauffeur said it had been used for that purpose during the training period of the Army, and later when injured soldiers began to arrive from France.

Presently Carley stood beside a bed and looked down upon a gaunt, haggard young man who lay propped up on pillows.

"Rust, a lady to see you," announced the nurse.

Carley had difficulty in introducing herself. Had Glenn ever looked like this? What a face! Its healed scar only emphasized furrows of pain that assuredly came from present wounds. He had unnaturally bright, dark eyes, and a flush of fever in his hollow cheeks.

Carley spent a poignant and depth-stirring hour at the bedside of Glenn's comrade. At last she learned from loyal lips the nature of Glenn Kilbourne's service to his country. How Carley clasped to her sore heart the praise of the man she loved, the simple proofs of his noble disregard of self!

Rust said little about his own service to country or to comrade. But Carley saw enough in his face. He had been like Glenn. By these two Carley grasped the glorious truth of the spirit and sacrifice of the legion of boys who had upheld American traditions. Their children and their children's children, as the years rolled by into the future, would hold their heads higher and prouder. Some things could never die in the hearts and the blood of a race. These boys, and the girls who had the supreme glory of being loved by them, must be the ones to revive the Americanism of their forefathers.

Nature and God would take care of the slackers, the cowards who cloaked their shame with bland excuses of home service, of disability and of dependence.

That night she wrote swiftly and feverishly page after page to Glenn, only to destroy them. She could not keep her heart out of her words, nor a hint of what was becoming a sleepless and eternal regret.

She wrote until a late hour, and at last composed a letter she knew did not ring true, so stilted and restrained was it in all passages save those concerning news of Glenn's comrade and of her own friends.

"I'll never, never write him again," she averred with still lips, and next moment could have laughed in mockery at the bitter truth.

IF SHE had ever had any courage, Glenn's letter had destroyed it. But had it not been a kind of selfish false courage, roused to hide her hurt, to save her own future? Courage should have a thought of others. Yet shamed or moment at the consciousness she would write Glenn again and again and exultant the next with the sweet imperiousness of clamoring love, she seemed to have climbed beyond the self that had striven to forget. She would remember an think, though she died of longing.

Carley, like a drowning woman, caught at straws. With a relief and joy to give up that endless nagging at her mind for months she had kept ceaselessly active, by association which were of no help to her, and which did not make her happy, in her determination to forget. Suddenly then she gave up to remembrance. She would cease trying to get over her love for Glenn, and think of him as much as memory dictated. This must constitute the only happiness she could have.

The change from strife to surrender was so novel and sweet that for days she felt renewed. It was augmented by her visits to the hospital in Bedford Park. Through her bountiful presence Virgil Rust and his comrades had many dull hours of pain and weariness alleviated and brightened. Interesting herself in the condition of the seriously disabled soldiers and the possibility of their future took time and work that Carley gave willingly and gladly. At first she endeavored to get acquaintances with means and leisure to help the boys, but these overtures met with such little success that she ceased wasting valuable time she could herself devote to their interests.

Thus several weeks passed swiftly by. Several soldiers who had been more seriously injured than Rust improved to the extent that they were discharged. But Rust

(Continued on Page 124)



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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 122)

gained little or nothing. The nurse and doctor both informed Carley that Rust brightened for her, but when she was gone he lapsed into somber indifference. He did not care whether he ate or not, nor whether he got well or died.

Carley knew that Rust's hurt was more than the loss of a leg, and she decided to talk earnestly to him and try to win him to hope and effort. He had come to have a sort of reverence for her. So, hiding her time, she at length found an opportunity to approach his bed while his comrades were asleep or out of hearing.

"Carley, I'm bitter," he said, "but I'm not rancorous and callous, like some of the boys. I know if you'd been my girl you'd have stuck to me."

"Yes, I would," replied Carley.

"THAT makes a difference," he said with a sad smile. "You see, we soldiers all had feelings. And in one thing we all felt alike. That was, we were going to fight for our homes and our women. I should say women first. No matter what we read or heard about standing by our allies, fighting for liberty or civilization, the truth was we all felt the same, even if we never breathed it. Glenn fought for you. I fought for Nell. We were not going to let the Huns treat you as they treated French and Belgian girls. And think! Nell was engaged to me, she loved me—and she—she married a slacker when I lay half dead on the battlefield!"

"She was not worth loving or fighting for," said Carley with agitation.

"Ah! Now you've said something," he declared. "If I can only hold to that truth! What does one girl amount to? I do not count. It is the sum that counts. We love America, our homes, our women. Carley, I've had comfort and strength come to me through you. Glenn will have his reward in your love. Somehow I seem to share it—a little. Poor Glenn! He got his too. Why, Carley, that guy wouldn't let you do what he could do for you. He was cut to pieces—"

"Please, Rust, don't say any more; I am unstrung," she pleaded.

"Why not? It's due you to know how splendid Glenn was. I tell you, Carley, all the boys here love you for the way you've stuck to Glenn. Some of them knew him, and I've told the rest. We thought he'd never pull through. But he has, and we know how you helped. Going West to see him! He didn't write it to me, but I know. I'm wise. I'm happy for him, the lucky dog! Next time you go West—"

"Hush!" cried Carley. She could endure no more. She could no longer be a lie.

"You're white; you're shaking," exclaimed Rust in concern. "Oh, I—what did I say? Forgive me!"

"Rust, I am no more worth loving and fighting for than your Nell."

"What?" he ejaculated.

"I have not told you the truth," she said swiftly. "I have let you believe a lie. I shall never marry Glenn. I broke my engagement to him."

Slowly Rust sank back upon the pillow, his large, luminous eyes piercingly fixed upon her, as if he would read her soul.

"I WENT West—yes," continued Carley. "But it was selfishly. I wanted Glenn to come back here. He had suffered as you have. He nearly died. But he fought—he fought—and after a long, slow, horrible struggle he began to mend. He worked. He went to raising hogs. He lived alone. He worked harder and harder. The West and his work saved him, body and soul. He had learned to love both the West and his work. I did not blame him. But I could not live out there."

"He needed me. But I was too little, too selfish. I could not marry him. I gave him up. I left—him—alone."

Then Carley shrank under the arrowy lightnings of scorn in this ruined soldier's eyes.

"And there's another man," he said, "a clean, straight, unscarred fellow who wouldn't fight."

"Oh, no; I—I swear there's not," whispered Carley.

"You, too," he replied thickly. Then slowly he turned that worn, dark face to the wall. His frail breast heaved. And his lean hand made her a slight gesture of dismissal, significant and imperious.

Carley fled. She could scarcely see to find the car. All her internal being seemed convulsed, and a deadly faintness made her sick and cold.

X

CARLEY'S edifice of hopes, dreams, aspirations and struggles fell in ruins about her. It had been built upon the sands. It had no ideal for foundation. It had to fall.

Something inevitable had forced her confession to Rust. Dissimulation had been a habit of her mind; it was more a habit of her class than sincerity. But she had reached a point in her mental strife where she could not stand before Rust and let him believe she was noble and faithful when she knew she was neither. Would not the next step in this painful metamorphosis of her character be a fierce and passionate repudiation of herself and all she represented?

She went home and locked herself in her room, deaf to telephone and servants. There she gave up to her shame. Scorned, despised, dismissed by that poor, crippled, flame-spirited Virgil Rust! He had revered her, and the truth had earned his hate. Would she ever forget his look, incredulous, shocked, bitter and blazing with unutterable contempt?

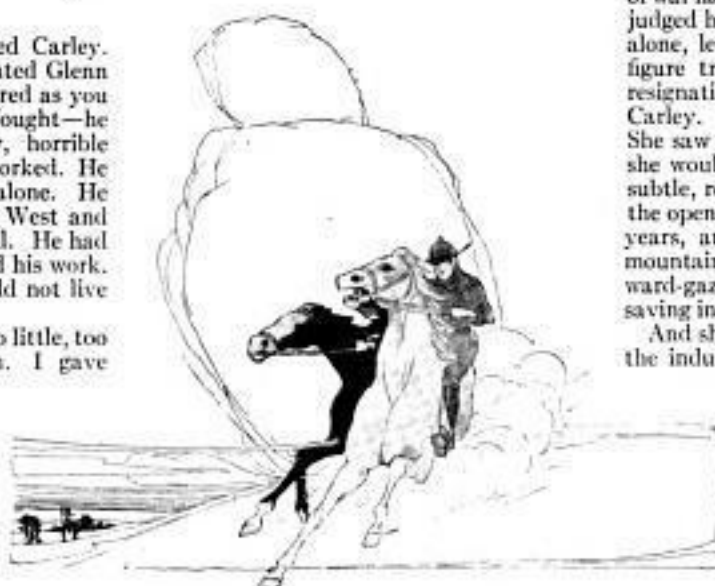
Carley Burch was only another Nell, a jilt, a mocker of the manhood of soldiers! Would she ever cease to shudder at the memory of Rust's slight movement of hand? Go! Get out of my sight! Leave me to my agony as you left Glenn Kilbourne alone to fight his. Men such as I am do not want the smile of your face, the touch of your hand. We gave for womanhood. Pass on to lesser men who loved the fleshpots and who would buy your charms.

So Carley interpreted that slight gesture, and writhed in her abasement.

Rust threw an illuminating light upon her desertion of Glenn. She had betrayed him. She had left him alone. Dwarfed and stunted was her narrow soul! To a noble man who had given all for her she had returned nothing. Stone for bread! Betrayal for love! Cowardice for courage! False were the standards of her life.

The hours of contending passions gave birth to vague, slow-forming revolt.

SHE became haunted by memory pictures and sounds and smells of Oak Creek Cañon. As from afar she saw the great, sculptured rent in the earth, green and red and brown, with its shining, flashing ribbons of waterfalls and streams. The mighty pines stood up magnificent and stately. The walls loomed high, shadowed under the shelves, gleaming in the sunlight, and they seemed dreaming, waiting, watching. For what? For her return to their serene fastnesses, to the little gray log cabin? The thought stormed Carley's soul.



Vivid and intense shone the images before her shut eyes. She saw the winding forest floor, green with grass and fern, colorful with flower and rock. A thousand aisles, glades, nooks and caverns called to her to come. Nature was every woman's mother. The populated city was a delusion. Disease and death and corruption stalked in the shadows of the streets. But her cañon promised hard work, playful hours, dreaming idleness, beauty, health, fragrance, loneliness, peace, wisdom, love, children and long life. In the hateful, shut-in isolation of her room Carley stretched forth her arms as if to embrace the vision. Pale, close walls, gleaming, placid stretches of brook, churning amber-and-white rapids, mossy banks and pine-matted ledges, the towers and turrets and ramparts where the eagles wheeled—she saw them all as beloved images lost to her save in anguished memory.

SHE heard the murmur of flowing water, soft, low, now loud, and again lulling, hollow and eager, tinkling over rocks, bellowing into the deep pools, washing with silky seep of wind-swept waves the hanging willows. Shrill and piercing and far aloft pealed the scream of the eagle. And she seemed to listen to a mocking bird while he mocked her with his melody of many birds. The bees hummed, the wind moaned, the leaves rustled, the waterfall murmured. Then came the rare, sharp note of a cañon swift, most mysterious of birds, significant of the heights.

A breath of fragrance seemed to blow with her shifting senses. The dry, pungent cañon smells returned to her—smells of fresh-cut timber, of wood smoke, of the cabin fire with its steaming pots, of flowers and earth, and of the wet stones, of the redolent pines and cedars.

And suddenly, clearly, amazingly Carley beheld in her mind's sight the hard features, the bold eyes, the slight smile of Haze Ruff's coarse face. His repellent visage confounded the sweetness of her senses. She had forgotten him. But now thought of him returned. And with the memory flashed a revelation of his meaning in her life. He had appeared merely a clown, a ruffian, an animal with man's shape and intelligence. But he was the embodiment of the raw, crude violence of the West. He was the eyes of the natural primitive man, believing what he saw.

He had seen in Carley Burch the paraded charm, the unashamed and serene front, the woman seeking man. Haze Ruff had been neither vile nor base nor unnatural. It had been her subjection to the decadence of feminine dress that had been unnatural. But Ruff had found her a lie. She invited what she did not want. And his scorn had been commensurate with the falsehood of her. So might any man have been justified in his insult to her, in his rejection of her.

HAZE RUFF had found her unfit for his idea of dalliance. Virgil Rust had found her false to the ideals of womanhood for which he had sacrificed all but life itself. What then had Glenn Kilbourne found her? He possessed the greatness of noble love. He had loved her before the dark and changeable tide of war had come between them. How had he judged her? That last sight of him standing alone, leaning with head bowed, a solitary figure trenchant with suggestion of tragic resignation and strength, returned to flay Carley. He had loved, trusted and hoped. She saw now what his hope had been—that she would have instilled into her blood the subtle, red and revivifying essence of life in the open, the strength of the wives of earlier years, an emanation from cañon, desert, mountain, forest, of health, of spirit, of forward-gazing, natural love, of the mysterious, saving instinct he had got out of the West.

And she had been too little, too steeped in the indulgence of luxurious life, too slight natured and pale blooded! And suddenly there pierced into the black storm of Carley's mind a blazing, white-streaked thought: she had left Glenn to the Western

(Continued on Page 127)

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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 124)

girl, Flo Hutter. Humiliated, and abased in her own sight, Carley fell prey to a fury of jealousy.

She went back to the old life. But it was with a bitter, restless, critical spirit, conscious of the fact that she could derive neither forgetfulness nor pleasure from it, nor see any release from the habit of years.

One afternoon, late in the fall, she motored out to a Long Island club, where some of her most intimate friends were playing golf. Carley did not play. Aimlessly she walked around the grounds. The air held a promise of early winter. She thought that she would go south before the cold came. Always trying to escape anything rigorous, hard, painful or disagreeable! Later she returned to the clubhouse to find her party assembled on an inclosed porch, chatting and partaking of refreshment.

MORRISON was there. He had not taken kindly to her late habit of denying herself to him. During a lull in the idle conversation he addressed her pointedly. "Well, Carley, how's your Arizona hog raiser?" he queried, with a little gleam in his usually lusterless eyes.

"I have not heard lately," she replied coldly.

The assembled company suddenly quieted with a portent inimical to their leisurely content of the moment. Carley felt them all looking at her, and underneath the exterior she preserved with extreme difficulty there burned so fierce an anger that she seemed to have swelling veins of fire.

"Queer how Kilbourne went into raising hogs," observed Morrison. "Such a low-down sort of work, you know."

"He had no choice," replied Carley. "Glenn didn't have a father who made millions out of the war. He had to work. And I must differ with you about its being low-down. No honest work is that. It is idleness that is low-down."

"But so foolish of Glenn when he might have married money," rejoined Morrison sarcastically.

"The honor of soldiers is beyond your ken, Mr. Morrison."

HE FLUSHED darkly and bit his lip. "You women make a man sick with this rot about soldiers," he said, the gleam in his eye growing ugly. "A uniform goes to a woman's head no matter what's inside it. I don't see where your vaunted honor of soldiers comes in, considering how they accepted the let-down of women during and after the war."

"How could you see when you stayed comfortably at home?" retorted Carley.

"All I could see was women falling into soldiers' arms," he said sullenly.

"Certainly. Could an American girl desire any greater happiness or opportunity to prove her gratitude?" flashed Carley with proud uplift of head.

"It didn't look like gratitude to me," returned Morrison.

"Well, it was gratitude," declared Carley ringingly. "If the women of America did throw themselves at soldiers it was not because of the moral lapse of the day. It was woman's instinct to save the race. Always in every war women have sacrificed themselves to the future. Not vile, but noble! You insult both soldiers and women, Mr. Morrison. I wonder—did any American girls throw themselves at you?"

Morrison turned a dead white, and his mouth twisted to a distorted checking of speech disagreeable to see.

"No, you were a slacker," went on Carley with scathing, cold scorn. "You let the other men go fight for American girls. Do you imagine one of them will ever marry you? All your life, Morrison, you will be a marked

man, outside the pale of friendship with real American men and the respect of real American girls."

Morrison leaped up, almost knocking the table over, and he glared at Carley as he gathered up his hat and cane.

She turned her back upon him. From that moment he ceased to exist for Carley. She never spoke to him again.

NEXT day Carley called upon her dearest friend, whom she had not seen for some time.

"Carley dear, you don't look well," said Eleanor after greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh, what does it matter how I look?" queried Carley impatiently.

"My dear, you puzzle me these days. You've changed. I'm sorry. I'm afraid you're unhappy."

"Eleanor, I'm no better than you," said Carley with disdain. "I'm as useless and idle. But I'm beginning to see myself, and you, and all this worthless crowd of ours. We're no good. But you're married, Eleanor. You're settled in life. You ought to do something. I'm single and at loose ends."

Oh, I'm in revolt. Think, Eleanor, just think: your husband works hard to keep you in this expensive apartment. You have a car. He dresses you in silks and satins. You wear diamonds. You eat your breakfast in bed. You loiter around in a pink dressing gown all morning. You dress for lunch or tea. You ride or golf or otherwise waste your time dancing till you come home to dress for dinner. You let other men make love to you. Oh, don't get angry. You do. And so goes the round of your life. What good on earth are you anyway? You're just a—a gratification to the senses of your husband. And at that you don't see much of him."

"CARLEY, how you rave!" exclaimed her friend. "What has got into you lately? Why, everybody tells me you're—you're queer. The way you insulted Morrison—how unlike you, Carley!"

"I'm glad I found the courage to do it. What do you think, Eleanor?"

"Oh, I despise him. But you can't say the things you feel."

"You'd be bigger and truer if you did. Some day I'll break out and flay you all."

"But, Carley, you're my friend, and you're just exactly like we are—or you were."

"Of course I'm your friend. I've always loved you. Eleanor," went on Carley earnestly. "I'm as deep in this—this terrible, stagnant muck as you, or anyone. But I'm no longer blind. There's something terribly wrong with all of us women, and it's not what Morrison hinted."

"Carley, the only thing that's wrong with you is that you jilted poor Glenn—and are breaking your heart over him still."

"Don't; don't!" cried Carley, shrinking as if struck. "Heaven knows that is true. But there's more wrong with me than a blighted love affair."

"Yes, you mean the modern feminine unrest?"

"Eleanor, I positively hate that phrase, 'modern feminine unrest.' It smacks of ultra—ultra—oh! I don't know what. That phrase ought to be translated by a Western acquaintance of mine, one Haze Ruff. I'd not like to hurt your sensitive feelings with what he'd say. But this unrest means speed-mad, excitement-mad, fad-mad, dress-mad, or I should say sordid-mad, culture-mad, and heaven only knows what else. The women of our set are idle, luxurious, selfish, pleasure-craving, lazy, useless, work and children shirking, absolutely no good."

(Continued on Page 128)

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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 127)

"Well, if we are who's to blame?" rejoined Eleanor spiritedly. "Now, Carley Burch, you listen to me: I think the twentieth-century girl in America is the most wonderful female creation of all the ages of the universe. I admit it. That is why we are a prey to the evils attending greatness. Listen: Here is a crying sin—a cynical paradox. Take this twentieth-century girl, this American girl who is the finest creation of the ages, a young and healthy girl, the most perfect type of culture possible to the freest and greatest city on earth, New York—she holds absolutely an unreal, untrue position in the scheme of existence. Surrounded by parents, relatives, friends, suitors, and instructive schools of every kind, colleges, institutions, is she really happy, is she really living?"

"ELEANOR," interrupted Carley earnestly, "she is not. And I've been trying to tell you why."

"My dear, let me get a word in, will you?" complained Eleanor. "You don't know it all. There are as many different points of view as there are people. Well, if this girl happened to have a new frock and a new beau to show it to she'd say 'I'm the happiest girl in the world.' But she is nothing of the kind. Only she doesn't know that. She approaches marriage, or for that matter a more matured life, having had too much taken care of, knowing too much. Her masculine satellites, father, brothers, uncles, friends, lovers, all utterly spoil her. Mind you, I mean girls like us, of the middle class. We are spoiled. This girl marries and life goes on smoothly. Her husband makes it too easy for her. She is an ornament or a toy, to be kept in a luxurious cage. To soil her pretty hands would be disgraceful. Even if she can't afford a maid, the modern devices of science make the care of her four-room apartment a farce. Electric dishwasher, clothes washer, vacuum cleaner, and the near-by delicatessen and the caterer simply rob a young wife of her housewifely heritage. If she has a baby, which happens occasionally, Carley, in spite of your assertion, it very soon goes to the kindergarten. Then what does she find to do with hours and hours? If she is not married, what on earth can she find to do?"

"She can work," replied Carley bluntly.

"OH, YES, she can, but she doesn't," went on Eleanor. "You don't work. I never did. We both hated the idea. You're calling spades spades, Carley, but you seem to be propounding a morbid, impractical thesis. Well, our young American girl or bride goes in for being rushed or she goes in for fads, the ultra things you mentioned. New York City gets all the great artists, lecturers, and surely the great fakers. The New York women support them. The men laugh, but they furnish the money. They take the women to the theaters, but they avoid the reception to a Polish princess, a lecture by an Indian magician and mystic, or a benefit luncheon for a Home for Friendless Cats. The truth is most of our young girls or brides have a wonderful enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. What is to become of their surplus energy, the bottled-lightning spirit so characteristic of modern girls? Where is the outlet for intense feelings? What use can they make of education or of gifts? None

whatsoever, that's all. I'm not taking into consideration the new-woman species, the faddist or the reformer. I mean normal girls like you and me. Just think, Carley: A girl's every wish, every need is almost instantly satisfied without the slightest effort on her part to obtain it. If a woman craves to achieve something outside of the arts, you know, something universal and helpful which will make men acknowledge her worth, if not equality, where is the opportunity?"

"Opportunities should be made," replied Carley.

"There are a million sides to this question of the modern young woman, the moral phyloxera of the day. I'm for her!"

"HOW about the extreme of style in dress for this remarkably-to-be-pitied American girl you champion so eloquently?" queried Carley sarcastically.

"Obscene!" exclaimed Eleanor with frank disgust.

"You admit it?"

"To my shame I do."

"Why do women wear extreme clothes? Why do you and I wear thin silk stockings, skirts to our knees, gowns without sleeves or bodices?"

"We're slaves to fashion," replied Eleanor. "That's the popular excuse."

"Bah!" exclaimed Carley.

Eleanor laughed in spite of being half nettled. "Are you going to stop wearing what all the other women wear and be looked at askance? Are you going to be dowdy and frumpy and old-fashioned?"

"No. But I'll never wear anything again that can be called obscene. I want to be able to say why I wear a dress. You haven't answered my question yet. Why do you wear what you frankly admit is disgusting?"

"I DON'T know, Carley," replied Eleanor helplessly. "We must dress to make other women jealous and to attract men, to be a sensation. Perhaps the word 'disgust' is not what I mean. A woman will be shocking in her obsession to attract, but hardly more than that if she knows it."

"All right, Eleanor, we understand each other, even if we do not agree," said Carley. "You leave the future of women to chance, to life, to materialism, not to their own conscious efforts. I want to leave it to free will and idealism."

"Carley, you are getting a little beyond me," declared Eleanor dubiously.

"What are you going to do? It all comes home to each individual woman—her attitude toward life."

"I'll drift along with the current, Carley, and be a good sport," replied Eleanor.

"You don't care about the women and children of the future? You'll not deny yourself now nor think and work and suffer a little in the interest of future humanity?"

"How you put things, Carley!" exclaimed Eleanor wearily. "Of course I care—when you make me think of such things. But what have I to do with the lives of people in the years to come?"

"Everything. America for Americans! While you dawdle the lifeblood is being sucked out of our great nation. It is a man's job to fight: it is a woman's to save. I think you've made your choice, though you don't realize it. I'm praying that I'll rise to mine."

(Concluded in the February Home Journal)



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You Can Change the World

(Continued from Page 23)

will be fully occupied as before with the daily duties of the family life and that what they can do in addition to what they have done before is but a little here and there as moments of leisure may be snatched from their all too busy lives. But there are those who may make great use of the new-found opportunities.

What will women do with their new obligation? This question is a veritable challenge to idle women wherever they may be found and whatever may be their estate. It is they only who can fully justify this new duty of womankind.

In the country we have the Home Bureau, a national organization, supported co-operatively by Federal funds and by local contributions, with a district agent or leader in every county, as far as organized, and these organizations run into the hundreds. The business of these bureaus is home improvement, ranging from such homely problems as how to get rid of the stop water where the public has not yet installed a sanitary sewer, up to that of providing healthy entertainment for the young. The problems discussed and determined by these bureaus are vital and their solution is highly profitable, not only to the members but to the community as well. Let us imitate this example and turn some of these unprofitable gatherings of unemployed people into home-improvement associations or other organizations for improving the life and conditions of those who live and labor in their own immediate neighborhoods.

It is in the city and the town that time hangs heavy on the hands. It is in the city too and the town that some of the most difficult of all our social and political problems have arisen. This is the challenge to the ladies of leisure of whatever estate, and herein lies a considerable share at least of their responsibilities. What have they done to stop the dumping of ashes into the side streets? What have they done to enjoin habits of tidiness on young and old and protect the neighborhoods from unsightly rubbish of every sort and description?

What have they done to break up the gang of boy thieves that is beginning to operate in their neighborhood?

What have they done to stop stealing in the schools? What have they done to control the movie shows that are demoralizing a good portion of the youth of their own communities faster than the schools and the churches combined can build it up?

No Job for the Dilettante

WHAT have they done for playgrounds, drinking fountains and comfort stations, and what have they done toward assisting to their feet again the small army of perfectly good people who every year and every month go down a peg or two in the battle of life and need only a temporary prop to hold them up, possibly only the weight of a finger to turn the scales in their favor?

This is the class of questions that need the attention of somebody aside from the constituted "authorities" who exist, not to devise new betterments but to execute plans already established. And these are the people to do this necessary service. They have the leisure which few people can command, and they should be in a position to study with deliberation the questions that need solution. Moreover, they need no new organization. The "set" is already "organized." The difficulty is that it is organized for nothing in particular beyond self-gratification, in which respect it closely resembles the boys gangs that so easily run into evil. The need is well defined, the people have the time, and even the "set" is organized. Everything is ready for achievement. Will the machinery function?

We have long needed in American political life a group of capable, high-minded citizens who could and would give time and thought to public affairs with no reference to office holding or other personal advancement. This is no job for the dilettante. The service demands the best brains, clearest thinking, most disinterested activity of all the forms of public service which our advancing civilization requires.

Until a leisure class of real Americans is built up our political machinery will be operated mainly by professional officeholders; not only that, but public policies, indeed our very ideals, will be largely shaped by those who conduct campaigns and who exalt or smother public questions according to their bearing upon elections.

There are thousands of good wives and mothers who emerge from busy lives with leisure upon their hands only because their children are become men and women. These constitute an asset the like of which the public has never before enjoyed. They want nothing in the way of office for themselves, for they are home people, but they have healthy views of public questions and time enough to work out safe and progressive public policies.

A New Force in Public Affairs

WE ALREADY have much fruit from this kind of public service. It would be too much to credit the great cause of temperance exclusively to any one group or class; for men as well as women, and women of all conceivable conditions, both married and single, contributed to the great result of making the nation clear-headed and straight-footed.

But after all it was the mothers of men that laid emphasis upon all that was said and done, and it was they who spoke and acted most effectively, for to them the issue of temperance or drunkenness was one affecting their own flesh and blood.

It will be equally true in other matters, upon which the world is somewhat divided and which are likely to raise ugly questions in political campaigns.

For example, every woman, certainly every mother, wants a League of Nations, or some other international body powerful enough to stop war.

It will be the women, the mothers mainly, who will yet insist that destructive conflicts shall cease.

It will be the women of the mother class who will, as the years go by, pull the scales from many an eye whose vision has been obscured by circumstances near at hand, and it will be they who will first realize all that America and civil liberty may really mean.

What is true at points like temperance and peace will be true of many another issue. Women's vote, therefore, will not merely double that of the men. A new force has come into public affairs, and that force is the unerring insight and the fearless energy of motherhood, which will more and more demand that wholesome public issues shall not be sacrificed upon the altar of practical politics or even of secret diplomacy.

Finally, and upon general principles, if civilization is to advance much further it will be only by the expenditure in public service of an amount of time and a kind of

ability that exist only among the favored people whose time is not all demanded by the daily routine of their own lives and that of an occupation whereby they provide their own support and that of those dependent upon them. Herein lies at once the opportunity and the responsibility that attach to leisure and to the people who possess it.



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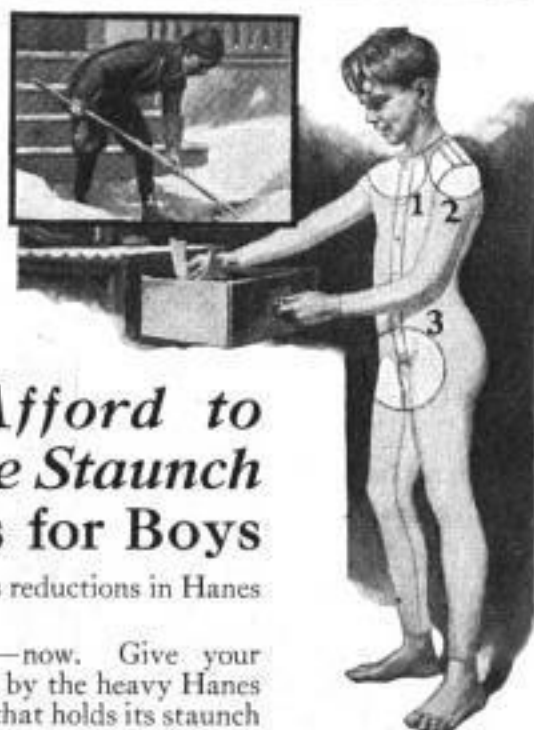
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Where to Get the Money to Build a Home

(Continued from Page 32)

four per cent. Second-mortgage commissions may run as high as fifteen or even thirty per cent. The legal rate of interest is fixed in each state, but, especially in the case of second mortgages, is apt to be respected in form only.

Building and loan associations are special corporations created for the express purpose of financing home building in the easiest possible way. They operate under special legal restrictions and are not primarily money-making institutions. In effect they are organizations of people who combine their savings and their credit to help one another become home owners. They are allowed to lend more on real estate than the regular banks and are equipped to give special service to home builders.

With a regular mortgage loan you pay the interest only once or twice a year and retire the principal in fairly large installments. Under the building-and-loan plan you make regular monthly payments corresponding to rent. The amount of these monthly installments is figured out so that you are paying your interest and reducing the principal at the same time and so as to have everything paid off in about ten to twelve years.

Sometimes the home can be financed through what is called a "contract for deed." This is similar to a mortgage in that it secures a loan on real estate, but it differs from a mortgage in that the original owner holds the deed to the property.

The "Land Contract" Plan

IT OFTEN happens that a real-estate man owns a number of building sites and in order to get the lots moving will help finance home building. The home builder has almost enough cash to buy his lot, but lacks cash and credit to build. Suppose the lot is priced at \$3000 and the home builder has only \$2500 cash. He wants to put up a \$6000 house. The bank will advance no more than \$4500 and, money being "tight," is not anxious to advance anything to a new customer. But the real-estate man is an old customer whom the bank will accommodate with the loan. The bank lends the real-estate man \$4500 on a first mortgage. That leaves \$2000 more to be raised—\$500 to cover the balance due on the lot and \$1500 to cover the difference between what the bank will advance and the sum needed to build the house.

The real-estate man indorses the builder's note for the \$2000 and the bank or building-supply firms advance cash or materials for the building, the real-estate man, of course, making himself personally liable for both mortgage and note, but not to an extent

greater than the current value of the property. To protect himself the real-estate man has the home builder sign a contract for deed, or "land contract."

The house now is built and the home owner begins to pay out with regular installments of interest and principal figured to retire the whole loan in about ten years. The owner makes his payments to the real-estate man who applies the cash to the note or the mortgage as he sees fit. When the note has been taken up and the balance on the lot has been paid, the real-estate man has gotten his money out and may release the owner from the contract and transfer the mortgage to him, leaving the owner to settle the mortgage with the bank in due season.

Remember the Extra Expenses

NEAR some of the larger cities some real-estate firms have made a business of offering to sell a lot and "build to suit the owner" under terms which require a minimum of cash down, payments being made by monthly installments on the contract. In order to protect themselves against shiftless families, forfeited contracts and empty houses, and to insure the interest on their investments, the installments on homes bought under this plan are usually high and the purchaser, when he finally succeeds in paying out, may discover that he has paid considerably more than should have been necessary for a house which was poorly built. The record of any such firm should be very carefully checked before you sign its contracts.

Having canvassed every available source of building credit, you may find it impracticable to build until more cash has been saved up. How much cash should you have before contemplating building? The answer is: Enough so that you can pay off your obligations without too great an effort. Professional lenders usually require that the borrower already have at least one-fourth of the total required, and that is probably the minimum for safety. This is equivalent to saying that the home builder should own his lot and have at least some cash in addition.

It must be remembered that the home owner becomes subject to various expenses that he did not have to meet as a renter. There are taxes and insurance, repairs and assessments that add up to considerable sums and that cannot be escaped. These items are in addition to interest on the borrowed money. The principal of the loan must also be reduced and finally paid off.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Lovejoy's second article, in the February Home Journal, will consider selecting the site and the plans.

The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

(Continued from Page 29)

on putty, a shadow design of the softest gray on an invisibly striped background of putty and ivory, a quarter-inch stripe of tan or putty on ecru or cream.

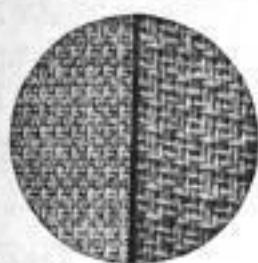
Grass cloths, stippled oatmeals, rather large shadow designs in putty, tan or gray, printed on linen-finished paper—these are the papers that accomplish results. Ceilings are flat in tone, covered with plain, dull-finished papers; or those called flat ceiling papers but showing a pale self-toned conventional design that would hardly be noticed. Or one can paint a ceiling ivory or cream. It should always be remembered that ceilings should never be darker than the walls, and preferably should be a few tones lighter.

Water tint may be put on plastered walls by an amateur if directions are carefully followed.

Oil paint is one of the handsomest of finishes, and is put directly on the plaster if this is perfect enough. Otherwise a fine canvas covering is used; this, when further embellished with molding and the whole painted the chosen tone, furnishes one of the handsomest known wall treatments. Wooden paneling is so expensive that paneling of canvas and

molding is largely taking its place, with much the same effect; this method may be used to wainscot a room as well as to cover the upper walls above a wooden wainscoting, and proves of much interest in the dining room. Canvas is forty-eight inches wide, and if put on by a professional it might be painted by an amateur, thus saving considerable expense.

It is in the dining room that there is the chance—the one in a hundred—for a figured wall. But do not imagine florid peonies and grapes spilling over the whole surface. If all the other backgrounds in the house are quite neutral and pale and of practically the same tone, you may wainscot your dining room with paneled canvas to a height of four or five feet, depending upon the entire height of your wall, painting this wainscot to match the pale woodwork. Above this you may run a paper of stunning design and color, preferably with its background the tone of the wainscot or of the other wall tones in adjoining rooms. In this decoratively figured upper wall you have used up your thrills, and your curtains must be unfigured and of a plain blending color, no matter how gay.



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She Had Him

THE wife of one man with the traditional failing—forgetting to mail letters—has cured him.

The mail is delivered at their home before the breakfast hour, which is comparatively late.

One morning she said to her husband: "Did you have any mail this morning, dear?"

"Only a circular," he answered.

"H'm," said the wife. "By the way, did you mail the letters I gave you yesterday?"

"Sure I did," was the righteously indignant reply.

"Well," answered wife with an eloquent smile, "it's funny then, you had no letters this morning, because one of those I gave you to mail yesterday was addressed to you—just as a sort of key."

Right for the Future

"JOHN," said the wife, "you'll have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it."

"Yes, dear," answered the husband; "but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it."

Why She Was Puzzled

HE GLANCED over the top of the evening paper at his wife for ten years where she sat at her escritoire, gazing with a puzzled air at the note she had just written. "What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked.

"I'm trying to think what name to sign to this letter," she answered with a blank stare at him. "I remember my name before I was married; but I can't recall what my name is now."

What We Read

FOR SALE: A Piano: good condition, property of lady leaving New York in elegant walnut case.

A good way to leave New York!

A lady, living privately, will take a gentleman for breakfast and dinner.

Some appetite the lady has!

Families supplied by the quart or gallon. Certainly by wholesale!

He met a gentleman with one eye named Walker.

Wonder what the name of the other eye is!

Single gentlemen furnished with rooms: one or two gentlemen, also, with wives.

A most convenient boarding house!

Neither Did He

ONCE, while chatting with Senator Shirley, of Maine, Bill Nye, the humorist, remarked that he had been born at Shirley in the senator's state and that he supposed the town had been named for one of the senator's ancestors.

"I didn't know," the senator replied, "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley."

"I didn't know it either," Nye said innocently, "until I was born there."

One Woman's Way

WHEN all the scheme of things is wrong, When skies are gray, When friends are false and fortune frowns As fortune may,

I do not curse my wretched fate Nor moan nor cry;

I hie me to my kitchenette

And bake a pie!

If now and then I seem to tire

Of wedded bliss,

I do not seek divorce nor yet

A soul mate's kiss;

Ah, no, my cure for ennui is

Safer than that;

I find a nifty little shop

And buy a hat!

—MAUD KENNEDY WADDOCK.



The Ladies' Home Journal Circulation for January More Than 1,900,000

Sounded Like Another Relative

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Ethel was accompanying her mother in a tour of family visits through the West and had learned to show a proper interest in the names of the relatives they were about to see. One afternoon on the train she overheard her mother telling another passenger that they were going to Seattle.

Immediately Ethel inquired politely: "Mamma, who is Attle?"

The Selfish Cow

"AND does your cow give you milk?" asked the kind neighbor of little Mary. "No!" the little tot replied indignantly. "Uncle Fred just has to take it away from her!"

Christened Already

LITTLE MARY, eight years old, had received a very handsome boy doll for Christmas—so handsome, in fact, that a good-enough name could not be decided upon.

One day while Mary was subjecting the new doll to rigid inspection, she discovered "Pat. June 12, 1913," on the back of its neck. Where-

upon Mary ran to her mother, excitedly exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, here we've been wondering what we should call him, and if his name isn't Pat!"

Just a Little Wrong

A CERTAIN chemist advertised a patent concoction labeled: "No more colds! No more coughs! Price fifty cents."

A man who bought the mixture came back in three days to complain that he had drunk it all, but was no better.

"Drunk it all!" gasped the chemist. "Why, man, that was an india-rubber solution to put on the soles of your boots."

The Force of Example

"OH, MAMMA," little Margaret exclaimed in an awed tone on returning from a visit to a spinster aunt noted for the prim neatness with which she kept her house. "I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house. But," she added thoughtfully, as if half justifying its presence, "it was washing itself."

"O Irony Austere"

AN OLD soldier who fought at Gettysburg says that during the thickest of the fight he was impressed by a sign posted on a tree reading: "No shooting on these premises under penalty of the law."

He Was So Surprised

A MAN with only one arm had just stepped from a railroad train when an inquisitive woman on the platform walked up to him and remarked: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I see you have lost your arm."

The man glanced down in a surprised manner and replied: "Hanged if I haven't!"

First Regular Ferryman in America

CORNELIS DIRCKSEN is claimed to have been the first regular ferryman in America. He was the proprietor of the "Old Ferry" between Long Island and New Amsterdam in 1642. His boat plied between the foot of Peck Slip in New York and where Fulton Street now begins.

The Puzzled Critic

A MUSICAL critic was once asked by a girl for an opinion on her voice. After hearing two verses of a song he stopped her. "Tell me," he said, "are you very fond of music?"

"Oh, yes, immensely," she replied in a voice brimming over with enthusiasm.

The critic raised his eyebrows, looked intensely puzzled, and answered: "That's very curious."

Mary Lisbeth's Puzzle

MY NAME is Mary Lisbeth Lee, Dear Office Dog, but Grandpa Blair. Who knows my name well as can be, Will sometimes call me Ida Clare.

Like when I told him: If we're dust, As folks say, I guessed our eyes Were made of sawdust. And he just Said "Ida Clare!" and laughed so wide.

And when I told him 'twasn't right, He laughed again and stroked my hair And never 'splained it, as he might— Just said again "Well, Ida Clare!"

But when I'm Mary Lisbeth Lee, Please, Office Dog, how can it be?

—AGNES E. VOLENTINE.

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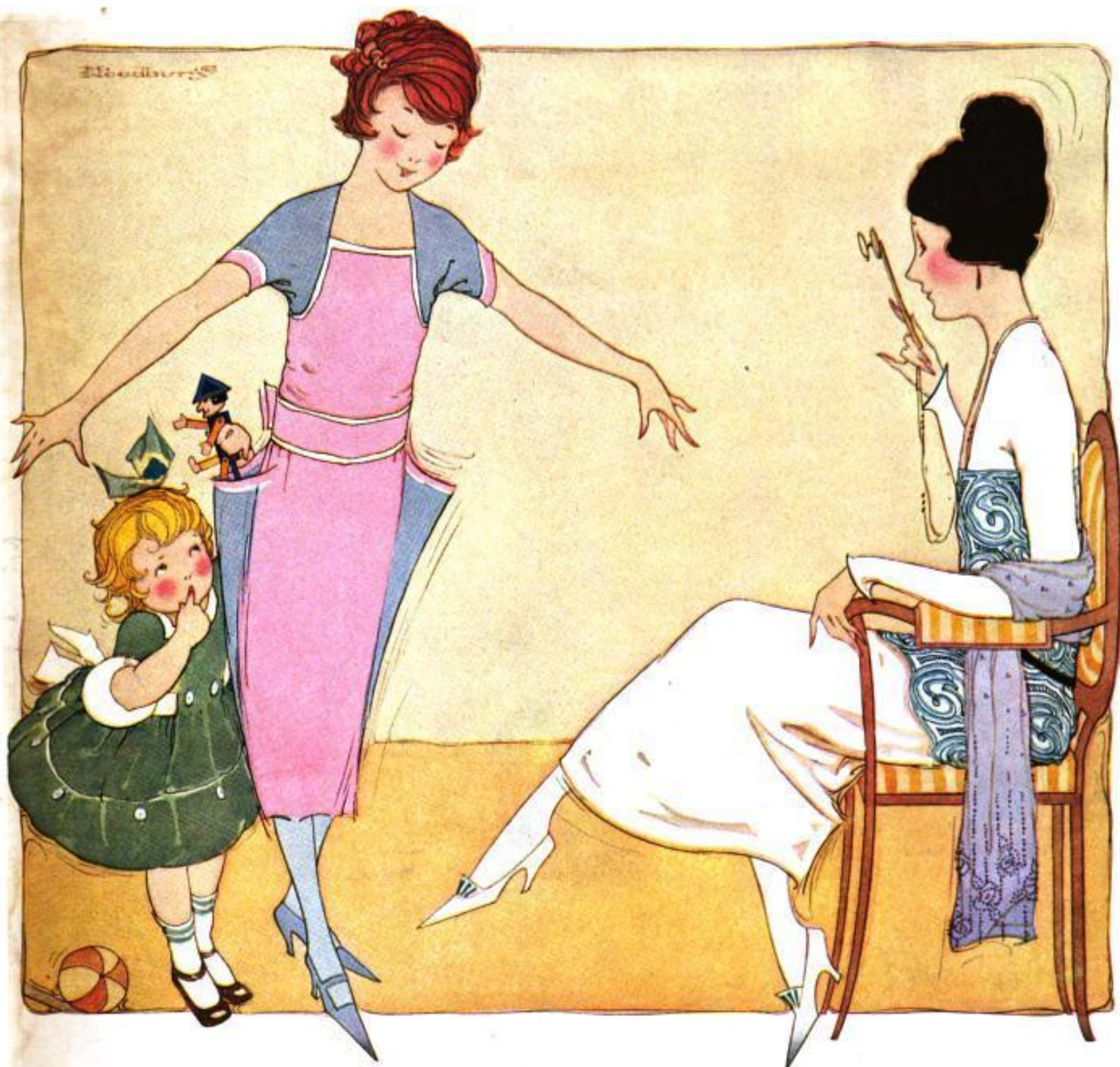
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F. C. Yohn

NEVER WAS HE WITH THEM, SAVE FOR THAT HEAVENLY SPACE AFTER DINNER IN THE GREAT SALON, FULL OF FIRELIGHT AND CANDLELIGHT AND FALLING ROSE LEAVES AND MUSIC

She had kept the most potent of her charms in reserve, like a true daughter of Eve. Fair's extravagant prettiness might steel the skeptical, leading them to argue that so ornamental a head must necessarily be empty; and that no one could look that way long without becoming unbearably vain, spoiled and capricious. But if she spoke just once, if she said any three indifferent words at random, the veriest skeptic was lost and undone forever.

She could sing a little—small, candle-lit songs about love, and absurdly stirring things that had marched down through the centuries, and haunting bits of lullabies; she had a trick of chanting them under her breath, as though it were to herself that she was singing.

BUT when she spoke—ah, then the lucky one who listened knew that any coloratura that ever lived might well shed tears of bitter envy. For the voice that Fair Carter used for such homely purposes as wishing lucky mortals good day and good night and good speed was compact of sheer magic. It was honey and velvet and moonlight and laughter and mystery; and for all its enchantment it was as clear and honest and simple as a nice little boy's. It did remarkable things to the English language. Fair would have widened her eyes in cool disdain at the idea of indulging in such far-advertised Southern tricks as "you-all" and "Ah raickon" and "honey lamb," but she certainly managed to linger over vowels and elude consonants in a way that did not even remotely suggest the frozen North. It reduced English to such a satisfactory state of submission that she experimented only half-heartedly with any

other language. A Chinaman would have understood her when she said "Please"; a Polynesian would have thrilled responsive to her "Thank you."

Therefore she had gone serenely on her way during those two terrible and thrilling years in France, those two terrible and bitter years in Germany, ignoring entirely the fact that the Teutons had a language of their own and acquiring just enough of the Gallic tongue to enable her to indulge in the gay and hybrid banter of her beloved doughboys, a swift patter consisting largely of "Ah, oui," "Ça me fait rien" and "Pas compris." It had served her purpose admirably for a good four years, but it had proved a broken reed during the last four weeks. The de Lautrecs were capable of speaking almost any kind of French; Monsieur le Vicomte leaned toward a nice mixture of Bossuet and Anatole France; Madame, his very ancient and regal mother, to Marivaux, with sprightly touches of Voltaire; Laure and

Philip the Gay

By FRANCES NOYES HART

listening to drums." And it had wrung tribute from her father—her father who had been all her family and all her world, and who had adored her even more than the young man from Richmond. "She's the bravest of all the fighting Carters, is my Fair, and never quite so brave as when she's frightened. Panic-arms her with really desperate valor."

F AIRFAX CARTER sat up very straight in the great carved walnut bed and plaintively inspected the breakfast tray which the red-cheeked Norman maiden had just deposited beside her. Those eternal little hard rolls, the black bowl of coffee, beneath whose steaming fragrance lurked the treacherous chicory, the jug of hot, thin milk, the small brown jar of pale honey—she bestowed a rebellious scowl on the entire collection. She felt suddenly, frantically homesick for a bubbling percolator, for thick yellow cream and feathery biscuits, for chilled crimson berries with powdered mounds of sugar.

Marie Leontine, briskly oblivious, was coaxing the very small fire in the very large chimney into dancing animation. "V'la!" she announced triumphantly with all the hearty deference that is the common gift of the French servant. "A fine morning, p'tite dame!"

"Oui," conceded the "small lady" grudgingly.

SHE shivered apprehensively as Marie Leontine shoved the copper water jug closer to the flames and trotted smiling from the room. Ugh! How in the world could any nation hope to keep clean and warm with three sticks of wood and four teaspoonfuls of water? She remembered another country, a bright and blessed country, where water rushed hot and joyous from glittering faucets into great shining tubs, where warmed and fleecy towels hung waiting to fold you hospitably close. She shivered again forlornly, scanning the stretch of distance across the cold, bare floor to the hook where the meager crash towel hung limp and forbidding. "La douce France!" Ha! She pulled the tray toward her, still scowling.

Even when she scowled Fair Carter was a great deal more distracting looking than any one young woman has a right to be. She was very small, absurdly small, sitting bolt upright in the great, dark bed, but she had enough charms to equip any six ladies of ordinary size and aspirations. There was the ruffled glory of her shining hair, warmer than gold, brighter than bronze, and her rain-colored eyes and the small, warm, gallant mouth and the elfin tilt to her brows. There was that look about her, eager and reckless and adventurous, that made your heart contract when you remembered what life did to the eager and reckless and adventurous. It had made a great many hearts contract. It had made one despairing young adorer from Richmond say: "Fair always looks as though she were carrying a flag—and

Diane to René Bazin when they were being supervised and Gyp when they weren't; Philippe le Gai to a racy and thrilling idiom, at once virile and graceful, as old as the Chanson de Roland, as new as Sacha Guitry's latest comedy. But after several courteous and tense attempts to exchange amenities with Laure's "little American" they had abandoned the tongue of their fathers and devoted their earnest attention to mastering the English language.

It was easy enough for Philippe and Laure, of course. They already knew a great deal more about English literature than Fair had dreamed existed, even though they tripped over the spoken word; but the other members of the family labored sternly and industriously while their small guest surveyed their efforts with indulgent amusement. It seemed quite natural and reasonable to Fairfax Carter that they should continue to do so indefinitely; they wanted to talk to her, didn't they? Well, then! They were getting on quite well, too, she reflected benevolently, bestowing a sudden and enchanting smile on one of the dark carved figures on the bedposts.

The figure stared back at her so unresponsively that she suddenly ceased to smile.

Her eye wandered to the traveling clock ticking competently away on the desk, and rested there for an electrified second.

"Mercy!" she murmured, appalled, and was out of the bed and across the room with all the swift grace of a kitten.

HALF past nine, and the de Chartreuil boys were to ride over for a game of croquet-golf at ten! Her toes curled rebelliously at the contact of the cold flags, but she ignored them stoically, pouncing on the copper jug and whirling across the room like a small, bright tempest. What a divine day! Chanted her heart, suddenly exultant, as she splashed the water recklessly and tumbled into her clothes. It was wonderful to feel almost well again, to feel weariness slipping from her like a worn-out garment. The sun came flooding in through the deep windows, gilding the lovely, faded hangings, gilding the lovely, vivid head; she could hear horses' hoofs beneath her window, and she flung it wide, leaning far out.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Raoul; bon jour, Monsieur André. Oh, Laure, are you down already?"

"Already? This hour, small lazy one. Quick now, or we leave thee."

"No, no," wailed Fair. "I'll be there; I'm almost there now, truly. Save the red mallet for me, angel darling; it's the only one I can hit with. Don't let her go, Monsieur André."

"Never and never, mademoiselle. We are your slaves."

She knotted her shoe laces with frantic fingers, snatched up the brown tam from the table and raced down the corridor between the swaying tapestries like a small wild thing. But halfway down she halted abruptly. Behind one of the great doors someone was singing, gay and ringing and reckless, a gallant thing that set her heart flying:

*Monsieur Charette a dit à ces messieurs,
Monsieur Charette a dit —*

Philippe le Gai was singing the old Vendée marching song that he had translated for her the day before.

For a moment she wavered, and then, thrusting her hands deep in her pockets, she took a long breath.

"Morning, Monsieur Philippe," she challenged clearly.

THE song broke off, and Fair could see him, for all the closed doors—could see his shining black head and the beautiful dark young face with its recklessly friendly smile and its curiously unfriendly eyes, gray and quiet.

The blithe voice rang out again: "And a most good morning to Mistress Fairy Carter. Where is she going with those quick feet?"

"She's going to play croquet-golf with Laure and Diane and the de Chartreuil. It's such a heavenly beautiful day. You—you aren't coming?"

"But never of this life!" laughed the voice. "How old you think we in here are, *hein*? Seven? Eight? We have twenty-nine years and thirty-nine gray hairs; we don't play with foolish children. Only fairies can do that. You be careful of the ball going by old Daudin's farm, see; there's a sacred traitor of a ditch just over the hill; hit him hard and good; that ball, and maybe you clear it. Maybe you don't too. It is one animal of a ditch." The light, strong laughter swept through the door, and Fair swayed to it as though it were a hand that pulled her.

Then she turned away with a gallant little lift to her head. "Thanks, a lot; I'll be careful. See you this afternoon."

But the light feet finished their journey down the gray corridor and the worn flight of stone steps in an ominously sedate fashion. No, it was no use—it was no use at all. She suddenly felt frantically discouraged and baffled; she who a few minutes before had been a candle, brave and warm and shining, only to have a careless breath blow out the light, leaving nothing but a cold little white stick with a dead black wick for a heart. It was horribly unfair, and someone should most certainly pay for it—someone who was sitting blithe and callous and safe behind those heavy doors, heavy doors of oak and heavier ones of cool indifference.

She drew a quivering breath and straightened tensely as though she had heard far off a bugle sing. Oh, how dared he,

how dared he be indifferent? He who idled all his life away, paying no tribute to the world save laughter; a useless, black-haired, arrogant young good-for-nothing! How dared he be indifferent to beauty and riches and grace and wit and kindness when they lingered at his side, tremulous and expectant? It was worse than cruel to be indifferent to the personification of all these attributes; it was sheer, crass, intolerable stupidity. She made a sudden violent gesture. That dream was ended; she was through. She would tell them to-night that her visit was over, that to-morrow she must be on her way to Paris—and America.

But at the thought of America her feet faltered to a halt as though she were reluctant to go one step nearer to that enchanted country. Dear and beloved, oh, America, but empty now and strange since dad had gone! How could she go back to that great house with its white pillars and echoing halls? How could she face its cold and silent beauty without his arms about her? No, no, she couldn't; she was afraid—she was afraid of loneliness. While she had had her work, while she had had those thousands of brown young faces lifted to her in comradeship and worship and mirth, she had fought off the nightmare of his going. No one had known except Laure—Laure, who had loved "the little American" from the first day that she had come laughing and tiptoeing down the long room with contraband chocolates for Laure's bitter, dying poilus; Laure, who had held her in her tired young arms all the terrible night after the cable came; Laure, who had wept when a tearless and frozen Fair had set off for Germany with her division; Laure, who had come all the way to Coblenz to bring her back to Normandy when she had literally dropped in her tracks two years later. Dear Laure, who had healed and tended this small alien—she would be loath to let her go.

FAIR'S lip quivered; she felt suddenly too small and solitary to face a world that could play such hideous tricks. It was bad enough and thrice incredible to have rendered Laure's brother impervious to her every enchantment; but it was sheer, wanton cruelty to have made him utterly unworthy of any lady's straying fancy. And alas, alas, how fancy strayed! The bravest of all the fighting Carters was badly frightened; the whole thing savored of black magic. She, who had flouted and flaunted every masculine heart that had been laid at her feet since she had put on slippers, to have fallen victim to a laugh and a careless word!

Why, she barely knew him, he held so lightly aloof, courteous and smiling and blithely indifferent; it was hatefully obvious that he preferred his own society to any that

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SHE HESITATED; AND THEN SHE SWUNG RECKLESSLY ACROSS THE SUN-WARMED FLAGS, HER CHIN TILTED AT A SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS ANGLE



How to Lose Fat

The Story of New York City's Fat-Reduction Squad of Fifty Women

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

Commissioner of Health, New York City

NATIONAL interest has been aroused by New York City's Fat-Reduction Contest, participated in by fifty women and held under the auspices of the Metropolitan Department of Health. A very large number of letters have come to me from all parts of the country in regard to this contest and especially requests for the details of reduction. Unable to answer all these inquiries personally, I am glad to take this opportunity of making a general answer to the public at large or at least to the five millions of the public who read this magazine.

There is no greater affliction that can come to a woman than inordinate fatness. I have always believed this. It was impressed upon me more than ever the other day when a brief newspaper notice, published in the morning, brought 500 fat women to my office at the Department of Health.

A short time before this visitation a city newspaper asked me if I was willing to have a part in a weight-reduction contest between two groups, one of fat men and the other of fat women. It was proposed that the newspaper should take the men and that I should assume charge of the women. I agreed, provided the affair should redound to the benefit of a public health exposition which the New York City Department of Health and the American Public Health Association were to hold in the metropolis in November, 1921. The beginning of the contest was so arranged as to make the last week of the fat reduction correspond with the week of the exposition.

The original plan for the contest provided for twenty-five men and twenty-five women, but there was such clamoring for admission into the reduction class that we decided to make the number fifty in each group instead. The fifty women assigned me were subject to a few desertions during the four weeks that the contest lasted. Some of these desertions were consequent on failure to obey rules, others on dislike of the effort involved and, happily, in one or two cases to early achievement of desired reduction. Of the thirty-nine women who persisted to the bitter end, the record is most gratifying. Their aggregate weight at the start was 8130 pounds, or an average of 208 pounds each. At the end of the third week their collective loss was 506 pounds, or an average of 13 pounds apiece. The total loss or shrinkage of waistline amounted to no less than 4½ yards. A couple of days later the total loss in weight was 551 pounds, or an average of 14 pounds for each individual. The average individual weight of 208 pounds had been brought down to an average of 194 pounds. For the entire period the average weekly loss for each person was about 4 pounds, or 4 pounds in one month. There is nothing sensational in such a reduction nor does it spell the utmost desired in many cases. But it is an excellent rate of progress, accomplished as it was with perfect safety to health and with a minimum of discomfort and of effort. All these women at the end of the test looked better and felt better. It was easy for them to continue the regimen of the contest by themselves and to bring down their weight still further.

Why Folks Get Fat

WHAT is fatness? Sometimes it is one thing and again it is something else. When inordinate fatness appears in childhood or in very early youth, it is likely due to some disturbance, perhaps of the ductless glands, of which the thyroid is an example. In other words, it is a pathological condition. It is an evidence of some abnormal state of the body. On the other hand, fatness which comes on after the age of twenty, and particularly after the age of thirty, is due

to wrong habits of eating and lack of proper exercise. Take, for example, the 500 women who appeared at my office—almost every one admitted a fondness for candy and, as I came to know the fifty women who entered the class more intimately, I found that almost without exception they were large eaters.

Fatness results when the body receives fat-producing elements in larger quantity than necessary for actual needs and where the surplus is deposited in the form of adipose tissue. We determine fatness by taking certain things into account, as weight, size of the bones and the age of the person. It is expected under normal conditions that the woman of fifty will weigh more than the girl of twenty-one who has reached her growth. But when there appear accumulations of fat in certain parts of the body, out of proportion to the general deposit of fat, we recognize that the condition of obesity exists.

Where the tissues are uniformly distributed, the bones hidden from sight, no undue thickness of the upper arm and hips, or accumulation of fat over the abdomen or chest, we speak of the person as being large and not fat. In general, the life-insurance companies and those interested in physical welfare have established certain standards of height and weight, and within limits these standards must be accepted as reliable. But, of course, individual peculiarities must be taken into consideration. A variation of ten pounds, either way from the standard, would indicate fatness or thinness.

The danger of fatness is that the vital organs, like the heart, liver and kidneys, have normal muscular or other tissue replaced by fat, a tissue which is not capable of functioning in a normal way. When fat replaces muscular tissue in the heart, that organ is flabby, lacks its capacity to act as a powerful pump, and among other consequences the individual suffers from poor circulation. In the kidney, fat may act in such a way as to interfere with the proper excretion of waste. Within the abdominal cavity there may be such an accumulation of fat about the intestines as to interfere with their proper functions. Any organ which has its normal tissue replaced by fat is incapable of acting in a proper way. There is a general lowering of efficiency and an absence of feeling brisk and vigorous.

There is an increasing percentage of fleshy persons in our cities. As I have observed New York women, I think it is safe to assume that twenty to twenty-five per cent of them are overweight. This statement I make of New York is perhaps true of all American cities. I believe that as a general rule the people in the country and rural districts take more exercise than they do in the city. I do not believe the percentage of obese persons is so great in these districts. The percentage of fat men in the city compared with overweight women is smaller, probably ten to fifteen per cent. This is because men are more active. Men are engaged in occupations demanding greater activity, and they walk more or less to and from their business.

One great factor in obesity is the almost universal presence of constipation. The result of delayed intestinal action is absorption of material which might better be drawn off by the body. Most persons suffer from constipation. There is fermentation of the waste material. Bloating follows. The abdominal walls lose their elasticity by reason of this excessive bloating. As a result the waistline is materially increased and the abdomen becomes pendulous and heavy. In our recent contest one woman took off six inches of waistline before she lost a pound of weight. The conclusion in her case was that the excessive bloating had much to do with the increase in her circumference.

The ease with which fat is removed depends upon the age of the person. The younger one begins to attempt reduction the more successful will be the result. We had much greater success in general with the women between twenty and thirty than we had with those past thirty, yet the two women who led in reduction happened to be over thirty.

There is a tendency in many cases after marriage and child-bearing to put on flesh. This may be in part physiologically normal; but, on the other hand, it is more often due to the fact that the life of the mother becomes more sedentary after child-bearing than before. It is well for a young mother to be on guard against lack of exercise. Before the birth of the baby exercise is of the greatest importance. Let no prospective mother fear to go about her usual affairs. She will have an easier time in her delivery and will be better prepared to care for her child afterward. Likewise when she is well enough to resume her activities, she should make it a particular point of having daily exercise.

Exercise Plus Perspiration

FROM the age of thirty to forty-five it is not so easy to reduce, but it can be done by special effort. After forty-five it is extremely difficult and in many cases unwise to attempt reduction by exercise. No one should attempt the strenuous exercises necessary to rapid reduction without making sure that the heart and other organs are in normal condition, and after the age of forty-five such unaccustomed exercises are likely to do harm rather than good.

There are just two ways to take off fat: One is by systematic dieting—that is, by adopting a system of daily eating which will exclude from the dietary those articles of food which carry the fat-producing elements; the other course necessary to remove fat, and preferably followed in conjunction with a suitable diet, is the production of honest sweat. There is no solvent in the world for fat except perspiration. It is a common thing for a woman to say "I walked ten blocks to-day." When you come to inquire into it you find she has sauntered along, looking into the windows of stores. That sort of exercise will not take off fat. The exercise necessary for this purpose is the kind that will open the pores and cause extreme perspiration to run from the body.

Then, too, it is not perspiration alone which is necessary. It must be perspiration as a result of physical activity. Getting into a Turkish bath or electric-light cabinet, even though it is followed by a flow of perspiration, will not cause reduction. It may cause partial loss of weight, but it is like taking a cathartic. Its action is confined only to the skin and superficial areas of the body. It does not reach all the structures of the body.

Our squad of fifty women were examined and weighed at the start. They were provided daily with a menu for three meals embodying non-fattening items. They were exercised one hour daily in a gymnasium at Madison Square Garden. The women, attired in knickerbockers and sweaters, were put through a brisk course of setting-up exercises, movements with dumb-bells, throwing the medicine ball, a little track work, and so on. There was also a weekly hike in Central Park. Many volunteer reducers fell into line on these occasions and followed the hikers. There were also numbers of women who independently emulated the class example by taking brisk walks in the various city parks.

Indeed, the nonofficial class of reducers in the metropolitan area, who followed the published rules of diet and to

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FOR HALF AN HOUR SHE HAD BEEN PREPARING HERSELF FOR THIS ENTRY, SPURRING HERSELF ON UNTIL HER EYES WERE INDIGNANT AND HER MOUTH TWITCHED EXCITEDLY

The Amateur Rebel

By
PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrations by
Edward L. Chase

SUZETTE PENDLETON admitted that there was no excuse for her conduct; she must have been born a rebel. From the day of her birth she had had everything a girl might desire. Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton had always been pointed out as the happiest couple in Hendon; Zette was an only child, and never was there a suspicion of friction or discontent in the family. The house where she had been born and brought up was one of the most attractive about New York; photographs, interior and exterior, bits of garden, even the view from the tennis court, were reproduced time after time in the Sunday supplements, in the ultra-smart City and Country magazine. Richard Pendleton, her father, was a pleasant appearing man, a good lawyer, a devoted husband and father. Elinor Pendleton brought to the household a love for beautiful things, a passion for literature and art, an indomitable energy. She was president of the Hendon Women's Club, secretary to the Literary Society—and rare was the genius, male or female, who could resist her charming notes, begging his or her presence at the clubhouse for an intimate discussion of life and letters.

Their attitude toward Zette had always been one of gentle guidance, of tender amusement. Never since she could remember had she been punished undeservedly, never had anything unfair been demanded of her.

Her mother and father had bought the Hendon house when they were first married: in those days Richard Pendleton was starting his practice and there was only a "tidy little bank account"—how Zette resented that phrase!—to his name. Elinor had budgeted it wisely: the account swelled, and the square old house shot forth brick terraces and gardens, pergolas and piazzas, at an appalling rate. By the time Zette was fourteen years old Elinor had begun on colonial pressed glass, etchings, and rare Japanese prints.

AS A CHILD Zette had been baffled by her home and her parents. They were really much nicer to her than any other parents she had ever seen; they were tolerant, affectionate, untroublesome. Never did her father spank her; never did Elinor Pendleton fly into a rage and scold noisily. And she was dissatisfied, incredibly, passionately dissatisfied. To her mother's gentle disapproval she preferred of all Hendon families the O'Ryan's, who lived in a dirty, rambling house through which the drunken Jim O'Ryan used to

stumble amid the shrieks of laughing children, and where Mrs. O'Ryan used to stand, arms at hips, and pour forth a stream of invective at her numerous progeny and their friends. Her scolding ended, she would gather them to her warm, grease-spotted bosom and feed them doughnuts, forbidden to Zette at home and more enjoyed than anything in the world at that period of her life.

It was not until her seventeenth birthday that Zette found an excuse for openly defying her parents. The day began smoothly; at the breakfast table she received her presents, listened attentively to the speeches that she would have liked to call sermons, but could not, with fairness. Then Marian Burdock stopped at the house with a greeting for Zette and news of herself, and Zette disgraced the holiday with a violent outburst against her friend, her parents, and Hendon in general, and slammed the door of the house upon her anger.

A few weeks before, Ada Langley, wearied from a particularly exhausting New York season—she had been playing The Laughing Lady that year, and the Bobby Wadsworth scandal had barely subsided—had taken a small house in Hendon. She had come to the town for a complete rest, and the good people of Hendon aided and abetted her to

that end. Only occasionally as she rode about the town in her green-blue car was she bothered with the exertion of returning a bow; she was not sure that the doorbell of her cottage was in order until one week-end the New York train carried two young actresses in addition to its daily load of Hendonites.

She was wandering down the old mill road, a rather ordinary looking person without her makeup, her famed red hair looped beneath a flopping leg-horn hat, when she first saw Zette. She was attracted at first by the mop of red hair that crowned the slim figure of a girl, hair as thick and lustrous as her own had been, long before she knew what her henna was a breakfast food or a South African animal. As she came nearer to the girl, she saw first a pair of indignant eyes blazing in a tanned, oval face, a discontented red mouth. The girl was too absorbed to notice her until they were only a few feet apart.

"Nothing," said Miss Langley then, in a decided tone, "is as bad as that."

Zette looked up quickly and flushed.

"Really it isn't," the actress continued, smiling at the girl's confusion. "If he can make you as furious as that he's either no good or else you should save your energy for future use."

"It isn't a he, though," Zette answered. They had stopped walking and were standing facing each other in the sun-shine. "It's Marian Burdock."

"Marian Burdock," Miss Langley repeated thoughtfully. She sat down on the grass; Zette's eyes widened at the easy way in which she sank to the ground.

"Tell me about it."

ZETTE looked about excitedly before she sat down. For a moment she stared, her lips parted, at the older woman. "Incredible that I'm—well, over forty, isn't it?" Miss Langley asked amiably. "If you think you oughtn't to sit here with me, don't. I know what Hendon thinks of me, and if you're afraid—but I'm in rather a sociable mood to-day and —"

"Oh, I do want to stay," Zette protested. "I think it's perfectly horrid the way people have treated you." She waited for Miss Langley's gratitude, pleasantly conscious of her broadness and lack of conventionality.

"Do you?" She was not beautiful, but Zette could not seem to move her eyes from the face beneath the flopping hat. "If you really want to know how I feel, I simply don't care."

Zette gasped. "I hate 'em too," she said finally. "That's what I'm so mad about to-day. It's Marian Burdock."

"Tell me your name and then tell me about Marian."

"Suzette Pendleton. Marian's lots older than I; she's twenty-two. I've always been terribly crazy about her ever since I can remember. She was so different from all the rest. I guess that was why we were such good friends."

"You're different too?" Miss Langley asked.

"Oh, yes! Marian sings perfectly gloriously, Miss Langley. She was in concert work for a while, and then she had a part in *The Mikado* in New York." She paused to pluck a handful of grass resentfully.

"And now she's fallen in love?"

"NO," SAID Zette, "she's going to be married." She laughed, too, the deep, childish sound of her voice following a moment after Ada Langley's clear soprano. "Of course she's in love with him—I don't see how she could be, though, after being on the stage—Bruce Martin; he's the real-estate man who's building all those bungalows out by East Hendon. And she's never going on the stage again, not ever going to sing except at things here in Hendon. He doesn't want her to."

"And what do you think about it?"

"I think it's awful. To give up a career like that. When she told us this morning I got terribly mad, and mother said I was horrid. I think she expected me to congratulate Marian."

Miss Langley smiled. "I suppose you'd never do anything like that?"

"Of course I wouldn't. And I'm not talented like Marian. I think I could be a painter or a poet, and I'm pretty good at amateur theatricals; but I never had a real gift like hers." She looked up at the actress modestly.

Miss Langley was looking down at her hands, slim, white hands with a faint tracing of freckles on the backs. "But you're not going to marry a real-estate man?" she asked, without looking up.

"I'm not going to marry—ever!" said Zette. "I feel as if I'd been married all my life. Everyone in Hendon is married—and not even unhappily married. Mother and father are so happy that sometimes I almost scream."

"Heavens!" said Ada Langley. "Still, I suppose it is pretty uncomfortable not to fit in. My mother and father hated each other, but it's all the same."

"Didn't your people understand you either?" asked Zette eagerly.

"That was the whole trouble; I'm afraid they did." She laughed and stretched out her bare, freckled arms lazily. "Let me give you a little piece of advice, Suzette Pendleton. Don't go around trying to be understood. Be honest, now; would you really like anyone to understand you?"

Zette lifted bewildered eyes.

"Really?"

"Why—I hadn't thought about it that way. I suppose it would be rather awful. I mean if they knew all the terrible things —"

"Exactly." Miss Langley nodded emphatically. "Or if they knew there weren't any terrible things, that would be worst of all, wouldn't it?"

ZETTE'S head was whirling when she arrived at home. Throughout dinner she watched her parents critically. Miss Langley had hit it exactly; that was why the Pendletons were so dull; she always understood them. With Ada Langley she had to puzzle, to reconstruct all her ideas of conversation before she was even partly sure of what the lady meant. But there was no misunderstanding her mother's well-clipped words, her father's slow speech. She felt a great pity for her mother, an intense envy of Ada Langley. The cuts and snubs of Hendon seemed well worth having.



"I met Miss Langley to-day," she remarked casually, eating the frosting from a third slice of her birthday cake. "Ada Langley."

Her mother and father exchanged glances. "Met her?" Elinor Pendleton asked. "How?"

"Oh, there are other ways of meeting people besides being introduced at Hendon tea parties," her daughter answered, with a great feeling of superiority. "We just talked to each other."

"Did you like her?"

"More than anyone I've met in my life," answered Zette. "She's so different and—I hope I'll be just like her when I grow up."

The excitement started then. For two weeks her parents wasted the old Pendleton methods on an absent daughter; they fitted over the nursery into a living room for her; they bought the ragtime records, that had been so long forbidden, for the talking machine; and while they planned all manner of delightful, wholesome amusements, Zette sat at the feet of Ada Langley and watched and listened.

FINALLY, of course, came the direct command; it was almost the first time in Zette's life that her parents had faced her with a thou-shalt-not.

"I'm sorry," she answered them perfunctorily, "but I like Miss Langley. I've always been bored stiff with everyone I've known, and now I've found someone who interests me. I won't stop seeing her."

She thought of her first conversation with Ada Langley and knew that her parents did not understand the actress, did not know that there were no terrible things. But she did not explain to them; she let them have their excitement. Richard Pendleton made some remark about more drastic measures, but they were never needed. A week later Miss Langley left Hendon; as she leaned out the window of the

New York train she waved to a slender, weeping girl with a mop of red hair.

"Good-by," her lips formed, lips grown suddenly red.

Zette gazed at her adoringly; she was a little in awe of Ada Langley now as she appeared to the world in her smart Parisian traveling dress, her little hat, her umbrella of purple silk. Yet she had sat beside the actress's dressing table and watched the transformation, watched the brown freckles disappear beneath cold cream and powder, watched the long hair glow a deeper red when the henna coverlet was removed.

She went home slowly, sat dreamily by the window until her father returned.

"Father, a girl is legally of age when she's eighteen, isn't she?" she asked him.

"Practically, yes. Planning to get married, Zette?" He was most affable, now that Ada Langley had been removed from the horizon.

"No," Zette answered, smiling significantly. "No, father; I think I'm planning to get divorced."

With which ominous statement she left him, as she hoped, stunned.

WHEN she awoke, quite early in the morning, the day was for a moment like any other day. She yawned and raised herself on one elbow; between the posts of her bed she could see her reflection in an oval mirror. She sat upright at the first glimpse and leaned forward. Gray eyes, wide apart, with dark lashes—they could be darker, if Elinor Pendleton was not so horrified at the sight of a silver-cased black pencil pasted with an imposing mauve label. A small straight nose, mouth rather too short and full, a chin that was not long, but that seemed to her immense in comparison with the slight space between her nose and upper lip. Her hair was lovely; she shook it back, held it up to the sunshine. Then, as she became fully awake, she leaped out of bed and pranced to the calendar on her desk to make sure that she was not mistaken.

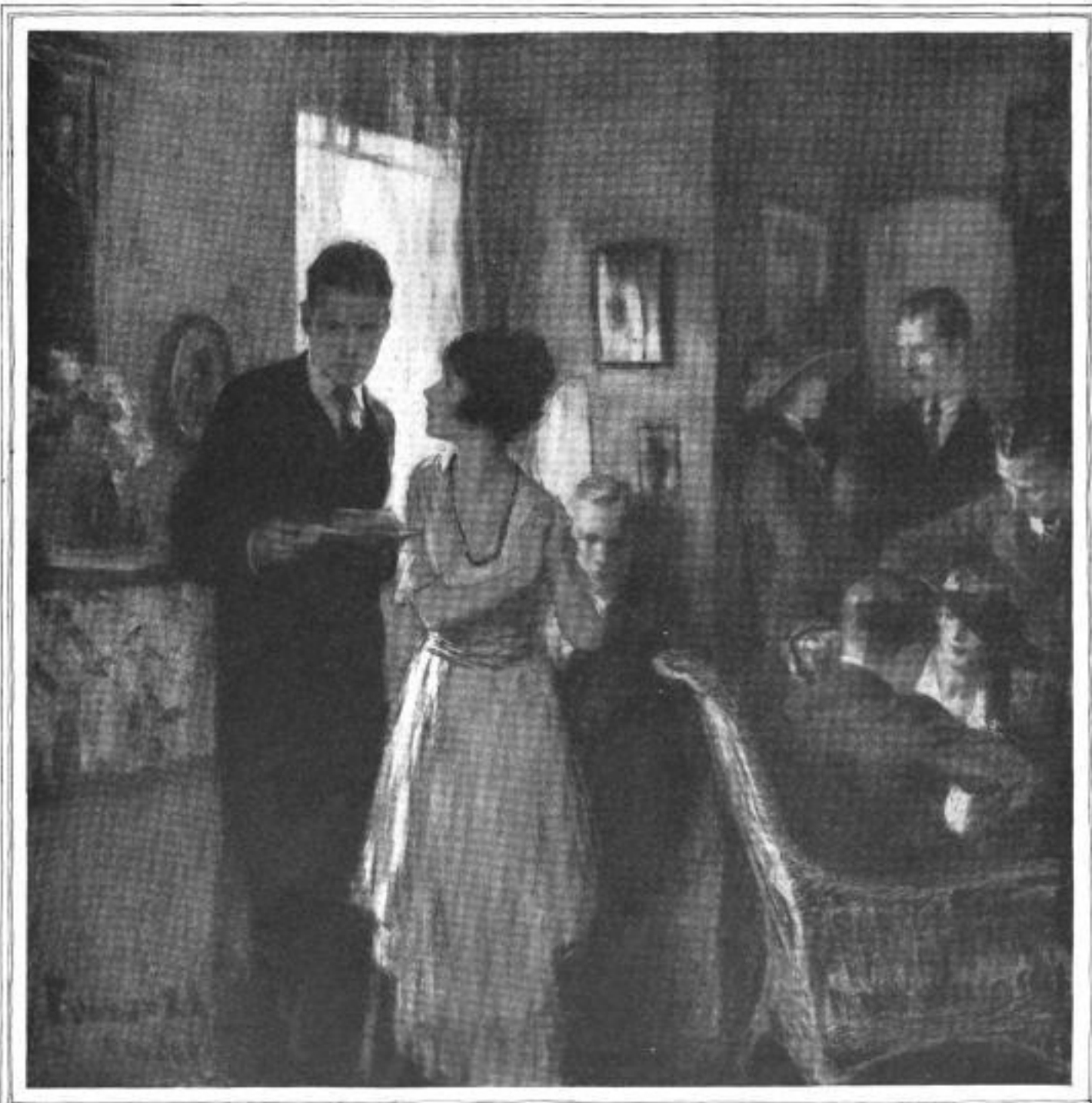
June third!

She curled up in the chintz-covered armchair and looked out at the summer hills. As she tried to recall the last year she could find no milestone in its unruffled monotony of days except her seventeenth birthday. But as she thought of the year that was beginning, the year that was about to be heralded with an explosion of her own making, she shivered with excitement. Throughout the day she hoarded her secret, until after dinner she was silent. And at eight o'clock, into the Utopian peace, the conscious perfection of the home that shone in her parents' eyes, Zette flung her bomb.

Mr. Pendleton was sitting in his comfortable chair by the window; the shaded light was at exactly the proper angle, and he was reading with a look of utter contentment on his placid face. Elinor Pendleton leaned over her spinet desk, her brows drawn together ever so faintly, a half smile about her lips, as she wrote one of her famed letters on the Literary Society note paper. Zette came to the doorway and stood there a moment before she entered the room.

FOR half an hour she had been preparing herself for this entry, spurring herself on until her eyes were indignant and her mouth twitched excitedly. She pressed one grimy hand, grimy because she had just dragged her trunk down from the attic, against her breast; then with a sharp intake of breath she flung back her head. That defiant toss sent her hair tumbling about her shoulders in a rain of hairpins.

Mrs. Pendleton looked up mildly. "Why, Zette," she said gently. "Hadn't you better do your hair? We expect Mr. Evans to call this evening."



"I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I LIKE HAVING YOU IN LOVE WITH ME, IF YOU'RE GOING TO START RESTRICTING MY FRIENDS. IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE GOING HOME TO MY PARENTS"

(Continued on Page 149)

AN ORANGE gold quality in the late afternoon sunlight suggested autumn, although it was only August. Over-

head, the sky was a deep, unbelievable, unbroken blue. Beneath, the countryside, tops of forest, then mountain pastures, then tops of forest again, shimmered and shone in that bath of profusely golden but slightly hard sunshine which burned and stung, yet, curiously, was not really warming. A distant cowbell tinkled with uncanny clearness on some far hillside. Nearer, a cricket, seeming to know that the days for his sort of work were numbered, ventured early from under a stone and set up a half-hearted chirping.

Almost a mile away, on the crest of a knoll, a man, driving two white horses, was plowing for winter rye, back and forth, back and forth, relentlessly turning a field of green turf into an ever-widening expanse of brown mold, each dark furrow glistening momentarily as it left the plow. One could see him pause at the end of the field and catch at the reins hung over his neck. The horses, as if in surprise, would jerk their noses high in the air. Then, seconds later, would come the plowman's faint, musical "Whey!"

Alice Paraday, coming out of a belt of fir woods onto the brown, dry grass of an upland pasture, was conscious, the instant she gained the broad sunlight, of the presaged change in the season and conscious of it with a twinge of regret, almost of resentment. The atmosphere had been that of full, hot summer when she had entered the woods only three hours before.

She paused and looked down the hillside as if something ominous had occurred, as indeed it had. For days she had been subtly conscious of signs that this moment was coming, but blindly had tried to ignore them. For a week now there had been a blowzy maturity in the vagrant timothy stalks by the roadsides, goldenrod, blackberries and sumac showing themselves with a greater and greater insistence along the stone walls and the pasture fences.

TEN years before, the first signs of autumn had meant to Alice Paraday what they had meant to all of her friends, and meant to most of them still—the end of a holiday, the inflexible date on which the freedom of the mountains must be exchanged for the duller confinement of city streets; but autumn had no longer such threats for her. For years Alice Paraday had reveled in the most luxurious freedom that any woman can ever know, that absolute liberty of action combined with utter lack of responsibility which is enjoyed by the only daughter of a wealthy, tolerant widower—in her case an amiable, unexacting old colonel of a man with an absorbing, satisfying little routine of his own. This year, or any other year, she could stay in the mountains as long as she chose. She could seek variety and color in Europe. She could follow the summer to the South. To one of her means and position, New York in itself was always brilliant and exciting, yet Alice Paraday had never lost her school-girl dread of the autumn. Every year at its first approach she still felt that same twinge, not of sadness exactly but of the faint, vaguely disturbing melancholy which can be only expressed by one word—*tristesse*.

For Alice Paraday herself was approaching life's season of sumac and goldenrod—full summer still, but with hints of a grimmer season at hand. She was not yet forty. She was thirty-seven, to be exact, but even at thirty-seven she was near enough to frank middle-age to feel its hints edging



Sumac and Goldenrod

By PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrations by H. J. Moraw

toward her from time to time with insolent prematureness, just as to-day she felt the approach of autumn when it seemed one should be able to claim indefinite weeks more of summer.

With the ease of being on old and familiar country, Alice descended the hillside pasture, winding her way among patches of fennel and clumps of juniper bushes, occasionally slowing to cautiousness on the slopes of dry, slippery grass, then hastening almost into a run in the little hollows until at the foot of the slope she came to a zigzag rail fence and a country road.

To the left the road led over the uplands for half a mile, then down a steep pitch to her father's house; but at the sight of the homely, familiar, deep sandy ruts Alice felt a sudden distaste for everything which even suggested her routine and ordered home life. Instead, she felt a sudden intense necessity for tearing away in the other direction, for pushing deliberately into the deeper woods and to wilder pastures, as if there were something in nature to-day that she must face down and get over, for once and for all. Thus she turned and walked with a sort of defiant briskness to the right where the road soon became little more than two tracks in the grass, then passed through the belt of forest over a velvet carpet of soft pine needles, and finally brought out on

UNABLE TO ENDURE ANY LONGER HER OWN RIDICULOUS PRETENSE SHE SLIPPED ON A CAPE AND WENT OUT TO THE EAST PIAZZA. IT WAS HERE THAT SHE MEANT TO RECEIVE MANWARING WHEN HE CAME

the shores of a reedy and secluded little lake.

But this afternoon vicious and obstinate tramping brought little relief to Alice Paraday. The harder she walked and the farther she walked to escape it, the closer she found her depression clinging to her shoulder. That orange gold quality in the sunlight, that hint of sumac and goldenrod, had given the tint to her day.

WHEN life for so many human beings presents an incessant fight for the merest existence, when wave after wave of misfortune sweeps with apparent vindictiveness over certain individuals, families, and even whole nations, there would seem to be nothing for which to pity Alice Paraday. She had always been strangely immune to real troubles. She was one of those persons whose lives and fortunes seem, in defiance of all the usual laws, to be reinforced and invulnerable.

Nothing ever seemed to affect the Paradays—nor wars, nor pestilence, nor panics—all alike seemed to pass them by. The routine of the big house at the foot of the hill had not changed an atom since Alice could remember—a new coat of paint, a new garden trellis, a new stone wall whenever it was needed, regardless of whether it cost more or less than it had the last time. It was needed and it was obtained. That was all there was to it; no hubbub, no calculation.

The Paradays as a race even seemed to have none of the usual powers to annoy themselves. It might almost have been said that they preferred not to be too dear to one another, each respecting a sort of family distaste for uproar and sentimentality. Alice herself had never married, really because no man had ever shown any special promise of making life any pleasanter for her than it was already. Of course she had never reached that view of it in her own mind, but that was what it really amounted to.

There had always been men, some of them fine men, who had wanted to marry her. Some of them had asked her. Most of them had been frightened away by her complete invulnerability. There were men who wanted to marry her still. There were not as many, of course, and they did not express themselves with the same violent ardor, but they were still hovering in the background none the less.

An ideal life hers had seemed fifteen years before. Considering the fact that her isolation was her own choice, it seemed to-day just as ideal; but in the life of Alice Paraday a curious law was displaying itself. Although she had always stood aside from the genuine currents of human existence, although she had seemed to have no connection at all with events and causes which mark the rise and fall in the lives of most men and women, which bring them sadness or happiness, elevation or depression, yet she had never actually found herself free from those laws and causes, from those elevations and depressions which were the common lot of her day and her age. She was like some detached little pool, far inland, affected by tidewater.

AS HER generation passed through its regular seasons of lightness or somberness, she herself, although wholly detached, seemed to pass, in a pale, less vital way, through the same emotions. Standing aside from her generation, she nevertheless could not cease to be a part of her generation. She had never experienced the thrill of the battle of life, but yet she had never escaped its echoes and tremors.

The road which Alice was following came out at the lake on the shores of a little cove. It was narrow and reedy, bordered with cat-tails and iris, clogged with patches of ee-

grass and odd snags of driftwood—trunks of trees from which all vestige of bark had long disappeared, trunks which were worn to a gray white in color and lifted jagged knuckles of branches into the air. In that cove the water was always black and still as a mirror. A sand bar at the mouth and the patches of eel grass kept it immune from the little wavelets and ripples which, on breezier days, made the main body of the little lake as dancing and happy as might be. A few scattered lily pads, very coarse and very dark green, hovered just off from the shores, but no one ever saw blossoms among them.

At the very end of the cove, where the water backed up against the narrowing shores, a faint fringe of dirty, motionless foam always lingered. In it the broken-off bow of some old, abandoned fishing boat lay stranded, the boards worn as smooth and white as the driftwood.

FOR twenty years Alice had known the lake intimately and during those twenty years that same fragment of boat had been there in exactly the same position, even the rusted iron ring on the bow-thwart unturned by an idle hand.

In a happier mood the cove would have seemed inexpressibly dreary; but to-day Alice Paraday found it strangely consoling. There was about it a melancholy, decadent beauty that she found exquisite, although at the same time it seemed impelling her almost to tears. She realized with something like alarm how often other things had, of late, aroused in her that same sense of exquisite sadness—tea roses, for instance, and odd bits of garden wall, the old steel engravings in her father's library and, just the other day, a crude, fallen sundial on an old Civil War estate from which even the house had long disappeared.

In moods like that in which Alice Paraday was allowing herself to indulge—baths of self-pity they might unfairly be called—time, like everything else, becomes dulled and loses proportion. Although it had seemed an indefinite interval, it had been only a minute that she had been standing over the cove, watching its black and mirrorlike surface, when she saw that she was not there alone. Under a tree, on the one bit of healthy turf which the shore afforded, a young man in tweed knickerbockers was sitting, his knees hugged tight to his chin, his hands clasped around his ankles, his eyes fixed as mournfully as hers had been on the water before him.

The young man was entirely unconscious of her presence, and for a moment Alice watched him with a grim, almost malicious amusement. No matter how much we may treasure our own moods and postures, the same moods and postures in others always seemed slightly ridiculous and there could be no question that the black, still surface of the drear little cove was affecting the young man under the tree as it had affected Alice. Possibly he had sought it out under much the same impulse.

IT WOULD have been difficult now for Alice to have escaped unseen, and, indeed, she had no inclination to do so. Although they never admit it, both women and men who, like Alice Paraday, have formed the habit of taking long walks in solitude, are always alert for the single other figure in the landscape, and in her present mood Alice Paraday was near enough to self-realization to admit, at least, that she was cheered rather than annoyed at this chance encounter. She stood for a moment watching the figure under the tree, then continued casually along the path on the shore, partly because she had been going that way, anyway, partly because that interminable silence must be broken sooner or later.

At her first step the young man glanced around, looked again quickly, then leaped to his feet. Alice knew him perfectly well. At least she knew him as one of two or

three men of his age whom she had been meeting casually at the larger dinner dances all summer—big, blond, criminally handsome youths, all more or less alike and all either undergraduates or in that last free summer which lay between college and business life. Half a dozen of his kind had been tumbling all over town since the last of June, converting the docile runabouts of their debutante hostesses into racing cars, introducing new and peculiarly inane steps at the country-club dances and winning the biweekly tennis tournaments with calm and condescending regularity. She had an impression that this particular youth had been quite a tremendous person at either Yale or Princeton—captain of the crew, or it might have been of the football team. At any rate, she knew that he was visiting either the Pembers or the Montgomerys and that his name was either Blackford or Manwaring.

A welcoming, boyish smile broke over his face as he straightened and clicked his heels in the attitude which the war had made the fashionable mannerism for his particular college generation. "Good afternoon, Miss Paraday," he greeted her and apparently with real enthusiasm.

His huge tweed figure was blocking the path entirely, and Alice could do nothing but halt, even had she had any inclination to do otherwise, but she was obliged to answer his greeting with a smile and a word which betrayed its own indefiniteness.

The undergraduate hero saw it and laughed. "This is not a case of highway robbery," he explained. "I danced with you Monday night at the club, but I know that you haven't the slightest idea who I am."

"Nonsense!" answered Alice. "I remember you perfectly." She took a long shot. "You are Mr. Blackford."

An expression of actual pain flashed over the young man's face. "No," he replied. "My name is Manwaring."

His expression had not been lost on Alice. "Have I said something dreadful?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, indeed," he defended hollowly; "Blackford is a corking chap."

From his tone Alice knew that, in reality, Blackford must be a peculiarly miserable article. Now that she thought of it she did remember that she had been hearing, absently, all summer, that one of the Pembers' guests had been voted by all of the debutantes, except one or two who "fell for" his English accent and his family connections in New York City, to be the most insufferable ass who had ever come to the Berkshires; but, until this moment, she had not had even the interest to remember whether it was Blackford or Manwaring.

HEAVENS, but she must be getting ancient! To go through a whole gay summer confusing the simpering ass of the season with the adored and heroic captain of the—was it Yale or Princeton?—crew. And was it crew or football, captain or stroke? She resolved not to make any more such horrible blunders, but the necessity brought her to an awkward silence to which young Manwaring could only reply with a hesitation equally awkward.

"Were you," he began at last, with a vague and hesitant shyness which was singularly attractive in his great bulk, "going somewhere or other?"

Alice laughed outright. "No," she replied, "I was not going anywhere. I was simply walking to get over a vicious set of the blues and to get away from everybody and everything. I hate the whole world to-day."

She fully expected that he would reply with the usual banal suggestion that, in such case, he himself would get out of her horizon; but to her surprise he did nothing of the kind. Instead he replied with a laugh as spontaneous as her own.

"Bully!" he answered. "That's just the way I was feeling myself. That's why I came here. Can't we be miserable together?"

But almost as quickly he seemed to be alarmed by his own burst of naturalness and fled back into the tentative, deferential attitude which seemed to be his usual manner.

"Please don't let me butt in," he pleaded. "If you want to be alone I don't want to bore you."

"Oh, goodness, no!" replied Alice. The boy's shy manner was fascinating when coupled with his tremendous frame, but it was with a sort of contempt for herself that Alice realized that she was preparing to make every endeavor to keep this casual meeting from coming to an end. "After all," she continued, "it was I who intruded. You were here first."

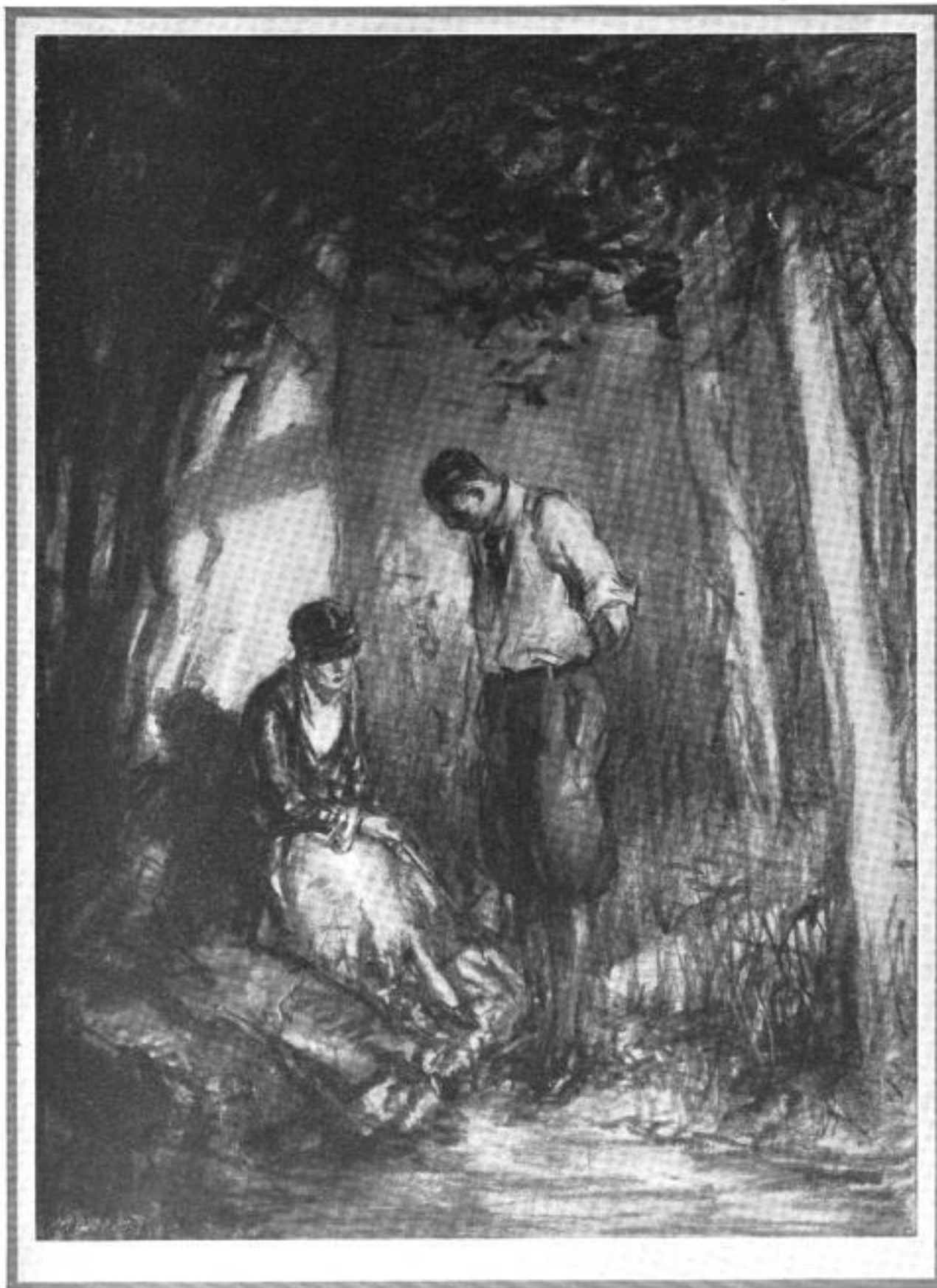
THE boy positively fell over himself to forestall her. "Oh, no, please stay," he begged. He followed his plea with a humorous grimace. "I had just decided that I should make a rotten hermit. I get awfully sick of people at times, but yet I get awfully lonely without them. Do you ever feel that way?"

"A great many times," replied Alice. "This afternoon, for instance. So I shall try to be very quiet and speak in hushed and religious tones."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" protested the boy.

Alice's tone again became sensible. "I know you didn't," she said, and at the same moment there crept back over her another of those waves of self-contempt which had assailed her two or three times in those two or three minutes.

It was a curious feeling, to find herself suddenly back ten years—or fifteen—going through all the preliminary steps of a standardized college days' summer flirtation. It was at least



"FORGIVE ME," HE BEGGED. "THIS HAS BEEN HORRIBLE FOR YOU. AND IT MUST BE HOURS PAST YOUR DINNERTIME"

(Continued on Page 40)

I HAVE seen the improbable turn true too often not to have it disturb me. Suppose these memoirs still exist when the French royalist plot of 1799 and my father's peculiar rôle in it are forgotten. I cannot help but remember it is a restless land across the water. It was my Uncle Jason who was with me when I learned of my father's return to America. For the moment my uncle seemed to have forgotten the affairs of his countinghouse and the inventory of goods from France which a clerk had placed before him. "So he is here," said my Uncle Jason. "And you will see him, Henry?" "Yes," I replied. "She asked me to."

"Your mother—she had asked you?" He sighed. "After all," he went on gently, "he is your father. I am sorry, almost, that he and I have quarreled, for in many ways he was a remarkable man who might have gone far, except for his failing. Do not be too hard on him, Henry," he said as I departed.

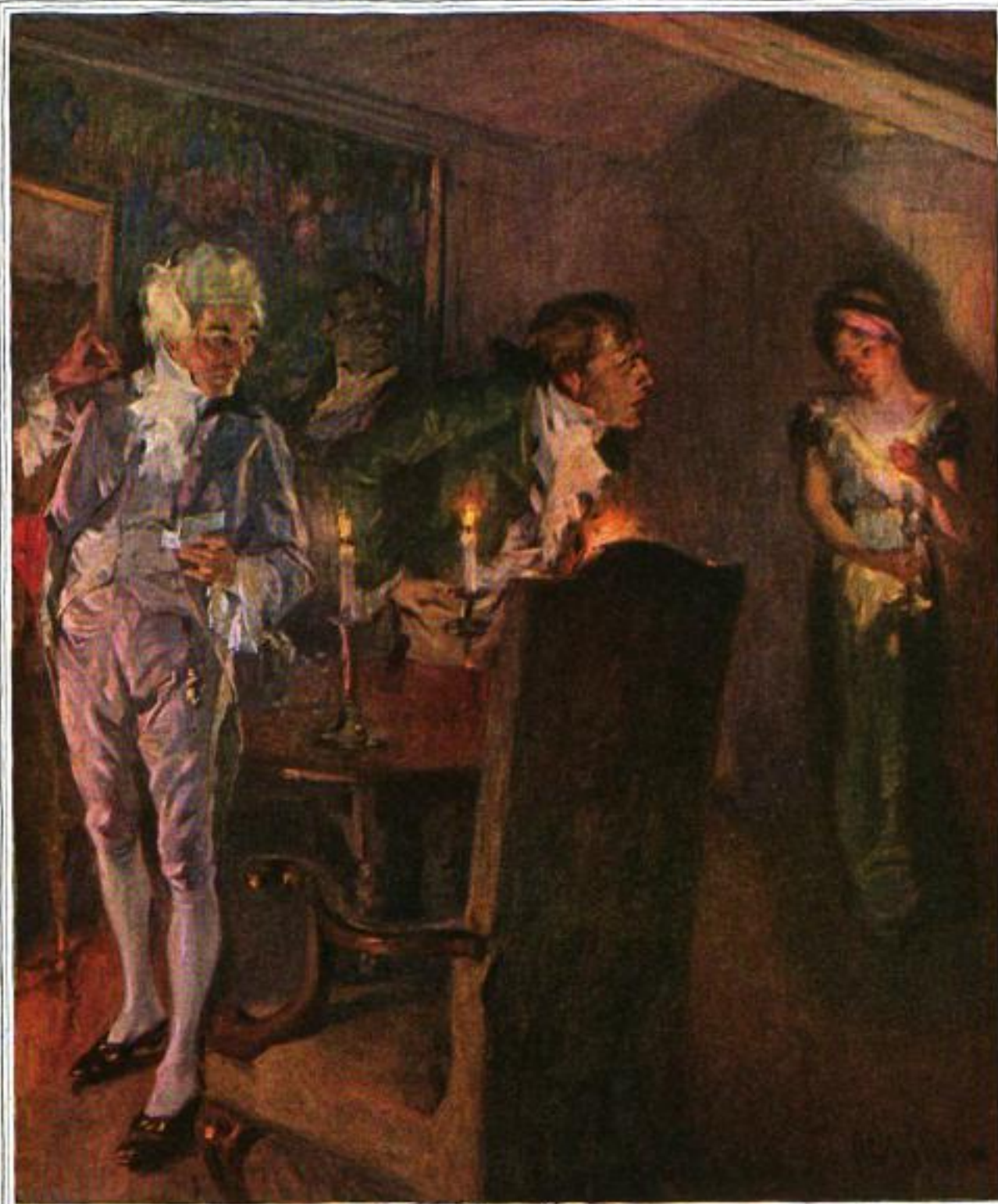
It was ten years since I had seen my father. We had lived then in a great house with lawns that ran down to the river where our ships pulled at their moorings. My father and I had left the house together, I for school, and my father—I have never learned where he went. It was a morning early in autumn now when I was to see him again.

THE wind was fresh off the sea, making the pounding of the surf on the beach seem very near as I urged my horse from the neat, quiet streets of the town up the rutted lane that led to the Shelton house. The shrubbery my grandfather had brought from England was more wild and disordered than when I had seen it last. The weeds had choked the formal garden that once grew before the front door. And the house—I had often pictured that house in my memory, with its great arched doorway, its small-paned windows and its gambrel roof. Once it had seemed to me a massive and majestic structure. Now those ten years had made it shrink to a lonely, crumbling building that overlooked the harbor mouth.

I knew I was being watched, yet I saw nothing until I was nearly at our door. From the overgrown lilacs that flanked the granite-stone doorstep something was glinting in the sun, and then I saw a face peering at me from between the twigs, a face of light mahogany with thick lips. It was Brutus, my father's half-caste negro-Indian servant.

Saturnine as ever, he glided out into the path in front of me, thrusting something back into the sash around his waist, moved towards me and took my horse's head. His teeth shone when I spoke to him, but he said never a word in return to my greeting. Nevertheless, he was glad to see me. He grasped my shoulder as I dismounted and shook me gently from side to side. And then I noticed for the first time the livid welt of a cut across his cheek.

"What do you mean, hiding in those bushes?" I asked him roughly.



"AH, MADEMOISELLE," HE SAID SWIFTLY IN THE FRENCH TONGUE, "STAY WHERE YOU ARE A MOMENT. FOR AS YOU STAND THERE IN THE SHADOWS YOU EPITOMIZE THE WHOLE HOUSE OF BLANZY, ITS GRACE, ITS PRIDE, ITS BEAUTY"

"Always must see who is coming," said Brutus. "Monsieur may not want to see who is coming, you understand?"

"No," I said, "I don't understand."

"Then you go home—now," he said. "Monsieur very angry. Something happen, you understand?"

"He is in the house?" I asked. Brutus nodded. "Then take this horse," I said, and swung open the front door.

A DRAFT eddied through the broad old hallway as I stepped over the threshold, and there was a smell of wood smoke that told me the chimneys were still cold from disuse. The long, brown rows of books still lined the walls of the morning room. The long mahogany table in the center was still littered with maps and papers. There were the same rusted muskets and small swords in the rack by the fireplace, and in front of the fire in a high-backed armchair my father was sitting.

I paused. Somehow I had pictured a different

meeting and a different man. He must surely have heard my step, but he never so much as raised his head. He still rested, leaning indolently back, watching the flames dance up the chimney. He was dressed in gray-satin small clothes that went well with his slender figure. His wig was fresh powdered and his throat and wrists were framed in spotless lace.

I MUST have stood for twenty seconds watching him before he turned and faced me. He knew as well as I there was no reason why I should be glad to see him. Yet he showed never a trace of uncertainty. His lips were drawn in the same supercilious upward curve that gave him the expression I most often remembered. "So you are here," he remarked; "and why did you come? I told you in my letter there was no need unless you wished."

"I think, sir," I answered, "I came from a sense of curiosity." Almost as soon as I had spoken I was sorry, for some sixth sense told me I had hurt him.

With a lithe, effortless grace he rose from his chair and faced me with a smile half amused, half tolerant. "I should have known you would be frank," he said. "Your letter, my son, refusing to accept my remittances should have taught me as much. Perhaps it would interest you to know why I have returned to these rather rigorous and uncongenial surroundings. Can you believe it? It is largely on your account that I consented to revisit these familiar scenes."

"No," I said, "I cannot, sir, since you ask me." My father shrugged his shoulders. "Far be it from me to overstrain your credulity, my son," he observed blandly. "Let us admit then there was also some slight factor of expediency. It happened that I was in a French port, and that while there I should think of you. And what should be there also but the *Eclipse*, ready to sail for home. Quite

The Unspeakable Gentleman

By

J. P. MARQUAND

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

suddenly I determined to sail her back. "I, too, was curious, my son; curious to know whether you were a man like me or one of whom I might have reason to be proud."

His last words drifted gently away, and in their wake followed an awkward silence. The vines were beating against the window panes behind me. But it was no sound, only some instinct that made me whirl suddenly around to look behind me.

There was Brutus, not two feet from my back, with my father's cloak over his right arm, and my father's sword in his great fist.

"Do not disturb yourself, Brutus," said my father. "We are both gentlemen, more or less, and will not come to blows. My cloak, Brutus. I am sorry, my son, that we must wait till later in the day to exchange ideas. Even here in America affairs seem to follow me. Will you content yourself till evening?" When his dark cloak was adjusted to his shoulders he tapped his sword hilt. "Brutus," he said slowly, "I shall take my pistols also."

"Your pistols!" I echoed. "You have forgotten you are back in America."

HE FAVORED me with a serene, incurious glance. "On the contrary," he said, "I am just beginning to remember." And so without further words he left me.

I followed him through our rear doorway, out onto the crumbling bricks of our terrace, and watched him walk down the path with its border of elm trees to his warehouses, where a half dozen men had already started work.

The river was dark blue under a cloudless sky. The sunlight was playing in restless sparkles where the wind ruffled the water. Out near the channel I could see the Eclipse riding at anchor, her decks littered with bales and gear, and the Sun Maid and the Sea Tern, trim and neat and down deep in the water as though ready to put to sea.

From the terrace where I was standing I could see the other wharves along the water front, and the church spires and roofs of the town reared among the trees that lined the busy streets. Toward the sand dunes the marshes stretched away in russet gold into the autumn haze. I looked at the Eclipse again. Some freak of wind and tide was making her twist at her anchor, and for a moment the sun struck clean on her broadside. A gaping hole between decks had connected two of her ports in a jagged rent.

It was not surprising. My father's ships were often fired on at sea. Nor was it strange that Brutus had a half-healed scar on his cheek. But why had my father gone armed to his own wharf?

II

I RODE through the town that afternoon. We were proud of it; the houses were elegant and substantial, the streets broad and even, the walks paved with brick. There was not a finer tavern than ours to the north of Boston; I recall that afternoon that they were building a new L to it. Tradespeople were busy about their shops. Coaches newly painted and drawn by well-matched horses rolled by me.

I thought I could ride by as a stranger might. But I was mistaken. It seemed to me that there was no one too busy to stop and look, to turn and whisper a word to someone else. They had learned already that I was my father's son. I could feel a hot flame of anger burning my cheeks, the old, stinging passion of resentment I had felt so often when my father's name was mentioned. They knew me. Their look alone told that, but never a nod or smile of greeting marked my return.

I found Ned Aiken, as I knew I should with the Eclipse in harbor, seated on his doorstep by the river road as though he had always been planted in that very place. He took his pipe from his mouth and gazed at me steadily, like some steer stopped from grazing. Then his face relaxed into a

grim smile. "You've changed since last I saw you," he said; "changed remarkable. Why, right now I thought you might be someone else."

Had Brutus also been laboring under the same delusion? I seated myself beside him. "You mistook me for someone?" I asked.

"YES," said Mr. Aiken. "You've been shootin' up, you have, since I set eyes on you." Then he gave way to a hoarse chuckle. "Why, boy, we've all been doing some shootin'—you, your dad, and me too—since we seen you last; you shootin', me shootin', he shootin'."

"You weren't shooting at anybody?" I asked with casual innocence. "And why shouldn't we be, I want to know?" he demanded; but his tongue showed no signs of slipping, his glance had resumed its old stolid watchfulness. "But we wasn't shootin' at anybody; not at anybody, just at selected folks, folks who didn't mind their own business." He had lapsed into a good-natured, reminiscent mood and seemed to have forgotten that I was there. "I wish it had been on deck," he remarked, "instead of a place with gold chairs, and gold on the ceiling, and cloth on the walls, and candles in gold sticks, and the floor like a sheet of ice. I'd sooner slip on blood than on a floor like that. I wonder why those frog eaters don't make their houses snug and decent instead of big as a church."

"Well, you see," I started to say, "in France —"

Mr. Aiken dropped his pipe. "Who said anything about France?" he demanded.

"And did you not?" I asked. "Surely you were speaking just now about a château, the scene of some pleasant adventure. Pray don't let me interrupt you."

A bead of perspiration rolled down Mr. Aiken's brow, and he sat silent for a minute. "What am I here ashore and sober



THE PICTURE HAD CHANGED. MR. LAWTON WAS LEANING ACROSS THE TABLE, LEVELING A PISTOL AT MY FATHER'S HEAD

for?" he asked finally. "So I won't talk, that's why; and I won't talk, so there's the end of it."

He sat watching me, and the gap between us seemed to widen. Presently I rose and left him.

The dusk was beginning to gather when I rode home, the heavy, purple dusk of autumn, full of the crisp smell of dead leaves and the low-hanging wood smoke from the chimneys.

My father was reading beside a briskly burning fire. Closing his book on his forefinger, he waved me to a chair beside him. "My son," he said, "they mix better than you think, Voltaire and gunpowder. I learned it long ago—a little difference of opinion and the pages of the great philosopher —" He raised his arm and glanced at it critically. "Words well placed—is it not wonderful, their steady effect, the deadly accuracy which their logic seems to impart to the hand and eye? A man can be dangerous indeed with twenty pages of Voltaire behind him." He took a pinch of snuff and leaned forward to tap me gently on the knee. "I have read all the works of Voltaire, Henry; read them many times."

Unbidden, a picture of him came before me in a room with gilt chairs and candelabra whose glass pendants sparkled in the mild yellow light, with a smell of powder mingling strangely with the scent of flowers.

"But why," he concluded, "should I be more explicit than Mr. Aiken? To fear nothing, say nothing"; and he waved his hand.

"Why, indeed, be more explicit?" I rejoined. "Your sudden interest is quite enough to leave me overcome, sir, when, after years of neglect, you see to it that I ride out safely of an afternoon."

HE TAPPED his snuffbox thoughtfully. "Coincidence again, Henry; that is all. How was I to know you would be outside Ned Aiken's house while I was within?"

"And how should I know that paternal care would prompt you to remain within while I was without?"

For a second it seemed to me that my father was going to laugh. Then Brutus appeared in the doorway.

"My son," my father said as I followed him to supper, "positively you improve upon acquaintance."

I had remembered him as a man who disliked talk. I had often seen him sit for hours without a word, looking at nothing in particular with expressionless serenity. But this evening the day's activities appeared to have made his social instincts vividly assertive. As we sat at a small round table beside the dining-room fireplace he launched into a cheerful discourse, glancing blandly about the great room with its dingy wainscot only half lighted by the candles on the table.

I noticed at once what many had been at pains to mention to me before—that my father was not a temperate man. He soon had finished a bottle, only to gesture Brutus to uncork a second. And all the while he regaled me with anecdotes of the gaming table and the vices of a dozen seaports. Politely detached, he discoursed of love and murder, gambling and chicanery, drawing on the seemingly exhaustless background of his own experience for illustration.

He seemed to have known the worst men from all the ends of the earth.

He seemed to have been in every discreditable undertaking that came to his notice.

"SOME men talk of fortune at cards, good luck or bad," he remarked, "but as for me, I can tell how the luck will run by—but doubtless mutual friends have already hinted to you of my propensities at cards—and other things?"

Was it the gentle inflection of the question or his intent glance that made me feel, as I had felt before that day, that I was face to face with an alert antagonist? "Your card playing is still remembered, sir," I told him. "I heard of it two months back."

"Indeed!" was his comment. "Another proof of the veracity of my man of business. Two months ago, at a certain little gathering, someone whose name I have yet to discover informed you of certain bad habits I had contracted in games of chance. Am I mistaken in believing you made some apt retort?"

"Sir," I said, "I told him he lied."

"Ha! And am I right in recalling that you allowed yourself the liberty of punctuating that comment?"

"You have been well informed, sir," I answered. "I struck him in the face."

HE WAVED a hand to me in a pleasant gesture of acknowledgment. "Doubtless your impulsive action led to the conventional result?"

"Excuse me, sir," I retorted, "if I say the result was more natural than your action upon a greater provocation."

"Has it ever occurred to you, my son, that perhaps my self-control was greater also? But go on with our adventure."

"As you will, sir," I said. "We all make our mistakes."

He raised his eyebrows. "Our mistakes? Was I not right in believing you had a competent instructor? Surely you have agility and courage? Why a mistake, my son?"

"The mistake," I replied, "was in believing he told an untruth."

"Indeed?" said my father. "Do you not consider your mistake quite inexcusable in view of the other things you have doubtless heard? Surely there is more about me. Surely you have heard—the rest?"

"Yes," I said, "I have heard it."

"So," he exclaimed cheerfully, "my reputation still continues. And did the same young man—I presume he was young—enlighten you about this, the most fatal parental weakness?"

"No," I said, "I learned of it later."

He raised his hand and began gently stroking his coat lapel, his fingers quickly crossing it in a vain search for some imaginary wrinkle. "And might I ask who told you?" he inquired.

"Your brother-in-law," I replied; "my uncle Jason."

"Heavens!" cried my father, "but I grow careless." He was looking ruefully at his lapel. Somehow the threads had

given way, and there was a rent in the gray satin. "Another coat ruined," he observed. "One coat torn in the brambles, and one with a knife, and now—but your uncle was quite right in telling you. Indeed, I should have done the same myself."

"I told him I did not believe it," I ventured; but the appeal in my voice passed him quite unnoticed.

"Indeed?" he said. "Brutus, put an extra blanket on my bed; I fancy the night air is biting."

I pushed back my chair. "And now," I said, "you will excuse me if I take my leave." I rose and stood before him with no particular effort to hide my anger and contempt.

But apparently I had ceased to be of interest. He was sitting just as I had first seen him that morning, staring into the embers of the fire.

Stepping across the room I had placed my hand on the latch, when I heard a stealthy footstep behind me. Brutus was at my elbow. I turned to see my father facing me, his whole body poised and alert as though ready to spring through the space that separated us.

"No doubt," he said, "you are leaving this house because you cannot bear to stay under the same roof with a man of my stamp and accomplishments. Come, is that the reason?"

"Only partly," I answered. "What right have I to be particular, now that I have found out my inheritance? Why should I pick my company? I am leaving to apologize to the man I fought with because he called you a cheat—and to my uncle for doubting his word."

MY FATHER'S fist came down on the table with a crash. "Then, by heaven," he shouted, "you'll not take a single step until you've learned two things! Stand where you are and listen. Shun my example. Shudder at the life I have led. Call me dissolute. Say that in every way I'm unfit to be your father. I will agree with you. Let us only set two limits, and do not call them virtues. They are necessities in the life I lead, nothing more. They —"

The sound of the knocker on the front door broke into my father's speech. He shrugged his shoulders and settled himself back in his chair.

"My son," he sighed, "allow me to point out the misfortune of being a man of affairs. Brutus, the two gentlemen about whom I was speaking—show them in at once."

"Where are you, Shelton?" came a sharp, authoritative voice from the hallway. "Confound this dark passage!"

A moment later two gentlemen entered. The taller, with out bothering to remove his hat, strode over to my father's chair. The other

stood undecided near the threshold. Without rising, my father gave first one and then the other the impartial, casual glance of the disinterested observer.

"This," he remarked politely, "comes near being unexpected. I had heard you had come to town, but I fear your visitation finds me singularly unprepared to do the duties of a host. You found the passage dark? Ah, Lawton, if it will be dark still where you are going."

"That's enough, Shelton," interrupted the first gentleman. "He didn't come here to hear you talk."

MY FATHER waved his hand negligently. "The same forful character," observed gently the same bland candor. My father this is Mr. Lawton, an old—he will pardon if I do not add a valued acquaintance."

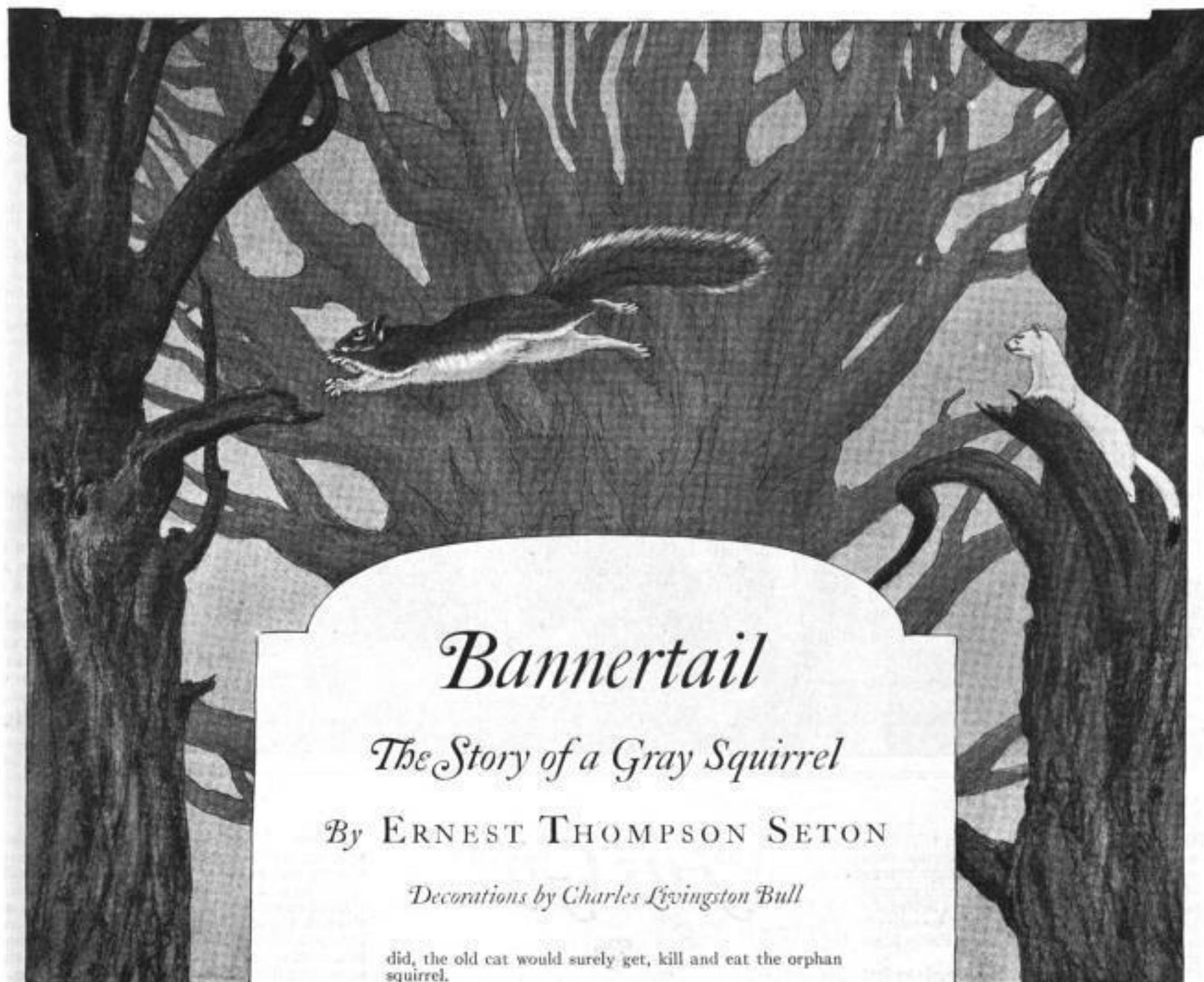
For a moment Mr. Lawton's pale eyes looked sharply into mine and I bowed him ironical. "Mr. Lawton, I have met before," I said. "Indeed?"

our friend in

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AND THEN, FOR AN INSTANT, MY FATHER'S ICY PLACIDITY LEFT HIM. HIS LIPS LEAPT BACK FROM HIS TEETH. HIS SMALL SWORD MADE AN ARC OF LIGHT THROUGH THE YARD OF SPACE THAT PARTED THEM. "SO YOU WILL HAVE IT, WILL YOU? TAKE IT, THEN," HE ROARED



Bannertail

The Story of a Gray Squirrel

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

did, the old cat would surely get, kill and eat the orphan squirrel.

Then he yielded to a sudden impulse and said "Here it is; eat it now." He dropped the little stranger into the nest beside the kitten.

The cat turned toward it, smelled it suspiciously once or twice, then licked its back, picked it up in her mouth and tucked it under her arm, where half an hour later the boy found it taking its dinner alongside its new-found foster brother, while the motherly old cat leaned back with chin in air and half-closed eyes, purring the happy contented purr of mother pride. The future of the foundling was assured.

Little Graycoat developed much faster than his kitten foster brother. The spirit of play was rampant in him; he would scramble up his mother's leg a score of times a day, clinging on with teeth, arms and claws, then mount her back and frisk along to climb her upright tail; and when his weight was too much, down the tail would droop, and he would go merrily sliding off the tip to rush to her legs and climb and toboggan off again. The kitten never learned the trick. But it seemed to amuse the cat almost as much as it

did the squirrel, and she showed an amazing partiality for the lively, long-tailed foundling. So did others of importance, men and women folk of the farmhouse, and neighbors, too; and the frisky Graycoat grew up amid experiences foreign to his tastes, and of a kind unknown to his race.

The kitten, too, grew strong, and in midsummer was carried off to a distant farmhouse to be "their cat."

Now the squirrel was over half grown, and his tail was broadening out into a great banner of buff with silver tips. His life was with the old cat; his food was partly from her dish. But many things there were to eat that delighted him and that pleased her not. There was corn in the barn and chicken feed in the yard and fruit in the garden. Well fed and protected, he grew big and handsome, bigger and handsomer than his wild brothers, so the house folk said; but of that he knew nothing; he had never seen his own people. The memory of his mother had faded out. So far as he knew, he was only a bushy-tailed cat. But inside was an inheritance of instincts as well as of blood and bone that would surely take control and send him herding, if they happened near, with those and those alone of the rippling silver tails.

IN THE hunting moon it came, just when the corn begins to turn, and in the dawn, when Bannertail Graycoat was yielding to the thrill that comes with action, youth and life in dewtime.

There was a growing, murmuring sound, then smoke from the barn, like that he had seen from the red mystery in the cookhouse. But this grew very fast, and men came running; horses, frantically plunging, hurried out; and other living things and doings that he did not understand.

Then, when the sun was high, a blackened, smoking pile there was where once stood the dear old barn; and a new strange feeling over all. The old cat disappeared. A few days more and the house folk, too, were gone. The place was deserted, himself a wildwood roving squirrel, quite alone, without a trace of squirrel training such as example of the old ones gives, unequipped, unaccompanied, unprepared for the life fight, except that he had a perfect body, and in his soul enthroned the many deep and dominating instincts of his race.

The break was made complete by the red horror and the going of the man people. Fences and buildings are good for some things; but the tall timber of the distant wooded hill was calling to him and, though he came back many a time to the garden while there yet was fruit and to the field



IT WAS a rugged old tree, standing sturdy and big among the slender second growth. The woodmen had spared it because it was too gnarled and difficult for them to handle. But the woodpecker, and the host of wood folk that look to the woodpecker for lodgings, had marked and used it for many years. Its every cranny and bore hole was inhabited by some quaint elfin of the woods; the biggest hollow of all, just below the first limb, had done duty for two families of the flickers who first made it, and now was the homing hole of a mother gray squirrel.

She appeared to have no mate; at least none was seen. No doubt the outlaw gunners could have told a tale, had they cared to admit that they went gunning in springtime; and now the widow was doing the best she could by her family in the big gnarled tree. All went well for a while; then one day, in haste maybe, she broke an old rule in squirreldom—that is, she climbed her nesting tree openly, instead of going up its neighbor, and then crossing to the top by way of the overhead branches.

The farm boy who saw it gave a little yelp of savage triumph; his cave-man nature broke out. Clubs and stones were lying near, the whirling end of a stick picked off the other squirrel as she tried to escape with a little one in her mouth.

Had he killed two dangerous enemies, the boy could not have yelled louder. Then up the tree he climbed to find in the nest two living young ones. With these in his pocket he descended. When on the ground he found that one was dead, crushed in the climbing down.

Thus, only one little squirrel was left alive, only one of the family that he had seen, the harmless mother and two helpless, harmless little ones dead in his hands.

Why? What good did it do him to destroy all this beautiful wild life? He did not know. He did not think of it at all. He had yielded only to the wild ancestral instinct to kill when came a chance to kill wild creatures; for we must remember that when that instinct was implanted, wild animals were either terrible enemies or food that must be got at any price.

The excitement over, the boy looked at the helpless quivering thing in his hand, and a surge of remorse came on him. He could not feed it; it must die of hunger. He wished that he knew of some other nest into which he might put it. He drifted back to the barn. The mew of a young kitten caught his ear. He went to the manger. Here was the old cat with the one kitten that had been left her of her brood two days back. Remembrance of many field mice, chipmunks and some squirrels killed by that old green-eyed mistress struck a painful note. Yes! No matter what he

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SANDY WAS PLEASANTLY FRIENDLY—IT WAS ONLY WITH YOUNG MEN TO BE CONSIDERED AS POSSIBLE SUITORS THAT SHE WAS STIFF AND BRUSQUE

THIS is a story about a woman, told by a woman, for other women. The average man would not understand it, nor believe it if he did. But every woman who can still remember how she felt back in the days before she had ever had a sweetheart, will know that it is true, this story of Sandy, and Philip Morrow—and Webb Collins.

Sandy was in love with Webb Collins in spite of the fact that she had known him all her life. Sometimes she believed she had been in love with him all her life—that there never had been a time when she had not been hiding this secret. It had had to be a secret, of course, because Webb was not in the least in love with Sandy.

The other girls of Dawson used to speculate occasionally on the fact that Sandy had never had a real sweetheart. Sandy was nineteen and most of the others had been pairing and re-pairing ever since they were twelve.

"Sandy isn't bad looking," they would declare, "in spite of her hair."

"She'd look better," one more critical would suggest, "if she stood straighter. She's so tall it's conspicuous the way she stoops a little."

"Sandy Miller never has cared anything about boys or men," a third would settle the question. "That is the real trouble. Her brother used to bring his friends home specially for Sandy and she would go to bed right after dinner to get out of seeing them. Her mother never can get her to go to the dancing club with Keith." Keith was Sandy's brother.

"She doesn't care anything about her clothes, either—she'll go around all day in that old gray sweater. It's a shame, because she could get herself up to look all right if she really tried—except, of course, her hair."

"Sandy's a peach, though." Somebody always finished this sort of discussion with some such remark.

IF SANDY had cried when she had been a little girl and the boys had teased her with "Carrots" and "Bricktop," if now she had blushed and been silent and dropped her eyes bashfully, the other girls might have realized that she was shy and proud. But because in B-Third days she had laughed the loudest of anybody when Webb Collins would wet his finger and hold it near her hair with a hissing "Sssst!" to indicate intense heat, because now she went scornfully to bed in the very teeth of proffered callers, nobody guessed the truth.

At twelve or so, when the other little girls of Dawson had begun to take to ruffles and little boys and beg to have their skirts down and their hair up, Sandy was still a red-headed, freckle-faced, leggy little tomboy. One by one the other little girls fell away from her earnest invitations to "C'mon out and play 'Run, sheep, run!'" in favor of dancing class, fudge parties, giggling experiments with beaus. So Sandy was left to play with the younger boys, who hootingly echoed her contempt for this new game of pairing off.

This had lasted for a year. Then, late one Saturday afternoon, something mysterious had happened to Sandy.

She was coming down Main Street with three of her young cohorts. They had been playing throw-the-bye in Sammy Witherspoon's yard. Sandy was hoarse from prolonged shouting "Bye's out!" her gingham dress had ripped at the

hem and sagged rakishly at one side, her hands were dirty and her straight red hair straggled down over her nose too clean, freckled face. The first tang of autumn was in the air, Sandy was hungry and thirsty and tired and well at peace with the world.

"Hi, Sandy, take a look!" Tommy Owens jeered.

Sandy obediently looked down the street. Coming toward her were Webb Collins and Maisie Waterman. Webb was wearing his first long trousers and had seemed to change instantly to a young man. Under Maisie's coat Sandy could see the bottom of her dark blue knife-pleated satin skirt. Under Maisie's drooping black hat a few soft golden curling tendrils blew against her plump, pretty, pink-and-white face. Maisie ignored the three boys.

"Hello, Sandy," she said. But her tone, while polite, was distant, restrained.

"Hey, get onto his father's pants!"

"Look at Webby all dressed up like a horse and buggy!"

"Aw, Webby—going with a girl—going with a girl!"

Sandy's three cohorts rose shrilly to the attack. Then it was that the mysterious change came to Sandy. A moment before, the jeering shouts of her young companions would have seemed wit in its highest form. Suddenly she was ashamed of them, ashamed of herself. She looked down at her dirty hands, the ripped hem in her skirt. She felt herself growing hot under the freckles, tears of embarrassment came smartingly to her eyes.

THE very next Saturday, in a white dress, her freckled face scrubbed clean and shining, her hair brushed slickly back, Sandy began dancing school. Then it was that her real humiliation began. All the other girls already knew how to dance; they had been learning while Sandy had been playing prisoner's base with their little brothers. They obeyed the teacher languidly when she called for a long line of the girls to learn the steps, and followed her instructions with the amused tolerance of pupils who realize that their teacher can show them nothing that they do not already know.

Sandy went at it conscientiously and did very well while she was in the line. But when the teacher broke the line and said, "Boys, choose partners," no boy chose Sandy.

At first this fact caused Sandy no embarrassment; there were not quite boys enough to go around, that was all this meant. But as she sat down on one of the stiff little chairs along the wall to look on and watched the prim, accordion-pleated or ruffy girls dance past, each with a boy in long trousers, the inexplicable sense of mortification came creeping back. She did not understand why, but she felt with the first flash of some strange feminine instinct that there was something disgraceful about not being chosen.

Sandy played the game then exactly as she had when the little boys had called her "Fiery" and "Redtop." She pretended that she did not care. It was harder, though, to pretend this sitting all alone on one side of the dancing-class room. She bent over to fix the button on her slipper; she became much engrossed with the machine carving on the chair next her. And she wished earnestly, bitterly, that she had never come to dancing class.

Suddenly Webb Collins came in, late. He glanced at the little groups of girls across the hall, supported at least by the strength of numbers, then at Sandy, alone, forlorn, on the long line of chairs.

"May I have the pleasure?" he mumbled in the approved dancing-school phrase.

Crimsoning under her freckles, Sandy rose. She knew that Webb had asked her because he had felt sorry for her—that was the crowning thorn of her humiliation that Webb should have found her in it, for almost overnight, in the most mysterious way in the world, Webb had become the one person before whom Sandy longed to shine.

AFTER that one terrible afternoon, declaring scornfully that dancing class was just for "sissies," Sandy had persuaded her mother to send her to gymnasium instead. In the interest of wands and dumbbells and wild gymnasium games, she tried to put dancing class and all it stood for out of her mind. But try as she would, she could not escape the feeling that, as a girl, she had been tried and found wanting. And that Webb Collins knew it.

From that time on Sandy's social position in Dawson had been established. In a large city social position is always subject to change; the shifting of sets, the continual meeting of new people keep it from becoming constant. In a town the size of Dawson a girl's position may be established when she is fourteen and remain practically unchanged until she is forty.

That was what seemed likely to happen to Sandy. She was "the homely little, red-headed, freckle-faced Miller girl," she could not dance and she did not like boys. The public opinion had been adopted during the few months just after she had retreated from dancing class, and it remained unchanged year after year. Sandy learned to dance—by mother at last persuaded her to take private lessons—her freckles faded practically away, she grew fast and slimly, that she was no longer even little. If she had not stooped slightly in a vain attempt to conceal her tallness, in a completely new set Sandy might even have passed for good looking. But Dawson had had her pegged too long.

So Sandy, shy, sensitive, proud, tried to live up to the most monstrous deceit of all, in the town's opinion. She pretended that she did not like boys. When Keith, prodded by his worried mother, would bring young men home to

dinner, Sandy, feeling shamedly that they must see through her mother's subtlety as clearly as she did, would plead a headache—Sandy was as healthy as an English sparrow—and go to bed.

Sometimes Webb was one of these. At such times Sandy's scornful indifference was most pronounced of all. Once or twice he had extended some invitation to her. Sandy had not been quite equal to refusing these, but she hid her self-conscious eagerness under a manner more casual, more boyishly bluff than her own brother's.

"I wonder if Webb and Maisie Waterman are engaged; he's there a lot," Leona Chadwick once suggested.

"I shouldn't wonder," Sandy answered carelessly—so carelessly that Leona, concluding that the subject had not proved interesting, changed it.

But Sandy felt as though the whole world had suddenly become gay and dazzling when Maisie announced her engagement to a man she had met in New York. Sandy was consciously silent when the other girls discussed the popular topic, and she sternly told herself that it made no difference to her whether Webb Collins was engaged or not. This was a sensible stand to take, for of course it was quite true. Beyond the most casual friendliness, Webb never thought of Sandy Miller at all.

This was the way things stood when Sandy was nineteen. And, barring a miracle, they might have stayed right there till she was ninety, an ancient spinster, to give a penny or a peppermint to Webb's great-grandchildren. But a miracle happened. That spring Sandy met Philip Morrow.

HE HAD come from New York to be his brother's best man at Maisie's wedding. Sandy was not to be in the wedding party. Mrs. Waterman had suggested having her for maid of honor or at least one of the six bridesmaids.

"She's one of your best friends, and has been ever since you were two years old," Maisie's mother urged.

But Maisie had decided against it. "Oh, there'll be parties and dances and everything," she objected, "and it would be awfully awkward to have a girl who couldn't look out for herself in the way of partners, and so on. I've got enough on my hands being the bride. I can't take on a wallflower, even if it's Sandy Miller. Besides, she'd probably put rehearsal to play golf with her father or show up at the bridal dinner in that old gray sweater."

If Sandy's feelings were hurt, nobody knew it. She initiated three towels for Maisie's hope chest and offered to find trailing arbutus to use on the boxes of wedding cake. Two weeks before the important day she drove the family car out into the back country to her favorite wildflower hunting ground. She wanted to make sure that there could be plenty of the arbutus to gather when the time came. She was driving home, bareheaded in the early spring sunshine, when she first saw Philip Morrow.

He was walking along Schoolkill Road, carrying a heavy traveling bag, and hailed Sandy's car to ask if this was the way to Dawson.

"Yes," said Sandy, noticing a hot, tired face and heavy bag. "Can't I give you a lift? I'm going right there."

"You can, and earn my undying gratitude," he said, putting his bag in the tonneau and climbing up on the front seat beside Sandy.

Sandy was pleasantly friendly; it was only with young men to be considered as possible suitors that she was stiff and brusque. This distinguished-looking man was a stranger, doubtless married, evidently over thirty. Sandy could be natural with him.

YOU got off the train at Dawson Junction, thinking it was the same as Dawson and that the town must be on the other side of the track, didn't it?" she asked.

"I did, even the thinking," said the stranger. "You're clairvoyant."

Sandy laughed. "Not at all. I'm experienced. You're not the first weary traveler I've picked up. People are always stopping off at the Junction by mistake. There isn't even a blackboard to rent there, so the stranded just have to set out their foot."

They drove along for a few minutes in silence. The stranger made some polite remark about the country; the great patches of snow still in the sheltered hollows.

"Isn't it funny," Sandy answered, "how it still looks almost like winter and yet just smelling the air you can tell it's really spring?"

The man did not answer, and after a moment Sandy glanced over at him. It was a quick side glance and it caught him unawares. He was looking at her. He looked away hastily, making some conventional reply. But Sandy's brief glimpse had been enough. She had seen the stranger's look.

It was a look that every woman recognizes, even when, like Sandy, she sees it for the first time. It was interested, admiring, respectful. But there was something more than respect, more even than interest and admiration. In the stranger's look, veiled a bit by convention and courtesy but still vivid in his eyes, was the ancient challenge. It was a look as old as the Garden of Eden. It was the look a young man gives to a young woman.

Almost imperceptibly, quite unconsciously, Sandy slowed the car the merest trifle. It was as though the sweetness of the woods, the fragrance of the damp arbutus, the warmth of the new spring were suddenly flowing in her very veins.

All the rest of the way they talked the merest commonplace, too unimportant to repeat. But floating above the prosaic sentences was excitement, new, romantic, like some high, sweet overtone.

As they drove into Dawson's Main Street, Sandy asked: "Where can I take you?"

"If it isn't out of your way," said the man, "I'm going to Mr. Herbert Waterman's."

"Oh, for the wedding?"

He nodded. Sandy, smiling with a challenge of mock consternation, a coquettish, audacious challenge, said:

"Oh, dear! You aren't the bridegroom, are you?"

"No such luck," said the stranger. "I'm Willis Morrow's brother. I've come to give away the groom."

Sandy smiled, delivered him at Maisie's door, and drove away without having told the stranger her name, drove away in a giddy tingle of strange new exhilaration. Yesterday, the memory of having said "Oh, dear! You aren't the bridegroom?" would have haunted her with shamed remorse. Even hidden under jest, she would have felt that it was brazen. But then, yesterday she would not have said it at all. She could not understand how she had dared to-day. But she had, and, strangely, it troubled her not a whit.

Two of Maisie's bridesmaids were with the bride-to-be when the bridegroom's brother arrived. As soon as the ordinary courtesies of making acquaintance would permit, Morrow inquired the identity of the "beautiful young lady" who had picked him up along the Schoolkill Road. Neither Maisie nor either of her guests had seen the car arrive.

"What does she look like?" Clarine Bennett demanded.

Morrow hesitated. "She is very striking-looking," he said. "She has the most beautiful hair I have ever seen." Now, Morrow was older than any of Maisie's set, he was distinguished-looking, and he was from New York. Considering these things and knowing Dawson, it is easy to appreciate the weight Dawson would attach to his approval.

"What color is her hair?" Betty Anderson asked.

AGAIN the newcomer hesitated. "I imagine," he admitted, "that technically it would be called red."

"Red!" exclaimed Betty and Clarine together. There was a pause. "Did you say she was striking-looking?"

Morrow said that he did.

"It couldn't be Sandy Miller, could it?" the bride-to-be suggested skeptically.

"She's the only red-haired girl I know who drives a car," said Betty.

"It would hardly be Sandy," Clarine decided.

But by the next evening everybody in gossipy little Dawson knew that it was Sandy. Morrow was formally introduced to her at the big reception Judge Minor and his wife gave for the bride. Some of the young people were staying afterward to dance and Sandy and Keith had been invited.

"You don't want to stay, do you, Sandy?" her mother asked from force of habit. Sandy never did wish to.

She colored a little. "Oh, I might stay for a dance or two," she said lightly.

She danced the first with Keith while Morrow dutifully danced with Maisie. Then he asked Sandy for the next. She had known he would.

"How many others may I have?" he demanded as the music stopped.

"One," said Sandy. "If you want the next. I'm going home after that."

"Oh, I say!"

"Must!" said Sandy with smiling firmness.

At the close of the next dance they paused at the end of the room farthest from the musicians.

"When can I see you again?" Morrow asked.

In his slightly lowered voice was the same quality that had been in his glance the afternoon before. Sandy met his eyes a moment, then looked away across the room. There was something provocative about that look of Sandy's. It couldn't have been done better if it had been practiced for years on one young man after another.

"Are you to be at Mrs. Squire's dinner to-morrow night?" the man persisted.

Sandy shook her head. "That is just for the bridal party," she said.

"Or at the affair out at the club the next night?"

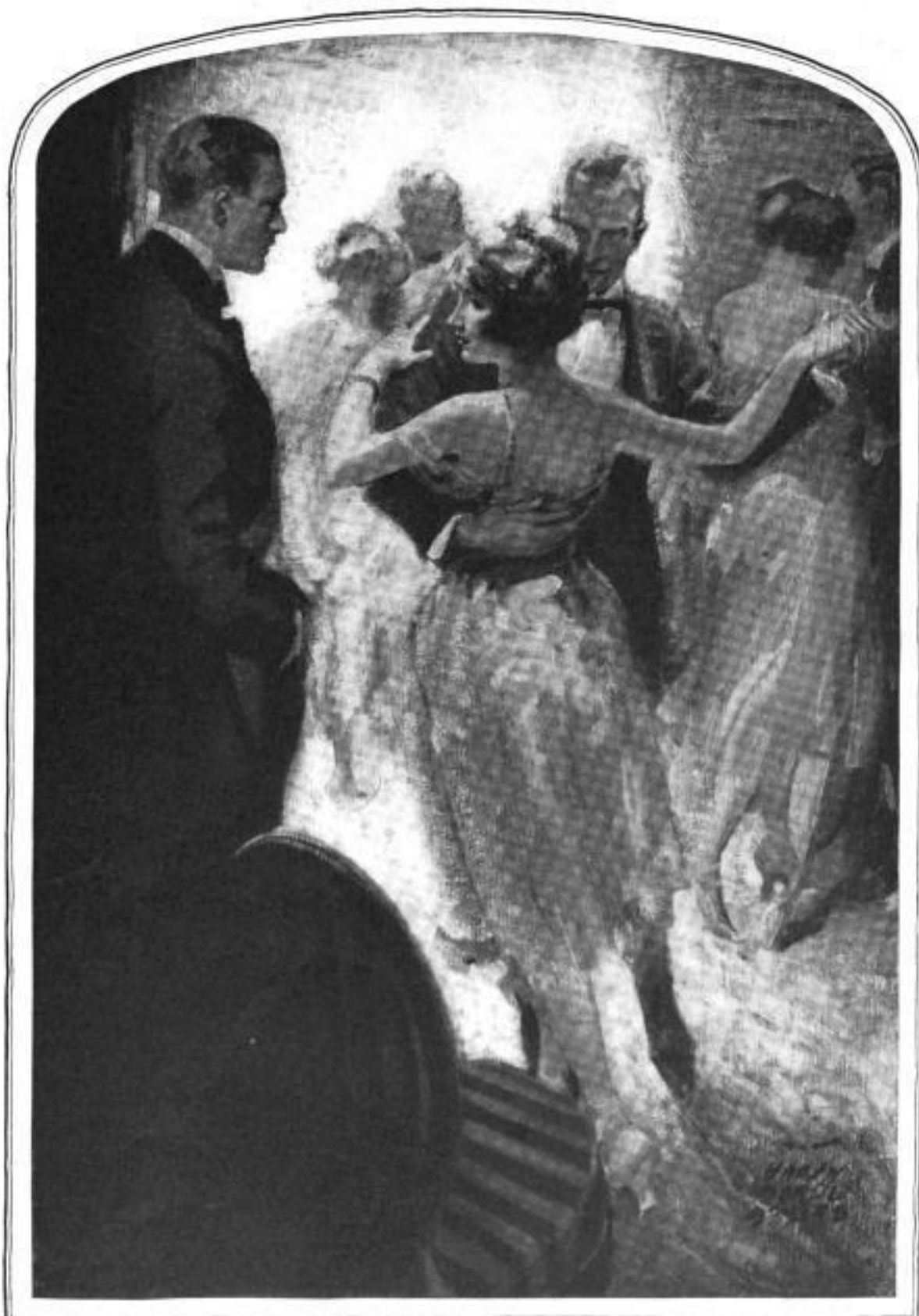
"That is just for the party too."

"Then how am I going to see you?"

SANDY smiled up at him. "I live in the big gray-stone house just beyond the Episcopal church," she said. "If you really want to see me you'll find a way."

Two of Dawson's gossipy old ladies, who had come upstairs to watch the young folks dance, had seen this little byplay.

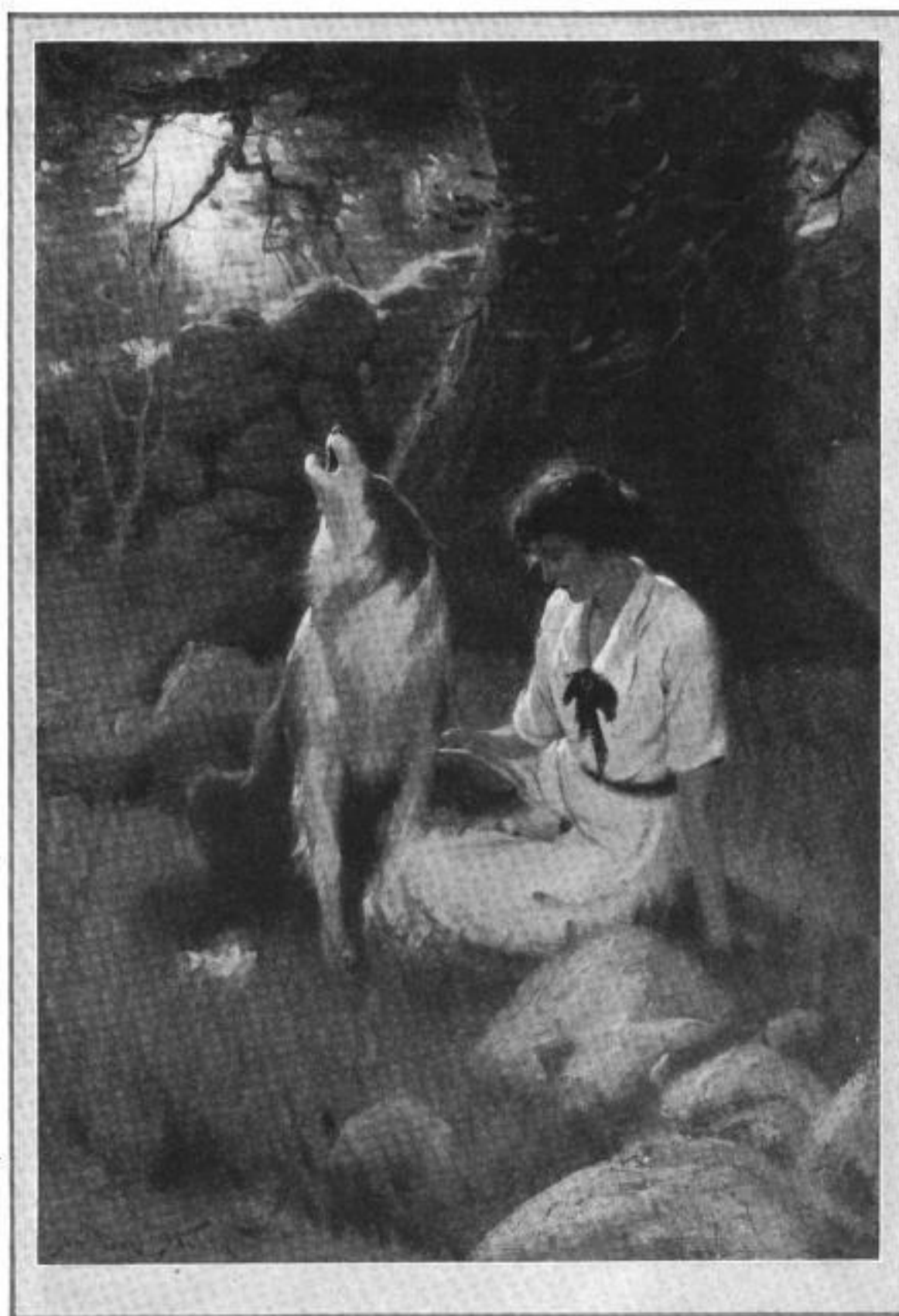
"If I hadn't known it was Sandy Miller," one said to the



HE WAS STANDING JUST AS SHE HAD LEFT HIM, STARING AFTER HER

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SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES AND LIFTING HIS POINTED NOSE TO THE SUMMER SKY, HE GAVE VENT TO A SERIES OF LONG-DRAWN WOLF HOWLS, HORRIBLE TO HEAR



Illustrations by
Frank Stick

LONG shadows were stretching lazily athwart the lawn from the gnarled, old, giant trees. Over the whole drowsing world brooded the solemn hush of late summer afternoon. An amber light hung in the sleepy air, touching with gold the fire-blue lake, the circle of lovingly protecting green hills and the emerald slope which billowed up from the water edge to the red-roofed, gray house in its setting of ancient oaks.

On the bare flooring, in the coolest corner of the veranda, two collies lay sprawled. They were fast asleep—which means that they were ready to come back to complete wakefulness at the first untoward sound. For dogs do not awaken as do humans, with manifold yawn and grunt and blinking and a tensing of flaccid muscles and an effort to collect their drugged senses. At one instant dogs are dead asleep; at the next they are broad awake, with every faculty alert.

OF THE two slumbrous collies, one was slenderly graceful of outline, gold and white of hue. She was Lady, an imperious and temperamental wisp of thoroughbred caninity. The second dog had been crowded out of the shadiest spot of the veranda by his mate, so that a part of his burnished mahogany coat was under the direct glare of the afternoon sun. Shimmering orange tints blazed back the reflection of the torrid light. He was Sunnybank Lad, eighty-pound collie, tawny and powerful, with absurdly tiny white forepaws and with a soul looking out from his deepset dark eyes.

For years, now, Lad had ruled at the place, giving worshipfully adoring service to his two gods, the mistress and the master—especially to the mistress—loftily aloof toward mankind in general and protectingly gentle to the little people, such as the smaller collies, the cats, the pigeons, the peacocks and the rest. Fierce foe was he to tramp or other unlicensed intruder on the twenty-five acre lakeside domain which was his to guard and to love. Chum and housemate he was to his two human gods—a dog, alone of all worshippers, having the privilege of looking on the face of his gods and of communing with them without the medium of priest or of prayer.

Lady, only, of the place's bevy of little people, refused from earliest puppyhood to acknowledge Lad's benevolent rulership. She bossed and teased and pestered him unmercifully. And Lad not only let her do all this, but he actually reveled in it. She was his mate. More, she was his idol. This idolizing of one mate, by the way, is far less uncommon among dogs than we mere humans realize.

THE summer afternoon hush was split by the whirring chug of a motor car that turned in from the highroad, two hundred yards beyond the house, and started down through the oak grove along the winding driveway. Immediately, Lady was not only awake but on her feet and in motion. A furry gold-white whirlwind, she flashed off the veranda and tore at top speed up the hill to meet the coming car.

No, it was not the mistress and the master whose approach stirred the fiery little collie to lightning activity. Lad knew the purr of the place's car and he could distinguish it from any other, as far as his sensitive ears could

catch its sound. But to Lady all cars were alike and all were signals for wild excitement. Like too many other collies, she had a mania for rushing at any motor vehicle and whizzing along beside it, perilously close to its fast-moving wheels, barking and screaming hysterically and bounding upward at its polished sides.

Nor had punishment and scolding cured her of the trait. She was an addict at car-chasing. She was wholly incurable. There are such dogs. Soon or late, most of them pay high for the habit.

In his early days Lad also had dashed after motors. But a single sharp lecture from the master had taught him that this was one of the direst breaches of the place's simple law. And thenceforth—though he might tremble with eagerness—he stood statue-still when an automobile spun temptingly past him. More; he had cured pup after pup at the place of car-chasing. But Lady he could not cure, though he never gave up the useless attempt.

Down the drive came a delivery truck, driven fast and with none too great skill. Before it had covered half the distance between gate and house, Lady was alongside.

The front wheels grazed her shoulder fur as, deftly, she slipped from in front of the vehicle and sprang up at its tonneau. With a ceaseless fanfare of barks, delirious in her

excitement, she circled the car, springing, dodging, wheeling.

The delivery boy checked speed and shouted futile warnings to the insane collie. As he slowed down a bit on the steep grade, Lady hurled herself in front of the machine as though taunting it for cowardice in abating its hot pace on her account.

Again and again had she run, head on, at advancing cars; and it seemed to delight her when such cars slackened speed or swerved in order not to kill her.

Now, as she whizzed backward, her vibrant muzzle a bare six inches from the shiny buffer, one of her flying feet slipped in a mud rut. Her balance gone, she tumbled. A collie down is a collie up, in less than a second. But there was still less than a second's space between the overturned Lady and the car's front wheels.

THE boy slammed on the emergency brake. Through his mind ran the formless thought of his fate at the hands of his employer when he should return to the store with tidings that he had run over and killed a good customer's costly collie, and on the customer's own grounds.

In that single breathless instant a huge mahogany-and-snow shape flashed forward into the path of the machine. Lad, following his mate, had tried to shoulder her aside and to herd her too far back from the drive for any possible return to the danger zone until the car should have passed. More than once, at other times, had he done this. But to-day she had eluded his mighty shoulder and had flung herself back to the assault.

As she fell, she rolled over twice from her own momentum. And each revolution left her directly in front of the skidding wheels. One of them had actually touched her squirming spine, when white teeth gripped her by the scruff of the neck. Those teeth could crush a mutton bone as a child cracks a peanut. But on Lady to-day their power was exerted only to the extent of lifting her, in one swift wrench, clear of the

ground and high in air. The mischievous collie flew through space like a lithe mass of golden fluff and came to earth in a heap at the edge of the drive, well clear of the menacing wheels.

WITH Lad it fared otherwise. The great dog had braced himself with all his might for the muscle-wrenching heave. Wherefore he had no chance to spring clear in time to avoid the car. This no doubt he had realized when he sprang to his adored mate's rescue, for Lad's brain was uncanny in its cleverness. That same cleverness, more likely than mere chance, now came to his own aid. The left front wheel struck him and struck him fair. It hit his massive shoulder, dislocating the joint and knocking the eighty-pound dog prone to earth, his ruff within an inch of the wheel. There was no time to gather his feet under him or to coerce the dislocated shoulder into doing its share toward lifting him in a sideways spring that should carry him out of the machine's way. There was but one thing Lad could do, and he did it.

His body in a compact bunch, he rolled midway between the wheels; making the single revolution at a speed the eye could scarce follow, a speed which jerked him from under

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How We Neglect Our Schools

By CHARLES A. SELDEN

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

PRESIDENT HARDING impressively declared in a speech at William and Mary College that the United States is facing an educational crisis.

"I wish," he added, "that there might be driven home to the whole American people the conviction of needed concern for our educational necessities."

No such conviction has been driven home yet to the whole American people. It is because in so many parts of the country we have been indifferent about schools and education that there are millions of adult citizens in the nation to-day who can neither read nor write, and many, many more millions who do not have enough interest in such meager education as they may possess to use it for their own benefit or for that of their communities. It is due to this apathy of the ignorant or slightly educated many and to the indifference and lack of conviction of the more fortunate few, far more than to lack of money, that we have so many schools in the United States hardly worthy of the name, so many buildings unsanitary and unsafe, so many teachers who are unfit, so many children who leave school before their training is fairly begun, so few who ever reach high school.

These evil conditions, in which President Harding now finds what he calls a crisis, have long existed. They have measured the extent of our chief national hypocrisy ever since we began to boast to the world of our public-school system as an adequate thing, reaching all the people.

To a comparatively few of them it does not reach at all.

To a comparatively few it is a splendid, almost perfect thing.

To the many it is a mediocre thing, lacking in both quantity and quality. And for these many there is little or nothing in their public-school education that has carrying power beyond school days and that gives them incentive or inspiration to go on with the education of themselves through life.

The United States Government's Educational Commissioner at Washington finds from the official reports and statistics that we are a "sixth-grade nation," meaning that the period at which most of the children of the United States stop going to school is at the end of the sixth year in grammar school—generally a poor grammar school with an untrained teacher. There are two years of the elementary school which these children do not get at all, and high school is unknown to them. It is not likely that after leaving school many of this majority of American children ever take the slightest interest in learning for themselves and by themselves that they might have got in the seventh grade or any grade beyond. On the contrary, they enter into bookless lives of arrested mental development. That is the summing up of the crisis to which President Harding calls attention.

The Menace

NO TALK about the tens of thousands of boys and girls in colleges and universities, about the thousands of free libraries and the flood of books from the presses of many publishers, is no complete answer, because in appraising ourselves educationally a nation it is necessary to consider averages and dead levels and to put the case in terms of millions of children, not thousands.

Small groups of men and women in backward communities, especially in the South, are beginning to ask for surveys and diagnoses of their school conditions as a preliminary to bettering them. But these groups are very small and they have to pull against a tremendous load of indifference, which has grown in neighborhoods that have

had nothing for generations to "excite ambition for education," as Abraham Lincoln once said of the community in which he spent his own boyhood.

Three hundred thousand men and women scattered through all the states are enrolled in the Parent-Teacher Associations, and many of them are doing splendid work in building public opinion.

But three hundred thousand constitute a very small group in a population of more than one hundred millions. And these associations do not yet exist in the regions which most need help.

Several years ago ex-Governor Manning, of South Carolina, Clark Howell, of Georgia, Governor Parker, of Louisiana, and other enlightened leaders of the South told me of their crusade to restore the country economically by bringing about a diversification of crops for the purpose of temporarily decreasing the areas devoted to cotton as the only sure way of ridding the plantations of the boll weevil. They were optimistic about it, but last year the boll weevil caused

more ruin than ever before. The hope of the leaders for early results is balked by the apathy of the people and their inertia. They prefer taking another chance with loss of crops and economic ruin to exerting themselves to the point of trying something different. Ignorance seems far less of a danger to the uneducated whites and blacks than the weevil. But when I asked Governor McRae, of Arkansas, which he considered the greater menace to the people of his state, the cotton-field pest or illiteracy, he replied without the slightest hesitation, "Illiteracy!"

The members of the Arkansas State School Board talk hopefully of the awakening of an educational consciousness among the people of their state.

Teachers have joined in the crusade and many of them are voluntarily taking training courses at their own expense and on their own time, not primarily that they may receive larger salaries, but that they may render better service as educators.

The town of Conway in Arkansas offers the best evidence in support of the state-school authorities' hope that the public is beginning to wake up. But it required a sensationally bad situation to bring forth that evidence. Last year Conway found itself without any provision whatever for public-school education. Not enough taxation had been provided for by the town officials to pay salaries to teachers

or to meet the other expenses of keeping schools open. The community was indifferent. But when it came time for the children to go to school and there were no schools for them to go to, the people became ashamed.

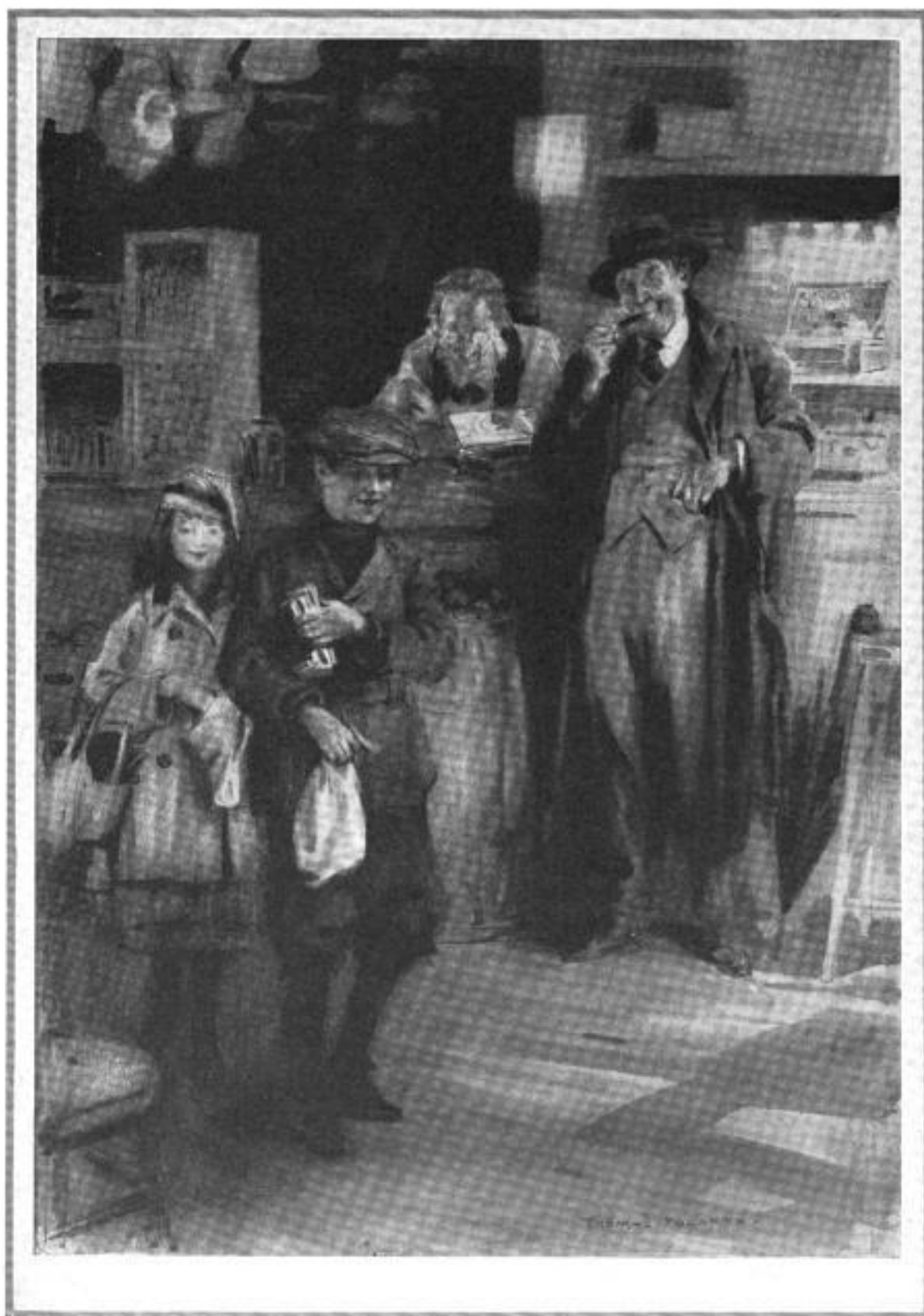
So, unofficially and as volunteers, they set out to remedy a bad situation. They improvised a scheme of self-imposed taxation by getting the local storekeepers to add a 10 per cent charge to all their sales of groceries, dry goods and other household commodities, with the understanding that the extra amounts collected should be turned into a general fund for the payment of teachers. The plan succeeded.

Every man, for example, who bought a ten-cent cigar paid eleven cents for it, and perhaps got added satisfaction from his smoke in the thought that he was contributing a penny to the cause of education.

Neglected, if Free

PERHAPS there is something in the case of Conway which is relevant to the criticism that the public-school system throughout the United States suffers from having too much emphasis put on the fact that it is free. It is free, practically, to the hundreds of thousands of children in rural districts whose parents are so poor that they pay no taxes. And probably not one in a thousand of those who do pay taxes does it with any realization of the fact that he or she is contributing something to keep the schools open. Therefore so far as any deliberate, conscious social effort on the part of the people is involved, public-school education is free. It is something for nothing and seems to be meeting the fate that usually comes to anything that can be had for nothing.

To many homes of the United States the school is something to send children to as soon as possible after they are able to walk and become a nuisance about the house, a place in which the responsibilities of an overworked mother may be shoved off on an underpaid teacher. In these same homes the school is also regarded as a place to take children out of as soon as they are old enough to work, not old enough to work in the eyes of the attendance laws, but old enough in the opinion of uneducated parents.



EVERY MAN WHO BOUGHT A TEN-CENT CIGAR PAID ELEVEN CENTS FOR IT, AND PERHAPS GOT ADDED SATISFACTION FROM HIS SMOKE IN THE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS CONTRIBUTING A PENNY TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION

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WE SWELTERED AND ALMOST SUFFOCATED. ROWENA BURIED HER FACE IN HER SHAWL AND SWAYED AS IF FALLING.

Vandemark's Folly

By HERBERT QUICK

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

XV

THE collapse of mind and body which I underwent in deciding the question either of marrying Rowena Fewkes and keeping; unstained and pure the great love of my life, or of refusing her pitiful plea and passing by on the other side, leaving her desolate and forlorn, is a thing to which I hate to confess; for it was a weakness. I was weak as a child as she clasped me in her arms in gratitude when I told her I would do as she wanted me to; I would have fallen again if she had not held me up.

"What's the matter, Jacob?" she asked, in sudden fright at my strange behavior.

"I don't know," I gasped. "I wish I could lay down."

She was mystified. She helped me up the hill and into the house, telling me all the time how she meant to live so as to repay me for all I had promised to do for her. She was stronger than I then. The house was dark, and she lighted the lamp; but when she came to me, lying on the bed, she gave a great scream.

"Jake, Jake!" she cried. "What's the matter? Are you dying, my darling?"

"Who, me dying?" I said, not quite understanding her.

"No—I'm all right. I'll be all right, Rowena!"

She was holding her hands up in the light. They were stained crimson where she had pressed them to my bosom.

"What's the matter of your hands?" I asked, though I was getting drowsy, as if I had been long broken of my sleep.

"It's blood, Jacob! You've hurt yourself!"

I DREW my hand across my mouth, and it came away stained red. She gave a cry of horror, but did not lose her presence of mind. She sponged the blood from my clothes, wiping my mouth every little while, until there was no more blood coming from it. Presently I dropped off to sleep with my hand in hers. She awoke me after a while and gave me some warm milk. As I was drowsing off again she spoke very gently to me.

"Can you understand what I'm saying?" she asked; and I nodded a yes. "Do you love her like that?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "I love her like that."

Presently she lifted my hand to her lips and kissed it. She was quite calm now, as if new light had come to her in the darkness. I thought it was my consent that had quieted her spirits, but I did not understand her.

"I can't let you do it, Jacob," said she finally. "It's too much to ask. . . . I've thought of another way, my dear. . . . Don't think of me or my troubles any more. . . . I'll be all right. . . . You go on loving her an' bein' true to her. . . . and if God is good as they say, He'll make you happy with her sometime. Do you understand, Jacob?"

"Yes," I said, "but what will you —"

"Never mind about me," said she soothingly. "I've thought of another way out. You go to sleep now and don't think of me or my troubles any more."

I lay looking at her for a while, wondering how she could suddenly be so quiet after her agitation of the day. After a while the scene swam before my eyes, and I went off into the refreshing sleep of a tired boy.

The sun was up when I awoke. Rowena was gone. I went out and found that she had saddled her horse and departed sometime in the night. Afterward I found out that it was in the gray of the morning.

She had watched by my bedside all night and had left only after it was plain that I was breathing naturally and that my spasm had passed.

She had come into my life that day like a tornado, but had left it much as it had been before, except that I wondered what was to become of her. I was comforted by the thought that she had "thought of another way." And it was a long time before the nobility of her action was plain to me; but when I realized it, I never forgot it. I had offered her all I

had when she begged for it; she had taken it, and then restored it, as the dying soldier gave the draught of water to his comrade, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

Once or twice I made an effort to tell Magnus Thorkelson about this as we worked at our after-harvest haying together that week, but it was a hard thing to do. Perhaps it would not be a secret much longer; but as yet it was Rowena's secret, not mine. I knew, too, that Magnus had been haunting Rowena for two years; that he had been making visits to Bluegrass Manor often when she was there without taking me into his confidence. It would be a shock to him to learn of her present and coming trouble; and, strange as it may seem, I began to put it back into the dark places in my mind as if it had not happened. Even when it came to mind I tried to comfort myself with the thought that Rowena had said that she had thought of another way out.

WE HAD frost early that year—a hard white frost some time about the tenth of September. Neither Magnus nor I had any sound corn, though our wheat, oats and barley were heavy and fine; and we had oceans of hay. The frost killed the grass early, and early in October we had a heavy rain followed by another freeze, and then a long, calm, warm Indian summer. The prairie was covered with a dense mat of dry grass, which rustled in the wind but furnished no feed for our stock. It was a splendid fall for plowing, and I began to feel hope return to me as I followed my plow round and round the lands I laid off and watched the black ribbon of new plowing widen and widen as day advanced toward night.

My cattle strayed off in the latter part of October. I got uneasy about them on the twentieth and went hunting them on one of Magnus Thorkelson's horses. I expected to get back before night, but when I struck the trail of the stock it took me away back into the region in the north part of the township back of Vandemark's Folly.

There was a still, dry, west wind blowing, and a blue haze in the air. As the afternoon advanced the sun grew red, as if

looked at through smoked glass, burning like a great coal of fire or a broad disk of red-hot iron. There was a scent of burning grass in the air when I found my herd over on Section Eight. The cattle seemed to be uneasy, and when I started them toward home they walked fast, snuffing the air and giving once in a while an uneasy, anxious, falsetto bellow; and once in a while they would break into a trot as they drew nearer to the places they knew.

The smell of smoke grew stronger and I knew there was a prairie fire burning to the westward. The sun was a deep red now, and once in a while almost disappeared in clouds of vaporous smoke, which rolled higher and higher into the sky. Prairie chickens, plover and curlew, with once in a while a bittern, went hurriedly along to the eastward, and several wolves crossed our path, trotting along and paying no attention to me or the cows, but stopping from time to time and looking back as if pursued from the west.

They were pursued. They were fleeing from the great prairie fire of 1859, which swept Monterey County from side to side and never stopped until it struck the river over in the next county. I felt a little uneasy as I hiked my cattle down into the marsh on my own land and saw them picking their way across it toward my grove, which showed proudly a mile away across the flat. I had plowed firebreaks about my buildings and stacks and burned off between the strips of plowing, but I felt that I ought to be at home. So I rode on at a good trot to make my circuit of the marsh to the west. The cattle could get through, but a horse with a man on his back might easily get mired in Vandemark's Folly anywhere along there.

AS I TOPPED the hill to get back to the high ground I saw great clouds of smoke pouring into the valley at the west opening into the big flat, and the country to the south was hidden by the smoke, except where, away off the southwest, in the changing of the wind I could see the line of fire as it came over the high ground west of the old Bill Trickey farm.

It was a broad belt of red flame, from which there crept along the ground a great blanket of smoke, black at first, and then turning to blue as it rose and thinned. I began hurrying, for it began to look as if the fire would reach the head of the slew before I could, and thus cut me off. I felt in my pocket for matches; for in case of need the only way to fight fire was with fire.

Within five minutes, as I looked off to the northwest, I saw a woman walking calmly toward the marsh. She was a long way off and much nearer the fire than I was. I looked for the wagon to which she might belong, but saw none; and it took only one more glance at her to show me that she was in mortal danger. For she was walking along slowly and laboriously like a person carrying a heavy burden. The smoke was getting so thick that it hid her from time to time, and I felt, even at my distance from the fire, an occasional hot blast on my cheek—a startling proof of the rapid march of the great oncoming army of flames.

I KICKED my heels into the horse's flanks and pushed him to a gallop. I must reach her soon or she would be lost, for it was plain that she was paying no attention to her danger. I went down into a hollow, pounded up the opposite hill, and over on the next rise of ground I saw her. She was standing still now, with her face turned to the fire; then she walked deliberately toward it. I urged my horse to a faster gait, swung my hat and yelled at her, but she seemed not to hear. The smoke swept down upon her, and when I next could see she was stooped with her shawl drawn around her head; or was she on her knees? Then she rose and, turning from the fire, ran as fast as she could until I wheeled my horse across her path, jumped to the ground and stopped her with my arm about her waist. I looked at her and saw that it was Rowena Fewkes.

"Rowena!" I shouted. "What you doin' here? Don't you know you'll get burnt up?"

"I couldn't go any closer," she said, as if excusing herself. "Would it hurt much? I got scared, Jake. Oh, don't let me burn!"

There was no chance to make the circuit of the slew now, even if I had not been hampered with her. I told her to do as she was told and not bother me. Then I gave her the horse to hold and sternly ordered her not to let loose of him no matter what he did. I gathered a little armful of dry grass and lighted it with a match to the leeward of us. It spread fast, though I lighted it where the grass was thin, so as to avoid a hot fire; but on the side toward the wind, where the blaze was feeble, I carefully whipped it out with my slouch hat. In a minute or so I had a line two or three rods long of little blazes, each a circle of fire burning more and more fiercely on the leeward side and more feebly on

the side where the blaze was fanned away from its fuel. This side of each circle I whipped out with my hat, some of them with difficulty. Soon we had a fierce fire raging, leaving in front of us a growing area of black ashes.

We were now between two fires. The great conflagration from which we were trying to protect ourselves came on from the west like a roaring tornado, its ashes falling all about us, its hot breath beginning to scorch us, its snapping and crackling now reaching the ear along with its roar. On the east was the fire of my own kindling, growing in speed, racing off to the east away from us, leaving behind it our haven of refuge, a tract swept clean of food for the flames, but hot and smoking and as yet all too small for safety, for the heat and smoke might kill where the flames could not reach. Between the two fires was the fast narrowing strip of dry grass from which we must soon move. Our safety lay in following one fire to escape the other.

The main army of the flames coming on from the west, with its power of suction fanned itself to a faster pace than our new line could attain, and the heat increased, both from the racing line of fire to the west and from the slower-moving back fire to the east. We sweltered and almost suffocated. Rowena buried her face in her shawl and swayed as if falling. I took her by the arm and, leading the excited horse, we moved over into our zone of safety. She was trembling like a leaf.

I WAS anxious for a few minutes for fear I had not started my back fire soon enough, but the fear soon passed. The fire came on with a swelling roar. We followed our own fire so close as to be almost blistered by it, coughing, gasping, covering our mouths and nostrils in such a heat and smother that I could scarcely support Rowena and keep my footing.

Then suddenly the heat and smoke grew less; I looked around and saw that the fire had reached our burnt area, and the line was cut for lack of fuel. It divided as a wave is split by a rock and went in two great moving fountains of flame down the line of our back fire, and swept on, leaving us scorched, blackened, red of eye and sore of lips, but safe. We turned and made for the open country behind the lines. Then for the first time I looked at Rowena.

I had been surprised at the way in which she had kept her prettiness and gay actions when I had last seen her, considering her troubles. I was shocked at the change in her



THEY TRAMPLED OVER ME AS THEY DROVE OUR MEN OFF THE FIELD

now. The poor girl seemed to have given up all attempt to care for her looks. All her rosy bloom was gone. Her cheeks were pale and puffy, even though emaciated. Her limbs looked thin through her disordered and torn clothes. She wore a dark-colored hood over her snarled hair, in which there was chaff mixed with the tangles as if she had been sleeping in straw. She was black with smoke and ashes. Her skirts were dragged as if with repeated soaking with dew and rain. Her shoes were worn through and her bare toes stuck out of openings in her stockings. She had a beggarly appearance that, coupled with her look of dejection and misery, went to my heart.

I could not talk with her. I could only give her directions and lend her aid. I tried putting her on the horse behind me, but he would not carry double; so I put her in the saddle and walked by or ahead of the horse over the blackened and ashy prairie, lit up by the red glare of the fire and dotted here and there with little smokes which marked where there were coals. She said nothing, but two or three times she gave a distressful little moan as if she were in pain.

WHEN we reached the end of the slew we turned south and crossed the creek just above the pond. As we splashed through Rowena looked out over it and asked, "What water is that?"

"Plum Pudd'n Pond," I told her.

"Is it deep?" she asked.

"Pretty deep in the middle."

"Over your head?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I reckoned it was," said she. "I was huntin' fur it when you found me."

"That was after you saw the fire," I said.

"No," said she. "It was before."

In my slow way I pondered on why she had been hunting water over her head, and sooner than is apt to be the case with me I understood. The despair in her face as she turned and looked at the shining water told me. She had refused to accept my offer to be her protector because she saw how it hurt me; but she was now ready to balance the books—if it ever does that—by taking shelter in the depths of the pool! And this all for the pleasure of that smiling scoundrel!

We got to my house and I helped her in. I told her to wait while I went to look at the fire to see whether my stacks were in danger and to put out and feed the horse. Then I went back and found her sitting where I had left her; and as I went in I heard again that little moan of pain.

THE house was as light as day, as the light from the fire shone against the western wall. I got some supper, and after saying that she couldn't eat, Rowena ate ravenously. She had gone away from Bluegrass Manor, whipped forth by Mrs. Mobley's abuse, days and days before, living on what she had carried with her until it was gone, drinking from the brooks and runs of the prairie, and then starving on rose haws and sleeping in stacks until I had found her looking for the pool. If people could only have known! Presently she moaned again, and I made her lie down on the bed.

"What will you do with me, Jacob?" she asked.

"We'll think about that in the morning," said I.

"Maybe you can bury me in the morning," she said after a while. "Oh, Jake, I'm scared, I'm scared. My trouble is comin' on! Oh, what shall I do?"

I went out and sat on the stoop and thought about this. Finally I went back to her side. "Rowena," I said, "I'm goin' out to do something that has to be done. Will you stay here and not move out of this room till I come back?"

"I'll have to," she said.

So I went out and saddled the fresh horse and started through that fiery night for Monterey Center. The fire had

burned clear past the town, and when I got there I saw what was left of one or two barns or houses which had caught fire from the prairie still blazing in heaps of embers. The village had had a narrow escape from the rain of sparks from the fire which had swept to the very edges of the little cluster of dwellings. I rode to Doctor Bliven's drug store, climbed the outside stairway which led to his living room above and knocked. Mrs. Bliven came to the door. I explained that I wanted the doctor at once to come out to my farm.

"He's not here," said she. "He is dressing some burns from the fire, but he must be nearly through. I'll go after him."

The time seemed long before he came, but I suppose he came at once. "Who's sick, Jake?" he asked.

"A girl," I said. "A woman."

"At your house?" asked he. "Who is it?"

"It's Rowena Fewkes," said I.



TWO OR THREE TIMES ONE OF THE MARES FELL IN THE DRIFTS, AND NOTHING BUT THE COURAGE BRED INTO THEM IN THE BLUE-GRASS FIELDS OF KENTUCKY SAVED US FROM STALLING OUT IN THAT FEARFUL MOVING FLOOD OF SNOW

"I thought they had gone to Colorado," said the doctor. "They said they were leaving her behind," said Mrs. Bliven. "They said — Do you say she's at your house?"

"No one," said I. "She's alone. Hurry, doctor; she needs you bad."

Mrs. Bliven ran upstairs and came down in a few seconds with the doctor's instruments and medicine case. She was wearing her bonnet and cloak. She came up to me, put her hand on my arm and spoke. "Jake," said she, "are you and Rowena married?"

"Us married!" I exclaimed. "Why, no!"

"This is bad business," said she. "I am surprised. And there's no woman out there with the poor little thing?"

"No," I said; "as soon as I could I started for the doctor because I thought he was needed first. But she needs a woman—a woman that won't look down on her. I wish—I wish I knew where there was one!"

"Jake," said she, "you've done the fair thing by me, and I'll stand by you and by her. And when I do the fair thing, see that you do the same. I'm not the one to throw the first stone, and I won't. I'm going with you, doctor."

"What for?" said he.

"Just for the ride," she said. "I'll tell you more as we go."

They outstripped me on the return trip, for my horse was winded, and I felt that there was no place for me in what was going on at the farm.

"It's a boy!" said Doctor Bliven as I came to the house.

"The mother ain't in very good shape. Seems exhausted—exhausted. She'll pull through though—she'll pull through. My wife's going to stay a day or so. I'll take her back next time I come out."

"You must tend to her, doc," said I. "I'll guarantee you your pay."

VERY well, Jake. Of course you would—of course, of course," said he. "But between you and me there wouldn't be any trouble about pay. Old friends, you know; old friends. Favors in the past. You've done things for me—my wife too. Be out to-morrow. Ought to have a woman here when I go. Can get you a mover's wife's sister—widow—experienced with her own. Want her? Bring her out for you—bring her out to-morrow, eh?"

I told him to bring the widow out and was greatly relieved. I went to Magnus' cabin that night to sleep—he was away doing some work—leaving Mrs. Bliven with Rowena. I hoped I might not have to see Rowena before she went away; but on the third day the widow came to me and, standing afar off, as if I was infected with something malignant, told me that Mrs. Vandemark wanted to see me.

"She ain't Mrs. Vandemark," I corrected. "Her name is Rowena Fewkes."

"I make it a habit," said the widow, whose name was Mrs. Williams, "to speak in the present tense."

Whatever she may have meant was a problem to me; but I went in. Rowena lay in my bed, and beside her was a little bundle wrapped in a blanket made of one of my flannel sheets.

"What are you goin' to do with me, Jake?" she asked again, looking up at me pleadingly.

"I'm goin' to keep you here till you're able to do for yourself," I said. "Time enough to think of that after a while."

BUT as I lay in Magnus' bed that night I could see no way out for her. She could get work, I knew, for there was always work for a woman in our pioneer houses. The hired girl who went from place to place could find employment most of the time; but the baby would be an incumbrance. I could not foresee how the thing would work out and lay awake pondering on it until after midnight. I had hardly

fallen asleep, it seemed to me, when the door was opened and in came Magnus. He had finished his job and come back.

"You bare, Yake?" he said, in his quiet and unmoved way. "I'm glad. Your house bare burn up in fire?"

I told him the startling news, and as the story of poor Rowena slowly made its way into his mind I was astonished at its effect on him; for he has always been to me a man who would be calm in a tornado and who would meet shipwreck or earthquake without a tremor. But now he trembled. He turned pale. He raged up and down the little room with his

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ELSIE DE WOLFE AS THE WAITING MAID, JOHN DREW AS THE COUNT, IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE"



"CHRISTOPHER, JR.," ONE OF THE SUCCESSES IN WHICH MAUDE ADAMS AND JOHN DREW PLAYED TOGETHER

My Years on the Stage

By JOHN DREW

MY EARLY impression of Maude Adams, before it was finally decided that she was to be my leading woman in my first play as a star under the management of Charles Frohman, was that she looked too frail. I had been accustomed to play with Ada Rehan, who was so much bigger and stronger. Stronger she was, as was evidenced by the blow on the jaw that as Katharine she gave me in *The Taming of the Shrew*. In the scene, in the acting version, where Petruchio says:

*Were it the forefoot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off; but, as it's Kate's I kiss it,*

Katharine gives him a sound, ringing blow. There was a time when it was not considered good art actually to hit a person on the stage instead of making as if to hit; but there was no make-believe about this stage blow. It was indeed real; in fact, it seems to me now as I look back that the blow that Katharine used to give Petruchio might have given the redoubtable heavyweight, Dempsey, a jolt.

Small wonder then that Maude Adams in her girlish slightness seemed to me too fragile for a leading woman. As a matter of fact she was never ill and never away from rehearsals in the years she played with me.

It was Mrs. Drew, my wife, who first suggested that Maude Adams become my leading woman. Maude Adams had been on the stage almost from childhood. Her mother played leading woman in the stock company at the Salt Lake Theater. The family name was Kiskaden. Maude, herself, had appeared when quite young in Hoyt's play, *A Midnight Bell*. After that she left the stage to go to school.

As Nell, the consumptive factory girl, in an American adaptation of Ludwig Fulda's play, *The Lost Paradise*, she had made a hit. I saw her first, however, as Evangeline Bender in a farce which William Gillette had adapted from the French, called *All the Comforts of Home*. In this Forbes Robertson's brother, Ian, played an old, deaf fellow. The two things that I remember about the play are the delicate charm of Maude Adams and the fact that all the other characters yelled at Ian Robertson.

When I was in San Francisco Maude Adams, who was playing at another theater, came to the Baldwin Hotel to meet me. This appointment was the first time that I had seen her off the stage. I saw at once her alertness and her intelligence, and that she had a most expressive face.

Meets Charles Frohman

[WAS still playing at Daly's theater when I first met Charles Frohman. He then had the Twenty-third Street Theater, now Proctor's, and had produced Bronson Howard's famous drama of the Civil War, *Shenandoah*, which had so much to do with the founding of his theatrical fortune.

In the men's café at Delmonico's, then at Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street, I often saw a little round man that I thought was Alfred Klein, the brother of Charles Klein, the author of *The Music*

Master and *The Lion and the Mouse*. Alfred Klein was one of three brothers connected with the theater.

He played with Gillette in *The Professor*, and some years afterwards he was the little jailer with DeWolf Hopper in *Wang*.

Anson Pond, the writer of a play called *Her Atone-ment*, protested to me one day: "Why, that's not Klein. That is Charles Frohman, the coming theatrical manager."

At that time I was not much interested in other theatrical managers. Ada Rehan, Lewis and the rest of us at Daly's felt that these newer managers were intruders. Daly never

thought what happened outside of his theater was of any importance, and this spirit of his prejudiced us.

One fine Sunday Fritz Williams and I rode out to Claremont. Seated at a table near us was Frank Sanger and the man I had mistaken for Alfred Klein. I had known Frank

Sanger in Philadelphia. He had been one of the players, though not a conspicuous one, in the stock company at the Chestnut Street Theater. He became night clerk in the Hotel La Pierre one summer. Later he got into theatrical management and made a great deal of money out of Charles Hoyt's play, *A Bunch of Keys*. With Hayman he built the Empire Theater for Charles Frohman.

At this meeting at Claremont, Sanger and Frohman joined us. Sanger turned the conversation, in a rather diplomatic fashion, to the possibilities of my changing managements. I do not mean to imply that this conversation was exactly prearranged.

Sanger said: "John is wedded to Daly as a manager."

"I don't know about that," I answered.

"You're not thinking of changing, are you?" he asked.

"No," I told him; "but I'm not bound as a serf."

One Sunday evening Henry Miller took me to Frohman's apartment in the Hoffman House to play cards. Miller and I met Frohman and Anson Pond, who was a great friend of his, in the lobby of the hotel. We played poker for a while, and I felt, as subsequent events developed, that I had been allowed to win and had not won through my own cleverness or prowess with the cards. I do not know whether I was right about this, but I do know that Frohman was a very good card player, as was Pond. We had a very elaborate "terrapi-nish" supper and went back to card playing.

Accepts Frohman's Offer

CONVERSATIONS with Sanger, which were usually predicated upon the supposition of what I should do if I left Daly, and occasional meetings with Frohman went on for some time. Finally an offer came through Frank Bennett, who was manager of the old Arlington Hotel in Washington.

Frank Bennett, who was the son-in-law of my godmother, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, had been an actor for a time in the Daly company, but he became discouraged and gave up the stage. Fortunately for him he had the keenness of perception, given to very few people who act, to realize that there was no future for him. On one of our trips with the Daly company to Washington he met Roeselle, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel, who offered him a job. From this he rose to be manager.

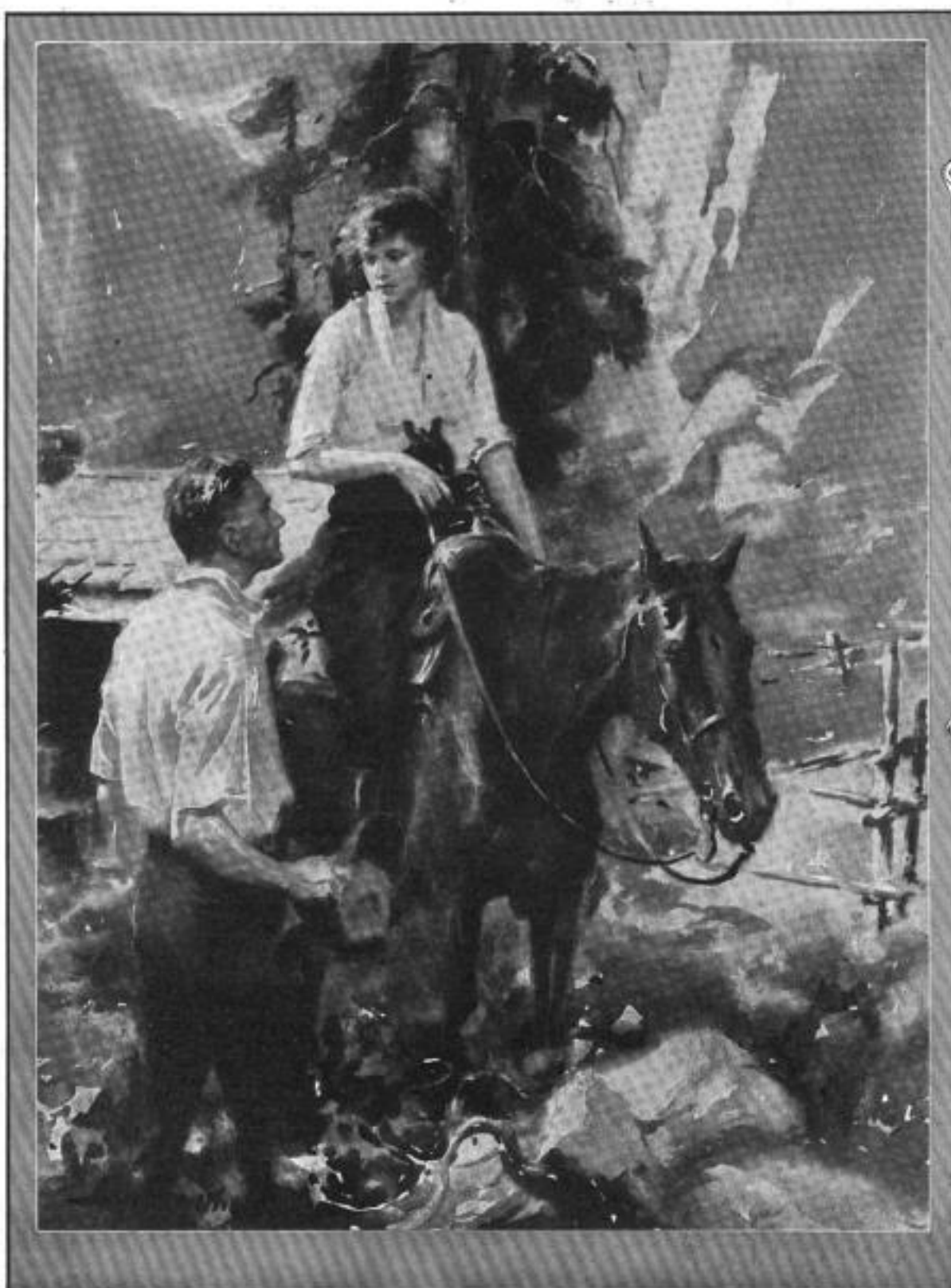
"Why don't you get out of your engagement with Daly, John?" Bennett asked me on one occasion. I suppose my manner seemed receptive to him, for he went on: "Frohman is the coming man."

Frohman apparently had calculated that I had a drawing power, and in this had faith, for a most generous offer was made to me by Bennett. I authorized him to make a suggestion or two to Frohman and the thing was accomplished.



IN "ROSEMARY" MAUDE ADAMS AND JOHN DREW MADE ONE OF THEIR BIGGEST HITS. THEY ARE SHOWN HERE WITH ARTHUR BYRON

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"I'VE COME TO WISH YOU AND FLO ALL THE HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD,
AND TO SAY WE MUST BE FRIENDS"

X (Continued)



ARLEY had a visitor one morning earlier than the usual or conventional time for calls.

"He wouldn't give a name," said the maid. "He wears soldier clothes, ma'am, and he's pale and walks with a cane."

"Tell him I'll be right down." Her hands trembled while she hurriedly dressed. Could this caller be Virgil Rust? She hoped so, but she doubted.

As she entered the reception room a tall young man in worn khaki rose to meet her. At first glance she could not name him, though she recognized the pale face and light blue eyes, direct and steady.

"Good morning, Miss Burch," he said. "I hope you'll excuse so early a call. You remember me, don't you? I'm George Burton, who had the bunk next to Rust's."

"Surely I remember you, Mr. Burton, and I'm glad to see you," replied Carley, shaking hands with him. "Please sit down. Your being here must mean you're discharged from the hospital."

"Yes, I was discharged all right," he said.

"Which means you're well again. That is fine. I'm very glad."

"I was put out to make room for a fellow in bad shape. I'm still shaky and weak," he replied. "But I'm glad to go. I've pulled through pretty well, and it'll not be long until I'm strong again. It was the 'flu' that kept me down."

"You must be careful. May I ask where you're going and what you expect to do?"

"Yes, that's what I came to tell you," he replied frankly. "I wondered if you would help me a little. I'm from Illinois, and my people aren't so badly off; but I don't want to go back to my home town down and out, you know. Besides, the winters are cold there. The doctor advises me to go to a little milder climate. You see, I was gassed, and got the 'flu' afterward. But I know I'll be all right if I'm careful. I've always had a leaning toward agriculture, and I

want to go to Kansas, Southern Kansas. I want to travel around till I find a place I like, and there I'll get a job. Not too hard a job at first; that's why I'll need a little money. I know what to do. I want to lose myself in the wheat country and forget the—the war. I'll not be afraid of work, presently. Now, Miss Burch, you've been so kind, I'm going to ask you to lend me a little money. I'll pay it back. I can't promise just when. But some day. Will you?"

"Assuredly I will," she replied heartily. "I'm happy to help you. How much will you need for immediate use? Five hundred dollars?"

"Oh, no, not so much as that," he replied. "Just railroad fare home, and then to Kansas, and to pay board while I get well, you know, and look around."

"We'll make it five hundred anyway," she replied. "Excuse me a moment," and, rising, she went toward the library. She wrote the check and, returning, gave it to him.

"You're very good," he said rather low.

"Not at all," replied Carley. "You have no idea how much it means to me to be permitted to help you. Will you leave New York at once?"

"Indeed I shall. It's an awful place. Two years ago when I came here with my company I thought it was grand. But I guess I lost something over there. I want to be where it's quiet, where I won't see many people."

"I think I understand," returned Carley. "Then I suppose you're in a hurry to get home? Of course you have a girl who's waiting for you?"

"No; I'm sorry to say I haven't," he replied simply. "I was glad I didn't have to leave a sweetheart behind when I went to France. But it wouldn't be so bad to have one to go back to—now."

"Don't worry, soldier boy," exclaimed Carley. "You can take your choice presently. You have the open sesame to every American girl's heart."

"And what is that?" he asked with a blush.

"Your service to your country," she said, changing from gayness to gravity.

The Call of the Cañon

By ZANE GREY

Author of *The Man of the Forest*, *Wildfire*,
Riders of the Purple Sage, Etc.

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

"Well," he said with a singular bluntness, "considering I didn't get any medals or bonuses, I'd like to draw a nice girl."

"You will," replied Carley, and made haste to change the subject. "By the way, did you meet Glenn Kilbourne in France?"

"Not that I remember," rejoined Burton, rising stiffly with the aid of his cane. "I must go, Miss Burch. Really I can't thank you enough. And I'll never forget it."

"Will you write me how you are getting along?" asked Carley, offering her hand.

"Yes." Carley moved with him out into the hall and to the door. There was a question she wanted to ask, but found it strangely difficult of utterance. At the door Burton fixed a rather penetrating gaze upon her.

"You didn't ask me about Rust," he said.

"No, I—I didn't think of him—until now, in fact," returned Carley.

"Of course then you couldn't have heard about him. I was wondering."

"I have heard nothing."

"It was Rust who told me to come to you," said Burton. "We were talking one day, and he—well, he thought you were true-blue. He said he knew you'd trust me and lend me money. I couldn't have asked you but for him."

"True-blue! He believed that? I'm glad. Has he spoken of me to you since I was last at the hospital?"

"Hardly," replied Burton, with the straight, strange glance on her again.

Carley met this glance, and suddenly a coldness seemed to envelop her. It did not seem to come from within her though her heart almost stopped beating. Burton had not changed; the warmth, the gratitude still lingered about him. But the light of his eyes! Carley had seen it in Glenn's, in Rust's—a strange, questioning, far-off light, infinitely aloof and unutterably sad. Then there came a lift of her head that released a pang.

She whispered with dread, with a tremor, with an instinct of calamity: "How about Rust?"

"He's dead."

THE winter came, with its bleak sea winds and cold rain and blizzards of snow. Carley did not go south. She read and brooded, and gradually avoided all save those true friends who tolerated her. She went to the theater a good deal, showing preference for the drama of strife, and she did not go anywhere for amusement. Distraction and amusement seemed to be dead for her. But she could become absorbed in any argument on the good or evil of the present day.

Socialism reached into her mind to be rejected. She had never understood it clearly, but it seemed to her a state of mind where dissatisfied men and women wanted to share what harder working or more clever people possessed. There were a few who had too much of the world's goods and many who had too little. A readjustment of such inequality at injustice must come, but Carley did not see that remedy in socialism.

She devoured books on the war with a morbid curiosity and hope that she would find some illuminating truth as to the uselessness of sacrificing young men in the glory at prime of their lives. To her war appeared a matter of human nature rather than politics. Hate really was a

effect of war. Though she granted every argument for war she flung against them one ringing, passionate truth—agony of mangled soldiers and agony of women and children. There was no justification for offensive war. It was monstrous and hideous. If Nature and evolution proved the absolute need of strife, war, blood and death in the progress of animal and man toward perfection, then it would be better to abandon this Christless code and let the race of man die out.

But earnest study and seeking did not cure Carley any more than did the ceaseless rush to forget. Everything she undertook seemed false. How terribly had her sincere interest in the disabled veterans of the war stung her! Everything forced upon her an incomprehensible falseness of life.

All through these weeks she longed for a letter from Glenn. But it did not come. Had he finally roused to the sweetness and worth and love of Flo Hutter? Carley knew absolutely through both intelligence and intuition that Glenn Kilbourne would never love Flo. Yet such was her intensity and stress at times, especially in the darkness of waking hours, that jealousy overcame her and insidiously worked its havoc.

One day she received a note from an old schoolmate, a girl who had married out of Carley's set, and had in consequence been ostracized. She was living on Long Island at a little country place named Wading River. Her husband was an electrician and an inventor in a modest way. He worked hard, commuting to Astoria. They had a cottage in the country and preferred to stay there, even though winter made it hard for him and lonely for her. A baby boy had just come to them. Would not Carley run down to see the youngster?

That was a strong and trenchant call. Carley went. She found indeed a country village, and on the outskirts of it a little cottage that must have been pretty in summer, when the green was on vines and trees. Her old schoolmate was rosy, plump, bright-eyed and happy. She saw in Carley no change, a fact that somehow rebounded sweetly on Carley's consciousness. Elsie prattled of herself and her husband and how they had saved for this little home, and then of the baby.

WHEN Carley saw the dark-eyed, pink-toed, curling-fisted baby she understood Elsie's happiness and reveled in it. When she felt the soft, warm, living little body in her arms, against her breast, then she seemed shot through and through with some incalculable and mysterious strength. What were the trivial, sordid and selfish feelings that kept her in tumult compared with this welling and wonderful emotion? Had she the secret in her arms? Babies and Carley had never got along well together in those rare meetings that were scarcely the result of chance. But Elsie's baby nestled to her breast and cooed to her and clung to her finger. When at length the child was laid in his crib, it seemed to Carley that the fragrance and the soul of him remained with her.

"A real American boy."

"You can just bet he is," replied Elsie. "Carley, you ought to see his dad."

"I'd like to meet him," said Carley thoughtfully. "Elsie, was he in the service?"

"Yes. He was on one of the avy transports that took munitions to France. Think of me, carrying this baby, with my husband on a boat full of explosives and with German submarines roaming the ocean. Oh, it was dreadful."

"But he came back, and now all's well with you," said Carley with a smile of earnestness. "I'm very glad, Elsie."

"Yes; but I shudder when I think of possible future war. I'm going to raise boys, and girls, too, I hope, and the thought of war is torturing."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Raise the family, Elsie, and trust to that nameless something which aids us hope."

CARLEY found her train somewhat late, and she took advantage of the delay to walk out to the wooded badlands above the Sound.

It was a raw March day with a steely sun going down in a pale gray sky. Patches of snow lingered in sheltered bushy places. This bit of badland had a floor of soft

sand that dragged at Carley's feet. There were sere and brown leaves still fluttering on the scrub oaks. At length Carley came to the edge of the bluff, with the gray expanse of sea beneath her and a long, wandering shore line, ragged with wreckage and driftwood. The surge of water rolled in—a long, low, white creeping line that roared softly on the beach and dragged the pebbles screaming back. There was neither boat nor living creature in sight.

Carley felt the scene ease a clutching hand within her breast. Here were loneliness and solitude vastly different from that of Oak Creek Cañon, yet they held the same intangible power to soothe. The swish of the Sound, the moan of the wind in the evergreens, were voices that called to her in an unknown tongue. How many more miles of lonely land than of peopled cities! Then the sea—how vast! And over that the illimitable and infinite sky, and beyond to the endless realms of space.

IT HELPED her somehow to see and hear and feel the eternal presence of Nature. In communion with Nature the significance of life might be realized. She remembered Glenn quoting: "We are too much in the world. Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." What were our powers? What did God intend men to do with hands and bodies and gifts and souls? She gazed back over the bleak land and then out across the broad arm of the sea. Only the smallest part of the surface of the unsubmerged earth knew the populous abodes of man. And the lonely sea, inhospitable to stable homes, was thrice the area of the land. Were men intended then to congregate in few places, to squabble and to bicker and breed the discontents that lead to injustice, hatred and war? What a mystery it all was! But Nature was neither false nor little, however cruel she might be. Her message seemed to be—Live with me!

Once again Carley fell under the fury of her fiery ordeal. Wavering now, restless and sleepless, given to violent starts and slow spells of apathy, she was wearing to defeat.

That spring day, one year from the day she had left New York for Arizona, she wished to spend alone. But her thoughts grew unbearable. She summed up the endless year. Could she live another like it? Something must break within her. She went out. The air was warm and balmy, carrying that nameless current which causes the mild madness, spring fever. In the park the greening of the grass, the opening of buds, the singing of birds, the gladness of children, the light on the water, the warm sun—all seemed to reproach her. Carley fled from the park to the home of Beatrice Lovell; and there through the irony of fate she encountered those of her acquaintances with whom she had least patience. They forced her to think too keenly of herself. They appeared care free while she was miserable.

Over teacups there was waging gossip and argument and criticism. When Carley came in with Beatrice, there was a sudden hush and then a murmur.

"Hello, Carley. Now say it to our faces," called out Gerald Conners, a fair, handsome young woman of thirty, exquisitely gowned in the latest mode, whose delicately tinted face was not the natural one of health.

"Say what, Gerald?" asked Carley. "I certainly would not say anything behind your backs that I wouldn't repeat here."

"Eleanor has been telling us how you simply burned us up."

"We did have an argument. And I'm not sure I said all I wanted to."

"Say the rest here," drawled a lazy, mellow voice. "For heaven's sake, stir us up. If I could get a thrill out of anything, I'd bless it."

"Carley, go on the stage," said another.

"Girls, do you know that you actually have not one sensible idea in your heads?" retorted Carley. "Sensible? I should hope not. Who wants to be sensible?" Gerald clinked her teacup against a saucer. "Listen," she called. "I wasn't teasing Carley. I am good and sore. She goes around knocking everybody and saying New York backs Sodom off the boards. I want her to come out with it right here."

"I DARE say I've talked too much," returned Carley. "It's been a rather hard winter for me. Perhaps indeed I've tried the patience of my friends."

"See here, Carley," said Gerald deliberately, "just because you've had life turn to bitter ashes in your mouth you've no right to poison it for us. We all find it pretty sweet. You're an unsatisfied woman and, if you don't marry somebody, you'll end by being a reformer or a fanatic."

"I'd rather end that way than live in a shell."

"I declare, you make me see red, Carley," flashed Gerald angrily. "No wonder Morrison says what he does. He says Glenn Kilbourne jilted you for some Western girl. If that's true it's rather petty of you to vent your spleen on us."

Carley felt the gathering of a mighty, resistless force. But Gerald Conners was nothing to her except the target for a thunderbolt.

"I have no spleen," she replied with a dignity of passion. "I have only pity. I was as blind as you. If heartbreak tore the scales from my eyes perhaps that is well for me. For I see something terribly wrong in myself, in you, in all of us, in the life of to-day."

"You keep your pity to yourself. You need it," answered Gerald with heat. "There's nothing wrong with me nor my friends nor life in good old New York."

(Continued on Page 168)



CARLEY BURST IN UPON HER AUNT. "LOOK AT ME, AUNT MARY," SHE CRIED, RADIANT AND EXULTANT. "I'M GOING BACK WEST!"

THERE were terrible adventures in the wilderness; for there was treason in high places, and it was punished in spectacular style. The sons of Aaron, Nadab and Abihu—so eloquently mentioned by Browning in *One Word More*—together with their father and Moses and seventy elders, went up the mountain and saw the glory of God.

And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.

Yet later Nadab and Abihu, who had seen the King in His beauty, offered up strange fire near Sinai, and instantly perished. So quickly forgotten then and now is the Divine Revelation; forgotten by those especially chosen to receive it.

Miriam, the prophetess, sister of Moses and Aaron, may perhaps be pardoned for family jealousy when Moses married a black girl, an Ethiopian; but her method of revenge was strange, and the punishment accurately fitted the crime. Together with Aaron she started a sedition and was smitten with leprosy; as much as to say, If you think you are better than your sister-in-law because you are white, you shall be even whiter by contrast, white as snow. The leprosy was removed at the entreaty of Moses, but it gave Miriam something to think about.

Korah, a Levite, with two hundred and fifty princes, men of renown, started an open rebellion against Moses. The latter felt this defection in the priest tribe, and he said sharply: "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi." The next day, in the presence of the whole congregation, Moses called upon the people to keep away from Korah and his friends; there was an instant and dramatic separation, as if Korah had some horrible and contagious disease.

And it came to pass, as he had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground clave asunder that was under them:

And the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods.

They, and all that appertained to them, went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them; and they perished from among the congregation.

And all Israel that were round about them fled at the cry of them: for they said, Lest the earth swallow us up also.

The shrieks of the sinking rebels must have rung in the people's ears for many days; yet they were soon ready to rebel and to worship other gods, which is the way of all flesh. The famous story of Balaam and his ass would seem to indicate that in spiritual insight a donkey may have more intelligence than a man.

Israel's Progress Marked by Wars

THERE were also frightful plagues, one of which carried off fourteen thousand and seven hundred; there was the scene of the serpent in the wilderness. Yet these wonders made no permanent impression, for the children of Israel, like those of other nations, were more interested in their stomachs than in their souls. Moses needed all his meekness, all his self-control to deal with them.

Spies were sent out into the Promised Land, and with the exception of two stout-hearted men, Joshua and Caleb, they brought back an evil report. They said:

It is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of a great stature.

And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.

The time came, however, to advance; and from now on the history of Israel is like the history of other countries, a succession of wars. The progress of the world has been made through bloodshed, wholesale slaughter, with innumerable and unspeakable individual cruelties. The triumphs of Israel are no exception; they came at the expense of their antagonists and through their own losses. Children were brutally murdered, and captive women became the spoil of the Chosen People. The Promised Land was won—a land flowing with milk before the Israelites appeared, when the milk turned to rivers of blood. War was then what it always has been; crops and property were destroyed, babies butchered, greed and sensuality were unrestrained. The soldiers of Israel were "thorough," and carried out the policy of extermination amid the braying of trumpets and psalms of thanksgiving. So far back as we can trace events since Eden, man has lived under a curse.



Human Nature in the Bible

Famous Fighters in Canaan

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Decorations by F. Sands Brunner

As Moses was a statesman, Joshua was a soldier. His predominant qualities were strength and courage. He was an invader by divine right. Still on the east of Jordan, he sent out two spies to enter the first important city near the other bank, the city of Jericho. They went into the house of Rahab, a harlot; women of this profession were known in the beginning of history, for mention is made of them in the book of Genesis. Rahab hid the two men on the roof of her house, and covered them with the stalks of flax; when the king of Jericho inquired for them she put the messengers on a false scent. Rahab had heard the story of the drying up of the Red Sea and the conquests of the men of Israel; she believed in them with all her heart; she knew that the doom of Jericho was at hand. She begged for the life of her family, was told to mark the window of her house with a bit of red, and keep everybody indoors; then the house and the inmates would be spared. Such marking of friendly houses was common in the recent war.

Her house was on the town wall, and she let the spies down from the outside window by a cord; they escaped to the mountain, hid there three days and returned in safety.

Thus Rahab acquired immortality; she is mentioned with respect in the Letter to the Hebrews and in the Letter of James. She has frequently appeared in imaginative literature. In our time women of her profession are often idealized and made the heroines of fiction and drama. There are writers who seem to have a sentimental admiration for people of this class.

No Mercy for Enemies

THE children of Israel passed through the river of Jordan, following the ark of the Lord. The method was slightly different from that in which they had crossed the Red Sea. There they passed between two walls of water; here on one side the water was amassed in a heap, and on the other it ran off entirely and disappeared. Perhaps the only person who was not surprised by the event was Rahab; she remembered the story of the Red Sea and knew that for the Israelites a stretch of water was no obstacle.

Shortly after they had arrived in safety on the Canaan side, a curious thing happened; the fall of manna ceased and has never been seen since. They were now to have a table prepared for them in the presence of their enemies.

Joshua had a vision of a strange captain who came to meet him, which is not surprising, as many in the recent war saw plainly similar apparitions.

The gates of Jericho were closed. Six days in succession the Hebrew men at arms walked once entirely around the

town, preceded by seven priests carrying in silence trumpets of ram's horns, and followed by the ark of the Lord, which in turn had a rear-guard. As the inhabitants looked from the walls at the grim and silent host they must have felt extremely nervous. On the seventh day the invaders circumvented the city seven times—presumably at the double-quick—and then the priests blew a tremendous blast, the army gave one mighty shout, and down went the walls. With the exception of Rahab and her family, every living thing in the city was slain by the Israelites, and Jericho wiped off the map of Canaan.

The soldiers were told to take no booty for themselves, but one man, Achan, found his avarice stronger than his fear of the mighty God; he hid valuables in his tent. Then came a terrifying casting of lots. The twelve tribes were drawn, and Judah was taken. What a relief for the others, and what consternation in the heart of Achan! The families of Judah were drawn, and the Zarahites were taken; man by man they were drawn, and Zabdi was taken; his household was drawn, and his grandson Achan was taken.

And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me.

Achan confessed. He and his entire family were stoned and then burned. A great heap of stones was raised over him to commemorate his sin and its punishment.

The Canaanites did not yield up their fair land without a struggle; they were brave in battle, like soldiers everywhere, and they fought desperately; but they had no more chance than Hector against Achilles. Their hour had struck. The familiar military tactics appear, strategy and ambush; and there were traitors who espoused the Hebrew cause, some of whom were kept indefinitely as hewers of wood and drawers of water. The sun stood still over Gibeon, stood still in the midst of the heaven, and set only with the fortunes of the town. Then comes a touch worthy of Marlowe's Tamburlaine. Five kings had hid in a cave; when they were brought out Joshua called forward his captains and told them to put their feet on the necks of the kings. After this indignity the five were slain and hanged on five trees, which had never borne such royal fruit before.

So the invaders went on their way, houghing horses, destroying armed hosts, butchering women and children and burning cities; the pillar of fire and the pillar of smoke were now of their own making and marked their progress continually. Finally the land was divided up and perforce submitted to the peace of victory.

A Famous Woman Judge

HERE and there the Canaanites made those bloodless conquests that subdued nations win of their conquerors; some of the Israelites adopted the gods of their foes and others made marriages with the daughters of the land. So it has ever been.

The time came for Joshua to die. He made an impressive farewell speech, full of warnings against transgression, full of promises to the faithful, and he said: "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth." The brave old warrior who, like Cromwell, carried the law in one hand and the sword in the other, made a covenant with his people and submitted to death with a calm and steadfast mind.

After the death of Joshua the people became corrupted by following the religion of their enemies; fighting began again and the steady succession of victories came to an end. Eglon, the king of the Moabites, got the upper hand and held Israel in subjection eighteen years. This led to the first political assassination recorded in the Bible. King Eglon was a very fat man, "and he was sitting in a summer parlour, which he had for himself alone." A revolutionist named Ehud entered, saying that he had a message from God. As the heavy monarch got up out of his chair Ehud pushed a dagger into the nearest part of his anatomy, which stood out conspicuously; the fat closed over the handle and Eglon fell. Ehud left the room quietly, closing and locking the door after him; the king's attendants, thinking he did not wish to be disturbed, left him alone long enough for Ehud to make good his escape and rouse his people. The Moabites were thoroughly beaten, and there came eighty years of peace.

The Israelites attempted some loose form of general government, under Judges, who are first mentioned in the second chapter of the book. It is interesting to note that women seem to have had full political equality, for one of the most famous judges was Deborah, who was a

(Continued on Page 55)





"LO, CHILDREN ARE AN HERITAGE OF THE LORD; HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT BATH HIS QUIVER FULL OF THEM."—Psalms cxviii: 3-5

Children are an Heritage of the Lord—From the Painting by W. L. Taylor

The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL

BARTON W. CURRIE, *Editor*



Editorial

Twain

WHY is it that in America woman stands higher in the esteem of man than in almost any other country on earth? To what circumstances or conditions do we accredit the fact that her estate among us is so different from that enjoyed by her sisters of the Old World as commonly to excite remark and not infrequently inspire amazement on the part of our foreign friends and visitors? It cannot be explained upon any assumption that on this side of the water woman has obtained some sort of special advantage over her masculine mate. That assumption would be instantly repudiated by both men and women; besides, the relationship in question savors of equality and comradeship rather than the assumption of supremacy on the one hand or deference to superiority on the other.

Nor can the position which is accorded to the American woman be considered as due to excessive courtesy on the part of the man, because the American is not particularly famous for the graces and suavities of extreme politeness.

No, indeed. This new relation between men and women rests upon something basic. It is not sentiment or emotion merely, though it is respectful and tender. It is not temporary, but abiding. It is not directed to favored individuals only; it is general. It is not put on as a garment, but it is constitutional and inheres in the very fiber of what we like to call Americanism.

In trying to account for the origin of this distinctive New World development, something may be said about the leveling effect of mutual responsibilities under the ballot, directing common attention to great public questions, and much may be accredited to the essential advantages of woman in a democracy as compared to the older order of society. Much can be said about the advantages that have followed the general admission of women to institutions of higher learning, and much more can be said about the effects of intimate association, not only in coeducation from the grades up to and through college but on into business and almost every conceivable form of social, civic and political activity.

But there is a factor, often overlooked and oftener yet forgotten, which has exerted a mighty influence upon American character, and at no point more than in the fundamental relations between men and women. That factor lay in the lives and experiences of our pioneer ancestors as they carved a nation out of the wilderness. Unique if not entirely new in the world, it is here that we shall find the principal explanation of whatever is distinctive in the standing of womankind in the eyes of American men.

America's early development was different in many respects from that of any known part of the Old World, and in none more distinctively than in those conditions that bear upon the relations between men and women.

All the older countries were acquired and reacquired by conquest. An army of men overran a continent or part of a continent and divided the spoils of war—lands, livestock and even men and women—between the conquerors. Under the feudal system the vassals went with the estate, whether acquired by conquest or by purchase. War was the chief occupation of ambitious men. The soldier was exalted to the first rank, and all others, men and women alike, accepted an inferior status in society. Lord and lady they were, to be sure, but the lady was the property of her lord rather than his companion, as witness the facility and the informality with which even the best of men changed favorites.

From the days of the tribe forward it was the man as hunter and warrior that occupied the prominent place in public esteem, and nothing happened to greatly disturb this relation until the sailing of the Pilgrims in their quest for liberty, which culminated in a New World built on virgin soil in almost every sense of the term.

It was different here in every way. America was not conquered by an advancing army of professional warriors. It was developed by the gradual infiltration of immigrants to a wild and almost uninhabited country. Men and women suffered together the privations of the open sea, and they lived and died together upon the land. Those who survived buried their dead together and took up again, side by side, the terrible task of fighting off starvation and sickness in a new and strange and forbidding land.

Foot by foot and almost inch by inch they together subdued the forest. Year by year they fought frost and famine. Without warning they fought the red man, worst of all. The wife ran bullets while the husband stood at the loophole, and when he fell it was she who caught up the gun and defended her home and little ones while life was left. The woman could do and she did do anything and everything that a man could do in gaining a foothold of liberty on a new continent, and it was thus she entered into her birthright.

Children born of such parents married and moved on farther and ever farther into the unbroken wilderness. The young husband and his wife, with ax and dog and gun, literally walked a day's journey or a month's beyond the farthest settlement, "took up" a homestead of "wild land" and, while the young wife watched for prowling savages, the man brought down the giant trees and opened a clearing that crops might be grown as bread for him and his.

One Man Beside One Woman

THIS was the way America was developed. The unit of conquest was not a conquering army with banners; it was one man beside one woman, and there was nothing that either could not do. They both could chop and burn. They both could shoot. They both could sew and harvest. They both could cook. They wrought together in health and nursed each other in illness. They twain, working alone in the world together, became literally one flesh and one spirit.

Loving and working and suffering and succeeding side by side, year after year as age crept slowly on, they grew very close together, this man and this woman, and their children, raised in this atmosphere of mutual labor, love and sacrifice, drank in with their mother's milk and breathed in the very atmosphere of the rugged home a veneration and respect for womankind, first as personified in the mother and afterward in the wife, such as were never known before within the space of recorded history.

So was born the American's attitude toward womankind. He does not consider her as his inferior to be held in servitude, nor yet as a plaything to be petted and spoiled. He does not so much regard woman as his superior, for he can think of nothing except motherhood in which his own sense of manhood does not drive him to equal her. Upon the altar of motherhood, however, he lays his heart and his full measure of adoration. In all other matters he regards his wife as his companion—companion in the necessary labors of the family, and companion in the successes of life as she is also in its hardships and its failures.

Such was the soil and such were the conditions that produced that new thing in the world that we call the place of the American woman. Her great-great-grandmother won it for her more than did all modern influences combined. It is a precious possession that we cannot afford to lose, even though the conditions that developed it have long since passed away never to return.

The American man believes that his mother and his wife and his daughter, together with his neighbor's wife and daughter, are possessed of the same stern but gentle stuff that made his female ancestors the greatest women that the world had up to that time produced. This is the great reason why American women occupy to-day the place they hold in the esteem of men.

What are We Doing With Our Children

The Old-Fashioned Mother and the New-Fashioned Daughter

By BEATRICE BARMBY

MOTHER! The most thrilling thing. You'll never guess!" Julia burst into my room while I was making the bed, my hands mechanically effective, my mind occupied with plans for the usual busy day of the modern woman who runs a house with inefficient help, plays golf and bridge, is an energetic worker in community service, has many friends and a growing daughter. "When I called for Milly to go to school she wasn't there. She's run away to be married—just left a note; Mrs. Carlow's all fussed up."

"Milly! But she's a mere child, not out of high —"

"Isn't it exciting? And won't Katherine be wild, for she was crazy about George?"

"Not George Langdon!"

Julia nodded her head violently.

My poor Anne Carlow! No wonder she was "fussed up," for there was not a mother of us who did not dislike and distrust this erratic, unstable youth of eighteen, an only son with unlimited pocket money, the manners of a tired man of the world and the intelligence of a spoiled child of twelve; not one of us who would not have forbidden our sons and daughters speaking to him if we had had the courage! But his father was the richest man in our neighborhood, which, by the way, is composed of average families, neither very rich nor very poor, and is within easy commuting distance of the city where our husbands have their businesses. Mrs. Langdon was the leader of our social affairs while George was "the fashion" with the younger set.

"How miserable Anne will be! How could Milly leave her alone, when she had everything; not a wish unfulfilled?"

"Why, mother, you might think she was dead! I guess Milly can take care of herself; and she'll have a wonderful time while it lasts."

Not a Steady Husband

I LOOKED at my pretty daughter with her bright eyes and excited manner, with her bobbed hair standing out from her head in a curly mass, her sweater belted where her hips should have been. Her figure was thin, immature, childish enough, but in some subtle way she suggested a sophistication which we were once wont to associate with the seamy side of life. Memory made me wince, memory of my dreams over her baby body in which I had seen her growing to the ideal womanhood my own mother represented, hoping that my Julia might be as morally courageous, as loyal, as unselfish, as patient, as cheerful.

"While it lasts!" Julia evidently didn't expect anything permanent. "But what about afterwards?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't suppose Milly is worrying about that. I shouldn't fancy George as a steady husband, but she can always get rid of him. And just think, mother, they've taken the new auto his

father's just given him, and they're going to Palm Beach, and Milly didn't take a rag; so she'll have to get a whole new outfit."

As Julia rattled on in her nervous, excited voice the intangible sense of bewilderment which had lately been present on her account crystallized into a sudden, clear, chill sense of failure. Was this the result of my dreams? "And suppose there is a child. Don't any of you think of a thing beyond a new sensation, a good time? Don't you take any responsibility, any —" Anger choked my voice.

Julia stood there with that maddening touch of tolerance with which the modern child regards its parents. "Well, she doesn't need to have any children, and in any case it will be all right. It wouldn't be a bad thing to be the grandson or granddaughter of old George Langdon; there'll be oodles of money. Good-by; I must go and tell the girls." And Julia left me.

Fussy and Old-Fashioned

PREVIOUSLY, when this sense of disappointment had touched the edges of my busy life, I had consoled myself with the thought that Julia, if not admittedly exactly like my ideal, was by no means the most reckless or selfish of the young people I knew; that I was doing all a busy mother could do, keeping house efficiently, seeing that clothes were dainty, eyes and teeth examined, lessons not neglected; further, that the trend towards instability and selfishness in modern youth was but a temporary result of the abnormality of war.

Now I began to ask myself some frank questions: Had my interests become so widely scattered that Julia had suffered—oh, not materially, but in the lack of time and perseverance necessary for the training of her character? Had I, in spite of belief in the value of discipline and the example my mother had set in my own training, gradually grown slack, falling into line with the general trend of indulgence? Had I lost the old sense of home making and child training, the instinct for instilling into my child's love that touch of awe, devotion and respect which I had for my mother? Awe, respect—can't you hear Julia and your sons and daughters giggle?

During the next two weeks I kept my mind firmly fixed on these questions, watched the apparent indifference of a few women to anything but their own amusement and comfort, gathered the confessions of many another mother I knew, bewildered by her lack of control over her children, hurt by their lack of devotion to her. I saw Anne Carlow's face grow paler. Another episode drove the truth still further home.

For the eloping couple returned, and though there was much killing of the fatted calf there was no sign of repentance. I heard George laughingly apologize that they hadn't been able to give a wedding feast and boast that the celebration he had in view should make up for it—an automobile party to a football game the

following Saturday, and a dinner and dance at the Langdon home. From Julia's hectic list of names, I supposed that all the "favored" children of the neighborhood were invited.

"Is Mrs. Langdon going to the game with you?" I asked Julia.

"I should say not; but Milly'll be there, and she's married."

"Milly!" I echoed. Milly as a chaperon!

"Oh, mother," Julia burst in petulantly, "don't be so fussy and old-fashioned!"

Weakly I said nothing more, consoling myself with the thought that they'd be home before dinner, that Mrs. Langdon would then be hostess, and that I would call for Julia on my way home from a card party.

There was, however, no sign of the usual blaze of light which George demanded. Instead I was met by Mr. Langdon with the disquieting information that his wife had been taken suddenly and rather seriously ill just before lunch, but that the doctor had pronounced that she had taken the right turn about an hour ago.

"Where are the children?" I asked.

"Oh, they'll be all right! George is going to take them to the Palace for dinner and a dance as he couldn't have them here."

"How fortunate that his mother's illness didn't cause any interference with his plans," I said in bitter irony.

"Oh, well," Mr. Langdon shrugged his shoulders, "we're only young once, you know!"

"That's the tragedy of it; our children are never young; they're sophisticated, satiated, bored before they are out of their teens."

All Happy Except the Bride

JULIA had gone, knowing how I should disapprove; that was the thing which stung as I waited. It was almost midnight when an automobile arrived at the door with tremendous hilarity. George had apparently been driving with one arm, his other being buried behind the girl next to him, who was in turn crushed the tighter by another couple also on the front seat. Julia struggled out of a similar mêlée in the rear, and they were off again.

"Eight of us in the back," said she with flushed cheeks and bright eyes. "Johnny's machine broke down. Gee, but I'll never choose Billy for a seat again, he's got such knobby knees!"

"Julia! Whatever kind of a party have you been to?"

She giggled. "Regular petting party, I'd say. We were all happy except Milly, who was mad at George; so he got even by being extra nice to Katherine, made her sit by him coming home; and Mary, who was peeved because she only had that kid Brian Souter —"

"Mary was there too!" Mary had lost her mother only two months before. "Julia, you're cheapening yourself; you knew Mrs. Langdon

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Ask these Questions in Selecting a Home Site

Selecting the Site and the Plans

By P. S. LOVEJOY

Inquiries about the houses shown should be addressed to the Architectural Department, The Ladies' Home Journal

The type of house illustrated by the upper picture is becoming very popular, but frequently the high-pitched roof and the gables spoil the interior effect of the upper rooms. In this house, however, plans of which are shown at the left of the page, there is only a difference of six inches in the height of the ceilings, those on the first floor being eight feet six inches and on the second floor eight feet. The storage space above is unfinished. The approximate cost is about \$7000, including a hot-air furnace, first-class plumbing and a hardwood floor in the living-room.

WHATEVER else it may turn out to be, the home that you build is an investment. To be a thoroughly good investment it should turn out to be not only satisfactory to the family that lives in it but a property that for many years will constantly increase in value. And as increase in value of improved real estate is usually due to rise in the values of the land rather than the buildings, the quality of the home as an investment is largely dependent upon the skill with which the land is selected.

Especially in the case of new homes built on borrowed money, it is important to make sure that the building site is well selected and that the building is well adjusted to the site. So having determined the approximate limit of cost that can be considered, the next decision must be as to the general locality in which one is to buy and build. Shall it be on the east or the west side? On the heights or more downtown? Will it be a regular city lot or something in the suburbs or out in the country?

Usually we want to live close to our friends, but with the automobile, that can often be managed with less regard to actual distance than used to be the case. Because of this, a rapid shifting of real-estate values is going on in almost every community.

In most families there are certain fixed combinations that must be provided for. Must the head of the house be at his desk at a given time every working day? Then dependable transportation will be a limiting factor in locating the new home site. Are the children going to school? A good school that can be reached without dangerous street crossings should be near. Is the family very fond of tennis or swimming? Then courts or beach should be near by. All such limiting items having been checked over, the choice of building sites is narrowed down again.

Unneighborly neighbors are among the least satisfactory of home surroundings. What of the neighbors? And what of their children and phonographs and evening habits? Will they prove pleasant to live among? What of the future of the block or subdivision or ward? Will it attract more and more of your sort of people? These are mighty important questions.

For each locality which seems to offer promising building sites, consider everything you can think of that may affect the livability or the salability of such a home as you have in mind.



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR



ARCHITECT, WILLIAM F. BERRY, JR.



THE ARCHITECTS: SMALL HOUSE DESIGN BUREAU

The lower picture illustrates a Dutch Colonial house of frame construction and brick foundation. The charm of the Colonial house is irresistible, there seeming to cling about it the old-time hospitality of the early settlers. This house is quite small, but the six rooms and bath are arranged so that no space is wasted—one way of reducing building costs. Standard lengths and stock materials were used in this little house. The approximate cost is about \$8000. Plans, material bill and professional counsel may be had from the architects for a nominal fee.

where there are no building restrictions. The coming of factories may bring a host of workmen who choke the streets and the street cars twice a day. The sudden increase in street traffic will bring in store buildings and commercial garages.

Noises are among the most common of nuisances and are of endless sorts. The view from the lots on top of the boulevard hill may be splendid—and people with automobiles may think so, too, and five hundred of them may come driving up every fine evening, with their mufflers cut out on account of the grade. Evenings on Elm Place may be beautifully quiet—but only because they do not start to switch freight cars in the First Street yards until three A.M. Evenings and nights near Washington and Maple avenues may be very pleasant, but at eight, ten, twelve, one, three and four o'clock there may be bedlam from the children over at the Lincoln school. A curve in the street-car tracks may develop frantic shrieks and squeals at ten-minute intervals night and day.

Smells may be tremendous nuisances, and though they are usually suppressed by the authorities they are sometimes quite beyond control, as in the case of rivers and lakes during late summer.

If one settles in a rapidly developing neighborhood early enough to get the full benefit of increasing real-estate values, one must expect to live for some years in the midst of pounding and yelling and heavy traffic and torn-up roads, as other people come in and build in turn.

Unpleasant sights and views are to be avoided in the general neighborhood. No one likes to travel squalid streets in getting downtown or to be compelled to view the neighbor's wash on the line. How long will it be before those old barns are moved? When will those corner lots become something other than dumps and thistle patches?

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A Disappointment

THE names of the forty-five prize winners in the house-plan contest cannot be announced until March. "I find that my eyes will not stand more than nine hours' daily work examining contest plans and letters," writes the Contest Editor, "and the flood of plans that came right at the last won't let me finish in time for a February announcement. I simply will not do it hastily: the selection of prize winners is too important. However, I shall have all the prize plans in shape, ready for publication in the March issue—and that is, after all, the important point."

So we'll all have to be patient another month.

The first consideration is safety—actual physical safety and then the safety of the investment. Is there possibility of flood damage? Would a big fire in the direction of the prevailing wind be apt to sweep the whole district? Are there good local fire and police arrangements? Are the streets well lighted and are passers-by frequent? What about the water supply? Is it safe for domestic use and is there plenty in case of fire? What about drainage, sewage disposal and standing water? Are there fly-breeding stables or mosquito-breeding swamps near by? Is the street traffic fast and heavy and dangerous?

Present conditions are important—the future still more so. Are there apt to be changes before long? If so, are the changes sure to be for the better? And how soon are the changes to be expected and who says so?

The livability of a home site is largely dependent upon the absence of nuisances. In addition to those mentioned there is crowding. Unexpected crowding may develop through the opening of a new street-car line or highway or the sudden increase in the desirability of a neighborhood



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

Tender luscious little peas
Make this soup so sure to please.
Even better, you'll agree,
Eaten as a Cream of Pea.



Such delicious pea soup!

Of course pea soup is a favorite of yours—it's one of the most popular dishes all over the world. But taste Campbell's! It will give you a new idea of how good pea soup can be! Every smooth, creamy spoonful will delight you with its fresh flavor and rich nourishment.

Campbell's Pea Soup

has the fragrance of a new spring day—welcome as its sunshine and its fresh green tints. Sugar-sweet peas, rich country milk, golden creamery butter are blended and daintily spiced to make as fine a pea soup as ever graced your table. All the family will like it!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

The next time you are hostess

You will be proud of your Cream of Pea Soup made with Campbell's. It is the simplest and easiest of dishes to prepare, yet a luxury every woman will love. Read on the can the brief directions for making it. Daintier still in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



WHEN Judge Bumble took charge of the Bumbleton Banner he announced in his very first issue that he would submit to no dictation in any sense of the word, but he soon found that it was difficult to live up to this high ideal.

"Did Mrs. Larkspur get you over the phone?" Mrs. Bumble asked him one afternoon when he came home with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

Judge Bumble told his wife that Mrs. Larkspur had talked to him and then he went about his work.

"Did she want you to say some more about Laura?" Mrs. Bumble asked, and the editor told her that Laura had been granted a certificate and that she would teach the Blockhouse school.

"Well, did she say that it was a second-grade certificate and that there are not more than six or eight pupils who attend that school?" asked Mrs. Bumble. The editor thought it was unnecessary to mention those details, but Mrs. Bumble thought it important.

"If I were running a newspaper," she said, "I wouldn't be afraid to tell the truth. I am sure I don't care anything about Mrs. Larkspur one way or the other, although she did treat me meanly at the bazaar, but if I were in your place I wouldn't allow her to use me to advertise Laura. I pity the children that Laura will teach."

Judge Bumble wrote furiously for an hour or more and, as he was rather proud of what he had written, he made no objection when Mrs. Bumble took up the news items he had prepared for the Banner and began reading them.

"Won't you ever tire of telling the people about Dollie Buttercup and her reading?" Mrs. Bumble asked. "It was great entertainment, I must say. She has recited that Baron's Last Banquet no less than a dozen times that I know of, and I am sure that nobody cares to hear it except Mrs. Buttercup."

"The family has an idea that some young man will hear Dollie recite and fall desperately in love with her on the spot; but if I were a young man I would want a wife who could do something besides recite that tragic piece. The baron ought to be thankful that he is dead and out of the way so he won't have to listen to her."

"My, what a beautiful description you have of the decorations at Mabel's party! It must have been a regular flower show, but I would like to know what you get for saying so much about it. Mabel doesn't care a thing in the world for you, and you always have a big write-up of everything she does."

"Of course this causes her to think that you blame me for the trouble she and I had, when you know well enough that it was her fault. I know that people must laugh when they see what you have to say about her. Most people know that she is nothing, absolutely nothing."

"And so Arthur and Ora will visit points in the East on their honeymoon trip, will they? I wouldn't have stopped at that if I had been you. I would have said that they were going to Europe. The fact is that they are going to Parker's Ford, where he has an aunt who runs a boarding house. I wish you would change this and put it that they are going to Parker's Ford. I don't care anything about it, only I don't want Ora's mother to think she is putting it over the people."

"Well, you did mention that Mrs. Applecrab is going to visit her mother, didn't you? You have devoted two whole lines to it. Don't you think you ought to leave it out and use the space for something about Laura Larkspur? Don't you think that two lines is entirely too much to devote to one of my friends?"

At the dinner table Mrs. Bumble had something to remind her of her husband's spineless policy of failing to reward her friends and punish her enemies in the columns of the Banner.

"Here is some of the wedding cake. Mrs. Pepper sent it. I suppose she expects you to pay for it by writing an extra column about the wedding. I wish you would say that the cake is soggy."

NO MATTER how much a husband has achieved in any other line he would rather have his wife brag of his cooking than anything else. Recently, when Mrs. Jason was sick, Mr. Jason was unable to get help in the home, so he had to do the cooking. At dinner-time he brought in some toast and tea for Mrs. Jason, and she declared that it was the most wonderful toast she had ever tasted. She also inquired how he had made the tea and he went to great pains to tell her. When it was almost time for the next meal she heard him in the kitchen scraping toast, but when he brought it she didn't notice that he had let it burn. She said it was better even than the first he brought her, and the tea was so good that she



Bumbleton Folks

By CLAUDE CALLAN

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

asked for a second cup. She told women who called that Mr. Jason had always said he couldn't cook, but that he had fixed her nice meals since she had been sick. After eating a third meal of toast and tea, Mrs. Jason was so strong that she was able to bake a potato and poach an egg for herself.

MR. TRUNDLE has learned what to say when his wife asks him which of a number of women he considers the prettiest. A few months ago she showed him the pictures of three prominent beauties and asked his opinion about them. He glanced at the pictures and said he believed the one on the right was the best looking. "Do you really think she is good-looking?" his wife asked. "I think she has a mean look." Several times during the day she brought up the subject, and each time she found some new point to criticize. She said the woman's features were too large, that she had squinty eyes and a sort of coarse, ignorant look about her. Later, just to give Mr. Trundle another chance she showed him several more pictures in a magazine. He pointed to the one he thought the prettiest, and Mrs. Trundle was greatly surprised. "Well, I never thought you would pick her," Mrs. Trundle said. "She has a bold, brazen look about her that I don't like at all. And she is so large. By the time she

HE BROUGHT IN SOME TOAST AND TEA FOR MRS. JASON, AND SHE DECLARED THAT IT WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL TOAST SHE HAD EVER TASTED

is as old as I am she will be miserable. There are some types of women who look all right when they are young and then get to be downright ugly before they are thirty, and she is just exactly that type. I can't see a thing in the world to that one and I can't understand why you would select her from all those." That evening Mrs. Trundle told her husband she had taken another look at that picture in an effort to see what it was he admired, but that she had failed to find one good feature. The experience gained in these two beauty contests taught Mr. Trundle something, and last week when Mrs. Trundle showed him the pictures of the three brides-to-be and asked him to tell her which one he considered the prettiest, he said he didn't think there was a pretty one in the bunch. "Well, I don't either, for that matter," said Mrs. Trundle; "but they all are right nice looking, and they will make better wives than some of the beauties."

Major Dough is building a new home, much finer than his old one, so the next school catalogue will have a different picture of the "Typical Bumbleton Residence."

When there has been a fire in town, most people decide that it was from some such cause as a defective flue, but the volunteer detectives find shavings at a place where the blaze was first seen.

TOM JIMPSON was the most timid young man in Bumbleton, and when he was twenty-five years old he had never gone with a girl. In spite of this he was anxious to marry, and he hit upon a plan to trap one of the young women of the town. Tom owned a lot in a good part of town, and he decided to build a house that all the girls would admire. His idea was to make one of them fall in love with the house and in that way use it to gain a wife. When the building was finished Tom saw a great many people admire it, but no girl proposed to him and he found himself no braver than he had been before. But finally his sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Jimpson, sent for her sister to spend the summer with her. Mrs. Henry Jimpson said that the sister, Minnie, and Tom were kin folks, and Tom accepted this as true. Thinking of the girl as a sort of sister-in-law, Tom Jimpson was able to talk to her and ever to take her to church. Minnie called him Cousin Tom and, because of the fact that he was a relative, she didn't hesitate to ask him to take her wherever she wanted to go. For two months not one word passed between Tom and Minnie that might have been called making love to each other. In fact, Minnie frequently wore a house dress in Tom's presence and said it made no difference because they were kin folks. One day when Minnie was not at home, Mrs. Henry Jimpson said to Tom: "Minnie thinks your house is pretty."

For the first time Tom realized that Minnie was not his relative, and he boldly said to his sister-in-law: "Well, it isn't any prettier than she is." That evening Minnie told Tom that he was a flatterer because he had compared her beauty with that of the house, and in a short time they were married and living in the new home. Tom didn't say much about his scheme, but he wore a smile on his face which showed that he was conscious of how he had shrewdly married things and caught a wife in his trap.

FOR several months Dollie Buttercup has been saying that she isn't understood. She doesn't explain just what it means, but evidently she feels that she has ability, ambition and temperament that cannot be grasped by the ordinary mortal. She has not developed any talent, but she likes to disregard the customs of the common herd. For one thing it worries her to have her parents find fault with anything she does. When she returns home two hours after the time her mother told her to come she can't endure being reproved. She says she isn't understood. She so thoroughly dislikes such things as washing dishes and mending clothes that she knows it was intended that she should have servants wait on her. Mr. Buttercup realizes that he doesn't understand his daughter, but he sympathizes with her. Occasionally he loses his temper and talks cross.

Dollie because of something she has done, but he sees by her actions that she is a child who cannot stand being scolded, and he immediately tries to make up with her by apologizing for his harsh words. But Mrs. Buttercup is different. She is a woman with a lot of good, hard sense, and on a recent occasion when Dollie declared she had never been understood Mr. Buttercup said to her: "Now, here, young lady. I have heard enough of that. I have lived in the house with you for eighteen years and I think that I know you pretty well. As for your wanting to run around, the time and keep out of work, that isn't anything about you to understand."

Dear Mr. Currie:-

What a keen observer of our little human foibles is your Claude Callan, with his "Bumbleton Folks." And how he hits us off, just when we are least suspecting! It's a clever pen which can amuse and yet stab one "broad awake," every now and then. I'm truly grateful to him for both results of certain of his pungent paragraphs, and would like to send him that message.

Most sincerely yours,

Frederic S. Richmond



Miss Violet Heming, who posed for this study of her lovely hands, says: "Cutex provides the busy woman with a quick, easy and delightful way of keeping her own nails always in perfect condition."

Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle—

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. All the best authorities on the care of the nails say that this is what causes hangnails, and the ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

This thin fold of scarf-skin about the base of the nail is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out—just as cloth ravel when the selvage is cut.

You can take off the hard dry edges of dry skin that collect about the base of the nail quickly, easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Just work gently about the nail base with an orange stick dipped in the liquid, rinse and, when drying, push the cuticle gently downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

Then examine your nail rims! See how

smooth, even, thin and transparent the cuticle is now. And not a bit of the sore-ness that cutting the cuticle always left behind.

Get rid of your manicure scissors; you will never need them again. Once you have begun to use Cutex regularly you will have no more hangnails and the entire cuticle will always be firm and even.

Two new polishes— just perfected

Cutex now offers you the very latest and finest development of two highly popular forms of nail polish—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish. Both are the result of years of experiment in the greatest laboratory for manicure preparations in the world.

They are put forth now because, at last, they meet every requirement for these two forms of polish. Cutex Powder Polish will give you the highest, most lasting lustre obtainable in the shortest possible time and with the least buffing.

Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a lustre that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last twice as long.

Many people like to have all the manicuring necessities together in one of the convenient Cutex Sets. They come in three sizes: at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.

New Introductory Set— now only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Comfort, the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York. Or if you live in Canada, Dept. 102, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



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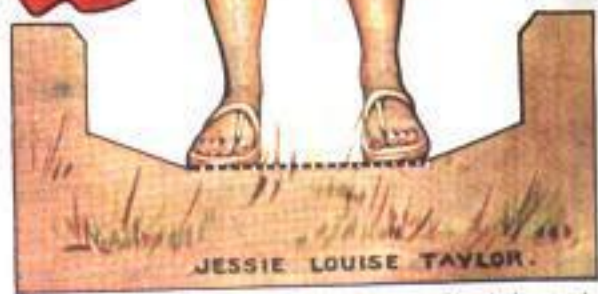
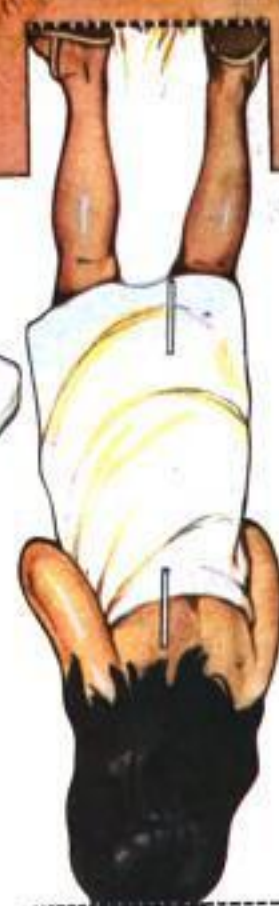
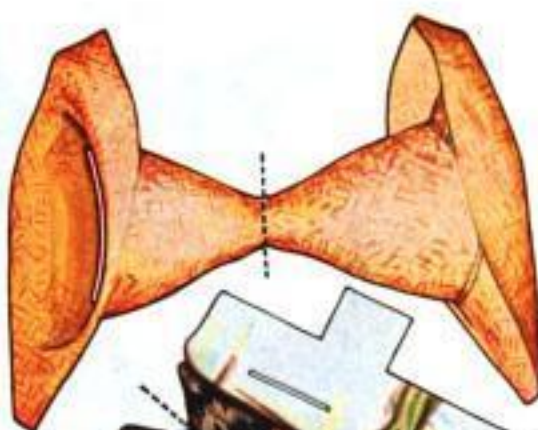
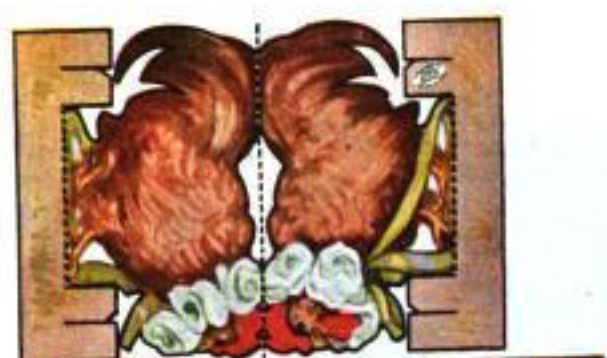
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The Mexican Twins Celebrate San Ramon's Day

Fold-A-Way Dolls
Designed by Jessie Louise Taylor



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FOLD-A-WAY DOLLS

Mount dolls on old magazine cover or letterhead. When thoroughly dry cut out all around dark outline and cut into lines on bases to make the locks, also cut slits in body into which the dress tubes fit. Fold over directly on the dotted lines at the top of the head and the dotted



lines at the feet, but in opposite directions as shown on the little figures. Bring bases together and slide locks from one side into the slits on the opposite side. Doll will then stand alone. The clothes need not be mounted, but will last longer if mounted on a light paper before cutting out. Cut into the slits and fold directly on the dotted lines. The hat should be tipped with points on the inside, just below the slit only. The shawl should be tipped with piece around the inside edge of back part; the right side should be folded along straight line and passed through slit in dress over right arm.

JESSIE LOUISE TAYLOR



PEOPLE will always want to see such Paramount Pictures as the screen versions of the world's greatest novels, immortal short stories and picked stage plays, as well as original photoplays constructed by the world's greatest dramatists.

Such pictures set a standard for the whole industry.

No wonder they daily fill the seats of more than 11,200 theatres!

For your own sake don't ever miss a Paramount Picture at your theatre.

2

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

January 1, 1922 to March 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
by James M. Barrie.
A Penrhyn Stanlaw Production.

A William De Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.
From the novel and play by
Zona Gale.

Wallace Reid in "Rent Free."
By Isola Forrester and Mann Page.

"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst.
Directed by Frank Borzage.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise."
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was."
From George M. Cohan's play and the
novel "Enchanted Hearts"
by Darragh Aldrich.

Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Had no Turning"
by Sir Gilbert Parker.

"Boomerang Bill"
with Lionel Barrymore.
By Jack Boyle.
A Cosmopolitan Production.

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang" with Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua" by
Dian Clayton Calthrop.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.

"One Glorious Day" with
Will Rogers and Lila Lee.
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman."
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case."
A Penrhyn Stanlaw Production.

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
with Dorothy Dalton.
From the story by Frank Norris.

Marion Davies in
"The Bride's Play" by Donn Byrne.
Supervised by Cosmopolitan
Productions.

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money."
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan.



ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS ELSIE FERGUSON AND WALLACE REID



IN "FOREVER"

A George Fitzmaurice Production

Based on the novel by George Du Maurier and the play by John Nathan Raphael

"PETER IBBETSON"

Photoplay by Ouida Bergere

A Paramount Picture

SUCH a magic spell as this love-play casts never fell upon you before from the screen!

Elsie Ferguson's name alone ensures you a fascinating time. Wallace Reid's name alone is the key to a thrilling show—

—but together!—as the fond immortal lovers in Du Maurier's fine story "Peter Ibbetson," they are the equal of Romeo and Juliet, aching for each other's presence, lost in the tide of a divine love!

The picture abounds with adventure and excitement.

In one part there's foul play at a prize-fight in the dreadful Limehouse section of London, and Wallace Reid hops over the ropes and puts up a fight that ends

with a knock-out in the most vigorous tradition of the sport.

A voluptuous Spanish dancer sets her mantilla for him but he resists the lure and remains true to Elsie Ferguson.

Wallace Reid murders the slanderer who fouls his dead mother's pure name, and the deed thrills one as an almost justifiable act!

The love scenes swoon with beauty. The whole direction is perfect screen art, and the congratulations of the entire world are due to Paramount's producing staff.

"Forever" is another perfect example of everything that Paramount stands for in the field of great entertainment.

There is a saying "See Naples and die."

See "Forever" and live!

Ask your Theatre Manager when he will show it.

What the New York Newspapers Said

World: Here is a master-work of the photo drama, one of the three best pictures from an artistic standpoint yet made in America, if not the very best.

Times: Even if you are a hard-shell the picture will probably get you.

American: Pictures like this... rarely seen on the screen... extremely interesting and worth while.

Sun: A screen triumph. A great love story.

Other newspapers: Sets a new standard for American films. Rises to great heights. Tense and unforgettable.



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town



Winter days invite your KODAK

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The Mexican Twins Celebrate San Ramon's Day

The story of the Mexican Twins who are shown in colored cut-out dolls on page 32. Next month—the French Twins.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

IN A SUNNY corner of the great plantation of Señor Fernandez, in Mexico, there stands a little gray adobe house covered with a thatch of yellow straw. In this house live the twins, Tonio and Tita. Tonio is the boy and Tita is the girl, and they are eight years old. Of course their mother, Doña Teresa, and their father, Pancho, live in the little house, too, as well as Tonio's dog, whose name is Jasmin. Beside the hut there is a fig tree that bears the most delicious figs.

Every night the red rooster, the five hens and the turkey go to roost in its branches, and every day its green boughs make a pleasant shade across the doorway.

Very early one summer morning the red rooster crowed so long and loud that he woke not only the turkey and the five hens but the twins, their father and mother and Jasmin. The moment she opened her eyes Doña Teresa opened her mouth, too, and began to talk.

"Upon my soul," she cried, crossing herself, "it's a lucky thing the red rooster keeps track of the time or we should all be late. Come, my pigeons, we must not lie abed after cockcrow on San Ramon's Day."

As they all slept in their clothes no time had to be lost in dressing, and Pancho rolled off his mat at once and was out of doors, with Jasmin at his heels. The twins sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"Oh, little mother, is it really the fiesta of San Ramon? And may I take the little white hen all myself?" cried Tita.

"You may take the little white hen if you can catch her," Doña Teresa answered. "Indeed we must take all the animals, or at the very least one of each kind to stand for all the others. The turkey must be caught, the goat brought in from the field so I can milk her. Tonto—that was what they called the donkey—is waiting in the shed to be made ready, not to speak of the cat and the dog."

WHILE she talked Doña Teresa rolled up the sleeping mats, raked the ashes out of the queer little stove and lighted a fire, and by the time the twins had washed their faces their breakfast of tortillas was ready.

The moment the last crumb was gone and Pancho had ridden away on his horse Doña Teresa said: "Go now, my Tonio, and make Tonto beautiful! His coat is rough and full of burs, and he will make a poor figure unless you give him a good brushing. Only be careful of his hind legs. You know Tonto is sometimes very wild with his hind legs. It's strange to me that his front ones should be so much more tame, but it seems to be the nature of the poor beast."

Tonio went to Tonto's shed, led him out and tied him to a tree. Then he brushed his coat, took out the burs, braided the end of his tail and even made a wreath of green leaves and hung it on his left ear. Meanwhile Tita swept the ground under the fig tree, sprinkled it with water and washed the few dishes they had used. When she had finished this task her mother, who had been grinding corn for more tortillas, said to her:

"Now, my pigeon, see if you can catch the red rooster and the turkey. The rooster crows so sweetly I shall miss him when he is put in the pot, but he is not long for this world. He has no usefulness at all but to wake us in the morning. But the little white hen is the useful one. She has already laid three eggs. As for the turkey, it will be no grief to me when he is put on to oil, what with his gobbling um morning until night."

THE red rooster, the hen and the turkey were all under round in the little arch of garden behind the house, and when Tita came at, rattling corn in a dish, they swarmed about her feet, pecking at one another and watching greedily at each other as it fell.

"You all need better manners," Tita said to them; you behave like the pigs." She set the dish down on the ground and when they all leaped to get their heads into it once she seized the legs of the red rooster with one hand and those of the little white



TONIO HAD PRACTICED LASSOING BUSHES AND CHICKENS AND EVEN TITA HERSELF

hen with the other, and before they could guess what in the world was happening to them she had them safely in the house and tied them to the legs of the table.

When Tita went back for the turkey she found him eating the very last kernels of corn out of the dish. He had driven all the hens away and was having a very nice time by himself. Tita made a grab for his legs, but he was too quick for her. He flew up into the fig tree. Tita looked up at him anxiously. "Come down now, that's a good old gobbler!" she said. "Mother says your temper is so bad you must surely go to the fiesta, and how can I take you if you won't come down?"

"Gobble," said the turkey. Tita was in despair. She threw a stick at him, but he only flew to the roof, walked up the thatch with his toes turned in and sat down on the ridge pole.

JUST then Tita looked down the river path and there was Tonio coming with the goat! At least he was trying to, but the goat didn't seem to care any more about the fiesta than the turkey did. She was standing with her forefeet braced, pulling back with all her might, while Tonio pulled forward on the lasso that was looped over her horns.

Tonio was very angry. He called to Tita: "Come and help me with this goat! She has acted like this all the way from the pasture."

Tita ran down the path and got behind the goat. She pushed and Tonio pulled, and by and by they got her as far as the fig tree. They tied her to a branch, and while Doña Teresa milked her the twins went after the turkey again.

Ever since he could remember Tonio had practiced lassoing bushes and stumps and pigs and chickens and even Tita herself, and no turkey could get the better of him. Suddenly the loop dropped over the turkey and tightened round his legs. If he hadn't had wings the turkey would certainly have tumbled off the roof. As it was, he flopped down, and Tita took him into the cabin and tied him to the third leg of the table. There he made himself very disagreeable to the little white hen, gobbled angrily at the red rooster and even pecked at Tita herself when she came near.

"There!" sighed Doña Teresa, when the turkey was safely tied. "At last we have them all together. Now we will make them all gay."

She went to the chest that held all their precious things and took out three rolls of tissue paper. "Look!" said she, holding them up for the twins to see. "These are all Mexican animals, so I thought it would be nice for them to wear the Mexican colors. Come, my angels, and I will show you how to make wreaths and streamers and fringes and flowers for them to wear. Our creatures must not shame us by looking shabby and dull in the procession. They shall be as gay as the best of them."

For a long time the three worked, and when they had made decorations for all the animals Doña Teresa brought out another surprise. It was some gilt paint and a brush. She let Tonio gild the goat's horns and hoofs, and Tita gilded the legs and feet of the little white hen.

WHILE she was doing it the red rooster stuck his bill into the dish and swallowed two great bites of gold paint. Doña Teresa saw him do it.

"If he isn't trying to gild himself on the inside!" she cried. "Did you ever see such sinful pride?"

And then she made him swallow a large piece of red pepper because she was afraid the paint would disagree with him. The red rooster seemed sad for a long time after that, but whether it was because of the paint or the pepper, or because he was so awfully dressed up, I cannot say. His bill was

gilded because he had dipped it in the paint, so they gilded his legs to match; then they tied a white tissue paper wreath with long streamers around his neck.

They tied a red one on the little hen and tried to decorate the turkey, too, but he pecked at them so savagely that Doña Teresa was obliged to tie up his head in a rag.

At last a gong sounded from the big house. The gong was the signal for the procession to start, and the moment they heard it all the people living in the little cabins on the plantation began getting their animals together to drive them toward the place of the fiesta.

Doña Teresa untied the turkey's legs and took him in her arms. Though his head was still tied in the cloth he gobbled like everything.

TITA took the little white hen on one arm and her kitten on the other, and Tonio carried the rooster and rode the donkey, with Jasmin following behind. They were all ready to start when Doña Teresa cried out: "Upon my soul! We nearly forgot the goat!"

She hurried back to the fig tree and untied the goat with one hand, because she was still carrying the turkey in the other arm. When the goat felt herself free she gave a great jump and nearly jerked the rope out of Doña Teresa's hand; then she went galloping toward the gate so fast that poor Doña Teresa was all out of breath keeping up with her.

"Bless my soul, but that goat goes gayly!" she panted.

Already there were crowds of people going by. It was a wonderful procession. There were horses and cows, all gayly decorated with garlands and colored streamers. There were donkeys and pigs and guinea fowls and cats and dogs and birds in cages, and so many other creatures that it looked like the animals going into Noah's ark.

When they reached the large corrals back of the big house the twins could see Pancho dashing about on his horse after stray cows, while other cowboys rounded up the calves and put them in a corral by themselves. The bulls were already safely shut up in another pen and all the space about was filled with people and horses and donkeys and sheep and goats and dogs and cats and fowls of all kinds, all dressed in

such gay colors and making such a medley of sounds that the Fourth of July, firecrackers and all, would have seemed like Sunday afternoon beside the celebration of San Ramon's Day in Mexico. There they waited and waited for a long time until the priest came out of his house and walked about among them, chanting a prayer.

OF COURSE the people behaved very well, but the turkey gobbled crossly, Jasmin barked and the cat stuck up her tail and arched her back in a most emphatic way. And Tonto, who should have known better, stuck his nose up in the air and let out a loud "hee-haw."

Only the red rooster, the little white hen, the goat and the twins behaved as if they had any bringing up at all.

After the blessing the people rose from their knees and drove the creatures back to their houses and to the fields. Pancho came riding along and took Tita and the white hen up on the horse's back with him. Tonio rode Tonto and carried the rooster. Tita had to put the cat down when she got up on the horse, and when Tonio's dog saw her he barked and she ran just as fast as she could to the cabin and got up on the roof out of his reach. Doña Teresa came panting along with the goat.

When she reached the gate to their own yard she set the turkey down and untied his head. Tonio let the rooster go and Tita set the little white hen free, and all three ran up to Tonto's shed, as if they were afraid of being caught again.

Pancho led Tonto and his horse down to the river for a drink and Tonio got the goat back to pasture by holding a carrot just out of her reach all the way.

When people get up so very early in the morning they need two breakfasts; so while Tonio and Pancho were gone Tita and her mother hurried to prepare the second one. They made fresh tortillas and heated up the beans and chili sauce, and when Tonio and his father came back they all sat down together on the stones under the fig tree to eat and talk over the events of the day.

"It was indeed a great fiesta," sighed Doña Teresa, as she dipped her tortilla in the chili sauce and took her first bite. "And indeed our creatures were as handsome as any, though their manners were not the best." Then as the red rooster stepped boldly in front of her, his eyes fixed on the beans in her dish, she added, "And thanks be, the red rooster is none the worse for the paint he swallowed. He will wake us again in the morning with his pretty crow."



WHEN TITA CAME OUT, RATTLING CORN IN A DISH, THEY SWARMED ABOUT HER FEET



TITA TOOK THE LITTLE WHITE HEN ON ONE ARM AND HER KITTEN ON THE OTHER, AND TONIO CARRIED THE ROOSTER AND RODE THE DONKEY

other, "I should have said that that girl was flirting with that young man!"

Now comes the part of Sandy Miller's story that the average man will not understand. The surface of it, though, will be clear and simple if he has ever known a town like Dawson.

The mere surface phase of the affair was enough to shake Dawson from station to suburb. Maisie Waterman's wedding was the one date about which the town's social calendar revolved. Her guests, her parties filled the Dawson Daily Eagle; Philip Morrow, older, distinguished-looking, New Yorker, was by far her most interesting guest. And all Dawson knew that he had fallen suddenly in love with Sandy Miller. He did not try to conceal the truth, and if he had Dawson would have guessed it just the same. You probably know Dawson.

The old women said Morrow was too old for Sandy, the young women wondered respectfully how Sandy had done it. As for the young men of Dawson, for the first time since they used to play throw-the-bye with her in Short's back yard, they noticed Sandy. The dalliers among them felt chagrined; it was like having a stranger discover oil on an old farm that a native might have bought for two hundred dollars. They felt piqued that they had overlooked home talent.

They just did what anyone who knows anything about the sheeplike propensities of young men would have expected them to do. They began to see charms in Sandy that they had never seen before. Her hair they suddenly declared they had always thought beautiful; her slim height graceful, distinctive. The fact that Sandy Miller had never cared about boys and men was no longer deemed an unfortunate peculiarity. It served only to make her seem suddenly exclusive, unattainable, exquisite, in a way that a Dawson girl who had been going from beau to beau since she was twelve could never be.

THIS change, of course, was in Dawson, not in Sandy, and is something a mere man can grasp. What he probably would not understand is the change that came to Sandy herself. For there was a real change that began, like the breaking of ice in the spring, the very moment that Sandy caught Morrow watching her in the car on Schoolkill Road.

She had not analyzed the amazing thrill of self-confidence, of happiness, that had tingled over her then. And during the week that followed, while all Dawson, more familiar with the signs, was saying that the stranger had fallen in love with "the red-headed Miller girl," Sandy herself would not have used such definite terms. One would have thought she had not been watching other girls' affairs since she was fourteen, so amazingly, bewilderingly new was her own to her. The blind, unrecognized, unadmitted instinct that had made the other Dawson girls beg to have their skirts down and their hair up five years or more ago was just coming to Sandy now.

It had its surface signs, this blind new instinct. She suddenly wanted clothes—Sandy, who had laughed at finery and worn her old gray sweater morning, noon and night.

Just a week before the wedding the maid of honor developed a belated huge one-sided case of mumps. She might recover in time. On the other hand, at the critical moment, she might begin to swell on the other side. Very humbly, Maisie begged Sandy to take her place. Sandy good-naturedly consented. A new lilac dress was rushed through. Sandy was at once included in all the wedding gayeties.

During a wait for some others of the party one of the afternoons, she and Morrow had glanced through an art magazine he had brought. There was a full-page colored reproduction of a painting, a slim, glowing woman with a flame of hair like Sandy's. Sandy read aloud the quotation beneath the painting:

"... dim are moon and stars above you; Gloriana, how you shine!"

"Gloriana!" the man repeated. "That should have been your name. 'Sandy!'" He flung the nickname aside contemptuously. "'Sandy'—what a name for a shining-haired goddess!"

Sandy had laughed at this, but not the old brusque mocking laugh she would have given a month ago. A month ago such a remark, in the very unlikely event of her having heard such a one, would have embarrassed her. She would have been afraid she was being made the butt of a joke and, as in the old "Bricktop" days, she would have laughed first and loudest of all, to protect herself. But there was no need for protection now, her laugh could be soft, sweet, feminine. Absurd as his phrase had been—and Sandy's reason told her it must be absurd—there was no mistaking the frank admiration in Morrow's eyes. Absurd or not, Sandy knew that he believed it.

"A SHINING-HAIRED goddess!" Knowing that she looked like that to him, no wonder Sandy ceased stooping to conceal her height; no wonder she discarded the brown nets she had worn in an embarrassed attempt to dull her hair; no wonder as she went from bridal tea to dance she carried her slim height as though it were a crown and fairly flaunted her shining hair.

These were the surface signs, but the real change in Sandy struck deeper than clothes or carriage—it was a change of the very spirit.

The glimpse of herself in a lover's eyes is to a girl what sunshine is to a flower. She may be the tightest, greenest, hardest little bud in the world, but in its warmth she blossoms out. That was what was happening unconsciously to Sandy. Where she had been brusque, bluff, with Morrow she dared be gentle and merry. And feminine! All the sweetness, the coquetry, the tenderness that Sandy had kept crushed

His Gift

(Continued from Page 15)

in the tight, green, hard bud came out now in a sudden bloom of womanhood.

"I'll bet you anything that New York man proposes to Sandy Miller before he goes home!" This was Dawson's speculation on the whirlwind courtship.

Sandy herself did not look ahead, even so far as this, any more than she was looking back to the lonely, repressed old days when she had been "the homely, red-headed, freckle-faced little Miller girl." The flaming present was enough. She woke wide-eyed every morning to the sweet excitement of knowing she was loved. The fun of having somebody eager to wait on her—independent Sandy who had always done her own fetching and carrying like a boy—the thrill of being called Glory, of knowing that her every mood was fascinating, that her very careless silences seemed mysterious! Oh, any woman who can look back to the first time anybody was in love with her can understand this glorious preoccupation!

Dawson, as frequently, was right. Morrow did propose to Sandy before he went back, after two golden weeks, the evening after Maisie's wedding.

If he had asked her the night before—who knows?

BUT Webb had returned just in time for the wedding. Sandy, not expecting him, not, in fact, thinking of him at all, had come down the solemn, ribbon-roped aisle, her arms full of white roses, her lilac dress like a sunset cloud about her, and, glancing up, had looked into Webb's homely, friendly, familiar face.

From that very moment Sandy forgot Philip Morrow. Love, as has been frequently observed before, is queer. Morrow was handsome, distinguished-looking, having all the charm of the stranger, and very much in love with her. Webb was homely, anything but distinguished-looking, as familiar as her own back door, and had never thought of Sandy except as "Keith Miller's sister." And yet, a glimpse of Webb across the hushed, waiting church, and Sandy forgot the man who was standing beside her, the man who had made two weeks all golden, the man who had wrought the miracle.

During the reception that followed, Sandy was conscious only of Webb. Automatically she greeted guests, served

queer, strong desire to glance back. Now, during all of Sandy's restrained life, she had never looked back over her shoulder at a man. She had never wanted to. But so the wanting to was insistent, tugging. And just as she was going out the door she yielded. She looked back over her shoulder at Webb.

He was standing just as she had left him, staring after her. As he caught her eye, he smiled a little sheepishly and looked hastily away.

It was during this next dance that Philip Morrow asked her to marry him. He had drawn her away from the other dancers into the quiet library where Maisie's wedding presents covered shelves and tables.

For a few moments Sandy scarcely heeded his words, a mind still back in the ballroom with Webb. Then suddenly she realized what he was saying.

She stopped him then, a gentle hand on his sleeve in quiet compunction. "Please don't, Philip," she begged. "I'm terribly sorry—but I can't."

"You mean you don't—don't think of me in the same way I do of you?"

"I'm terribly sorry," Sandy repeated.

THE man was silent for several minutes, crushing one of her pale roses between his fingers. "You don't—don't think you might feel differently—ever? There's somebody else?"

"In a way—yes," she said, still thinking of a homely familiar face.

Sandy looked up then and saw his face. There were queer tears in his eyes. Instantly she forgot about Webb, forgot everything else in a sudden passion of regret and remorse. "Oh, I've been making you think I did care, all these two weeks," she said.

Her voice choked in a pitying tenderness. "It was so wonderful that I—I didn't think ahead. I—I've been making you think I cared!"

Still Morrow did not speak, crushing a white rose petal with his fingers.

"I didn't look ahead, honestly," Sandy pleaded. "Oh, I know what I've done is just as bad as though I'd done it on purpose. I was—I was just leading you on, like a common flirt. I knew you cared, but it was so wonderful that I didn't think of anything else. I didn't look ahead—oh, please forgive me!"

Morrow looked up then into her swimming eyes. "Sandy, for the love of heaven don't think I'm blaming you! I'm just disappointed, that's all."

"Oh, but you should blame me! I shouldn't have let you get to—caring so much—I've known you were for days. But I"—she faced him honestly—"nobody has ever loved me before and—and well, just didn't stop to think that I ought to be caring to I hardly knew that I wasn't. I just took your caring—and it made me so happy that—but I wouldn't have hurt you for anything—please understand please don't hate me!"

"Hate you!" He caught her hands and made her face him. "Sandy, dear, of course I understand. I guess in a way I've understood right along—but I realized that you weren't in love with me, just with being loved. But you were so beautiful, so sweet, so so everything, that I just wouldn't let myself face the truth."

Sandy was sobbing softly. "If I could just back and undo it," she said.

The man stopped her sharply. "Undo it! Has it made you happy—till now?"

"Yes, but —"

"Undo it! Why, Sandy, I wouldn't take a million dollars for having known you. Please, please do cry—there's nothing to cry about. I'm a good deal older than you, my dear—probably everybody's right and I am too old for you—so maybe I don't look things quite as a youngster would. I've wanted things before that I couldn't have—and I've always found a way to get along without them. Sometimes this I've wanted the worst of all, I've found out afterward that it was a good deal better I didn't get. I'm—I'm just pretending that I'm not sorry you don't care, but you don't—and that's all there is to it. Neither of us can help that. There is something you can do, though, that would please me a good deal."

"What is it?" asked Sandy. "I'll do anything—anything." "Just stop feeling unhappy and guilty and sorry for me. I understand just exactly how it was, and I love you and I glad I love you. You've given me the happiest experience of my life."

"It has been my happiest too," said Sandy.

"Then let's let it go at that. Don't let's spoil it with tears and regrets."

SHE looked up at him, and after a few moments smiled determinedly. "All right, I'll try," she said tremulously. "Would—would you let me kiss you once, just to remember you by?"

Sandy raised her lips as simply as a little girl. He kissed her reverently, took her in his arms for a brief, ten moment.

"I just wish I could know you were always going to be happy," he said. "I wish I could give you whatever I want most in the world."

Sandy was silent a moment; then, "I think perhaps I have, Philip," she said impulsively.

For Sandy was seeing again the look that was in Webb's eyes when she had glanced back at him over her shoulder. It was the look, interested, admiring, and something more, the old-as-Eden look, the same look that had been in Philip Morrow's eyes that first spring day on Schoolkill Road.

Grace Richmond—Next Month

THE editors of the HOME JOURNAL are pleased to announce that a new serial by that most popular of all Journal authors, Grace S. Richmond, will begin in the March issue. We who have read it are agreed that it is the best story Mrs. Richmond has ever written—and admirers of Red Pepper Burns and Red and Black will recognize that as praise indeed! The new story will be published in six generous installments. Don't miss the first one, next month.

punch, helped Maisie to change to her slim brown traveling dress, caught the tossed bridal bouquet amid shouts of glee. But she was conscious only of Webb's eyes following her in surprise and interest.

She knew that he was watching her as she danced the first time with the best man, as three of Dawson's younger eligibles asked for the next.

"Doesn't Sandy Miller look stunning?" one bridesmaid asked another. "Lilac is certainly her color."

LILAC was becoming, but there was more than that. Sandy, standing slim and straight, carrying her flame of hair like a proud torch, was wearing a garment that was magic, the knowledge that she was lovable. Lilac, rose, blue, ruffles or pleats, lines or colors—all the dressmaker's tricks turn tawdry in the presence of this radiant enchantment. No wonder the three young eligibles who had been ignoring her for years asked for the second dance; no wonder Webb watched curiously from across the room. It was not all sheeplike following. When it comes to putting the real come-hither into a girl's eyes, there is nothing like the knowing that one man has come.

Webb asked for the next dance, but Philip had taken that too.

"I'm sorry, Webb," Sandy said, and smiled up at him.

Her smile was not the bluff, boyish one he had always known; it was startlingly feminine, slightly, subtly inviting.

"The next one, then?" he persisted.

Again the soft, teasing smile. "That's taken, too, Webb. But the next, perhaps?"

"The next!" said Webb firmly.

Philip had come for Sandy and she walked away with him. Just as they were going out the door, Sandy felt a

It's flavor that makes the meal

And these foreign sauces
that the Libby chefs have
adapted for you, give fla-
vor to the simplest dishes

FOREIGN cooks, especially French cooks, realize more than we do the importance of flavor in cooking. Though the dish served may be simple, eggs perhaps, or macaroni, or a cheap cut of meat—an unusual and delicious sauce will make it something you eat with delight and remember with pleasure—because of its flavor.

Time and patience are required to get this touch. A French cook takes a small pinch of this spice, a bigger pinch of another—a handful of several different kinds of herbs, and cooks them together in a sauce for hours to have that persuasive subtle flavor that comes from the blending of them all.

It's the sauce that makes the flavor

But in Libby's Catchup and Chili Sauce, we in America have already made for us sauces of a deliciousness that European epicures might envy. To make them, red ripe tomatoes, grown in the fertile black soil of Illinois farmlands, are picked when they are mellowed by



Libby's Mustard Sauce
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup hot water or stock
1 tablespoon flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
3 tablespoons Libby's Mustard
Melt one-half the butter in a sauce pan and add the flour; blend and slowly add hot water, stirring constantly. When the mixture has thickened add the remainder of the butter, Libby's Mustard, salt and cayenne. Serve hot, with corned beef or other sliced meat. From France, the land of the epicure, comes this piquant sauce

the sunshine of long summer days—then rushed to the Libby farm kitchen nearby.

Here in sunny rooms—whose fascinating array of spotless utensils would make any housewife envious—the tomatoes are cooked with fragrant spices from over the sea, with onions, sugar and the best cider vinegar—

of savory ingredients that go into them—these wonderful Libby sauces have that same perfection of flavor that distinguishes the careful, painstaking cooking of the French.

Try Libby's Mustard too

The same care and skill that make Libby's Catchup and Chili Sauce so delicious, make Libby's Mustard the favorite of all who try it.

Here we grind it and regrind it, blend it with Libby's Vinegar and beat it all to a smooth creaminess. In flavor as well it is absolutely right—not too tangy, just mild enough.

What a delicious zest this wonderful Libby Mustard gives to meat! Try it in sandwiches—for children's lunches, for picnics or parties. Just a touch of its distinctive flavor makes an ordinary meat sandwich into a delicious appetizer.

You will like these recipes for sauces

For a really new flavor delight, try this recipe for mustard sauce. It is simple, inexpensive—and it adds new interest to the old familiar ways of serving meat. Libby's chefs have adapted it from one of those delightful sauces for which French cooks are rightly famous.

You will find the other recipes for sauces on this page every bit as good, and just as practical. Indeed they make it easy for you to give an interesting, subtle flavor to the simplest dish.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 102 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario, Canada



A New Sauce for Meat

1 cup Libby's chili sauce 1/2 teaspoon paprika
6 large olives 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 1/2 tablespoons butter 1/2 teaspoon salt
Remove stones from olives and cut pulp in pieces. Saute in butter for a few minutes. Add the seasonings. Heat Libby's chili sauce, add the olives; and serve hot with steak. This interesting sauce comes to us from "sunny Italy."

cooked for hours and hours until all the flavors are blended through and through.

And now they are ready to give an appetizing relish to your steaks and chops, a new piquancy to the meat gravy you serve with your roasts, or an unusual touch to your salad dressings. Because of their long, slow cooking, because of the variety



Libby's Cocktail Sauce

1/2 cup Libby's Tomato Catchup 1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons lemon juice 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
Mix all ingredients, chill and serve with oysters on the half shell. Here Libby chefs have worked out a new sauce for a dish that is distinctively American



Libby's

For that rare flavor
that makes the
simplest dish a delight

Our Jazz-Spotted Middle West

Small Towns and Rural Districts Need Clean-Up as Well as Chicago and Kansas City

IT IS an accepted axiom that big cities are wicked, but small towns and rural districts are clean. This view is not well founded. In some respects the cities are better; for example, because of legal regulation of places of amusement. The small-town or country dance hall is usually free from any sort of control. That urban accomplice of evil, anonymity, is achieved in the country by the motor car which takes young folks nightly to distant places where all are strangers.

Our Middle West is supposed to be a citadel of Americanism and righteousness. Probably it is. Yet a survey of its length and breadth shows that it is badly spotted with the moral smallpox known as jazz. Its small towns and rural solitudes can now boast of perfect modernity; they have the same vicious amusement as New York and Chicago. With the invention of the Afro-American dance, that unholy mingling of the civilized with the savage, they seem to feel that the last handicap upon rural life has been removed. Take a few random reports of the Federal Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board:

"A small town in the mountains of Arkansas did not know what the ultradance was until the daughter of a local minister came home from college and with a young college boy as partner demonstrated it at a summer hotel. The people were horrified. It will take a lot of preaching by that clergyman to counteract the effect of his daughter's conduct."

"At Marshalltown, Iowa, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, a country club was organized last spring and some nice dances were held. It was a great success until the young people came home from college and introduced the jazz, which utterly shocked the elders and resulted in breaking up the club."

"Winona, Minnesota, has been trying to improve its dances, which at last report were somewhat below the Chicago level. It is difficult for local people to achieve reform unaided. In the small towns you are hitting commercially a relative . . . who has a financial interest in things as they are."

"There are many fly-by-night dancing places in the rural districts. They are generally vicious. It does not take long for the reputation of the latest-established place to spread far and wide, and for patrons to arrive from long distances by means of the automobile. Some of these disreputable resorts are found in decent little communities that hardly realize they are infected until there is a local epidemic of immorality."

"The barn dance, which used to be an innocent rural festival, has become largely a commercial and vicious enterprise. A barn is rented by someone for a few dollars. The patronage is not only from the farming community but from the small towns round, and there is absolutely no supervision. At Marengo, Illinois, a barn dance has been run during the summers for the last five years with trimmings of indecency, fighting and drunkenness. Huntley, Illinois, reports two unsavory places, one a platform dance and the other a barn dance."

"Where barns are lacking, old buildings are used and in default of them an open-air platform is constructed along the wayside or in a patch of woods."

Women Chaperons Needed

ONE point in connection with the reform of dancing is the need of supervision during the intermissions as well as upon the floor. When the music stops the boys often take liberties with their partners, and the latter seem to be utterly unconscious of the fact that this is wrong. This gives an idea of the demoralizing effect of the jazz. It is perhaps logical for young people to think that if liberties are permissible in the dance they ought to be permissible afterwards. A woman chaperon should always be provided, for girls will not make complaint of impropriety to a man."

The Social Hygiene Board plans a reform campaign in the small towns, working in part through the Federation of Women's Clubs, through the organized dancing profession and also by enlarging the scope of the Public Welfare Department of Illinois. Several of the Middle Western States have public welfare departments through which this reform might be forwarded. Kansas specifically provides for supervision of recreation by the Public Welfare Department.

Miss Alice M. Barrows, a field representative of a national welfare organization, has made a special study of recreations in small towns of the Central States. She is a musical specialist and has worked out scientifically the relation of music to human emotions, from both the psychological and physiological standpoints. Her discoveries confirm the view



By JOHN R. McMAHON

that jazz music amounts to a physical stimulus of a degrading kind; it acts exactly like a drug on specific nerve centers. It is no less direct in its effect than certain contacts of nerve centers that are witnessed on the dance floor.

"How does the small-town and rural-dance situation compare with that in the cities?" I asked Miss Barrows.

"It is unrealized in its enormity," was the reply. "There is a greater menace in the rural districts through lack of knowledge and of intelligent direction than in a city, where the facts are known and effort is made to improve the conditions."

"Are there any influences in the country town to supplant the jazz?"

"Yes; in some places there is an effort to substitute wholesome forms of recreation, especially such group activities as entertainments and pageants. There are too few of these places and too many communities where the only amusement is the public dance hall."

"What is the attitude of rural parents?"

"It is usually a very serious concern for the late hours kept, but little understanding of what goes on in the dance hall. This again points to the fact that there is not the proper available source of information to acquaint these parents with the facts."

Somebody Else's Daughters

WHY are rural women, the guardians of American purity, apparently so complacent in regard to the modern dance?

"Simply because they do not accompany their girls and boys to, through and from these dances. They do not know. They assume that things are as they used to be, and implicitly trust their children rather than heed the outsider who suggests that the pressure of to-day on the shoulders of the growing boy or girl is one almost grotesquely out of proportion to that existing fifteen years ago. The average parent feels that her son or daughter is maligned by any suggestion of peril, and that the first duty of the parent is to trust the child. This condition and the tragedy it is bringing to the children are not due to any lowering of the standards of the rural mothers, but come through the lack of accurate information as to what their children are really facing and experiencing."

"Are women deficient in sex solidarity?"

"Yes, generally speaking. They do not stand by the girls who are somebody else's daughters. Men who 'pick up' girls complacently ignore the presence of mature women and generally without interference. Take the case where a young waitress in a town's best hotel was persistently besought by an elderly man, who felt absolutely safe so to do in the presence of two other women in the room. It happens everywhere."

"What else have you noticed in your travels?"

"Women have comparatively recently come into possession of facts long known to men. Shocked by what they learn, their reaction often is to shut their eyes and turn away, to deny the facts and to regain the comfort of ignorance. But it is the duty of each woman to undergo the agony of informing herself through contact and experience what is the general level to-day of the recreation into which young folks are forced by the social mode."

"Can you give some examples of parents who evade the facts?"

"Yes," replied Miss Barrows. "In one county a mother actively resented my approaches to the community in behalf

of an effort to better their recreation. To my certain knowledge, but unknown to the mother, her son is morally delinquent."

"In another county a leading citizen went far out of his way to refute the need I was showing for leisure-time activities to interest the young people. I warned him, with the rest of the public, that no man's son or daughter with leisure time unguarded should be considered wholly protected. A short time afterwards his own son was reported to me as involved in a delinquency that will require judicial action. This father does not yet know that his son is a moral and legal offender."

"Supervision after the dance is as essential as in the dance hall, is it not?"

"Perhaps even more so. The nature of the music and the crowd psychology working together bring to many individuals an unwholesome excitement. Boy-and-girl couples leave the hall in a state of dangerous disturbance. Any worker who has gone into the night to gather the facts of the activities outside the hall is appalled, first of all perhaps, by the blatant disregard of even the elementary rules of civilization, the absence of privacy in conduct that in many cases is amenable to the statutory law and always to the moral law. I wish the mother

who trusts her child could realize into what a night she sends that child. We must always expect a few casualties in social intercourse, but the modern dance is producing little short of a holocaust."

"The statistics of illegitimacy in this country show a great increase in recent years," said Miss Barrows.

River towns along the Mississippi maintain to a degree their traditional reputation with modern trimmings of jazz and bootleg liquor. I found a typical ensemble in Davenport, Rock Island and Moline, three small industrial cities which face each other across the Father of Waters and are practically as one. Divided authority between two states, Iowa and Illinois, accounts in part for loose conditions. A welfare worker in Davenport complained that Iowa lacked social legislation; for example, no age limit to keep mere children out of dance halls. Davenport has no municipal regulation of dance halls whatever.

Some time ago a low type of dance hall was operating across the street from a city police station and young men were taking girls out of the hall to closed cars parked along a railroad viaduct. Instead of return checks for the young folks who went in and out, the doorkeeper put a rubber stamp imprint on each patron's hand. A policeman is now stationed at each dance hall, but he is paid by the management. Darkened halls and spotlights are popular features. River-boat excursions, with dances held below and on dark upper decks, vie with the automobile as a means to ill ends. Young girls stand at street-car-stopping signs, but never take a car. They wait for strange young fellows in automobiles to invite them to ride. They drive into the country and perhaps stop at road houses.

One girl, who came to the government clinic at Davenport for treatment, had an automobile pick-up history and justified her lapse by saying "You know, no girl wants to walk home five miles." These victims of preying males, if they are recalcitrant, are dropped from cars on lonely roads far out and late at night. This sort of thing is so universal and notorious that it has become the subject of a vaudeville joke which most audiences regard as quite humorous. "My wife is a good girl," says the comedian. "She went on an automobile ride—and walked back."

Parents Largely to Blame

DAVENPORT mothers are much like other parents, judging from the one who upbraided the police for taking into custody her two girls, thirteen and fourteen years old, because they were found in an alley at two o'clock in the morning. The mother thought they were visiting friends, but said that anyhow the youngsters were all right to be in the street.

Clinton, Iowa, is an industrial town of nearly thirty thousand population. A municipal clean-up has resulted, I was told, in throwing the scum to the outskirts and the small towns in the vicinity. A questionable dance pavilion in the outskirts ran full blast the past summer and the parking of cars in a lonely street from the place was a notorious feature. Girls of fourteen or less were among the patrons. H. C. Oakes, probation officer, said he had discussed with the county judge the question of holding parents responsible for the illicit behavior of their children. If this could be done it would help the situation a good deal, for parents are largely to blame for the present alarming waywardness of youth.

A traveler through the Corn Belt, looking for evidences of progress, like silos, tractors and hard roads, was puzzled to

(Continued on Page 181)



With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a base, the powder will stay on many times longer.

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply regularly a softening, protective cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. Rub it lightly over your face whenever you are going out of doors. It disappears at once. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. The reason most women are troubled with shiny skin is that, though they are continually powdering, they do not powder properly. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.



Before retiring rub a little Pond's Cold Cream into the face

Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. When dust and dirt have bored deep into the skin and have been allowed to remain, blackheads form. These can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin.

At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Once wrinkles have fastened themselves on the skin, it is almost impossible to erase them. But you can forestall them, if you start while they are still only a suggestion of fine lines.

Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.

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Used regularly, these two creams make steadily for a lovelier skin. They are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores, in convenient sizes of both jars and tubes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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The Pond's Extract Co.,
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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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City _____ State _____

that many years since she had done it; but it was amazing how naturally she fell into all the old motions—the feint, the parry, the advance, the retreat, the deliberate twisting of words and the transparent, harmless little double meanings.

She knew all the signs too well to mistake them, although men of her own age never talked like that to her now. Men of her own age and her own set had a horror of being either eager or obvious. Even on first acquaintance they simply drawled out a blunt broad statement or two in a manner that sometimes was witty, more often was just as conventional as the conventionality which they fought to avoid. She had forgotten that men ever talked to women with the leaping, blurring solicitude with which this boy was talking to her now, with which other boys had talked to her fifteen years ago. It was like finding herself in a dream so lifelike that she dreaded to find out whether it was a dream or an actual experience. But yet it was pleasant. It was painfully pleasant, for, as yet, she had not been able to forget that this likable, diffident man who towered head and shoulders above her was almost a generation her junior.

THEY were walking now, by a sort of unspoken consent, through the tangled path by the shore. The youth had started at her side, instinctively looking down at her hands to see whether she had a coat or a basket that he might carry. Then, as the path grew narrower, he fell behind, but constantly kept reaching his arm over her shoulder to hold aside the incessant branches which interrupted the path. At first it almost annoyed her. She could not get over the idea that he was treating her as he would have treated his mother, but then again there came over her the sense of something pleasantly reminiscent in the exaggerated, grotesque politeness of his conventional college-boy manners.

Men of her own age had always treated her that way fifteen years ago.

Where the cove joined the lake was a fine old hemlock, standing out on a little point, and here again, by a sort of unspoken agreement, Alice and young Manwaring found themselves pausing, staring silently over the water.

The boy looked down at her with the hesitant, tentative air which she found so attractive. "Would you—" he began; "do you feel like sitting down for a moment or two?"

She did not know what she said for an answer, but instantly the boy had ripped off his jacket and spread it out on the carpet of tiny brown needles under the hemlock. It left him standing in a thin white tennis shirt from which his broad, oarsman's neck and his big brown forearms showed like those of a lumberjack, but the sun was already cutting its lower edge at the western mountains and a faint cool dampness was creeping out from the fir woods which lined the shore.

Alice hesitated. She thought of such things nowadays. "Won't you be cold?" she suggested.

The boy grinned. "Hardly. At New Haven we used to be out in the harbor in March with—without very much on at all."

Alice smiled to herself. Then it was Yale, after all, and it was the crew of which he had been the captain. It was honest relief to find out, for she would now have gone to any lengths of falsehood rather than let him discover her vagueness concerning his undergraduate glory. Nevertheless, she looked down at the coat with some hesitation, for it had been many years since she sat on a Norfolk jacket spread by a young Sir Walter under a hemlock.

ALICE PARADAY'S life had not been without its sentimental moments even in recent years. There had been one as recent as the previous winter; but those moments had occurred mostly in the tonneaux of motor cars with a cautious eye on the telltale back of the chauffeur ahead, or on promenades of crowded European resorts, or under the lifeboats of ocean steamers. The last had been in the palm-tree courtyard of a Spanish villa at Miami. She wondered whimsically what might be the etiquette of sitting on a Norfolk jacket under a hemlock in this day and generation. Did one shyly leave half of it for the owner as one used to do when the class of 1904 was mighty at Yale; or was that considered "low" or "Victorian" by the new generation?

The crew man made her decision before she could make it herself. He flung himself at full length on the carpet of hemlock needles, put his chin in his palms and gazed again moodily out over the water.

To Alice the scene became more than ever like a familiar but rather disturbing dream. Years before she had seen another man in exactly that position and in exactly that spot, but how many years ago it had been! For a moment her thoughts wandered idly to the man of whom she had been reminded. She had heard of him last doing something or other in Cincinnati, in a yeast company, she seemed to recall.

She found the query dull and without particular interest, and her thoughts came readily back to her present companion. He, too, seemed to have memories or romantic speculations over which it was rather delicious to dream, and for moments neither of them spoke. But possibly the boy found himself as much perplexed about the etiquette of such a moment as she did, for seemingly he felt that he should apologize for his silence.

"I hope I'm not being rude," he explained with elaborate pains, "but don't you think there are times when people can almost say more by just keeping still than by actually talking? Do you know what I mean?"

"I know exactly," replied Alice, but not without a faint smile.



Sumac and Goldenrod

(Continued from Page 39)

She smiled because she found it quite as appalling as pleasant to remember how many times she had heard that same innocent sentence in just such circumstances. How many times, at sunset by some mountain lake or under a moon on the shore of a silvered ocean, had that tentative, timid discovery of the companionship of silence been the delicious preliminary for a timorous, exquisite hour that both man and girl half knew was to follow.

It was preposterous, Alice tried to convince herself, that any such hour could follow in this case; and, anyway, the boy's simple statement had been truth enough in itself. The sun was now three-quarters down behind the dark wooded mountains and, under their eyes, the sheltered lake was being transformed from a rippling surface to one as still and mirrorlike as that of the cove. On the opposite shore the straight rows of pines could be seen upside down in the water, each minute with greater and greater perfection, like a dark photograph being slowly developed on a dull metal plate. At the mouth of the cove a fish jumped with a tiny splash and from behind them the damp woodsy scents came creeping, suddenly cooler and fresher.

NEITHER one of them could really have wished to break the perfection of such a moment, but again the youth, like all youth, seemed to feel that the very perfection could not be completely realized unless one spoke of it. He turned his head slowly, in that cautious, tentative way that Alice had seen so many times in just such minutes. Her heart leaped absurdly as she saw it and recognized it, but again her thrill was half reminiscence. The boy apparently thought better of it, or lost his courage, or, perhaps, like the true undergraduate that he still was, the very thought of doing anything sentimental appalled him, for slowly he turned his head again toward the lake as if his move had been purely casual. Beside him Alice sat feigning utter unconsciousness, but she knew he would do it again; and he did.

This time he took his courage boldly in his hands and turned to her abruptly. "May I say something rather daring?" he asked. He was smiling bravely, but in his voice was the faint little catch that Alice knew only too well.

She almost became alarmed. What in the world was this precious child going to say? And ought she to stop him? But in her heart she knew that she had no intention of stopping him. "Go on," she said simply.

She herself was now sitting very still, looking out at the water with eyes fixed and wistful. She would never know it, but never in her life had Alice Paraday looked sweeter or more girlish than she did at that moment; and when she had spoken there had been in her voice the same little catch that there had been in Manwaring's.

The boy meditated for a moment. "I"—he began—"you mustn't think me fresh; I know that I'm only a kid—but I couldn't help feeling just now as if we had known each other for ten thousand years." He looked at her fearfully, anxiously, evidently dreading not so much her disapproval as her amused condescension.

Instead her gaze dropped to the carpet of hemlock needles at her feet. Five minutes before she would have smiled again at the boyish conventionality of the statement, but she no longer felt any desire to smile or any desire to be fifteen years older. "That is very nice of you," she said.

It seemed to be enough for Manwaring. His chin still in his palms he turned again toward the lake, his strong, fine profile set in that brave, stern expression of youth when it feels that it is beginning to touch on the great things of life.

Alice watched him furtively, afraid to speak lest she break the spell of what she knew must be for him a profound and possibly hallowed moment. For many years Alice Paraday had seen life too clearly to misconstrue now what must be passing in the boy's mind and heart as he lay there staring out at the water. Least of all did she mistake the part that she herself might be playing in the spell that seemed to lie over him. Although he might not know it himself, she knew that for him she was merely the person who happened to be there in companionship at a solemn, revealing moment.

The woods, the silence, the lake at sunset, all these, she knew, were playing their part in awakening a mind which had hitherto been too boisterous, too physically active, to realize the sheer power and calm of natural beauty; but even with these and their magic she knew only too well that another thing lay behind the wistful, almost reverent look in his eyes.

She was reading his mood very accurately, and he must have known that she was, for he suddenly moved his hand slowly toward the still, calm water, now faintly tinted with pink from the last of the setting sun. He turned with a queer, painful smile.

"WHEN you look at that," he said in a low, hushed tone, "it makes your troubles seem less important. I don't know just how to say it. It makes you ashamed of yourself."

Alice nodded. She meditated a moment, then plunged deliberately. "May I, too, say something daring?" she asked.

The boy turned toward her in surprise. "Why, of course." "Well, then," said Alice gently. "Please tell me: Who is she? I want to know." The boy made no pretense that he did not understand her. He lay staring grimly over the water then asked in a strained, husky tone: "Can't you guess?"

The form of his question made the answer suddenly obvious, but to Alice strangely upsetting, incredible. "Is it Vivien Pember?" she asked, unbelieving.

He nodded. To him it seemed as inevitable, as natural as birth and death, but to Alice it came like a shock, almost like something horrible. Vivien Pember must be nineteen. She herself had been less than that when, for the first time, a man had asked her to marry him. But little Vivien Pember! Her mother, although some years older, had been one of Alice's intimate friends. She remembered clearly the day when Vivien had been born. She could still picture her lying, as she had first seen her, a little, red, howling speck in her fluffy bassinet. She still thought of her instinctively as a big-eyed, jerky little girl racing the village streets on a bicycle and stoning her father's pear trees. And now a six-foot captain of a varsity crew had wanted to marry her!

Sumac and goldenrod! Sumac and goldenrod! By main force Alice tried to reduce her mind to the perspective of the thing and continued.

"And she," she asked cautiously—"she is being unkind?"

The great oarsman at her feet swallowed a sob. "She is marrying the other man."

Alice gave a little gasp that was genuine—for his sake, not for Vivien Pember's. "Oh! I'm so sorry!" she said, and at the same moment she leaned forward and pressed her hand on the boy's shoulder.

He did not move, and she kept her hand there for minutes. She knew that it comforted him. At last she withdrew it, and, with a brave show, as if to say that at last it was over and done with, Manwaring suddenly stirred and sat upright. He smiled at her wanly.

"Please tell me," asked Alice, "is it Blackford that she is going to marry?" In her new perspective Blackford had suddenly become as vivid, as important as this youth and Vivien Pember.

The crew man nodded without any show of contempt. But this news was too much for Alice. "The little fool!" she exclaimed decisively.

MANWARING was human, and it did not displease him; but he himself was still a good sportsman toward his luckier rival. His jaw was set hard when he spoke again. "I came here this afternoon quite ready to throw myself into the lake."

Alice did not reply, for she knew that he did not mean to be taken too literally.

"Not actually that," he went on to explain laboriously, "but I came here to fight it out by myself."

Alice looked at the carpet of dry, brown hemlock. "Of course," she said slowly, "it won't help you the slightest bit to tell you that in five years it won't make an atom of difference."

"No," he replied; "it won't help me the slightest. You see I still have the five years before me—and to-night—and to-morrow."

She replied with the silence which she knew to be the most sincere comfort which she could give him, and for five minutes—ten—he sat absolutely unmoving, his eyes on the water, his jaw set hard in his grim, boyish memory of the tragedy. Only once he moved slightly. Some memory, some scene too vivid to bear had broken his grip on the firm, brave attitude that he had set for himself. His breath began to come quickly in broken little gasps, and impulsively Alice reached over and put her hand in his. He took it without even looking around, gripped it and held it.

The sun had long since disappeared behind the mountains. A dozen night sounds of the forest had sprung up around them, and over the lake the shadows had deepened to autumn twilight. A clean-cut line of white mist had appeared on the opposite shore.

THE boy stirred regretfully, pressed her hand hard for a moment, then slowly let it fall. He sprang to his feet in his same violent effort to display a cheeriness which Alice knew well that he still did not feel.

"Forgive me," he begged. "This has been horrible for you. And it must be hours past your dinnertime."

But Alice was far more loath than he to break the spell of the moment and—for her—of her dreams. She sat for some seconds unmoving, then took the hand which he offered to her and slowly rose to her feet. She found that her knees were so cramped that she almost fell, but she would have fainted before she would have let him know it.

Manwaring turned toward the lake and drew a long breath of the damp, woodsy air. Then he turned back toward Alice and looked quietly into her eyes. "This has been very bully of you," he tried to say, but again his voice was uncertain and shaky.

Neither one of them moved. The autumn darkness was now coming fast. It shrouded, dimmed, both of their figures, obliterated the generation between them. At their feet the tweed coat lay forgotten. In the darkness Alice could see the crew man's great chest rising and falling under the white of his tennis shirt. His lower lip trembled a little and his fingers began clenching slowly. She knew that, at that moment, his arms were aching to reach slowly around her and draw her to him—not because she was Alice Paraday, but because she was slight and feminine and because the moment was weird and mystic and because he was heart-sick and lonely.

(Continued on Page 42)

Proper Care of Your Child's Hair

WHY EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR
HOW EVERY MOTHER MAY INSURE IT

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it, or that you teach the child to give it—early in life.

There is a great advantage in starting children out in the right way by teaching them, at the earliest possible moment, how to preserve and care for the hair. Not only is a good growth of hair started early, but good habits of hair hygiene are also established. Shampooing it properly is always the

most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

Effect of Shampooing

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free

Nature intended every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can insure to your child its rightful heritage.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now habits that will preserve the beautiful hair of childhood.



not possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look by the frequent and systematic use of Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain

day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Not only will you be proud of the improved appearance of your child's hair, but you will also save a lot of bother and work for yourself. For Mulsified makes the child's shampoo an easy, really delightful task for both mother and child. Bear in mind also that practically the same course of treatment will yield equally satisfactory results to adults.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will take only a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle lasts for months.



What your child's hair needs most
—is frequent and regular shampooing

Shampooing has been made a delightfully easy and really enjoyable task by use of Mulsified.

Mulsified benefits the hair—brings out its natural color and lustre—makes it soft, silky, fresh looking—makes it look its very best.

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As if by main force, as if compelling himself to a penance, he slowly turned toward the lake; but the effort was too much for him. He turned back toward her again. In his eyes was a queer, hallowed light and on his lips was a wry little smile. Her heart went racing; then slowly the youth bowed toward her, took one of her hands and reverently lifted it to his lips.

He stooped and picked up his coat. Without a word they turned and walked back through the path by the shore, stumbling and halting in the twilight darkness which was more treacherous, more bewildering than actual night. From time to time the boy caught Alice's arm to guide her or, again, moved the branches from her path; but neither one spoke until they regained the open fields and the hilltops, where both seemed to relax.

As they came from the last belt of forest the lights of the Paraday house could be seen gleaming warmly directly below them. Beyond, on the farther hillside, a light here and there marked the various country houses, with, far to the right, a long string of tiny dots from the village street lamps.

The boy spoke gruffly, in flat, forced humor: "They'll be sending out searching parties. The Pembers will be wild. It makes the old gentleman furious to have anyone late for dinner."

Alice did not attempt to reply, for she knew that he spoke only to break the embarrassment of their silence; but at her own gates she suggested tentatively: "Why don't you come in and dine with us? You could telephone, then, and let them go in to dinner without you."

THE boy hesitated and looked up the lane of trees toward the house. "That's awfully good of you. I only wish I could; but, you see, I'm leaving to-morrow." He hesitated again and for the first time his tone referred back to his confession. "I—I think that that is the only thing for me to do under the circumstances. Don't you?"

"It will be easier," replied Alice.

There followed a moment of silence. Then, as the boy made no move to go, she held out her hand. "Thank you for telling me what you did. Good night. You really mustn't be any later than you have to."

But as he took her hand the boy's resolution wavered. "Look here," he suggested. "Are you going to be at home this evening?"

Alice smiled. "I usually am."

The boy hung his head, pondering. "I wonder—" he began; "you see, this evening a bunch of us were going over to the club to dance, but you can imagine how much I feel like dancing just now. Imagine jazz after this! I wondered if you'd mind if I made some excuse and came down to see you. We could just sit out in the moonlight and talk—like we did this afternoon."

"I'd like nothing better," replied Alice; but at her own gates perspectives were again changing back to normal. Gently she put her hand on his shoulder. "My dear boy," she said, "you know that I loved our talk, and I want to do anything that I can to—make things easier; but —"

"But what?" he demanded.

"I am wondering," Alice explained slowly, "whether it wouldn't do you more good to go off with the crowd and try to—to forget —"

"With that bunch of rioters? Not on your life!" replied Manwaring emphatically.

"VERY well," replied Alice, "but don't feel bound to. When you get back to the Pembers and see the crowd starting, if you feel like going on to the club with them, don't hesitate a minute to go ahead. I'll understand."

"I know you will," answered the boy; "but I'm coming just the same." It was his hand which was held out this time, and for

Sumac and Goldenrod

(Continued from Page 40)

another moment they stood there in the dim light from the coaching lanterns which topped the stone gate posts, looking into each other's eyes.

Their hands dropped, and the boy went bounding away on a run while Alice turned and walked up the drive with strange, puzzled emotions. She tried to laugh at herself, she tried to drop the memory of the hour just passed; but she knew that she could not do it and, as she passed up the steps and into the lighted hall, she knew that she was dancing with an elation which she had not known for years.

The Query

By

WINIFRED LOCKHART
WILLIS

SOMETIMES, as I my way
pursue
Along the street, I gaze into
The eyes that pass, and often-
times I start
To read my query in some alien
heart:
What are you? What are you?

Sometimes, a mirror passing by,
I pause and search the depths
that lie
Deep and mysterious in my
sober eyes
And ask myself in strange
surprise:
What am I? What am I?

Her father had dined long before and was fussing somewhere out in the gardens. He and she seldom waited for each other. Jules, the butler, was hovering at the dining-room door in a way that suggested a faint impatience out in the kitchen; but, with an airiness that was unusual to her, Alice disregarded his hints, went up to her room and dressed with elaborate care. Alice Paraday seldom deceived herself in regard to her emotions. She did not deceive herself now; but, nevertheless, as if driven by some force which she despised but could not resist, she spent twenty minutes in front of her mirror, choosing her gown and arranging her hair.

AT THE dinner table she ate almost nothing, but yet she would not allow herself to cut the ceremony short. Each course in turn she allowed Jules to place before her and then take away, as if to hasten it would be to acknowledge the impatience which she really did feel, but was unwilling to admit. She even pretended to linger over her coffee in her father's study, turning idly the pages of the evening paper, but knowing all the time that her nerves were tense for the sound of the doorbell or of the telephone.

But no sound came. She looked at the clock. Dinner at the Pembers' must surely be over by now, and "the crowd" of young people would have started for the club long before this. Unable to endure any longer her own ridiculous pretense, she slipped on a cape and went out to the east piazza. It was here that she meant to receive Manwaring when he came, and she looked around to see that the long wicker chair, which all men seemed to like, was in place. The ash tray on the piazza table was filled with stubs of her father's cigars and she emptied it over the railing. She wondered whether Manwaring smoked. She had not seen him do

it; but, to make sure, she went back to her father's study, filled the cigarette box neatly, returned, placed it near the arm of the long wicker chair, then sat down and waited.

Twenty minutes passed and the edge of the August moon came up over the eastern mountains. From the village she heard a faint scrape of a violin and the roll of a drum, coming only in fragments when the faint breath of the wind brought the sound up the valley. The dance at the club was commencing, but at that distance it sounded like music on a phonograph. She heard her father's slow, ponderous step on the front piazza and then heard the screen door close gently.

It was cold out there in the night air, but she would not allow herself to go in, as if, again, there were some mystic spell in the hour which would be broken by moving. She watched the moon lifting slowly and faintly lighting the lawn. Then, far off, in the depths of the house, she heard the telephone ringing. She listened, alert; then heard the rapid, prim steps of the butler. He came to the open French windows and nodded.

"Miss Alice, the telephone."

ALICE felt her heart leap, but at the same moment there came over her a cold chill of disappointment. She rose slowly and went to the little telephone closet at the end of the hall. She took up the receiver and Manwaring's voice, sounding queerly bass, like that of a stranger, came to her over the wire:

"Miss Paraday? Oh, good evening. Miss Paraday, I wonder if you'll understand —"

But Alice broke in with a little laugh: "My dear boy, I know perfectly well what you're going to say, and you're absolutely right. Go on to the club with the crowd and have a good time."

The boy's voice was rueful and apologetic. "Well, to tell the truth, that's what I was going to say. You see, when I got back here I found that the bunch had made all their plans. They really expected me to go with them, and I thought it would look kind of awkward —"

Alice broke in again: "Please don't be upset about it. I understand perfectly."

The boy's tone was still politely anxious, but he did seem relieved. "I knew that you'd understand," he explained.

"I understand perfectly," Alice repeated.

"Good-by, and good luck."

"Good-by. Good luck to you."

SHE hung up the receiver, picked a heavier coat from a settle in the hall and went back to her seat on the east piazza. The moon had now cleared the mountains entirely and turned to a thinner color, like pearl.

Her father came out on the piazza still in his cap and topcoat, smoking one of his perpetual cigars.

"Who was that, Alice?" he asked. "Who was telephoning?"

"Just the Pembers' house," she replied. "They're having a dance at the club this evening."

As if in corroboration the wind, for an instant, brought a bar of the distant music, the jingle of the old club piano and the staccato beat of the drum.

Her father asked nothing more. He and Alice always got on splendidly in that particular, both tactful and neither especially curious.

He puffed his cigar for a moment and gazed at the mountains. "Cold moon, that," he suggested. "Autumn will be here before we know it."

Alice did not reply.

Her father started away toward the front of the house, then, with an afterthought, stopped and turned. "By the way, Alice, I wish that you'd remind Jules not to put goldenrod in the fireplaces. It starts my hay fever."

Alice stirred a little. "All right, father, I'll tell him."



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to every woman who hasn't known it before, to learn that oats—the very finest rolled white oats—can now be thoroughly prepared in so short a time.

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Is your skin pale and sallow?

—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, it needs a more stimulating treatment than you are giving it. Begin now to use the following treatment, and see what a difference it will make in your complexion:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a dis-

advantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more stimulating form of cleansing.

After a few treatments this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will gain noticeably in freshness and color.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 102 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 102 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



What are We Doing With Our Children

(Continued from Page 27)

was ill and how I should feel about your going. Don't you care to be respected?" "Gee, mother, I'd hate to be unpopular; I'm not strong on any hugging business, but I would hate to be unpopular. Don't jaw any more to-night; there's a dear; I'm all in."

The flush had faded; she looked exhausted—naturally, after such continuous excitement. She yawned and went to bed.

Why are our children growing so reckless, unstable and callous? Why is it that they will not brook control; that they chase madly after every new sensation in jazz, joy-ride and petting party; that they are taking a direction which home and press and pulpit view with bewildered and seemingly helpless concern?

Whose is the fault? That night the answer hammered its way into my heart and mind. If Julia were not all I hoped, mine was the responsibility. Our children are as we mothers make them.

We may of course shield ourselves behind "the times," behind the thought which holds the war responsible. But we mothers control the times; in our hands are held the morals and manners of our nation. If we had built a sure foundation, think you a few years of abnormality would have undermined our children's characters?

The Real Sufferers

WHY have we failed? Why, rather, should we not expect to fail? Have we not defied Youth until the imp has retaliated by treating us with toleration, frequently with contempt? Have we not substituted self-assurance for self-control? Have we not, in our craze for giving the child self-expression, for respecting its individuality, robbed it of the old valuable tonic of discipline, made inclination paramount, duty obsolete?

I believe in self-expression; but I also believe that it is practically impossible to stifle it, that anything worth expressing in a human being will come out.

By our modern luxury of habit, by our overlavishness in supply, we are in danger of robbing our children of the valuable quality we children used to call "sand," "grit," and which my mother called "backbone," meaning a moral firmness, an ability to endure discomfort and unhappiness.

I am far from being an old Mother Grundy. I do not regard the mad whim of dress or manner as necessarily implying anything more than youth's desire for freedom. I know that youth always has done, always will do mischievous, often cruelly thoughtless deeds; but in our day there always followed consequences—censure, punishment, soreness of body. When, for instance, in our youthful desire for romantic expression we ran away and got married it wasn't just a joy-ride till the run was over, but a thing which had to be endured until the end.

As a natural result of our modern methods our children do not expect consequences; they grow up instead with the firm conviction that they have a right to do what they please.

No wonder divorce is increasing; it will increase. If you take away every difficulty from the child's path, wrap it in luxury, sap its moral strength by lack of discipline, why should you expect the man and woman to be different? Why, at first sign of boredom or unhappiness, should you not expect them to get away from their responsibilities? And in most cases the sufferers are their children, that new generation.

Another consequence of overindulgence, less vital perhaps, but nevertheless important, is that our children are growing up without a sense of value.

We preach the necessity for restraint and economy and a sense of value in the methods

of our public men. How shall we expect it in the lives of our future politicians when such training is largely absent from the life of the child? No virtue can be acquired by a stroke of the pen; it is won hardly, through many years, through childish effort.

And finally, apart from the moral consequence of overindulgence and laxity in discipline, there is another equally important: the physical and mental effect on our children. If you have lately read the statistics of public schools and welfare societies you will have noticed that there is far too much malnutrition in districts where there is no poverty; weakness which may therefore be attributed to overindulgence and bad habits.

I can well remember my childish dislike for the many phrases which so frequently buzzed in my ears: "Children must be seen and not heard," "sit still," "don't talk at table till you are spoken to," "eat slowly"—can well remember that neglecting to follow this last injunction I had nevertheless to wait till everyone else had finished.

But however tiresome from the child's point of view, I often wonder nowadays whether my growing body was not thus better nourished than if I had grown up in the modern way.

Searching your consciences, mothers, do you not agree that we are counting as too important the material welfare of our children, spending money lavishly on their pleasure, clothes, food, education, but neglecting to too great an extent the importance of character, discipline, self-control, endurance—those Spartan things which harden and fit for life?

Overindulgence and lack of discipline did not produce those homely virtues handed down to us from our fine old stock of pioneer, town builder and settler—those homely virtues of patience, stability, honesty of purpose, the instinct for home making and family life, uprightness?

And what is the remedy, you may ask, if you, too, are one of us bewildered mothers, a little fearful of the future of our children, afraid that the situation has got out of our control?

Wanted—Moral Backbone

WE CANNOT, of course, go back to the Spartan conditions of the pioneer. Neither can the problem be solved by any universal panacea, by any new laws, by any new child-welfare societies. It is in the hands of every individual mother in this land.

If each and every one of us did our duty, not just the material duty of seeing that the money our husbands earn is turned into food and clothes and pleasure for our children, but in that more difficult matter of child training—if we were less busy about our various interests and thought more deeply about that chief duty, there would be less fear for this new generation.

It is so much easier to give the child self-expression than to teach it self-control, consideration, habits of economy; so much easier to hand out a dime or a quarter for movies, sodas, candy than to train our children that luxuries must be used sparingly.

We mothers have been slipping along that easy way, losing sight of our responsibilities in our newly acquired freedom.

I am going to pull myself up with a firm hand, spend more time on character building, search those old experiences for moral backbone and a sense of value which will yet enable me to help my Julia towards realizing that fine ideal. It won't be nearly as comfortable, but I'm going to shut my teeth till the end is attained. It will be even more difficult if I am the only mother in our neighborhood to take this sterner note in the belief that it will be for my child's good.

Will you not help me?



Makes things taste better

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

THE DIFFERENCE between Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ordinary ketchup often is the difference between a successful meal and a poor one. For Heinz Ketchup makes things taste better—the meats, vegetables and other things on which ketchup can be used.

And the difference in cost between Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ordinary ketchup is a very small fraction—so small that you wouldn't consider it for an instant if you stopped to realize that the goodness and wholesomeness and economy of the whole meal were at stake.

Use the best ketchup you can get. That is Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Made of luscious sun-ripened tomatoes, choice spices, Heinz Vinegar and pure cane sugar by skilled experts in the spotless Heinz kitchens. Small wonder it excels!

Some of the **57** Chili Sauce Spaghetti Baked Beans Cream of Tomato Soup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

GIFTS THAT LAST



"Oh! see what I found"

The secret is out! Little Brother's mischievous fingers have brought to light the treasure of the "hope chest"—a set of Holmes & Edwards silverware!

Embarrassing? Well, naturally. And yet, the hopeful lover must admire the foresight and good taste revealed in her selection of the charming **HOSTESS** pattern.

Deep down in her heart, she knows he is pleased. And so she blushing relates how, months ago, she started with teaspoons, adding knives, forks and miscellaneous pieces, until now the set is almost complete.

Silver-Inlaid, solid silver where it wears

Super-Plate, protected against wear

At the Better Shops Everywhere

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Manufactured in Canada by
STANDARD SILVER CO.
of TORONTO, Ltd.



THE HOSTESS
TEASPOON

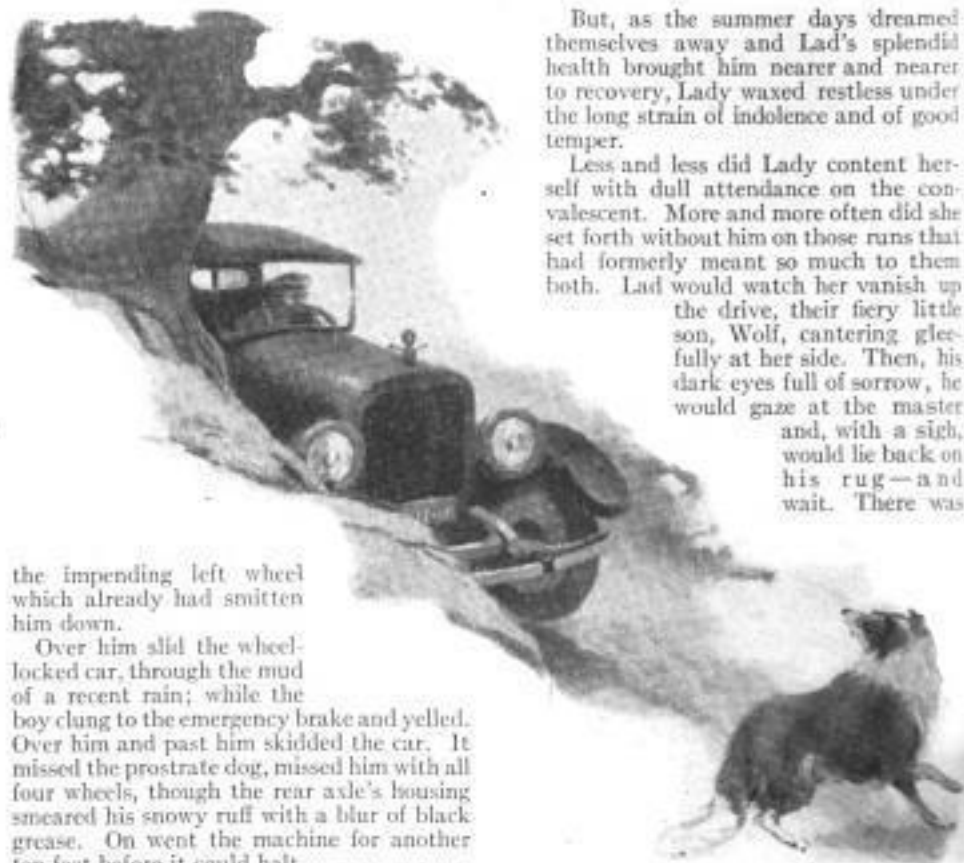
The **HOSTESS** PATTERN
of the House of
HOLMES & EDWARDS

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The Juggernaut

(Continued from Page 16)



the impending left wheel which already had smitten him down.

Over him slid the wheel-locked car, through the mud of a recent rain; while the boy clung to the emergency brake and yelled. Over him and past him skidded the car. It missed the prostrate dog, missed him with all four wheels, though the rear axle's housing smeared his snowy ruff with a blur of black grease. On went the machine for another ten feet before it could halt.

Then a chalk-faced delivery boy peered fearfully backward, to see Lad getting painfully to his feet and barking perplexedly at his tiny right forepaw in token of the dislocated shoulder.

The delivery boy saw more. In a swirl of black bad temper Lady had gathered herself up from the ditch where Lad's toss had landed her. Without a moment's pause she threw herself upon the luckless dog whose rough interference had saved her life. Teeth aglint, growling ferociously, she dug her fangs into the hurt shoulder and slung her whole weight forward in the bite. Thus was it the temperamental Lady's wont to punish real or fancied injuries from the place's other animals, and from any humans as well, save only the mistress and the master. She charged first and did her thinking afterward.

Under her fifty-pound impact poor Lad's three-cornered balance gave way. Down he went in an awkward heap, while Lady snarled viciously and snapped for his momentarily exposed throat. Lad turned his head aside to guard the throat; but he made no move to resent this ungrateful onslaught, much less to fight back, which was Lad's way—with Lady.

A shout from the veranda—whither the racket had drawn the master from his study—put a stop to Lady's brainstorm.

A SHARP word of reproof sent Lady skulking into a corner, anger forgotten in humiliation at the public rebuke. The master paid no heed to her. Running up the drive, he met Lad and picked up the suffering collie in his arms. Carrying him into the study, the master gave first aid to the serious dislocation, then phoned for the nearest good "vet."

As he left the study to telephone he encountered Lady, very weebegone and cringing, at the door. When he returned he beheld the remorseful little gold-and-white vixen licking her mate's hurt shoulder and wagging a propitiatory tail in plea for forgiveness from the dog she had bitten and from the master whose law she had broken by her attack on the car. Always after her brief rages Lady was prettily and genuinely repentant and eager to make friends again. And, as ever, Lad was meeting her apologies more than halfway, absurdly blissful at her dainty attentions.

In the days that followed, Lady at first spent the bulk of her time near her lame mate. She was unusually gentle and affectionate with him and seemed to be trying to make up to him for the enforced idleness of strained sinews and dislocated joint. And in her friendliness and attention Lad was very, very happy.

But, as the summer days dreamed themselves away and Lad's splendid health brought him nearer and nearer to recovery, Lady waxed restless under the long strain of indolence and of good temper.

Less and less did Lady content herself with dull attendance on the convalescent. More and more often did she set forth without him on those runs that had formerly meant so much to them both. Lad would watch her vanish up the drive, their fiery little son, Wolf, cantering gleefully at her side. Then, his dark eyes full of sorrow, he would gaze at the master and, with a sigh, would lie back on his rug—and wait. There was

HE VEERED HIS MACHINE, AIMING THE FLYING JUGGERNAUT DIRECTLY AT THE COLLIE

something so human, so uncomplainingly unhappy in look and in sigh, that the master was touched by the big dog's loneliness and vexed at the slight Lady's deception.

Stooping down at one such time, he ran his hand over the beautiful silky head that rested against his knee and said in lame attempt at comfort: "Don't let it get under your skin, Laddie. She isn't worth it. We're going over for the mail, the mistress and I. Want to come along?"

THIS morning, for the first time since his accident, Lad was able to spring into the car tonneau unaided. His hurt was all but well. Enthroning himself in the precise center of the rear seat, he prepared to enjoy every inch of the ride.

Only when the mistress and the master both chanced to leave the car at the same time, at market or bank or post office, would Lad cease from this genial and absorbed inspection of everything in sight. Left alone in the machine, he always realized at once that he was on guard.

Marketing done to-day, the trio from the place started homeward. Less than a quarter mile from their own gateway they heard the honk of a horn behind them.

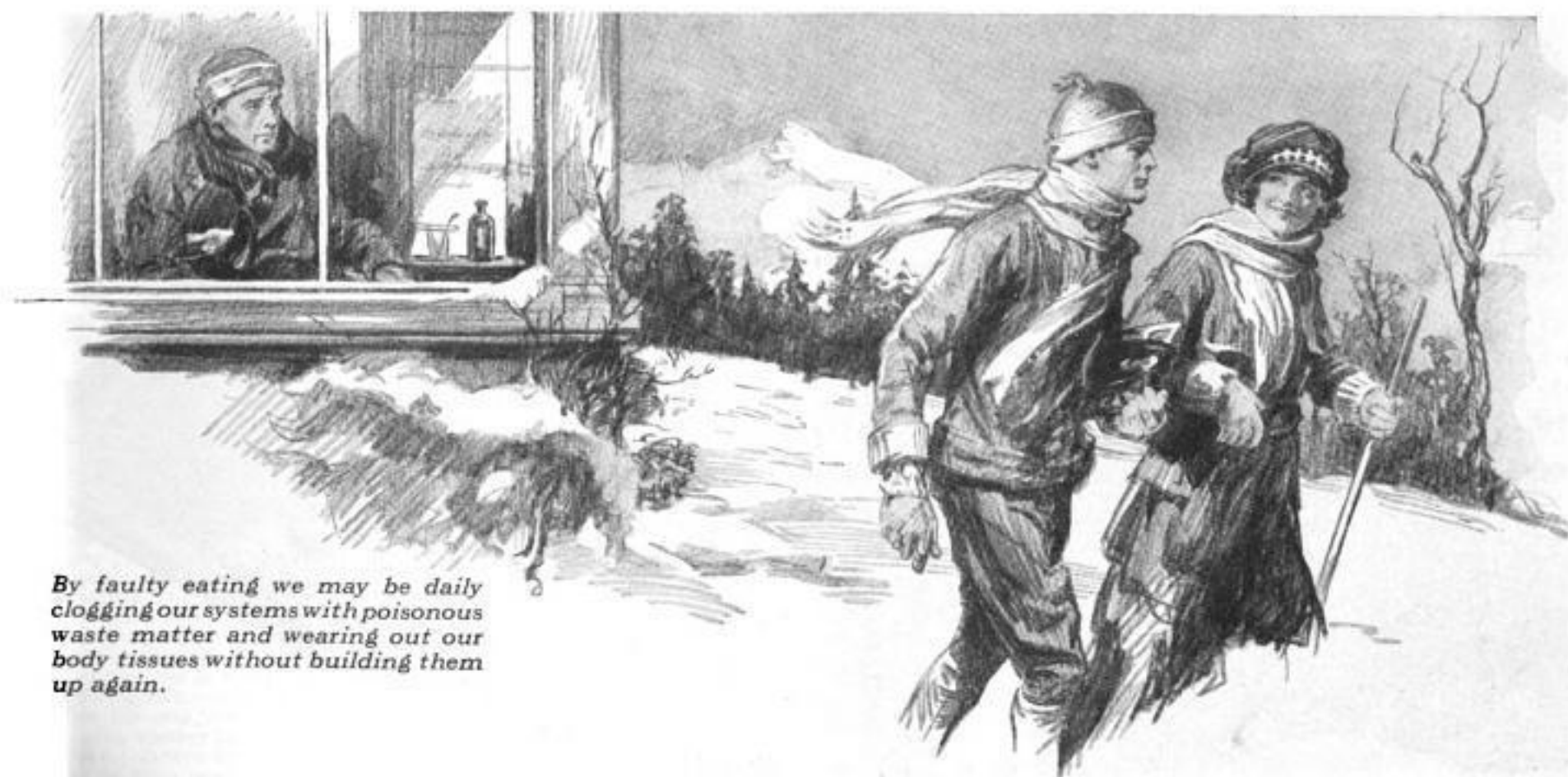
Within a second thereafter a runabout roared past, the cut-out waking echoes along the still road and a poisonously choking cloud of dust whirling aloft in the speedster's wake.

The warning honk had not given the mistress time to turn out. Luckily she was driving well on her own side of the none too wide road. As it was, a sharp little jar gave testimony to the light touch of mud guards. And the runabout whizzed on.

"That's one of the speed idiots who make an automobile an insult to everybody except its owner. The young fool!" stormed the master, glowering impotently at the other car, already a hundred yards ahead, and at the back of its one occupant, a sportily clad youth in the early twenties.

A high-pitched yelping bark, partly of dismay, partly of warning, from Lad broke in on the master's fuming remonstrance. The big dog had sprung up from his rear seat cushion and, with forepaws gripping the back of the front seat, he was peering forward, his head and shoulders between the mistress and the master.

(Continued on Page 49)



By faulty eating we may be daily clogging our systems with poisonous waste matter and wearing out our body tissues without building them up again.

Medicine cannot do this for you— Your strength and vigor depend on what you eat

OUR strength, vigor, health—even the span of life—depend upon what we eat! This is one of the startling discoveries of modern science.

Medicine cannot improve and strengthen either naturally or permanently the entire digestive process, build up the body tissues, and keep the body clean of poisonous waste matter. Only certain food factors can do this. Yet many American meals lack these necessary elements.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly these essential food factors. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary water-soluble vitamin.

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, helps in eliminating poisonous waste matter. Fresh compressed yeast is recommended in American medical literature.

Why the body needs fresh yeast

It is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation.

Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process. Fresh yeast gives you the health essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

What laxatives can never do

DOCTORS are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a fresh food is just the natural corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The natural way to improve digestion

MORE and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong

with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Because of its wonderful effect on the digestion and its laxative action Fleischmann's Yeast clears up skin disorders, ailments so often due to faulty eating.

Popular ways of eating yeast

EAT Fleischmann's Yeast spread on crackers or bread, or nibble it plain from the cake. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth. Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily.

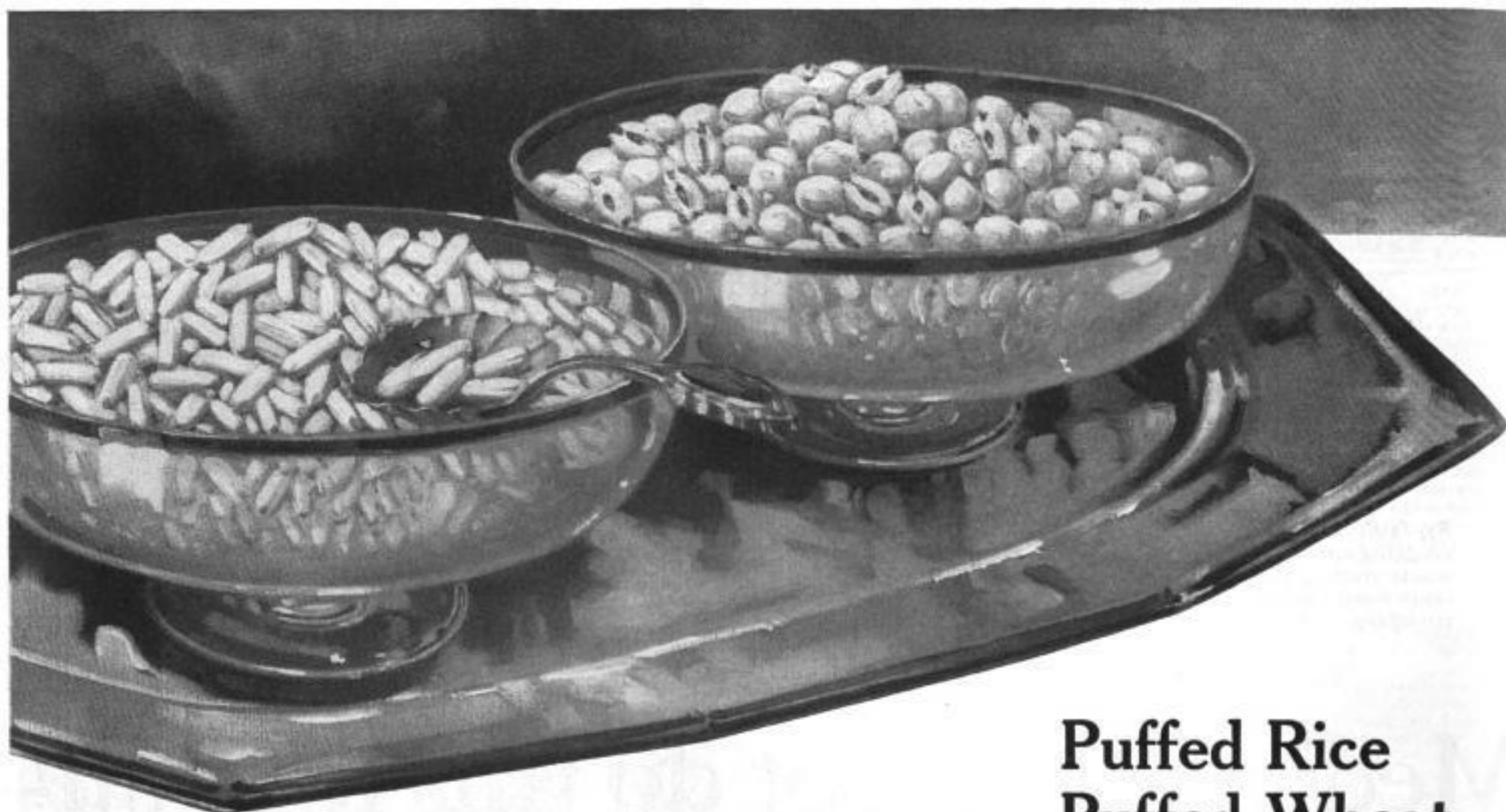
Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 102, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food—not a medicine

Fresh yeast has been proved by scientific tests to be a valuable food for correcting common ailments of lowered vitality, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin, digestive disturbances and those that require the constant use of laxatives. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast.



Avoid the use of so-called yeast preparations. Many of these contain only a small amount of yeast—as little as one-tenth of a yeast cake—mixed with drugs and medicines. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which you can get Fleischmann's Yeast. Be sure it's Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Do not be misled by yeast-substitutes.



Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Two Bubble Grains

The finest cereal dainties children ever knew

Think what Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat contribute to a home.

Not as cereal dishes only. They are tid-bits and confections. You can use them in a hundred ways.

Here are airy, toasted grains, nut-like in their flavor, with the texture of a snowflake.

They are used in candy making—

Used as garnish on ice cream—

Used as thin, crisp, toasted wafers for all soups.

Douse with melted butter, and they become ideal confections for hungry children after school.

Prof. Anderson's foods

Above all else, however, Puffed Grains are scientific foods.

They were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University.

The object is to make whole grains wholly digestible. To fit every element to feed.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot the steam explodes. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel. The food cells are

thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

The grains come out like bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size. And the fearful heat gives a delicious flavor.

More whole-grain food

Children need whole-grain food, as you know. Puffed Grains make it tempting.

Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. With milk it forms as great a food as children can be fed. In Puffed Wheat those elements are all made available.

That is why millions of mothers now serve Puffed Grains morning, noon and night.



No breakfast dainty can compare with Puffed Rice served with cream.



Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for supper or for bedtime.



Flimsy, flavory Puffed Grains add delight to every dish of fruit.



Douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like nut-meats after school.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

The Juggernaut

(Continued from Page 46)

A word of rebuke died on the master's tongue, as the mistress with a gasp of fear pointed ahead, and in the path of the speeding runabout. Lady and Wolf had had a jolly gallop through the summer woodlands. And at last they had turned their faces homeward for the plunge into the cool lake which was wont to follow a hot-weather run. Side by side they jogged along to the forest edge and into the sixteen-acre meadow that stretches from forest to highway.

The motor car with the muffler cut out was approaching at high speed.

THE noise was as martial music to Lady. The speed promised exhilarating sport. Her trot merged into a headlong run, and she dashed out into the road. The runabout was a bare fifty yards ahead of her, and it was coming on with a speed which shook even Lady's excitement-craving nerves. She leaped to one side of the road. Not far, but leaving ample space for the driver to miss her by at least a yard. He had honked loudly at sight of her. But he had abated not an atom of his fifty-mile-an-hour pace.

Whether the man was rattled by the collie's antics, whether he acted in sudden rage at her for startling him, whether he belonged to the filthy breed of motorist who recites chucklingly the record of his kills—he did not hold his midroad course. Instead, still without checking speed, he veered his machine slightly to the right, aiming the flying Juggernaut directly at the mischievously poised little collie who danced in imagined safety at the road edge.

The rest was horror.

Merciful in its mercilessness, the hard-driven right front wheel smote the silky golden head with a force that left no terrible instant of fear or of agony. Lady was killed at a single stroke.

The fluffy golden body was hurled far in front of its slayer, and the wheels struck it a second time. The force of the impact caused the runabout to skid perilously and the youthful driver brought it to a jarring and belated halt. Springing to the ground, he rolled the dead collie's impeding body into the shallow wayside ditch, clear of his wheels. Then, scrambling aboard again, he jammed down the accelerator.

Lad had made a flying leap over the door of the master's car. He struck ground with a force which crumpled his healing right shoulder under him. Heedless of the pain, he hurled himself forward on three legs, at incredible speed, straight for the runabout.

BUT, for all his burst of speed, he was too late to avenge, even as he had been too late to save. By the time he could reach the spot where Lady lay crumpled and moveless in the ditch, the runabout had gathered full speed and was disappearing down the bend of the highway. After it flew Lad.

But, at the end of a furious half mile, his wise brain took charge once more of his vengeance-craving heart. He halted, snarled hideous menace after the vanished car, and limped miserably back to the scene of the tragedy.

There, he found the mistress sitting in the roadside dust, Lady's head in her lap. She was smoothing lovingly the soft rumpled fur and trying hard not to cry over the inert, warm mass of gold-and-white fluffiness which, two minutes earlier, had been a beautiful thoroughbred collie, vibrant with life and fun and loveableness.

Head and tail adroop, Lad tolled back to where Lady was lying. A queer, low sound, strangely like a human sob, pulsed in his shaggy throat as he bent down and touched his dead mate's muzzle with his own. Then, huddling close beside her, he reverted all at once to a trait of his ancestors, a thousand generations back.

Sitting on his haunches and lifting his pointed nose to the summer sky, he gave vent to a series of long-drawn wolf howls, horrible to hear. It was the death howl of the primitive wolf, a sound that sent a shiver through the two humans who listened aghast to their chum's awesome mourning for his lost love.

In a few seconds Lad rose wearily to his feet, the spasm of primal grief having spent

itself. Once more he was himself, sedate, wise, calm. Limping over to where the Juggernaut car had halted so briefly, he cast about the ground after the manner of a bloodhound. Presently he came to an abrupt halt. He had found what he sought.

As motionless as a bird dog at point, he stood there, nose to earth, sniffing.

"What in blazes —" began the master, perplexed.

The mistress, keener of eye and of perception, understood. She saw Lad's inhaling muzzle was steady above a faint mark in the road dust, the mark of a buckskin shoe's print. Long and carefully the dog sniffed. Then, with heavy deliberation he moved on to the next footprint and the next. The runabout's driver had taken less than a half dozen steps in all during his short descent to the ground. But Lad did not stop until he had found and identified each and every step.

"He knows!" marveled the mistress.

"He saw the brute jump down from his car, and he has found his footsteps. He'll remember them too."

FOR the next few days, until his shoulder was again in condition to bear its quota of his eighty-pound weight, Lad was kept indoors or on the veranda. As soon as he was allowed to go out alone, the big collie went straight to the spot where last he had seen Lady's body. Thence he made a careful detour of the place, seeking for—something. It was two days before he found what he sought.

In the meantime, as ever since his mate's killing, he ate practically nothing and went about in a daze. Time after time, during the next week, the master or the mistress found him lying beside Lady's grave.

Then in a single minute came the cure.

On Labor Day afternoon the finals in a local tennis tournament were to be played at the mile-distant country club. The mistress and the master went across to the tournament, taking Lad along.

Thus, when the two mounted the clubhouse veranda, Lad was at their heels. The playing had not yet begun. And new arrivals were drifting up the steps of the clubhouse. Car after car disgorged women in sport clothes and men in knickerbockers or flannels. There was plenty of chatter and bustle and motion. Lad paid no heed to any of it.

Then up to the foot of the veranda steps jarred a flashy runabout, driven by a flashier youth. At word from the policeman in charge he parked his car at the rear of the clubhouse among fifty others and returned on foot to the steps.

"That's young Rhuburger," someone was confiding to the mistress. "You must have read about him. He was arrested as a conscientious objector during the war. Since then his father has died and left him all sorts of money. And he is burning it in double handfuls. No one seems to know just how he got into the club here. And no one seems to —"

The gossipy maundering broke off short, drowned in a wild-beast growl.

BOTH the mistress and her husband had been eying Rhuburger as he ascended the veranda steps in all the glory of unbelievably exquisite and gaudy raiment. There seemed to both of them something vaguely familiar about the fellow, though neither could place him.

"Hello, folks," Rhuburger was declaiming to a wholly unenthusiastic circle of acquaintances. "Made another record just now. The little boat spun me here from Montclair in exactly nineteen minutes. That's—that's roughly an average rate of a mile in seventy-five seconds. Not so bad, eh? That car sure made a hit with me, all right. Not so much of a hit, maybe, with a couple of chickens and a fat old dog that had the bad luck to be asleep in the middle of the —"

His plangent brag was lost in a sound seldom heard on the hither side of jungle or zoo. From the group of slightly disgusted onlookers, a huge and tawny shape burst

(Continued on Page 50)



DOMINO SYRUP delights the taste with its rare, appealing flavor of sugar cane. Possibly no other flavor in the world is as pleasing to so many people for table use—or is so tasteful in preparing distinctive dishes sweetened with syrup.

You will enjoy the delicious cane sugar flavor of Domino Syrup.

Domino Syrup is made by the refiners of Domino Package Sugars.

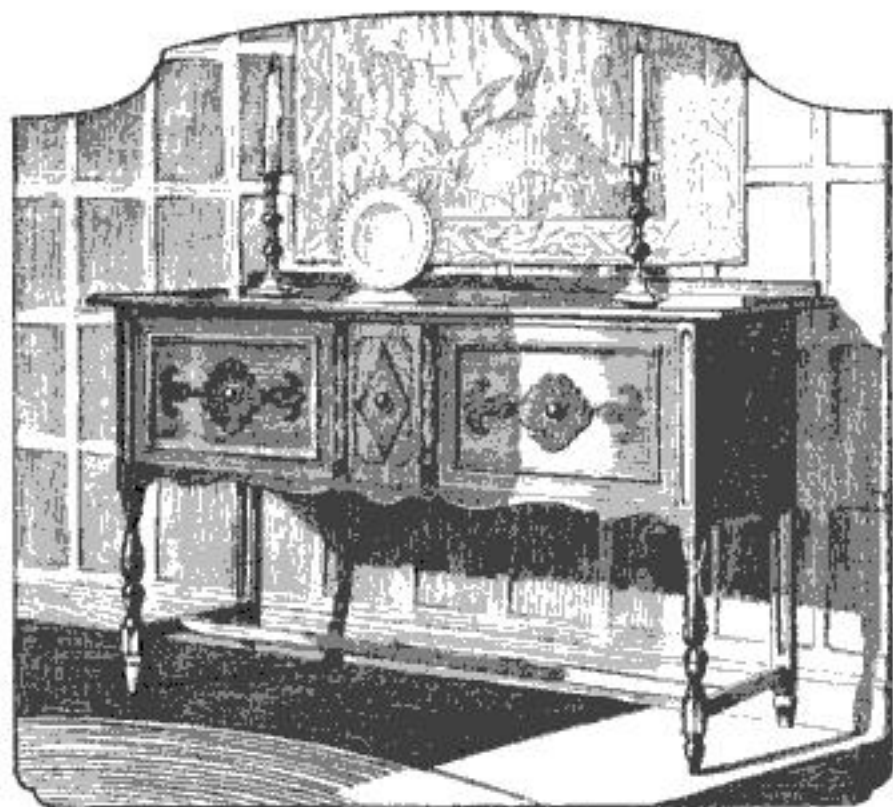
American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup

Domino Syrup

BERKEY & GAY Furniture



A Dining Room Suite In American Woods

In the selection of woods for Berkey & Gay Furniture, each must stand forth frankly for its structural fitness as well as its true beauty.

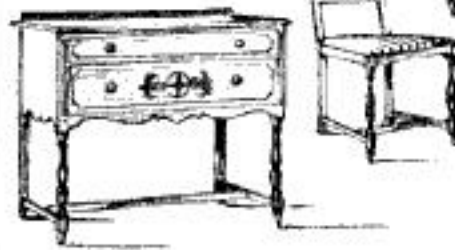
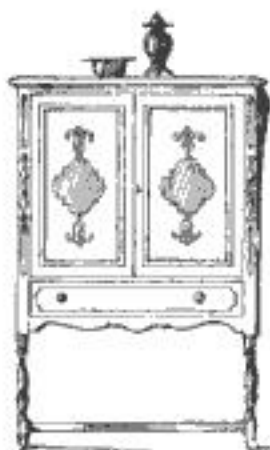
This is well exemplified in "The Sevilla." Sturdiness is evident in these native woods; and a delightful color effect results from the joining of the richly figured walnut surface with the dark hues of elm burl and the high-lighted glow of the gumwood turnings.

Such furniture is genuinely friendly to the touch and to the eye. It well typifies Berkey & Gay's ideal of producing furniture of distinction that may be enjoyed by American homes at moderate cost.

Foremost furniture stores are showing "The Sevilla" during February.

Our Brochures, describing "The Sevilla" and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer, sent on request.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
440 Monroe Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan



This shopmark is used in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his guide ever after.

The Juggernaut

(Continued from Page 49)

forth, hurtling through the air, straight for the fat throat of the boaster.

Rhuburger, by some heaven-sent instinct, flung up his arms to shield his menaced jugular. He had no time to do more.

LAD'S fury-driven eighty pounds of muscular weight crashed full against his chest. Lad's terrible teeth, missing their throat goal, drove deep into the uplifted right forearm; shearing through imported tweed coat-sleeve and through corded silken shirt and through flabby flesh and clean to the very bone.

The dog's lion roar blended with the panic screeches of the victim; and under that fearful impact Rhuburger reeled from the stairhead and went crashing down the steps to the stone flagging at the bottom.

Not once during that meteoric, shriek-punctuated downward flight did Lad loose his grip on the torn forearm. But as the two struck the flagging at the bottom he shifted his hold with lightning speed; stabbing once more for the exposed jugular.

He lunged murderously at his mark. Yes, and this time he found it. His teeth had touched the pudgy throat and had begun to cleave their remorseless way to the very life of the man who had slain Lady.

But out of the jumble of cries and stamping feet and explosive shouts from the scared onlookers on the veranda above, one staccato yell pierced the swirl of rage mists in the avenging collie's brain.

"Lad!" came the master's sharp, scandalized mandate. "Lad!"

Hating the thought of desisting from his cherished revenge, the dog heard and heeded. It was no light offense for a dog to attack a human. Lad, like every well-trained collie, knew that. His own death might well follow.

The master simply commanded, "Down, Lad!" And as the dog obediently dropped to the ground, the master bent to examine the groaning and weeping Rhuburger.

Rhuburger was all but delirious with fright. His throat was scored by the first taking of Lad's teeth, but in the merest of flesh wounds. The chewed arm was more serious, but no bone or tendon or artery was injured. By more or less of a miracle, no bones had been broken.

As the master and the few others who had descended the steps were working over the fallen man, the mistress checked the turmoil on the veranda. At Lad's leap, memory of this speed-mad motorist had rushed back to her. Now, tersely, for the benefit of those around, she was identifying him with the killer of Lady, whose death had roused so much indignation in the village.

The myriad glances cast at the prostrate and blubbering Rhuburger were not loving. Someone even said: "Good old Laddie!"

As the mistress and the master were closing the house for the night, a car came down the drive. Out of it stepped their friend Maclay, the local justice of the peace.

"Hello, Mac!" hailed the master. "Here to take us all to jail for assault and battery, or just to serve a 'dangerous-dog' notice on us?"

HE SPOKE lightly, but he was troubled. To-day's escapade might well lead the village law to take some cognizance of Lad's ferocious deed.

"No," laughed Maclay; "neither of those. I'm here unprofessionally. I thought you people might like to know a few things before you go to bed. In the first place, the doctor patched up Rhuburger's bites and took him home. He couldn't take him home in Rhuburger's own car. For some of the tennis crowd had gotten at that. What they did to that six-thousand-dollar runabout was a crime; they stripped it of everything. They threw the carburetor and the wheels and the steering gear and a lot of other parts into the lake. Then they left their cards pinned to the dismantled machine's cushions—in case Rhuburger cares to go further into the matter. While they were doing all that, the club's governors had a hurry-call meeting, and for once the board was unanimous about something. It was unanimous in expelling Rhuburger from the club. Then we—By the way, where's Laddie? Curled up by Lady's grave, as usual, I suppose? Poor old dog!"

"No," denied the mistress; "he's asleep in his 'cave' under the piano. He went there of his own accord. And he ate a perfectly tremendous supper to-night. He's—he's cured!"

How We Neglect Our Schools

(Continued from Page 17)

For that opinion there is ample support in the various emergency provisions, exceptions to and nonenforcement of the laws in nearly all the states of the Union.

Everywhere the compulsory-attendance law, carried through to the logical and only effective conclusion of punishment for negligent parents, is about as much of a dead letter as would be a law for compulsory church attendance. The Federal government report shows that the average age for the whole country at which American children quit going to school is the age of the sixth elementary grade; that is, about twelve years.

A word more about Conway and free education. That community did not cherish its schools as a free institution enough to save them from being abolished. But having lost the schools, the town was aroused and all its citizens, both nontaxpayers and taxpayers, spontaneously agreed to pay something, to pay something that they would actually and individually be aware of, to get those schools open again. And under this emergency regime there was more real public interest in the matter of education than that community had ever felt or manifested before. There is no record of any other place in the United States having had the Conway experience. Would it be worth while to try the Conway experiment or some modification of it in a few negligent and indifferent rural districts to see what would happen? Various public school authorities and members of educational improvement associations have thought that it would be worth while.

Suppose the case of a community in which no child may be admitted to the common school until his parents have paid a fee directly to the school authorities. It may not be more than a dollar for the term; but for the purpose of the experiment it must be a direct, personal payment for the sole purpose of tuition, without which the payer fully recognizes that his child will receive no teaching.

Perhaps a few parents may indignantly refuse to pay, and some may neglect to pay it; but that will not be because of ignorance of the situation, for it will be so novel as to be talked about—a fact which in itself will be incidentally beneficial to the cause of education in the community. Discussion indeed will be a most wholesome substitute for present indifference.

Also, refusal or neglect to pay on the part of any parent will have a wholesome sequel. There will come into the situation a most effective factor, now practically nonexistent, the pride of the child and the pride of the parent, accompanied by a useful touch of envy.

The most callous, illiterate father will feel a trifle uncomfortable in the winter-evening circle about the country-store stove if all the fathers except himself have put their boys into school. Something of his pride in telling about the training of his favorite bird dog will be gone if his boy isn't getting any training because of his failure to pay for it. And the mother of the child who is out of school

(Continued on Page 52)

The remarkable power of Yeast Foam to increase the appetite

ARE you one of the many people who accept a light, uncertain, finicky appetite as a natural condition? Has your desire for food slipped away so stealthily and gradually that you scarcely realize it?

Many speak of their "small" appetite as a virtue, little realizing that it is the result of a state of lowered vitality. Vigorous, eager, even ravenous appetites are not peculiar to robust children alone. Adults should eat just as heartily and enjoy their meals as much.

Failure to possess a normal appetite, however, is no longer a mystery. It is due

largely to the lack in food of the appetite-creating substance called water-soluble vitamine. Some foods possess it in a natural state, but before it reaches the table it is lost in cooking, canning, storing, milling, sterilization, and many other modern processes invented to refine the flavor and add to the keeping qualities of foods.

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Thousands write that Yeast Foam not only builds appetite, and bodily energy and vigor, but overcomes many unhealthy conditions. It helps to digest the increased food eaten; it tends to eliminate intestinal disorders.

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How We Neglect Our Schools

(Continued from Page 50)



because of family neglect will feel something uncomfortable, something to be got rid of, when she calls on a neighbor.

As things are now, with the emphasis on the freeness of the public school, such parents feel no sense of shame in their neglect to take something for nothing. And the child who now is envied by other children is not the one who goes to school, but the one who stays away.

A still more important and effective incentive growing out of such an experiment would be an entirely new interest in the quantity and quality of the schooling.

It may seem like an outrageous heresy to suggest abolishing free education for all people in the United States. But what really would happen in any rural community trying such an experiment would be the abolishment of the myth that nobody pays for the schools. For that myth would be substituted the idea that everybody who uses the schools must pay and that anybody who fails to pay will be barred.

American fathers and mothers who care more about the free schools to which they send their children than they do about the lodges and clubs to which they pay dues are probably in a minority.

Compulsion in the matter of education may be as futile a thing as compulsion in religion. Laws saying that parents must send their children to school do not prevent the big percentage of nonattendance in sections where interest in education is at low ebb. Attendance might be improved if parents were told that they could not send their children to school unless a small tuition fee were paid.

Thousands of Americans assume as a matter of course that every community in the country has its high school. In each of the wealthy, big tax-producing states or wealthy subdivisions of states throughout the country the people feel, as a matter of local pride, that their schools are a bit better than all other schools, but as a matter of national pride we take it for granted that all the schools of the entire country must be fairly good, otherwise we could not be such a highly educated nation as we have always thought ourselves to be.

It is only now, since the war, that we have begun to realize that no American boast has less foundation in fact than the familiar claim of a high average in school education for the whole country.

One-Room Schoolhouses

WE ARE ahead of where we were before in certain special aspects of the situation for the country as a whole. We are far ahead in almost every respect, with the exception of the quality of teacher material, so far as certain well-to-do, favored regions are concerned. Teachers' pay has increased everywhere, although its percentage of increase lagged two full years behind the percentage increase in the cost of living until the cost of living itself began to recede in 1921. The total amount spent on schools in the United States has increased tenfold in half a century. New high schools have been established at the rate of one a day for the last twenty-eight years. Since 1874 many miserable one-room, one-teacher rural schools throughout the country have been consolidated into as many as twelve thousand better community graded schools. But there are still one hundred ninety-five thousand one-room rural schoolhouses in the United States, in which four million American children get their substitute for education. With the exception of the automobile industry no activity in this country has increased at a greater rate on a mere dollar basis than that of public-school education. But the point is that these gains for the most part are local and not nation wide.

In spite of them we are as a nation far behind where we have thought we were and where we have boasted of being. In some sections there has been no appreciable progress since the beginning. In some sections there has been absolute retrogression.

But there is no chance that America will drop its pretensions to be ranked as a highly educated nation; so the only thing to do is to

shame ourselves into making good those pretensions. It will take many years. It is not a mere question of dollars and cents. It certainly is not a mere issue between classical and vocational training. It is not yet even a question of the common high school.

At the outset and as a national undertaking it is—and will be for a long time to come—the task of giving to all the children of all the forty-eight states a good, thorough, elementary education under trained, cultivated teachers. And that task involves the finding of a way to arouse the interest of the native and foreign born parents of all those children and to replant and transplant everywhere in America the traditional thirst for education.

The goal is a long way ahead, and somewhere on the road to it there must rise up an army of consecrated, able teachers who will teach for the love of children and of America.

An Educated Nation?

ALSO we must ask ourselves if it is well for any state to have some of its counties neglected and ignored while others have the opportunity for fair education; if it is well for the whole Union to have some states so backward and some so progressive that America must continue to exist part enlightened and part ignorant.

Of course the quick, characteristic American answer to those questions is an emphatic negative. But judging the whole country by actual procedure and by results, the answer always has been in the affirmative. Perhaps a plausible argument could be made for the affirmative if anybody dared to make it. Many Americans, no doubt, harp less on the pleasing tradition that any American boy may be President than on the cold, practical notion that most boys cannot expect to be much better off than their fathers before them. There are thousands of poor farmers, poor fishermen, poor miners and poor mountaineers throughout rural America. There are thousands of hopelessly poor laborers in cities and towns. There are boatmen living and raising large families along the banks of the Mississippi and other big rivers, in miserable, squalid one and two room cabins. But in our theories and political campaign orations and boasts we make no distinction between the children born in these cabins and the children born in well-to-do homes in communities with the best equipment of schoolhouse and playground. The theories would be splendid—if they fitted the facts.

It is not snobbishness for those who can help to acknowledge that there are those who need help. In other words, the first step on the long, hard road to becoming an educated nation is to stop bluffing, to put an end to our nineteenth century habit of falsely claiming to be an educated nation and to realize that we are not such a country; to ask ourselves if we are such and frankly say "no."

Perhaps the second question that should be faced is: "Do we want to be an educated nation?"

Oh, yes; after a fashion we want to be, if it does not cost too much in money or in the time needed for other matters. Probably no ignorant person would be annoyed if he should wake up some morning and find himself educated as the result of something that had happened to him in his sleep. There are a conspicuous few captains of industry in the United States who look upon all universities as frauds and humbugs, and one of these proclaims that he is sincerely ashamed of

the fact that he is himself a college graduate. The country as a whole, however, does not think of education as disgraceful or as something that it would regret having, if the getting were easy.

But if you put the question a little more strongly and ask if the people of the United States are hungry and eager for education, if they want that more than anything else, the honest answer is that they do not want it more than anything else; not yet. That they do not want it that much is proved by the fact that they have not got it. Any individual man, woman or child anywhere in the United States or any group who really wants education enough to struggle for it can and will get it. American history and biography are full of evidence of that fact. Proof of it runs through the early chapters of the lives of the country's greatest men. The good teachers and the good schools are needed chiefly for the common run of us who do not care much whether we are educated or not.

Washington itself, the capital of the nation, furnishes its proof that Americans do not want education more than they want anything else, although admitting that it is indispensable to trained and efficient citizenship. This is no mere local demonstration of the fact; it is national; for the schools of the District of Columbia are financed by and administered under the supervision of the National Congress. But lack of schoolroom space and other grave deficiencies of the Washington schools have been a scandal all this winter. There have been months of delay in erecting needed buildings, although money for them had been appropriated and was available for immediate expenditure.

Contrast this with the amazing rapidity with which Washington covered all its vacant spaces with buildings for war purposes in 1917, with the mushroom growth of cantonments housing forty thousand men each in all parts of the country. It takes more time for Washington to provide adequate housing for a few hundred school children than it took to erect the quarters for four million men of the draft armies. There seems to be a bad discrepancy here, even after making due allowance for the emergency of war.

The Proofs Against Us

AMONG the new school buildings proposed in Washington last year was a grammar school in one of the outlying sections of the District. A committee of the Parent-Teacher Association asked to see the plans of this building. The committee found them to be an exact duplicate of plans of forty years ago. It required an endless amount of work and argument and untangling of red tape to get those plans changed.

Everywhere there are these proofs of the lack of eagerness. For example, no state in the Union feels that its school-system legislation is complete without a law intended to force the children into the schoolrooms. People who are really hungry do not require laws or policemen to drive them into dining rooms.

No, we do not, as an entire nation, want education more than we want anything else. There are many distractions against which education cannot compete. There are many things, other than mere food and clothing and housing, to get which we exert ourselves far more vigorously than we work to get education.

There are more millions of people who have telephones than there are millions who can talk correct English into the transmitters. Suppose you had a free evening school for the teaching of the correct use of English and a school across the street, not free, for the teaching of the correct steps of the newest jazz dances. Which would get the larger attendance? Compare the attendance of your night schools in any city with the number of half-educated and noneducated persons in that same city who spend their evenings at motion pictures and in dance halls. The comparison is suggested merely because it is relevant to the fact that we do not want education very much. We do not regard it as a necessity, nor do we yearn for it as a stimulating luxury.

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Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 24)

poet as well as a statesman, and who celebrated the treacherous murder of Captain Sisera by a splendid battle hymn:

The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel.

Awake, awake, Deborah! awake, awake, utter a song: arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam.

And the princes of Issachar were with Deborah. . . . For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart.

Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the flocks? For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart.

They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.

Then were the horsehoofs broken by the means of the pransings, the pransings of their mighty ones.

Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent.

He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.

The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?

Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself,

Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?

So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

It is interesting to see that Sisera's mother was interested in fine needlework; she seems especially to have admired the skill of the Jewish women.

Forty years of rest followed the defeat of Sisera; then the Israelites made their accustomed deviation into idolatry, and the victorious Midianites ruled over them seven years. They were finally delivered by the cautious and skeptical Gideon, who must have tried God's patience with his doubtings, questionings, and bargainings, but who for some reason received the divine favor. His faith, like that of many others, depended wholly on facts and figures. I cannot regard him as a hero; he took no chances. For a considerably less display of doubt Moses was forbidden to enter the Promised Land. The calculating shrewdness of human nature, the desire to invest only with assured profit, are magnificently revealed in the character of Gideon.

A Book of Brilliant Short Stories

THE Book of Judges abounds in brilliant short stories; the adventures of Gideon are thrilling, and those of that ruffian, his son Abimelech, even more so. This ambitious and reckless young man conspired against his brothers even as Edmund conspired against Edgar in King Lear. Instead of buying a birthright, like Jacob, he took it by audacity and force; for although he was conspicuously lacking in religion and morality, he never lacked courage. His creed was that of Napoleon—*Might makes Right*. Dominion and authority belong to those who are ready and willing to take advantage of opportunity. So at this point in Israel's history a conscienceless, melodramatic and picturesque dare-devil appears on the scene and wins headship by a *coup d'état*. It is a stirring story, the story of Abimelech the Adventurer.

Gideon had seventy legitimate sons, and also Abimelech, born of his maidservant in Shechem. When the father was dead Abimelech visited his own mother's relatives and put before them this question of government: Is it better to have seventy rulers or one? He drew them over; they

gave him money, by which he secured a gang of hired cutthroats—"wherewith Abimelech hired vain and light persons, which followed him." He began his turbulent career by butchering his seventy brothers, with the exception of clever Jotham, who hid himself. Abimelech was then formally crowned king.

But Jotham, who was a persuasive orator, stood on an elevation, and, poised a-tiptoe for flight, he pronounced a sylvan allegory to the multitude, beginning authoritatively, for he felt himself to be the legitimate heir:

Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you.

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us.

But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us.

But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us.

The Prayer of Busy Hands

By B. Y. WILLIAMS

DEAR God, Thou know'st how many tasks await my hands to-day;
If all are done at set of sun, no time is left to pray.
Thou know'st how many duties press, how urgent is each need;
I may not dare a moment spare to fashion me a creed.

Thou know'st the hungry must be fed, the naked clothed must be;
My scant store wanes; no gift remains of sacrifice for Thee;
So if, when life is done, I come with no gift in my hand,
No prayer nor creed—just this I'll plead: Thou, God, dost understand.

And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

Apparently it was as hard to get good men to go into politics as it is now in America; and they refused for the same reason.

Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.

And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

If ye then have dealt truly and sincerely with Jerubbaal and with his house this day, then rejoice ye in Abimelech, and let him also rejoice in you.

But if not, let fire come out from Abimelech, and devour the men of Shechem, and the house of Millo; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem, and from the house of Millo, and devour Abimelech.

Jerubbaal was another name for Gideon; Millo was a fort near Shechem; Shechem itself was an important town in sacred history, the first Canaan city visited by Abraham, the scene of the crowning of Abimelech and later of Rehoboam, and the place where Jesus spoke with the woman of Samaria.

Jotham let this prophecy of civil war sink into the people like a poisoned arrow; it was a much more powerful speech than if he had

indulged in vituperation or jealous rage. And after three years there was dissension between Abimelech and his people; an agitator named Gaal, who lacked the courage of his convictions at the critical moment, induced the people to rise against Abimelech. That resolute man had no difficulty in defeating Gaal and the rebels, and took fierce vengeance on Shechem. A small party escaped, and hid in a stronghold of the house of the god Berith. But Abimelech, who feared neither god nor man, adopted the same method that brought such terror to the heart of Macbeth. He and every man in the army carried a bough on their shoulders, and advanced like a moving forest; as they drew near to the place of refuge, they set fire to it, using their boughs as fuel; so was fulfilled literally and impressively the prophetic allegory of Jotham. In a subsequent fight Abimelech had his skull cracked by a stone dropped from a woman's hands; and he commanded his armor-bearer to slay him, that he might not die in disgrace. He was consistently masculine; he died as he lived, by the sword.

Social inequalities, characteristic of all communities in time of peace, are annihilated by the common danger in time of war. As Abimelech, the son of a housemaid, had risen to be king, so Jephthah, the son of a harlot, who had been expelled from his father's house by his legitimate brothers, was sent for when Israel was attacked by the Ammonites. For in war the question is not Who was your mother? but What can you do? And Jephthah was a mighty man of valor. He was proud and clever enough to tell the ambassadors that if he agreed to lead them in battle they must acknowledge him as ruler after the victory. To this they agreed; and we see in the history of Israel, as elsewhere, how a powerful leader may rise from humble origin.

Jephthah, like the wise man he was, tried to avoid open hostilities with the children of Ammon, and a spirited correspondence took place between him and their king; when negotiations failed, he smote them hip and thigh. If only he had not made his famous vow!

Samson the Nazarite

JEPHTHAH and his nameless daughter are immortal figures of tragedy; they conquer more people every day than Jephthah did on the happiest and saddest day of his life. She died for her country and for her father's honor; every year thereafter the daughters of Israel celebrated her heroism with public lamentation.

About twenty-five years after the death of Jephthah, the sinister shadow of the Philistines begins to spread across the Promised Land; it will be remembered that their country stood directly in the path of the Israelites when they escaped from Egypt, and it was owing to this obstacle that the Hebrews made a wide detour. They inhabited a part of the seacoast on the southwest portion of Canaan, though their army seems to have been much more important than their navy.

The original hindrance was prophetic; they were to give Israel trouble many years; for the Israelites surrendered to the Philistines before surrendering to their men at arms. The Philistines had beaten and ruled the Hebrews forty years when Samson was born.

He hated the foreigners as Hannibal hated Rome, and it was destined that he should trouble them.

An angel of the Lord appeared to Manoah and his wife, predicted that they would have a son, that he must be a Nazarite, and keep the vows; after which the angel ascended to heaven before their astonished eyes.

The word Nazarite means *Separated*, and the rules which a Nazarite must obey were

(Continued on Page 57)

Learn how to Dress Up Your Skin



Let this Little Booklet Teach You the Finer Arts of the Powder Puff

When Nature fashioned a woman's skin, so delicate and so radiantly fair, she did not anticipate the smoke and grime and dust of the modern city. The complexion which survives today is one which has been tenderly cared for and protected.

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YOU can't really rest and enjoy yourself to the full when you continue to wear your heavy walking shoes in your hours of ease and relaxation.

More and more people of good taste and refinement are taking a commonsense view of this matter, especially when, to get real foot comfort, it is no longer necessary to wear hideous, sloppy "bedroom" slippers.

That is the thing so many discriminating people like about Genuine Daniel Green Comfys. They can slip them on as soon as they come home at night, and if friends drop in, they know that their feet will look trim and neat, with no need to apologize for their informality.

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Of course you would naturally expect such well built shoes as Daniel Green Comfys to cost slightly more. They look so much better at the beginning, and hold their shape so perfectly after long months of wear, that you will readily agree that their greater value is far more than the slight difference in cost.

Don't forget that inferior slippers—either carelessly or otherwise—are sometimes offered as Comfys. Insist on the genuine that bears the Comfy label. Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company, Dolgeville, N. Y. New York Office: 116 East 13th Street.



Why—do they describe other felt slippers as "just as good" if Daniel Green Comfys were not the best? Don't be misled, look for this label in the slippers you buy.

Daniel Green Comfy Slippers



For
Men, Women
and Children

Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 55)

set forth with precision in the sixth chapter of Numbers:

He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried.

All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk.

All the days of the vow of his separation there shall no razor come upon his head . . . he shall be holy, and shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow.

You see, he was forbidden even grape juice; and he must neither shave nor have his hair trimmed. It would contribute to the general pulchritude if all Americans would take a vow not to have the back of their necks shaved, a fashion as commonly vulgar as it is vulgarly common.

Samson is the champion athlete of the Bible and, like most athletes, was then and is now enormously popular. College undergraduates are often ridiculed for their worship of football players; but they are merely following afar off the manner of the world. Men who are physically powerful have ten times more admirers than those who are intellectually distinguished; this fact is more evident to-day than in the age of the cave man. Had Monsieur Carpentier won the prize fight of 1921 the world would have wallowed in a morass of sentimentality, and in his own land this boxer would have been a greater hero than Marshal Foch or Anatole France. Compare the number of Americans who are interested in Jack Dempsey with those who admire the art of John Sargent. Although unfitted for the position, Samson was appointed Judge, and judged Israel twenty years. Like most heavyweight athletes, he was a good fellow and good-naturedly generous when not opposed; but he was not conspicuous for intellectual brilliancy; his head was as solid as the muscles on his arms. He was fond of betting, an easy prey to women, and his humor expressed itself in practical jokes. He never had his hair cut but once, and found that even more expensive than it is to-day.

Others Like Samson

LIKE most stupid people, he took the easiest way and followed his instincts. He saw a Philistine girl and wanted to marry her; in response to the expostulations of his father, he merely replied: "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well."

It is interesting to notice that this Philistine foreign wife betrayed him to the Philistines; prophetic of the later conduct of Delilah. Samson paid his bet in grim fashion and then left his wife to herself. It is characteristic of him, however, that he came back to her, his desire always being stronger than his wit; and when he found his "best man" had taken her he destroyed the harvest of the Philistines with illuminated fox tails. His methods of destruction showed more originality than the results thereof; for on a subsequent occasion he slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of a certain animal, which is by no means the last illustration of what widespread havoc can be wrought by an ass.

Another woman nearly proved his destruction; and he would have been lost if he had not had the unusual advantage of being able to walk out of the locked gates of the city, taking them with him as he went. Delilah finally succeeded in compassing his downfall;

she did it not by cleverness, but by persistently being herself. I remember as a boy Samson's giving her his secret seemed to be wholly inexplicable; how could he be such a fool? He not only knew the necessity of keeping his strength, but her absolute treachery had been proved in his presence three times.

My father had found it impossible to explain the situation to me, though I noticed it seemed natural enough to him. One must have lived some time in the world in order to understand how natural it was; it happens every day. Samson was not the only fool in the world.

It was only when he became blind, like Gloucester, that he really saw the truth. Good health often blunts one's perceptions. Do you remember the infinitely melancholy words of Gloucester when, in response to a sympathetic inquiry, he said:

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw.

Either Delilah did not tell the Philistines the reason of his weakness, or they were stupid enough to forget it; they should have kept the prison barber at him every day. I suppose, however, they enjoyed watching his feats of strength, which they made him perform in public for their amusement; he willingly acquiesced in satisfying their curiosity, knowing that it was necessary to keep in condition.

The Story of the Tribe of Benjamin

MILTON made a glorious poem out of Samson's sufferings. He understood them. He, too, had suffered both by blindness and by women. Milton never forgot his first wife, and in the colloquy between the captive giant and Delilah, who had the assurance to visit him, there is more than a touch of autobiography.

After the Philistines came general anarchy; no king had as yet been appointed, and no judge had succeeded Samson. "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes," which means they all did wrong.

A quarrel over one woman started a terrific civil war, which nearly annihilated the tribe of Benjamin. This horrible story, a duplicate of what had happened in Sodom, illustrates the unnatural wickedness in Israel, and the sacredness of hospitality, according to which the safety of a guest was considered more important than the welfare of the family. The tale is told with Russian intensity; and the battle that followed the death of the woman is set forth in detail. The children of Benjamin, who were on the defensive, had a number of sharpshooters:

Among all this people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; every one could sling stones at an hair breadth, and not miss.

The city of Benjamin was taken by a stratagem; much slaughter resulted. Now the other tribes had all taken a vow that not one of them would give his daughter to a man of Benjamin in marriage. Later, their hearts softened toward the outcast tribe, and the method by which—

while still the vow was held inviolate—the surviving warriors of Benjamin secured wives is rude and decidedly interesting.

NOTE—In the next, the fifth, article Professor Phelps will write of the beautiful pastoral story of Ruth and treat of Eli and his sons, Saul, the covetous, the exploits of Jonathan and the incorruptibility of Judge Samuel.



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

Scientific authorities have long realized the grave consequences, to both mother and infant, of improper elimination of food waste during pregnancy.

When food waste is not promptly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons are formed that increase in quantity and potency and are absorbed into the system. They endanger the health, even threaten the life, of the mother and the child she is to bring into the world.

How may proper elimination be secured?

Not by the use of laxatives or cathartics, for, writes an eminent authority, "An inestimable amount of injury is done by the use of these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury."

Science has found a newer, better way; a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But in the case of the expectant mother, this natural lubricant is frequently not sufficient.

To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities have conducted exhaustive research. They have discovered that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative, it cannot cause distress. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—and, like pure water, it is harmless.

Leading medical authorities, realizing the dangers of continued use of laxatives and cathartics during pregnancy, are advocating the gentle, lubricating action of Nujol. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

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The delicious flavor won millions of homes in America. Then we sent it abroad. Gradually oat lovers all the world over were won by these flavory flakes.

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Making Our Schools Safe for Our Children

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M. D.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

USUALLY a mother feels that she has done her duty, so far as the school is concerned, when she has seen that her child is properly clothed, goes to school on time and does whatever home work is necessary to keep up with his classes. The father feels that he has done his duty if his taxes are paid and his child brings home a report of work accomplished. But what do the fathers and mothers of this country know about the schools their children attend? Do they know whether they are well ventilated, or whether the children are compelled to breathe superheated and vitiated air over and over again? Do they know whether the drinking water is clean, whether the sanitary arrangements are proper, whether the classroom is overcrowded? Have they any idea about the proper arrangement of school desks and chairs, or do they know that their children are rapidly getting curvature of the spine because the school seats are never adjusted to the child's needs? Have they any idea whether or not the lighting of the schoolroom is bringing on defective vision that may lead to blindness? In short, do they know whether the conditions that obtain in the school are factors of great importance in causing the children to have physical defects, or whether the schools are so maintained that the child is as safe or safer in the classroom than it could be anywhere else? One thing is certain, and that is that so long as education is compulsory and the child must go to school, whether he wishes to or not, from the time he is six years old, it is the business of the state to furnish a safe, decent and wholesome place in which the child can obtain the education that is required. Certain it is that there never was and probably never will be such a change of normal habits as that which occurs when we take an active, growing child of six years or more and compel it to spend several consecutive hours of the day under conditions which are found to exist in many classrooms.

The Country Schoolhouse

WHEN we find, as we do in a large number of schoolhouses of this country, that the conditions under which the child must live five or more hours of the day are wholly abnormal and unhealthful, then it is time for every mother and father in this country to see that not only are the schools made safe for their children but safe for all children.

Not long ago a committee representing our two largest educational and health associations reported that over half of the children of this country are attending rural schools, and said that "the country schoolhouse is the worst, the most insanitary and inadequate type of building in the whole country, including not only buildings for human beings but also those used for domestic animals. Rural school children are less healthy and are handicapped by more physical defects than are the children of the cities, including even the children of the slums."

These statements are not exaggerations. Strange as it may seem, the city child has a better chance for health in its school life than

if it lived in the country. But the city child is not wholly safe in this regard, for a recent survey in one of our largest cities showed that one school out of every five was so insanitary as to be a positive menace to the health of the children.

The draft figures showed that thirty-nine out of every hundred of the people of this country are unhealthy, and our school figures show that an even greater proportion of our children of school age are suffering from some sort of physical disability which, if not removed at an early age, will handicap them all through life.

We have had ample warning about this condition. At least five years ago Doctor Wood, of Columbia University, called attention to the fact that three-quarters of the twenty-two million school children of this country are suffering from some condition which interferes with their health or which may cause serious ill health in the future.

The Mother's Influence

MONEY is not needed to any great extent in order to provide healthful surroundings for the growing child, but intelligence and understanding are absolutely essential. If the school is responsible for so large a proportion of physical defects and resultant ill health among the larger number of our children, we must change the conditions in the schools which allow this ill health to be produced or to continue. Practically speaking, there is probably not a community in the United States where a small group of active and interested mothers, combined with the school-teacher or teachers, cannot themselves place the school in a decent, sanitary condition or bring forward the facts which will cause the school board to take the necessary action.

What are the points about our schools that need attention and that affect the health of the children? First of all, our schoolhouses should be built on well-drained ground. The well or other source of water supply should never be in a position where it is on a level lower than or within three hundred feet of the outhouse. All possible methods of contamination of the water supply should be eliminated and if there is any doubt as to the purity of the water, samples should be sent to the state department of health for analysis.

Outhouses or privies should never be of the ordinary "hole-in-the-ground" type. If nothing better can be afforded, cans which fit tightly under the seat and which can be removed as soon as they are filled furnish a perfectly sanitary and safe method to be used. Plans and specifications for building such closets may be obtained from the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

The school building itself, whether it be one room or many, should be so constructed that the windows are on the side of the classrooms. The lighting of the schoolroom is of the utmost importance in conserving eyesight. The seats should be so arranged that the light does not shine into the child's eyes but comes in slightly from the back and over the child's shoulder, preferably on the left. Remember that light is to see by and not to look at. The window area should be at

(Continued on Page 61)

Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework



1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard washboard that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any hard rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.



3. A saving of time

In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

4. A saving of fuel

Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the extra heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.



5. A saving of energy

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. That's what a saving of energy gains!



6. A saving of money

Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.



The clean odor of Fels-Naptha shows it contains real naptha

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink.

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Serve Star Bacon in these appetizing ways: bacon omelette; bacon and beans; stuffed bacon slices; sautéed liver and bacon; bacon and hominy; bacon muffins; bacon and spinach, etc.

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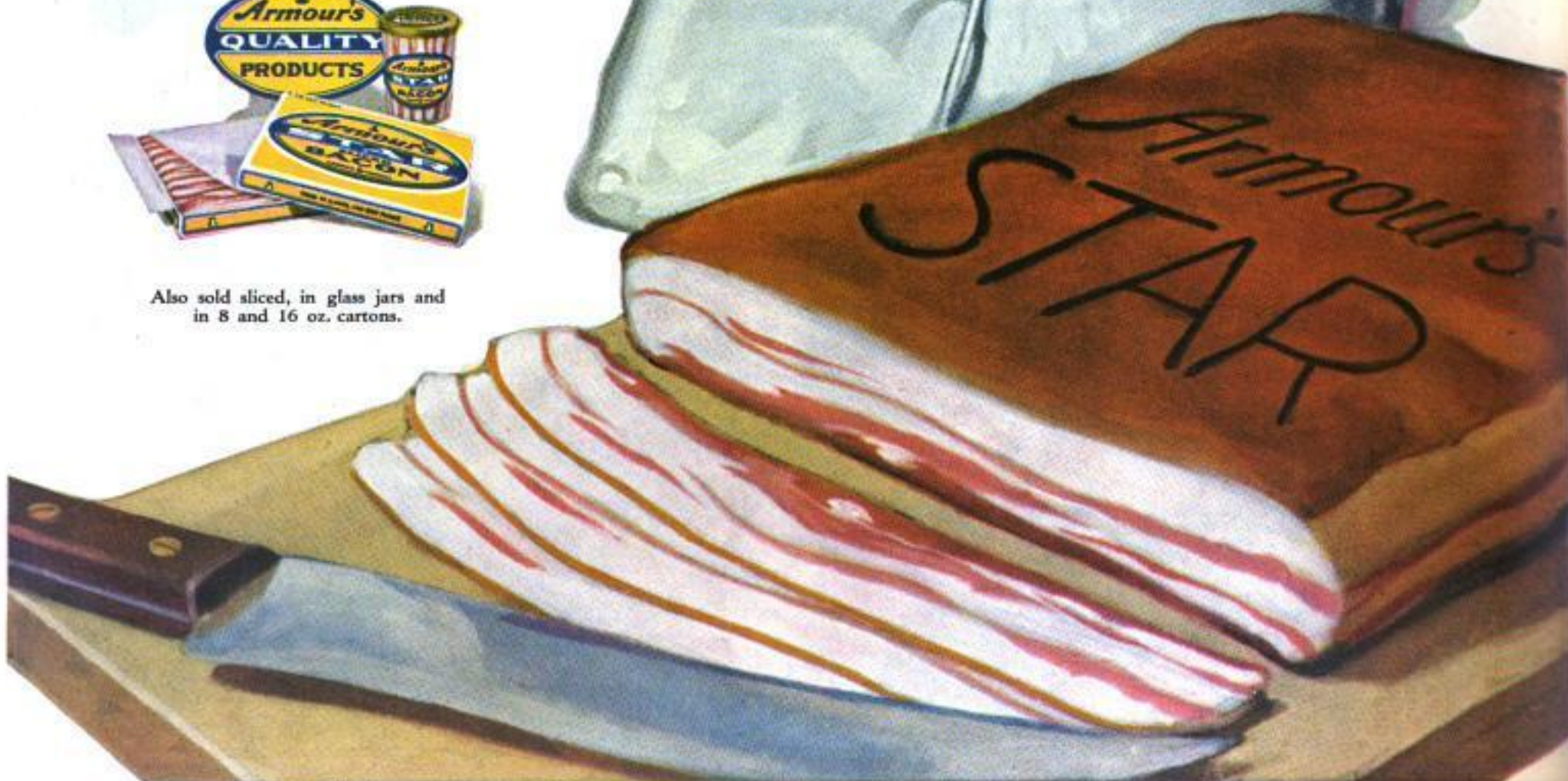
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Making Our Schools Safe for Our Children

(Continued from Page 58)

least one-quarter of the floor space. Direct sunlight should be subdued by dark shades. Blackboards should be directly in line with the vision of the child and should not have any cross-lights upon them. They must be kept clean so that they are entirely dark and erasers should be cleaned at least once a day. This will result not only in keeping the blackboard clean but will also avoid the irritating dust that is so often responsible for nose and throat troubles.

The length of the classroom should depend upon the distance from which the child in the last row can see the blackboard. Often it will not be possible to change the size of the room or the number of pupils in it. When the room is large, however, every child who is apparently straining his eyesight in looking at the blackboard should be given a seat nearer the front, while only those with apparently perfect vision should be placed in the rear seats.

The desks and chairs need attention. Badly adjusted school desks are probably responsible for more spinal curvature than any other one cause. It is an easy matter to notice how children sit at their desks. The proper position is to have the seat at such a height that the child's feet are placed solidly on the floor. The desk should be just high enough so that the child may sit upright before it, with elbows resting easily on the top of the desk. Each child should have its seat and desk adjusted to its own height. The right proportion is to have the seat two-sevenths and the top of the desk three-sevenths of the height of the child.

Individual Cup and Towel

THE common drinking cup and the common towel are among the most ordinary sources by which infection may be carried from one child to another. Contagious eye and skin diseases and the common contagious diseases of childhood in general are frequently started in the form of an epidemic simply because school children have used the same towel or the same drinking cup. In cities it is common practice to install drinking fountains in new school buildings. The use of these fountains is a great help in solving the problem, but they are quite expensive. So it is with provisions for proper washing facilities. The use of paper towels is to be recommended in every instance where it is practicable, but such towels are fairly costly and many communities feel that they are a luxury rather than a necessity. The pail and dipper and the roller towel of the little red schoolhouse are fast becoming obsolete, but a cheap and sensible solution of this difficulty, both in cities and rural communities, would seem to be to have each child bring its own cup and its own towel from home. The cup may be of tin or china and the towel may be any clean piece of absorbent white material.

I have kept for the last the all-important question of ventilation of the schoolroom. In comparison with this, every other feature of school life must take a lower place in the scheme of the important things to be

considered. Free ventilation, provision of an adequate amount of pure, clean air in the classroom at all times, is the most important single factor that makes for health. We have found in New York City that in classrooms kept at a temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit and ventilated by artificial means which depend upon closed windows for their efficient operation, common colds were ninety-two per cent more prevalent and serious respiratory diseases such as bronchitis and pneumonia were thirty-two per cent more prevalent than among children who spent their school days in rooms kept at the same temperature but where the rooms were ventilated by means of open windows.

The question of adequate ventilation of classrooms is not the number of cubic feet of air space that is allowed for each child, so much as it is the number of times the air can be changed within a given period. The problem is to see that this air change is carried out without any undue drafts. In towns and cities where a small amount of money may be spent, window boards or window deflectors may be used. Window boards are simply straight pieces of board about six inches wide and as long as the window is wide. The lower sash is raised and the window board placed directly under it. The sash is then brought down to come into close contact with the upper edge of the window board. The air will come into the room between the upper and lower sashes. As it is deflected upward there is no draft, but a constant current of fresh air is carried into the room. The same is true of window deflectors. These consist of straight pieces of board or glass, placed with the lower edge in close contact with the window sill, and the upper edge deflected into the room. The window is then pulled down about even with the upper part of the deflector and the air enters in a constant upward current, without drafts.

Make the School as Safe as the Home

A SIMPLE method that has been found to be inexpensive and entirely satisfactory in country schools is to remove one or two of the upper panes of glass from the window and tack over the opening a piece of unbleached muslin. This acts as a filter for the air and at the same time allows a soft, gentle current which will give an adequate air supply. Sufficient fresh air is the great enemy of the contagious diseases and all diseases of the lungs. In the changing climate that we encounter in most parts of this country it is impossible for us to live outdoors all of the time, but if we would keep well we must bring the outdoor air indoors as much as possible. The temperature in the classroom should never be above 68 degrees Fahrenheit, but above everything there must be abundant fresh air.

The school should be as safe as the home for the child, in providing healthful surroundings and preventing the occurrence or spread of contagious diseases and in preventing the occurrence of ill health or physical defects. The changes in school hygiene that are necessary to produce these desirable conditions may be made without the aid of a school doctor or nurse. The continued health oversight of the children is so important, however, that the school nurse must be considered as necessary a part of the school system as the teacher, and every community should do everything within its power to see that school nurses are employed in every school district.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In an early issue Dr. Baker will discuss the unnecessary diseases of children.



Stout Women

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Ultra-Modish Clothes With Slenderizing Lines

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Smart Embroideries for Spring and Summer

EVERY woman has had the experience of admiring a frock and sustaining a compound fracture of her sense of fitness when she learned the price. Only then did she discover, nine times out of ten, that the value lay in the embroidery which seemed so much a part of the frock that she had scarcely noticed it. This distinctive needlework touch, however, may be in every woman's wardrobe at little expense beyond the purchase of a pattern and the use of odd moments for the work. On these two pages are some

of the smartest designs for the coming spring and summer, and all of them are well adapted to that most popular of all frocks—the chemise.

Delicate shadow embroidery has never been used to better advantage than in the graceful poppy design at the extreme left above. With sheer cream batiste or cotton voile as the material, the work is done in a medium-weight white floss; and the whole design, with the exception of the outline and the spirals running up onto the waist, is embroidered on the wrong side in either a short and long or a

darning stitch. On the right side the outline stitch is used, with little dots here and there in flat satin stitch. Palest blue with sky-blue embroidery and flesh with coral would also be lovely combinations. This same design could be applied very effectively to crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or any of the heavier Georgettes by couching on several strands of soft silk, very heavy floss or a soft cord, and doing the embroidery on the right side.

Gay red headed cherries, with tiny green leaves and stems, are used above with delightful result on



a chemise frock of ivory or black crêpe de Chine or Georgette, sashed in cherry ribbon.

The frock, from which spring grapes and grape-leaves, is of linen—oyster over a black silk slip, or tan over emerald, or white over coral, or gray over deep blue. The design is cut from the linen, all the edges are buttonholed and, on the back, the fruit and leaves are caught together and to the cut-out circle in which they are placed. Those who hesitate to cut holes in their dresses may use the same design by embroidering the fruit solidly and the leaves in long and short stitches.

In the interesting design on the frock at the extreme right (page 62) the buttonhole stitch is used for the scallops. On navy serge, platinum gray scallops are very good-looking, with the same gray floss used for the satin-stitch dots and the outlined

ovals and angles, and the central row of diamonds filled in with beads of garnet or Chinese red. A Canton crêpe frock of platinum gray would be stunning with dark blue embroidery and diamonds of fine Chinese red beads, or solid embroidery.

Embroidered sleeves on a plain frock are especially attractive when combined with a band of matching embroidery about the neck, as sketched above. This design may be worked in cross-stitch, or in a combination of solid embroidery with outlining done in either silk floss or beads. On any plain summer fabric, such as batiste, heavy linen or handkerchief linen, floss should be used, in self-color or in the dull blues and Chinese reds; the bead and embroidery combination is best on tricotine or one of the silk crêpes. Midnight blue crêpe de Chine embroidered in soft gray worsted is a fascinating possibility.

For the sheer summer materials, from cotton voile to Georgette, the flower and butterfly design above is lovely in outline stitch, or couching, and French knots. White worked with black or orange would be tremendously effective, as would colored voile embroidered in deeper shades of the same color. Any of the crêpes or Georgettes are lovely worked in gold or silver thread, or beaded.

The two designs at the right above are particularly well adapted for use on tricotine, twill or Canton crêpe and are equally attractive in solid embroidery, outlining or beading. In a heavy material, however, the puffed sleeves of the frock at the left, which are delightfully quaint in voile or batiste, should be replaced by wide, straight ones. Coral crêpe, embroidered in blue, is particularly lovely for this.



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Filet Designs that Accord With Lingerie



108

For the sweater or wool dress comes the vestee and collar set above. Fine blue linen scrim is the material, and filet motifs, made of No. 100 linen thread, the trimming.

Motifs of filet, crocheted with No. 90 thread, oddly decorate beautiful hand-loom Belgian linen to make the interesting and unusual coat set below.



108



PHOTO BY WM. SHEWELL ELIOT

Janet Beecher, shown proudly exhibiting her young son, has a leading part in *A Bill of Divorcement*, that remarkable play which is featuring Allan Pollock, a talented young English actor who has "come back" after the most grueling war experiences.



107

Pongee is one of the most satisfactory of lingerie materials, whether in the white or tan color, and when trimmed with filet, crocheted with No. 100 thread, is as pretty as it is sturdy and practical. The knickers and vest set above is of white pongee with a filet of excellent design.



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107



107

linen scrim, the motifs being crocheted of No. 100 thread in the same lovely shade of blue. Both sets offer an exceedingly attractive use for odds and ends of old hand-woven linen that still survive from the trousseaus and household chests of two or three generations ago. Since

the designs are very simple, anything, from the finely woven white linen to the heavy coarse gray or tan, may be utilized. The linen thread for the filet, of course, should be carefully chosen, so that it will be in perfect harmony with the quality of the linen.

One may give one's lingerie a very distinctive touch by crocheting from No. 125 thread a single medallion for each piece with one's initial surmounted by a handsome coronet. White washable satin was used for this vest, knickers and slip set, though nainsook, batiste or crêpe de Chine might have been chosen.



107

Washable satin, or taffeta, or nainsook is appropriate for this as well as for the set in the center of the page, with its bands of filet. Pongee is also a desirable lingerie material, for it wears and launders beautifully, is comparatively inexpensive and exceedingly good-looking. Even the tan makes most attractive undergarments and is often more becoming than pure white. Nightgowns to match these sets may be easily made.

Hand-loom Belgian linen was used for the coat set with its several insets, which were crocheted from No. 90 thread. The collar and vestee set, to be worn with a one-piece dress or a sweater, is made of fine blue

Embroidery Transfer Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City.



CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar, beating well; add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk slowly, and mix well. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; mix in 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 3 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put together with chocolate filling and icing made with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar to which is added slowly sufficient boiling water to make smooth paste; add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 oz. unsweetened melted chocolate and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange peel.



PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar slowly; add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and add alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 beaten egg whites. For filling and icing—Put $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar into bowl; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and beat until smooth; add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon small pieces of canned pineapple; add 1 teaspoon melted butter. Spread between layers and sprinkle with small pieces pineapple drained well. Spread icing on top and sides of cake and add pieces of the pineapple while icing is still soft.



MAPLE NUT CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup light brown sugar; add 2 egg yolks, mix well and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add; mix in one cup finely chopped nuts—preferably pecans—and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 minutes. Cover top and sides with maple icing as follows: add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar to make smooth paste; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon maple flavoring and spread. Sprinkle with nuts while icing is still soft.



ROYAL CREAM LOAF CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening well with 1 cup sugar; add 2 egg yolks; add 1 teaspoon lemon extract; add a little at a time, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rich milk or thin cream. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornstarch and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Make frosting as follows—Put 1 unbeaten egg white into shallow dish; add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar beating with wire whip until of right consistency to spread; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on top and sides of cake.



CHOCOLATE ROLL

Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1 cup sugar slowly and 4 tablespoons cold water. Sift 1 cup flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and add alternately with 2 beaten egg whites. Spread very thinly on long greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Turn out on damp cloth sprinkled with powdered sugar—trim hard edges; spread with filling and roll in cloth while warm. When cool remove to plate, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. For filling—scald $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk with 1 1/2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate. Thicken with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk; add 1 tablespoon butter. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt together and add. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and spread.



ROYAL DINNER ROLLS

Sift together 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Rub in 1 tablespoon shortening; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and mix to smooth dough, turn out on floured board, knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 1 inch wide; form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pan far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Brush with butter; bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter; bake 5 minutes and serve hot.



ORANGE CREAM LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar slowly, beating well; add 1 beaten egg. Sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with 1 cup milk, a little at a time. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 3 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread 1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top with orange frosting made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar added slowly to 1 tablespoon cream. Add pulp and grated rind of 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon orange extract, and 1 tablespoon melted butter.



THREE-EGG ANGEL CAKE

Mix well and sift together four times 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 8 teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk very slowly, while still hot, beating continually; add 1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract; mix well and fold in 3 egg whites which have been beaten until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in very slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan and allow to stand until cold. For icing add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk and gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar; add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and spread. (Use the yolks of the eggs for a Royal Sunshine Cake.)

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¼ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
Few Grains Salt
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

FUDGE

Combine the sugar, the chocolate cut in small pieces, the Snowdrift, salt, cream of tartar, and milk in a sauce-pan, and stir over the heat until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until a little of the mixture, when tried in cold water, forms a soft ball. Cool until it may be dented with the finger, add the vanilla and beat until creamy. Pour a half inch deep into a pan lightly rubbed with Snowdrift and mark into squares.

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Delightful for afternoon wear is the frock of black Romaine crêpe above, with its trimming of Persian embroidery in red, green and gold, and, if the sleeves are closed, it will do equally well for church. The lines are excellent for the matron, for the soft graceful blouse gives a straight line from the neck to hem.

Among the distinctive features of the good-looking afternoon dress directly above must be mentioned the material—midnight blue cashmere crêpe—the trimming of lighter blue ribbon embroidered in black and white, and the loose sleeves gathered at the cuff, but open from elbow to wrist in the most approved fashion.

Strikingly effective is the combination of plain black cashmere crêpe and a Paisley pattern printed in dull colors. The corsage, which appears to be two squares of fabric, sloped off on shoulders, is very new; the draped skirt complies with the Parisian dictum that one give an appearance of breadth, not of thickness.

At the extreme right above, black cashmere crêpe forms the foundation of an exceedingly smart afternoon frock for the young matron. In this instance it is combined with chiffon—white for the bodice and black for the side panels and lower part of the sleeves—and trimmed with shiny black cellophane roses.

"Many New Fabrics Look Marcelled"

Writes Mary Brush Williams from Paris

ROMPTLY at three o'clock the sun gimpled its way through the sulky sky of the forenoon and touched the Champs-Élysées with nimble sleight of hand. It caught a steel bead on the handbag of Mrs. Leister Spalding, of Chicago, which her husband was carrying in the same hand with his umbrella, and pulled it out into a ribbon of light. It executed a toe dance across the shoulders of Madame George Menier, who wore a cape spangled in steel-like chain armor, and it pointed a long, demonstrating finger at a costume of serge, circumnavigated in hemstitching, as much as to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, I call your attention to a new style. You will find it a good lead to follow—'hemstitched serge.'" It bathed the world's thoroughfare of fashion, at one end of which sleeps in triumphal rest the unknown soldier, in a light fair to see. People began suddenly pouring out into it, and two minutes later the almost deserted Champs-Élysées was alive. A slender figure streaked her way up the wide pavement in such a medley of embroidered colors that you would have

said she represented the strange, foreign flag of some new nation. She was like the rural flower bed, when the petunias get together to put one over on the color show of the marigolds. What she really embodied was the strange flag of a new style, this being merely a modern way of proclaiming, supplementary to the ancient method of the town crier, that Black, King of the Colors, is dead. By this comprehensive method the news thus reached the Maharajah of Indore, tall, princely ruler of a state in India, who is of equal rank and fortune with King George and entitled to his salute of twenty-one guns. He happened out of Claridge's and gave the costume his undivided attention from the period when his motor left its parking until it reached the curb.

Little wild flowers and things from old-fashioned gardens bloomed that afternoon on cashmeres and serge. Paris thus, amid the furs and the shaggy woolsens, entertained her first harbingers of spring. They hardly ever grow except on wall paper and thin materials, outside the village flower gardens,

other signs, would indicate that we shall celebrate old home year in styles. There were rag-rug effects made into waistcoats for tailleurs, and dresses from your grandmother's quilt done in what I remember as the log-cabin pattern. They were set with squares. Materials look like the clothes wrung out and dried without ironing. Some of them surely must have been pressed while damp against the brocade of the parlor sofa, until they have taken the imprint of its plush roses.

The crêpes would appear to have it. Something similar to our old friend crêpe Marocain is appearing, without sheen and with a good deal the feel of a crinkly paper napkin. It, too, is going into brocades. The old-fashioned moiré or "watered" effect is fashionable. The wavy line is creeping across materials, like the one on the wall at the oculist's to test whether your eyes work right. Even hemstitching is

(Continued on Page 89)

68 "Wherever there is cleanliness,"



GRAND HOTEL JUNGFRAU
INTERLAKEN

September 5 1921

My dear Mr. Colgate:

It may interest you to know how well distributed I found your products in a twelve weeks' tour of the Netherlands and Switzerland. Here is one incident:

I went to visit my birth-place: a seaport town called Den Helder which is at the very tip-top of the Netherlands on the dykes of the North Sea. I called at an apothecary's there being prepared to accept some substitute for the soaps he was accustomed to at home. The proprietor asked me what I wanted.

"What I am afraid you haven't got!" he answered. "Colgate's Cashmere Boquet Soap."

"Large or small cakes?" he answered to my amazement as he put two boxes before me.

"But you don't keep Colgate's Dental Cream?" I asked.

"Large or small size?" he asked, and produced

EVERYWHERE people know Colgate's. North, South, East, and West—from Alaska to Cape Town, and from New York right around the world until the Statue of Liberty looms in sight again—you will find Colgate's toilet articles on sale, and in favor with people who appreciate the importance of cleanliness and comfort.



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there is Colgate's —

both sides.

I determined now to see how far I could go, and immediately upon my request he produced your Shaving Stick, Violet Talc and Cashmere Bouquet Powder!

As I knew the American tourist hardly ever penetrated to Den Helder, I asked him why he kept such a full stock of your products.

"Oh," he replied "the best of our own people use the Colgate Soaps and perfumes".

For the moment I had forgotten that I was in the land of cleanliness: your slogan ought to be wherever there is cleanliness, there is Colgate's.

I thought you might like to know!

With kind personal regards, believe me,

Very sincerely yours

Edward W. Bok

(of Philadelphia)

Mr Sydney Colgate



EDWARD W. BOK found, as all tourists find, that "wherever there is cleanliness, there is Colgate's". A house with but one Colgate Comfort is like a garden with but one flower.



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For Formal Daytime Wear and Informal Evening



BETWEEN winter silk and sheer summer organdies comes the informal dancing frock of chiffon, than which there is nothing lovelier or more generally becoming. In the sketch at the left above, sulphur-yellow chiffon is trimmed with folds of self material, and the result is a most happy one. Those who cannot wear to advantage this slightly greenish yellow, so popular this spring, may well anticipate a style note of the coming summer and make the frock all white. While designed primarily for informal evening wear, the frock at the right above could be included with equal appropriateness in the afternoon wardrobe of the young matron. Crêpe de Chine is used for the frock, and the sleeves are of chiffon. It may be all of a color—in black or one of the tans or grays—or may be of black with brilliant red sleeves. Another interesting frock for either afternoon or evening wear is sketched at the left. This may be of black crêpe de Chine with bands and girdle of velvet, or of double-faced black Callot crêpe, using the rough side for the frock itself and the smooth for trimming. A jet girdle may replace the rosettes about the waist, if one wishes. The youthful charm of the white crêpe de Chine dancing frock at the right is greatly enhanced by finishing the edge of each fold with small pearl beads. The same frock is less naïve, but equally delightful, in brilliant red crêpe de Chine, with picoté edges and a velvet flower in the softest of fuchsia shades at the waist.



Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from The Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.



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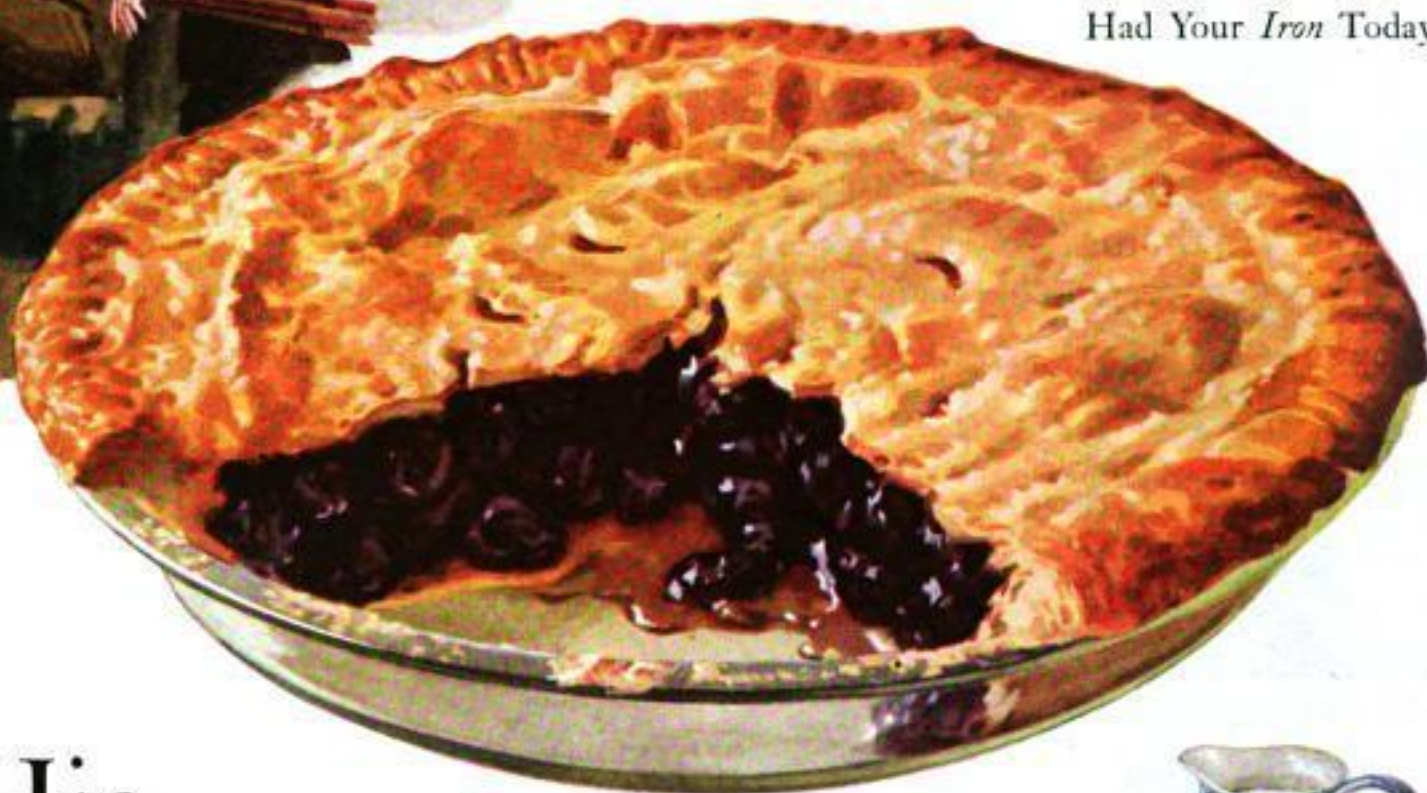
Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins	1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
1½ cups boiling water	Juice of 1 orange
½ cup sugar	1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch	1 cup chopped walnuts
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice	

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

All measurements for this recipe are level.

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But even better than its flavor is the good that comes from this dessert.

The raisins furnish food-iron in its most assimilable form. Often food-iron is the one lack that keeps thousands under par.

* * * *

Men need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is vital. Men are happy, alert,

virile and successful only when they have that vital iron.

Proper food is the sole source of natural, organic iron. So you, madam, are doubly concerned with it since you choose the food.

A pie like this is the very best dessert because it furnishes energy as well as iron—raisins supply also 1560 calories of practically pre-digested energizing nutriment per pound.

Men are grateful for those dinners that take the tired feeling away. And this pie does that.

So have a raisin pie tonight—hear the call for more—it will be a satisfaction to you and a real benefit to him.



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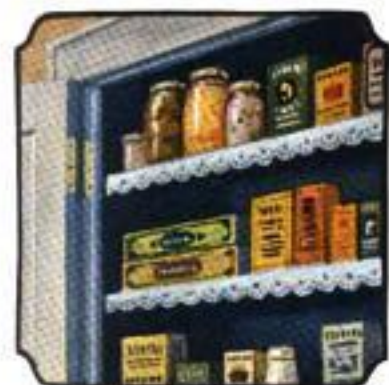
Five spots where germs may lurk



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Disinfectant

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Proper disinfection kills disease germs and checks the breeding of

germ life. Proper disinfection means that all places where germs might lurk or breed should be sprinkled with a solution of Lysol Disinfectant at least twice a week.

A little Lysol Disinfectant should be added to scrubbing water, too. Being a soapy substance, Lysol Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

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Slipper Satin Hats for You to Make at Home



Miss Elsie Mackaye's good-looking dress hat of black satin just above may be used for sportswear by a simple change of trimming, as in photograph at the right below.



Photos by Nicholas Moray



The small, close-fitting black slipper satin hat with a rolled brim is very generally becoming and is also the type of hat the amateur will find easiest to make and most sure to be successful. Miss Mackaye's brim above is completely covered with small flat velvet or satin flowers in a brownish orange color.

The draped effect which marks as out of the ordinary Miss Mackaye's small black satin hat at the left is not at all too difficult to imitate. If the directions in the text are carefully followed, the hat will have a most professional air and it will not be expensive, for the popular slipper satin is only about three dollars a yard.

FOR afternoon and "best" wear, the small hat at the right above is particularly attractive because of its flower-covered rolling brim. It can be easily made at home, even by an amateur, and is comparatively inexpensive as the best material to use is slipper satin, at about three dollars a yard, or any heavy cotton-backed satin. The first requisite is a rolling brim of buckram, about three and a half inches in front and tapering to about two and a half inches in back; this can be bought in any five-and-ten-cent store. If a separate brim cannot be obtained, buy the whole shape and remove the crown. Unroll the brim, cut a bias piece of silk, the color of the flowers to be used on the hat and twice as wide as the unrolled brim, and cover the brim smoothly inside and out, so that there is no seam on the upper edge. The raw edges of the silk are fastened together inside of crown, to be covered later by the lining. Now roll the brim into its original shape and cover entire outside with small, flat flowers, sewn one against the other, or in bit-or-miss fashion. These flowers may be violets, pansies or any other velvet or silk flower that can be flattened.

Next comes the crown. To make this, cut a bias piece of satin seven inches wide by twenty-five or twenty-six inches long, according to your head size—one inch being allowed for

When Miss Elsie Mackaye, most lovely and gifted of actresses, wishes a sports hat, she removes the lace bow on her black satin one at the top of the page and replaces it with a black satin band, appliquéd in bright-colored woolen flowers. A matching scarf of appliquéd satin is most attractive and, like the hat itself, presents few difficulties to the amateur maker.

Designs from Rita Piacenza



Lacing Hooks
for boys' and girls' shoes—just about as natural and necessary as the lace itself! Quick and easy in every-day use, they are most convenient for mother or child.



Every dealer can secure footwear with the handy shoe hooks. Insist on having what you want!

LACING-HOOKS-FOR MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

(Continued on Page 74)

Spring Lines in Midseason Frocks for Matrons



Style 374
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"FRUIT
OF THE
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trimmed with
white piqué
and matching
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Colors: Green,
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102 Madison Ave. New York City



3411

An interesting departure from the conventional sports suit for Southern wear is this combination of gray-and-yellow-wool plaid skirt and cape with a blouse of yellow silk Jersey. Pattern sizes, small, medium, large.

(Continued from Page 73)

seaming. Pin this bias strip around a circle of the satin, seven and a half inches in diameter, sew the two together on the wrong side with a fine running stitch and make a sloping seam where the ends of the bias pieces join. To join the crown and the brim, pin the seam of the crown to the center back of the brim, at the base, and sew it with long, fairly loose stitches, back-stitching now and then for greater security.

The lining may be of taffeta, China silk or the silk and cotton material much used for dress linings, and is made in exactly the same way as the crown. Last of all, soft folds should be tacked in the sides of the crown; and these can be arranged best when the hat is on.

The average woman considers the large black hat an essential part of her wardrobe. If such a hat, by the interchanging of a satin band appliquéd with flowers and a bow of lace insertion, can be worn for both sports and dress, so much the better. The photographs on page 73 prove that this transformation is possible.

Buy a buckram frame with a brim about three and a half inches wide in front and two and a half inches in back, and sides five inches wide. In order to have the lines of the hat soft and graceful, the frame should be covered with thinnest outing flannel. Double a yard of the flannel and pin it on the underside of the frame to the outer edge of

(Continued on Page 87)

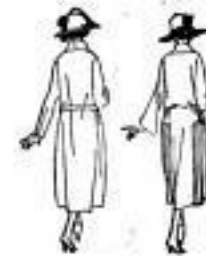


For general daytime wear brown oxfords with matching woolen hose, or black oxfords with gray or beige, are very smart. Suede is good for afternoon slippers, gold and silver brocade for evening, and straps are still essential.



3453

The popularity of the coat dress shows no sign of waning, and it is particularly good for early spring. The dress above is of navy tricotine or twill with a colorful brocade facing the collar and a belt of fancy steel plaques. Pattern comes in sizes 36 to 44.



3433

The frock above is good-looking in cloth or silk crepe for early spring or may be made of white cotton brocade with collar and plaited sides of lawn for summer wear. The pattern may be had in sizes 16, 36 to 44.



3427

A coat dress of black tricotine trimmed with an odd bit of fur may be worn without a wrap during the early spring; and later, brocade may replace the fur. Another possibility, since Worth sponsors soft silks for coat dresses, is to use Canton crepe or a heavy crepe de Chine and trim it with old-fashioned inch-wide ruchings in ladders or circles. The pattern shown at the left is furnished in sizes 36 to 44.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.

Keep That Wedding Day Complexion



The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.

For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

Science has combined these two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.

How it acts

The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which, when neglected, make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.

It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color.

Oily skins won't need cold creams or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.

And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.

Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to the throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it.

Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Not too expensive

Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.

This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Thus, soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities, is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited,
Toronto, Ontario

Volume and efficiency
produce 25-cent quality
for
10c



Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Company
(142)

The MASTER FORMULA

During the Civil War a certain material used in making one of the Squibb products became very scarce and its price extremely high. A young chemist suggested to Dr. Edward R. Squibb that another ingredient be substituted—one which cost less and was easier to obtain, but was not so satisfactory. "By changing your formula in this way," the young man argued, "you will save money and most people will never know the difference."

"Young man," said Dr. Squibb, "I am always willing to change a formula when I can improve it. But please remember that the Master Formula of every worthy business is honor, integrity and trustworthiness. That is one formula I cannot change."

We all know that there are men and women who devote a lifetime to some science, art or profession with no thought of wealth or profit beyond that which naturally follows worthy achievement. Not only are there such men and women, but there are such business institutions as well.

Such institutions are interested primarily in making something as fine as it can be made, and only secondarily are they interested in the profit.

Of all manufacturers, this honor, integrity and trustworthiness should guide the maker of pharmaceutical and chemical products. Of all things used by mankind there are none where purity and reliability are more important.

For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has adhered to "the master for-

mula" in a way which has won world-wide recognition for the supremacy of Squibb products. For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has shared with the world its scientific discoveries. It has used no secret formulas and has made but one claim: That its products are as pure as nature and science can make them, *and that there is never an exception to this.*

For sixty-three years, the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession, and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on **HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS** is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamins.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.
"The Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB



Making the Popular Chemise Dress

By RUTH SILL

WHEN you have told about the chemise dress, you have told it all!" is a New York designer's apt comment upon the spring fashions. Here is news to delight the amateur dress-maker, for this favored frock is the simplest of them all.

The shops offer a great variety of materials, fascinating in texture and color—crêpe, crêpe de Chine, challis, serge, twill, Jersey cloth—which lend themselves with equal grace to the making of one's chemise dress. Unless one has had special training in clothes-making, it is well to accept the friendly guidance of a pattern, and, for a becoming design, one has only to choose among the many offered by the Home Pattern Company.

One thing is essential, however, whatever the would-be dressmaker's other qualifications—a thorough understanding of her own figure and of the lines and coloring that suit it best.

So first of all choose your pattern wisely, remembering your silhouette. One buys dress patterns according to bust measurement. The bust measure is taken around the body over the fullest part of the bust, under the arms and across the back. It is an easy measurement. All commercial patterns are cut according to average measurements. They are plainly marked, and very definite directions are given on the pattern envelope. There is a diagram showing how to place the pattern on the material, notes explaining all construction marks, notches, seams, hem lines, and so on. You must, to begin with, thoroughly understand these directions. Many women have some irregularity of figure, hence, unless one has had experience with a particular make of commercial pattern, it is wise first to cut a dress in cheap muslin or cambric. Baste this lining or foundation and fit it, making any necessary correction of line before cutting into the real dress material.

Preparing the Foundation

TO PREPARE this cambric foundation for fitting you must:

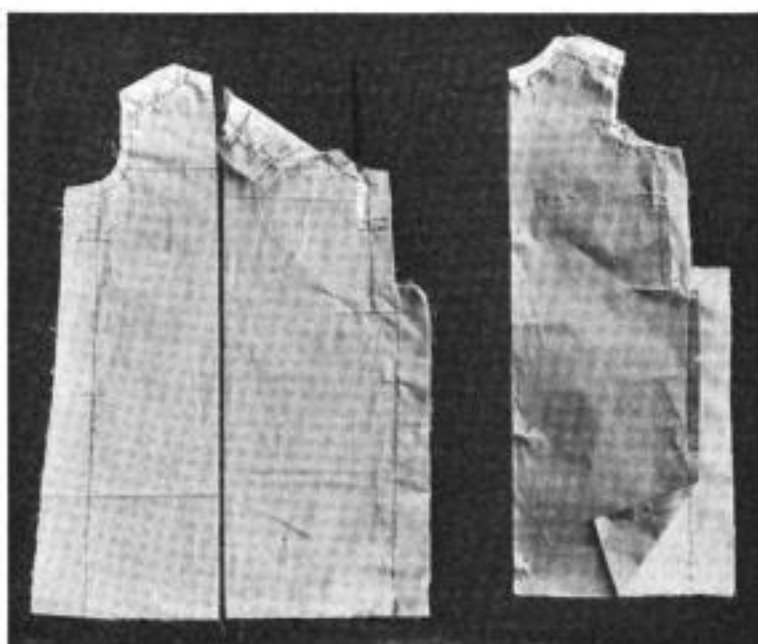
FIRST. Straighten the ends of the material by pulling a thread, then stretch and pull the material into place.

SECOND. Place the pattern carefully, following the directions, and pin in place.

THIRD. Cut without turning the material. Because of the possible irregularities of figure allow generous seams—one inch or two inches—beyond the edge of the pattern on the underarm and shoulder, and a half inch on the neck. This gives a chance to change the place of a seam line, if that be desirable when fitting.

FOURTH. Mark—by lines of basting done in colored thread—neck line, shoulder, armhole and underarm seam lines, notches and construction lines, center front and center back lines, the exact crosswise grain lines across the front and back, and notches and seams on sleeves.

The seam lines on this cambric lining or any ordinary cotton fabrics may be traced and then marked by basting on traced lines. On fine materials of all sorts the best method of marking is to turn the pattern directly on the seam line and make a line of basting close to the turned edge of the pattern through the upper thickness of material only. Mark in the same way construction lines and notches. Put pins through these basted lines to under thickness of material; turn the work over and make bastings on the second side following the lines of pins. On heavy material the seams and notches may



At right is shown pattern for front placed on material, seam lines traced and basted. The "jogs" admit fullness at bust and hips. At left, back and front show proper markings in colored threads.

first be marked with chalk and then bastings made on the chalked lines. Never cut out notches. Mark the center folds of front and back by line of basting; and mark crosswise grain lines by basting on thread of material across the front and back about six inches down from the neck.

FIFTH. To baste the shoulder and underarm seams, put shoulder seams together and match the notches; pin the shoulder seam lines together at these notches, armhole and neck lines, baste on the seam lines.



Here the cambric pattern is being fitted; the slashings and gatherings shown above make the chemise dress becoming even to an extraordinarily large woman.

Put the underarm seams together and match the notches; pin on the seam lines at notches and from notches to armhole and from notches to bottom, baste on seam line.

The pattern shown is for a matron, therefore has the fullness at the shoulder and hip. Before basting underarm seams, cut on the markings exactly on the straight of the material for this fullness, gather the lower edge of each cut about one-eighth of an inch from edge, make a narrow turn on the upper edge, gradually working to nothing at the end toward the center, baste this folded edge on gathering thread, match cross marks and baste into place.

SIXTH. To turn the hem on the bottom of the dress, turn it about five inches in width to the wrong side and baste in place. This is just a temporary hem to hold the bottom of the dress in place for fitting.

SEVENTH. To baste the sleeve seams, match notches, pin seam lines together at the notches, top, bottom and in between; baste on seam line, gather top of sleeve, using small running stitches on seam line between notches. If the finished sleeve is to have fullness gathered into a cuff, gather the bottom of the sleeve on the seam line.

EIGHTH. To press the seams, open them flat; and right here let me offer a warning about pressing: Move the iron slowly over the surface—in other words, press, do not iron. When pressing wool or silk, press over cloth. Light-weight materials should be pressed on a well-padded board with a moderately hot iron. For woolen materials the pressing should be harder and iron hotter.

Fitting the Foundation

THE foundation is now ready for fitting. Cut on the front line down from the neck about four inches so that the garment will go over the head. Try this on, having all seams on the wrong side. Pin the center fronts together at the neck line; put a belt or tape around the waist so that the fullness may be adjusted; then take a general survey of the garment to see if the shoulder and underarm seams are where they should be and fit smoothly, that the armhole line is satisfactory, that the center front and back lines are straight, that the grain lines across the chest are straight, the neck line becoming, and so on. If the dress needs alterations they are made on one side only—the right side. If the dress fits badly around the neck and shoulder, rip the shoulder seam and move the front and back up or down until the desired effect is gained; if the front pokes out and cross grain lines are not straight, drop the front until it hangs straight. Do not cut anything out; make slashes if necessary and mark new lines with pins. Pin the sleeve in place, notches to notches and seam line to seam line. Remove the garment, mark the new seam lines and new cross notches on the right-hand side with basting thread of a different color from that used in the original markings. Then open the altered seams, fold front and back through the centers, pin the original seam lines together and mark corrected lines on the left side of the dress. If many alterations have been made, rebaste foundation and try it on again. If only minor alterations have been made it will be safe to cut the real dress from the cambric after altering the right side only.

Now cut the dress, following the directions used in cutting and marking the cambric foundation, and stitch the seams. One satisfactory method of finishing seams on

(Continued on Page 79)

Fashionette Invisible HAIR NETS



The SOUTHAMPTON

Sub-debs, débutantes and the "young married set" find this coiffure highly intriguing. It's easy to arrange with a Fashionette even if your hair is in the terrifying stage of "just growing out."



The SANTA BARBARA

There is a hint of maturity about the Santa Barbara—an alluring sophistication that suggests the fascinating "woman of thirty" with luxuriant hair, perfectly waved and kept in place with a Fashionette.



The ASHEVILLE

Mountains or seashore are equally friendly to the smart simplicity of this style. It is ideal for all sports wear and very fashionable this season for indoor wear as well. A Fashionette will prevent even a suspicion of straggleness.

Hair Styles Have Changed

"SOCIETY COIFFURES" will show you how to arrange your hair as it is being worn by really smart women. Every one of these modes depends for its effectiveness on a Fashionette—the Hair Net that is invisible, super-strong, and perfectly shaded to match your hair.

Fashionettes in the usual shades and shapes are 25c each, 2 for 25c—single or double mesh—at department stores, specialty shops, and good drug stores everywhere.

Colonial Quality
Samstag's New York
1200 Broadway



Washing tests made by leading woolen manufacturer show safest way to wash woolens

WOOL is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. A baby's woolen shirt or band, for instance, may shrink and yellow almost beyond recognition in three careless washings.

The manufacturer is as much interested as the wearer in finding the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of Carter's underwear had laundering tests made. The letter from the William Carter Company tells what these tests showed about the safe way to wash woolens and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



Horace A. Carter, Treasurer

William H. Carter, President

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We took several infants' shirts and had them washed in Lux the average number of times a shirt is washed before the baby outgrows it. At the end of these washings the shirts were soft and fleecy and as unshrunk as if washed in water alone. These tests prove to our entire satisfaction that a mother cannot do better than to wash her baby woolens in Lux.

The success with Lux is due not merely to its flake form, which makes all rubbing unnecessary, but to the fact that its lather is exceptionally mild and cleansing. A soap or soap flake at all harsh "felts" or shrinks wool.

We are willing to say, without qualification, that Lux will not shrink or injure woolens and we heartily recommend it for laundering them.

Very truly yours,

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

Horace A. Carter



To keep woolens soft and unshrunk

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best.

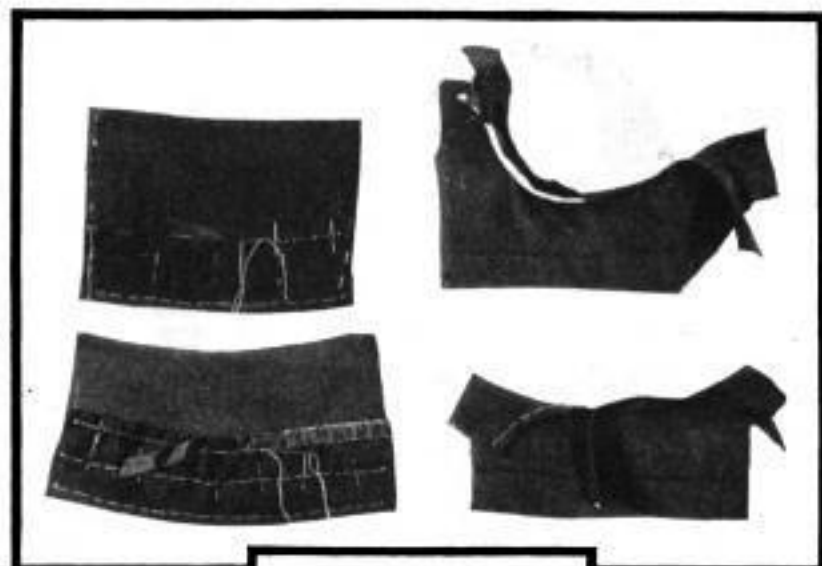
Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-2, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm

Making the Popular Chemise Dress

(Continued from Page 77)



Above, a hem on crêpe de Chine shows first fold basted and running stitch in folded edge. Below, taffeta is binding a serge hem.



Neck lines may be finished with bias binding (top) or bias-covered cord (below); at left is shown tape basted in place to prevent stretching.

silk and woolen materials is to stitch by machine or sew by hand on the seam line, then press the seam open and overcast the raw edges. A safety first move, before stitching the seams, is to try on the dress to see that seams and fullness are correct. In this fitting get the correct bottom line of the dress and correct collar and cuff patterns, if collar and cuffs are to be used.

To get the correct line for the bottom of the dress, be sure the fullness is properly adjusted and held in place at the belt line. If you have an assistant to call upon, she will measure with a ruler or yardstick the desired distance from the floor and will mark a line with pins around the bottom of the skirt. See that she holds the ruler perfectly straight and that the dress hangs straight. Remove the dress and mark the bottom line with basting. If you have no assistant and must get this bottom line for yourself, you will first have to make a higher line—a hip line, for instance. Mark this with pins around the dress, straight from the floor, using a yardrule. Remove the dress and mark with basting on the pin line. Then measure from this line straight down the desired length, which will equal the difference between the distance measured from the floor to mark the hip line and the desired length of the dress from the floor. If you have measured thirty-six inches from the floor for the hip line, for instance, and the desired length of dress from floor be eight inches, twenty-eight inches is the length to be measured down from the hip line for the correct bottom line. Mark line with basting.

To make the hem, place the dress on a table and fold the bottom edge to the wrong side of the dress on the hem line. Pin and baste this bottom fold into place, having the center front line of hem fall on center front line of dress; the center back line of hem

on center back line of dress, and side seams of hem on side seams of dress. Now measure up from the bottom fold the desired width of hem, mark with pins or chalk and cut a quarter of an inch above. There is always some fullness to be managed on this edge. It may be done in several ways: On fine materials one may crease and turn in material on the width of hem line; press; gather close to folded edge; adjust gathering thread to fit space; pin, baste and hem into place. On heavy or wiry materials it may be clumsy to turn in the edge. Then gather on hem line; adjust the fullness to the space, and press; if necessary, shrink out the fullness by pressing over a damp cloth, place Prussian binding or taffeta binding with the lower edge just to gathering thread; baste and stitch in place on hem; baste and hem top edge to skirt.

The popular neck and sleeve finishes are still bias bindings and cordings. The most satisfactory way of making bias bindings is to cut the binding twice the desired width, plus the seams; fold through the center and press if necessary; place the two raw edges to the seam line of the garment, right side of bias to right side of garment; baste and sew in place; then turn the folded edge to the seam line on the wrong side and hem in place. Always stay a neck line first with tape to prevent stretching.

Cordings are made by covering cord with bias strips—then sewing this on the dress, using the edge of the bias to finish the seam.

If your chemise dress is not large enough in neck to get into easily, open one or both shoulder seams for short distance from neck.

(Continued on Page 167)

Trial of different neck lines, sleeves, collars and cuffs may be worked out on the foundation; markings of grain lines, notches, center front, and the like, are shown.



Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth-protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. If these are not removed they form a constant danger to the teeth. Millions of teeth are made dingy or ruined by them.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free 757

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 533, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



REAL Italian Spaghetti! Beech-Nut Macaroni and Spaghetti are prepared under ideal conditions of sunlight, pure air and cleanliness, and after the same delicious recipe the Italians use.

And nutritious? Prepared from fine, new Durum wheat, it is full of nourishing proteins. The nutrition value of a serving of Beech-Nut Macaroni or Spaghetti is only slightly below that of prime roast beef.

Order from your grocer today—and be sure it is Beech-Nut.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut

Macaroni and Spaghetti

Beech-Nut "foods of finest flavor"

Bacon	Tomato Catsup
Pork and Beans	Chili Sauce
Macaroni	Prepared Mustard
Spaghetti	Jams and Jellies
Vermicelli	Marmalades
Macaroni Elbows	and Preserves
Macaroni Rings	Ginger Ale

In Betweens of Age and Season



For those windy days of March and February, when mother insists on warm clothes and one's winter coat seems of a sudden dreadfully heavy and decidedly tiresome, a cape of soft wool over a dress of the same material is the pleasantest possible solution of the matter. In the sketch above, both dress and cape are navy, trimmed with checked wool in navy and gray, or navy and dull orange. Pattern for cape is No. 3431, in sizes 4, 8, 12 and 16; for dress, No. 3430, in sizes 6 to 14.



The eternal masculine tries hard to conceal his pride in an extremely "swagger" single-breasted overcoat of faintly plaided English cheviot, but decides that the coat can hold its own, even in competition with the out and out "hum-dinger" of a Norfolk suit made of men's navy-blue suiting. Either boy could testify to the possibility of homemade clothes being as good-looking as the best of ready-mades. Pattern for suit, No. 3402, sizes 6 to 14; for overcoat, No. 3390, sizes 4 to 14.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's patterns, 25 cents.



When days in the schoolroom begin to drag, a new frock will often brighten one's outlook on life. Whether of chambray or gingham, with white collar and cuffs and trimming of rick-rack braid, as at left above, or of navy serge trimmed with scalloped bands of rust-colored duvetyne, the remedy is equally efficacious. Pattern Nos. 3432 and 3428, in sizes 6 to 14.

One's reputation for sartorial savoir-faire will be greatly enhanced by wearing a navy serge frock which boasts a shoulder cape, black silk braid trimming and a patent-leather belt. Pattern No. 3400 comes in sizes 6 to 14.



Over a plaited skirt of plaid wool, in old blue and dull rose, one may wear with great success a blouse of plain blue wool bound with rose; but a gayly flowered cretonne blouse, collared and cuffed in white pique, looks best with a plain skirt. Pattern sizes 6 to 14.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.



Corset Diplomacy

Fashion Honors That Which Effaces Itself

SAID a king of France: "The State—It is I!" Because he so exalted his personal self an ancient royal house was humbled. The Corset, queen of costume, is at its best when least perceived. By its unobtrusiveness it moulds the destinies of dress. A corset should never disclose its own existence. Its lines are as good as they are unseen. A vest of pliable elastic enables the P. N. Practical Front Corset to express and perpetuate the best of a woman's native lines, while masking lines less handsome. This inner vest clasps snugly, comfortably and healthfully, with front steels directly at the center of the body and not at either side as in the common "front-lace" corset. It can not ride up nor lose its perfect poise. The outer flap laces quickly and with infinite ease—over flat hooks, shoewise. The daily relacing affords a fresh custom-refitting every time you do it. To a nicety every woman finds what she seeks in the P. N. Practical Front Corset. The multitudinous styles are all distinguished by P. N. Practical Front exclusive features. P. N. Practical Front Corsets are moderately priced at five dollars and upwards to twelve. At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your appropriate model or

Upon request the makers will mail you a descriptive style book

P. N. Practical Front

Pat. U. S. A. and Foreign Countries

BOSTON CHICAGO AND NEW HAVEN CORSETS I. NEWMAN & SONS 222 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK

The Corset, queen of costume, is at its best when least perceived. By its unobtrusiveness it moulds the destinies of dress.

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by DOMINION CORSET CO., Quebec, P. Q., Canada; in England by WILLIAM PRETTY & SONS, LTD., Ipswich, England





What Every Woman Knows— and So Often Neglects

What woman does not know how becoming and abundant waved hair looks—and how the effect is reversed when the strands are straight! Yet hair waving has often been injurious and always a nuisance. No wonder one is so often tempted to slight the curling process.

Now here is a truly revolutionary invention that makes hair curling absolutely safe and easy. A most ingenious and satisfactory curler has recently been put on the market—Curlox Perfected Hair Curlers.

Wind any quantity of hair on these curlers and be assured that they will not fly open. Yet at the merest pressure of thumb and forefinger they are immediately fastened or removed.

CURLOX

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PERFECTED HAIR CURLERS

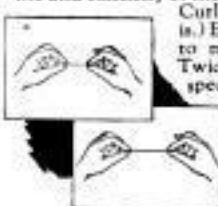
Curlox Curlers bestow a beautiful rippling wave, making possible infinite coiffure combination. Yet not a single hair can be cut or broken. The correctly curved curling bar (exclusive with Curlox) precludes any harm to the hair.

These three striking improvements are protected by patents and may only be found in genuine Curlox Curlers. Yet you pay no more for these features of safety and convenience. Curlox Curlers are obtainable in cards of two at 10 cents, and cards of five, 25 cents. Leading five-and-ten-cent stores, department, variety, and drug stores, and specialty shops everywhere are stocking Curlox Curlers. The great superiority of Curlox Curlers merits your insistence upon them.

If your dealer does not handle Curlox, send us his name and address with purchase price and we will supply you direct.

NATIONAL
COMMODITIES CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

And be sure to ask for the wonderful Curlox Hair Nets, companion product of Curlox Curlers. They wear so much longer than ordinary nets! Made from the finest human hair specially processed to retain the life and elasticity of the hair. (Stretch a hair from a Curlox Net and see how elastic it is.) Each net generously oversized, to meet modern requirements. Twice sterilized, hand made, inspected, and guaranteed. The Curlox process makes them blend invisibly with the hair. Cap and fringe styles, all shades including grey and white. The shades of Curlox Nets are graded exactly. Only one quality—15 cents for one, 2 for 25 cents. Grey and white and double mesh 25c each. At leading department, drug, variety, and notion stores.



Clothes for the Very Young that are Easy to Make and Launder

KNOWING that the best-dressed children are not necessarily those most expensively dressed, the wise mother provides her youngsters with a variety of simple, inexpensive clothes that depend for their charm upon quaintness of line, brightness of color or an unusual bit of embroidery. For the oldest daughter—if she has reached no greater age than twelve—such a mother might well choose the coat at the right, for it is very simply made, of fine broadcloth in brown and tan, blue and gray, or in two shades of the same color. It also looks well in wool Jersey, in pongee and in summer coat fabrics such as linen or piqué. Large sleeves are as much the mode for children as for grown-ups, and it is decidedly smart in winter to have leggings that match the band of lighter material on one's coat and a hat of the same shade. The pattern for the coat comes in sizes 2 to 12.

Nothing is quite so dainty for the baby of the family as fine white batiste or Persian lawn with just a bit of embroidery. The cunning yoke dress at the left below is made with seams on the shoulders, has brier stitching around the yoke, cuffs and

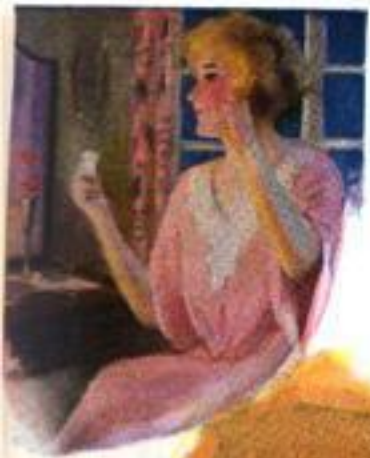


hem, and is trimmed with tiny easily made roses, either white or a soft blue, which give a trimming touch all out of proportion to the small amount of work they require. A bishop dress is especially adorable for a baby, when it is embroidered with small pink or white flowers and edged with narrow ruffles, as at the right of the sketch below. The tiniest of handmade edgings may be used at the neck and sleeves instead of the ruffles, if one prefers. Either of these white dresses is also attractive in handkerchief linen, or in dimity with the flowers omitted. Patterns for both come in sizes 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years.

Chambray, cotton cloths of linen-like weave, linen, and wool Jersey are all well suited to the little frock with knickers in the center of the sketch below. Any simple conventional embroidery pattern in a contrasting or darker shade may be used. The binding may be of a darker shade of the same material or of braid. In a blue-and-white-striped material plain blue bands suffice for trimming, while a checked gingham would be very cunning edged with rickrack, where the bands appear in the sketch. The pattern is in sizes 2, 4 and 6.

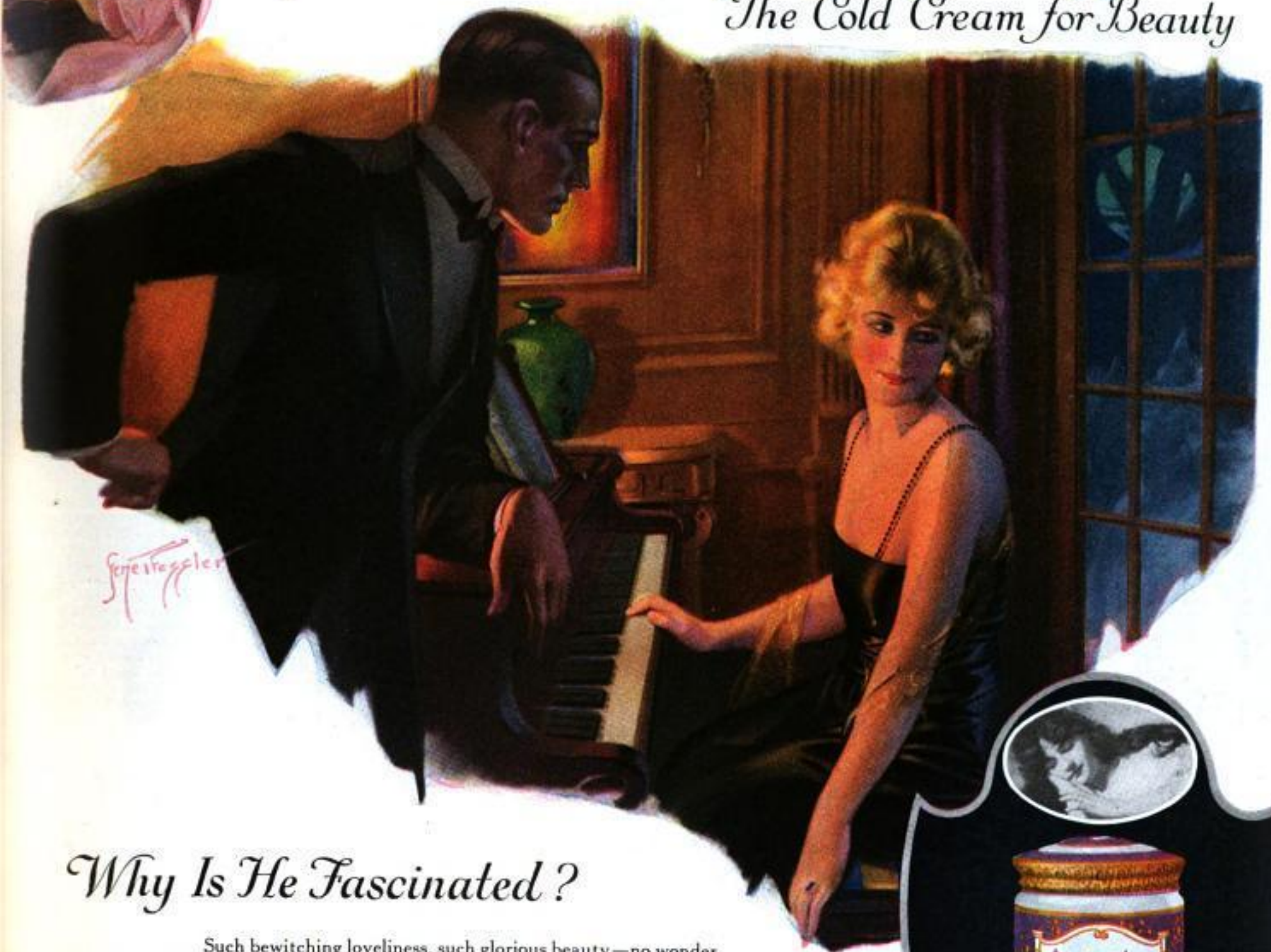


Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from The Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.



Pompeian Night Cream

The Cold Cream for Beauty



Why Is He Fascinated?

Such bewitching loveliness, such glorious beauty—no wonder he is fascinated! The rich, youthful color of her radiant skin but emphasizes the tenderness her eyes betray. You, too, should learn her secret of girlish charm and lasting beauty.

Every night before retiring she uses Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty). It brings while she sleeps the beauty of a soft, youthful skin.

Just try this simple treatment every night before retiring: First, coat your face thickly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream, patting it gently into the pores. Then, with a soft cloth remove the surplus cream, which will bring with it all the day's dust and grit.

Next, wring out a cloth or towel in warm water and lay it on the face. Pat it gently—do not rub. Now, rinse the face in cool—not cold—water. Dry without rubbing.

Then, again apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty), and leave it on the skin to "youthify" you through the night. It brings beauty while you sleep.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at all druggists' at 50c and \$1.00 a jar.

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.



"Brings Beauty While You Sleep"

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2001 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Natural shade powder sent unless you write another below.



Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas! The serenading gondoliers! Tinkling mandolins! The sighing winds of evening! Ah, the memories of a thousand Venetian years! Such is the story revealed in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we

have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.



"Its fragrance brings you instant charm."

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 2001 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

© 1922, The Pompeian Co.



PHOTOGRAPH OF HAMILTON CLOTHES ON LIVING FIGURES

Garments Illustrated Above

- No. 550 Tailored Suit of All Wool Navy Tricotine.....\$13.95
 No. 650 Dress of fine Black Silk Canton Crepe.....\$9.95
 No. 350 Coat of fine quality All Wool Tan Velour.....\$8.95
 No. 651 Dress of All Wool Navy Poirer Twill.....\$8.95

The purpose of this advertisement is to urge you to send for your FREE copy of
HAMILTON'S CATALOG OF FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

More than 300 illustrations of the new and beautiful spring styles we are selling in our Fifth Avenue Building to New York's best dressed women!

- Never before have we been able to offer such wonderful values!
- Never have we assembled as wide a variety of the newest styles!
- Never has Hamilton quality been as high nor the prices as low!

Never in the history of the trade has the following guarantee been made!

**WE GUARANTEE HAMILTON PRICES
 LOWER THAN ANY HOUSE IN AMERICA!**

If, before June 15th, you can buy the same merchandise for less, we will refund the difference and let you be the judge!

The above guarantee is so liberal—so unusual—it should be printed in "letters a mile high!"

We please you or refund your money immediately. Postage prepaid.

HAMILTON GARMENT CO.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT A2, 307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



250—Silk Bead Hat with Ribbon Trimming. Black only \$3.95



950—Smart Waist of Fine White Voile; Lace Trimmed.....89c



951—Novelty Weave, Fringe Trimmed, Black Silk Tricotee Blouse.....\$2.25



750—Patent Leather Grecian Sandal; Silver Effect Buckle. All Sizes.....\$3.65

This Catalog is FREE!

Even if there is nothing you need at present, just mail a post-card with your name and address TO-DAY for this beautiful book of advance styles for Spring and Summer, 1922. Do it now! Thank you!

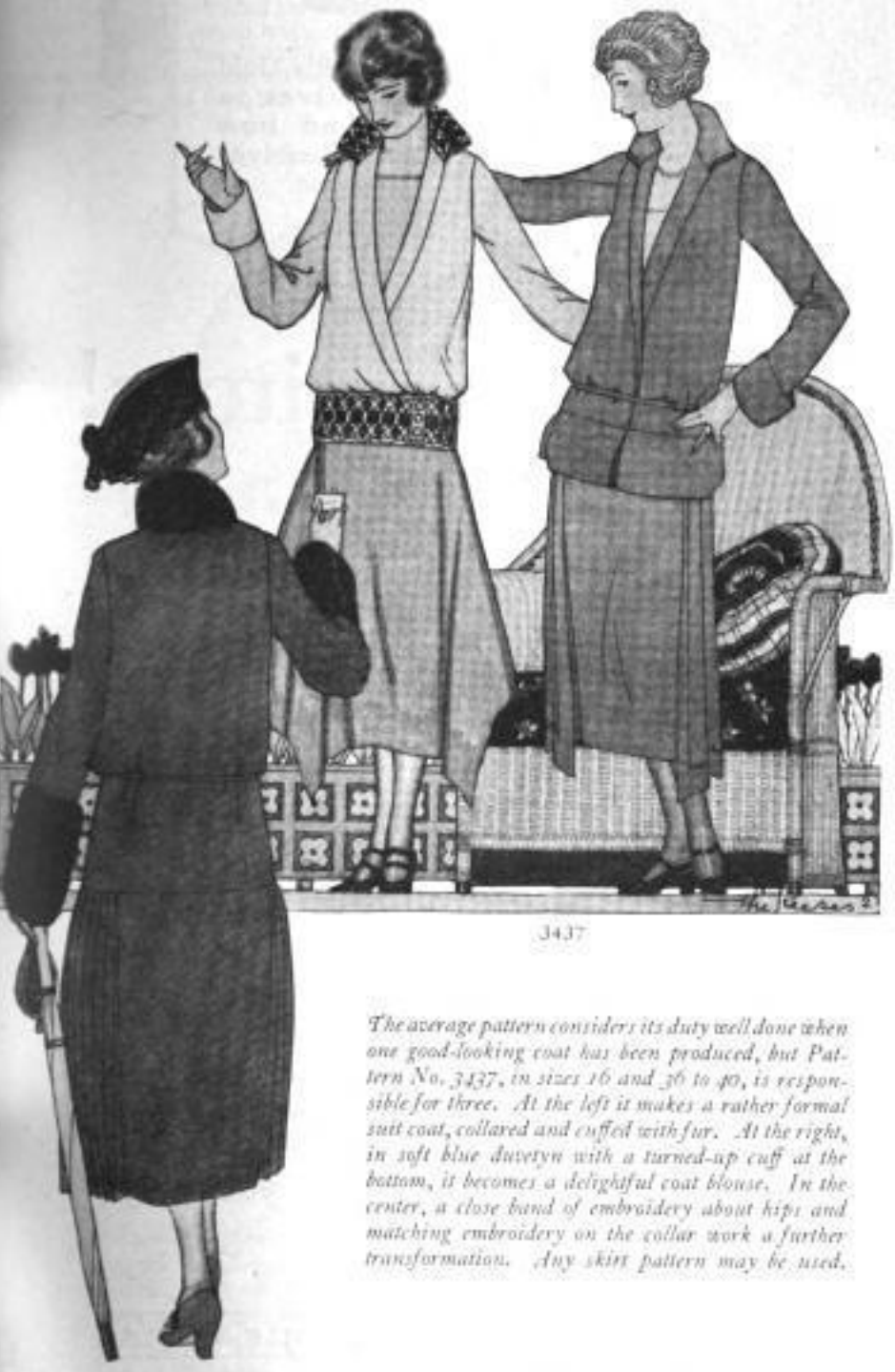


Modish Suits for Early Spring

One's early spring suit of black Poiret twill or navy tricotine will be particularly attractive if the wide sleeves and long, loose coat are trimmed with rows and rows of flat black silk braid. For the lining crêpe de Chine in matching or contrasting color is excellent. Pattern No. 3439, in sizes 16 and 36 to 44, makes the coat; any plain skirt pattern may be used for the skirt. If one wishes to avoid the conventional black or navy, the wood shades, running from a warm tan to a rich golden brown, promise to be popular this spring, as do also wistaria, gray with a touch of fuchsia, and the various green and gray blues. All these colors should also be considered in connection with the coat blouse below, and the most becoming one chosen, because in a coat of this sort so much depends upon color and material.



3439



3437

The average pattern considers its duty well done when one good-looking coat has been produced, but Pattern No. 3437, in sizes 16 and 36 to 40, is responsible for three. At the left it makes a rather formal suit coat, collared and cuffed with fur. At the right, in soft blue duvetyne with a turned-up cuff at the bottom, it becomes a delightful coat blouse. In the center, a close band of embroidery about hips and matching embroidery on the collar work a further transformation. Any skirt pattern may be used.

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No. 110
Voile Dress
\$1.50
2 to 3 yr.

New Spring Designs
There is Style, Quality
and Real Economy

ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

To women who appreciate values, the name Royal Society has long been synonymous with ultra style and highest quality. They know there is no line of embroidery packages which offer as many advantages in suitable materials, practical items, correct and sufficient embroidery thread, workmanship and completeness. But added to these desirable features, the economy represented in the made up articles of apparel in Royal Society Packages, is of importance to those who MUST or are inclined to consider costs. Even in putting aside the cost of time and effort consumed in purchasing materials, planning, designing, making, etc., one can readily compare the unusual values in Royal Society Packages with actual costs of similar quality materials in average communities. AND THINK WHAT A CONVENIENCE TO HAVE "Everything in the package, clean and intact," ready for the simple Embroidery.

THE NEW SPRING LINE NOW ON DISPLAY contains an exceptional variety of Children's Dresses, in dainty colored materials and white; washable Hats, Ladies' Undergarments, Negligee and Aprons, Household Articles and Novelties.

LITTLE BUNNY "TUMBLEBUM"
A novelty doll that the children will love. Illustrated and fully described in the Spring Package Outfit Circular. Send for copy.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE
H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
Dept. E, 27 East 15th Street
New York

GOLD DUST

© 1921
N. E. F. Co.



Four heaping table-spoonfuls of Gold Dust to a quart of boiling water makes the finest, most cleansing soft soap!



How soft and sudsy Gold Dust makes the water! And it cleanses perfectly with the least amount of rubbing!



See how quickly Gold Dust dissolves in water. And how quickly it dissolves the grease.

Always ready for visitors!

YOU take pride in your dainty tea table and tea wagon, don't you? And you want to keep your teapot and coffee percolator, your cut glass and china "sweet" and sparkling—always ready for visitors!

One housekeeper, who always asks her grocer for Gold Dust, insists that no other cleaner will *daily* add such a sparkle to china, nickel and silver, because no other cleaner will cleanse so thoroughly as Gold Dust. And no other cleaner will keep "milky and buttery" things so sweet because no other cleaner so thoroughly—and easily—*dissolves the grease*. Here is her Gold Dust recipe:

Place a scant tablespoon of Gold Dust in the dishpan. Fill with hot water. Use a soft cloth or dish mop for china. For percolator and silver use a soft brush. Scald with clear, hot water.

You can find Gold Dust everywhere! But—like this housekeeper—be sure it is the *real* Gold Dust you buy.

Let the Gold Dust



Twins do your work

THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Slipper Satin Hats for You to Make at Home

(Continued from Page 74)

the brim, placing one of the points exactly in the center front; cut around the edge, leaving half an inch extending beyond brim, and notch front, back and sides. Smooth the flannel on brim and pin it around base of crown, then cut out the material in the center, leaving one inch extending beyond inner edge of brim. Remove pins, take off upper piece of flannel and fasten lower one to the brim, turning in edges to fit frame and sewing with long stitches to the wire. Place the other piece of flannel on top of brim, matching all notches, turn the half inch at the outer edge in under and slip stitch. Baste at the base of crown, so that flannel is very smooth, and sew it fast, letting raw edge turn up to come inside of crown. Apply the satin to the brim in same way.

Cover the crown with a piece of outing flannel, eleven by twelve inches, baste raw edges down on sides and put a bias band, three and a half inches wide, around base of crown, overlapping ends and holding in place with a running stitch, so as not to have a seam. Cover the top with a twelve-inch satin square and the sides with a four-inch bias band of satin, edges turned in, slip-stitched at top and bottom and seamed straight up center back.

The satin band used for trimming is a straight piece, four and a half by forty inches, its edges blanket-stitched with wool. The matching satin scarf is two yards long and eight and a half inches wide. The flowers on both hat and scarf are of lightweight wool, in orange, green and gray, and are applied with blanket stitch. One and a half yards of lace insertion, six inches wide, is used to make the bow, lace wire being run

through the hole of the lace and not sewed, and the wire lace then twisted into shape.

To make a small black satin hat that is decidedly different in its smartness—photographed in the center of page 73—cut a double piece of willow, half the length of your head size, so that the front, at fold, will be seven inches wide and it will taper to two and a half inches in back. Seam together at back. Turn up one inch at bottom, blanket stitch a round millinery wire to the turned-up edge and a second wire around the upper edge of the frame. Next, cut a bias piece of satin, allowing an inch to turn under at both top and bottom and arranging to have seam come on side, where it may be hidden by the drapery: apply smoothly to frame and sew fast. For the crown, cut a square fourteen by fourteen inches from thin crinoline, round off the corners and sew it, on inside of frame, to the top of the headband in front and to the bottom of the headband at the back and sides.

Shir in the extra fullness at each side. For the drapery, cut two bias pieces of satin, twelve by twenty-four inches, line with thin black crinoline, turn in an inch on each side and press in with finger, but do not sew. Now lay in each piece a lengthwise box plait, two and a half inches on top and three-quarters of an inch in under. Place the pieces across top of hat, starting at a point five inches from the center front and ending at corresponding point on opposite side. Turn all ends in under one and a half inches and sew fast. The two strips should cross each other and be tacked, one above the other, to give the effect of soft and graceful drapery.



3422-3395

PHOTO, BY BLUE McHARRIS

Pauline Frederick, the film star, comes over the top wearing a most becoming riding suit and bringing oranges from her own California garden. Not all of us can raise oranges, but the riding habit is ours for the making. The pattern comes for the coat in sizes 16, 36 to 44, and is No. 3422, while the knickerbockers are in sizes 16, 28 to 36, and the pattern is No. 3395. Such suits are in high favor for general country wear.

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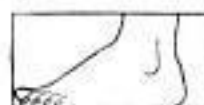


Do your feet give out in the afternoon?

PROBABLY there is nothing the matter with your feet, but soon after you put on your shoes, they begin to tire. Why?

Nature, thinking that we always would go barefooted, planned the foot to have *three* points of contact with the ground—heel, ball and outside *arch*. But your shoes, in raising the heel from the ground, also raise the arch, without providing any firm support for it. Your weight bearing down on the *unsupported* arch strains it, and the foot gives out before the day is over.

The Arch Preserver Shoe, like all smart footwear, raises the heel and arch from the ground, thus giving the foot the stylish appearance you desire; but, *unlike* shoes with *bending* arches, it has a concealed built-in arch-bridge that *supports* the arch as firmly as the ground supports it when walking barefoot. Though shod in the latest fashion, your feet are free from strain all day long when you wear Arch Preserver Shoes.



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside arch.



Civilization demands that heel and arch be raised.



The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies both Nature and Civilization.

Arch Preserver Boots and Low-Cuts are made for women and misses in all styles—widths AAAA to E. Sold by 2,000 dealers. Look for the trade-mark shown below. It appears on every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe.

Write for Style Book No. 30 and name of dealer in your city

Made only by

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY

20 Gallia St., PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Makers of women's fine shoes for more than 40 years.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



1847 Jubilee Year 1922



The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

When you see the date, 1847, you think of the best in silverplate. It was in 1847 that the first silverplate made in this country—1847 Rogers Bros.—was produced, and ever since, from generation to generation, this silverplate has been the choice of young people—those who desire freshness and beauty of design.

Note the "Ambassador," the supreme silverplate pattern of 1922. Back of this modern, present-day design are seventy-five years' experience and seventy-five years' test of quality and endurance. These we celebrate in this Anniversary Year and we want all our friends, the great buying public, to rejoice with us.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder N-28, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



Coiffures for Young and Old and a Dress for the Matron

The simplest is always the best in hair-dressing for the young girl. Here the hair is parted slightly to one side or, if one prefers, not parted at all, drawn back softly at the sides and pinned, and the back then rolled up over the ends and held beneath a round comb. If soft waving is desired six big kid curlers used "from ear to ear" will give satisfactory results to the most critical.

The matron whose hair is thick will find this coiffure very becoming for evening, and may modify its height for daytime wear if she wishes. Divide the hair into three parts, tie the middle strand and roll upward from ends, then pin a twist on left side next to the knot and finally wrap right side over left, winding ends around knot, being careful to have the hair travel in a sweep.

For the modified French roll, always a favorite with matrons, one divides the hair into three parts, fluffing, rolling and pinning first the right side which includes back, then the top, and finally bringing left side around and binding in place with pins and comb. This is good if one's hair is thin, as the high comb, which should be put in on a slant, conceals any scantiness.

Distinctly smart is Agnès' coat dress at the left, and very becoming to the matron because of its high collar and the slenderizing lines of its silhouette. Since it is made of softest gray serge embroidered in blue, with blue crêpe Georgette showing at sleeves and neck and through the opening in the skirt, it is appropriate for afternoon or theater, but may also appear in church.

Agnès

(Continued from Page 67)

marcelled! Imagine drawing the threads for wavy hem-stitching! Two women supply one house, and, I am told, they can do only six bolts of material in a year.

The zigzag line in gold, like chevrons, goes across serge. And following out the old home idea, do you remember the pictures from a bygone date when what they called puffs were popular? These are really ruffles gathered along both edges and sewed down. This year they climb their way up materials in the form of shirred stripes, woven in. There was a wave of puffs as garnishment back in Indiana when I was a little girl. Two women dressed a doll for me with ornamentation of ruffles. I made them sew down both edges into a puff. They thought this immensely funny. I don't know whether the French dressmakers will think so this spring when they go through the same experience with customers, as they stand an excellent chance of doing.

I have often remarked that if I could spare my red silk umbrella I would halve it into panniers. Of course, you know the movement which Paul Poiret started. It seems to be growing in favor rather than receding, the object being to get yourself just as flat and undecorated front and back as possible, with these halves of umbrellas suspended from the

hips. As a silhouette, I should not be afraid to risk it. But in any event, there is this same tendency to push all the ornamentation of a material into one place. Stripes, and even climbing flower gardens, go up one restricted area of a serge or a cashmere and leave the rest untouched.

It is extremely smart to have your clothes held with just as few fasteners as possible. I have a dress that depends for support entirely on a snap on each shoulder, and these in moments least expected are wont to burst open.

I had thought that perhaps the fever was dying out of the strange malady that attacked sleeves and that the swelling was perhaps going down; but, in general, sleeves are of a size! They are still highly tinted. The French never did like pale colors. Give them something crude, or give them black; and I cannot think they will ever relinquish the latter. Already, before fairly out, the bright colors are many times veiled in black. Still, there was a cloth coat on the Avenue bordered in a fence with potted plant on each post.

That and the young woman colored like the village flower garden were the memories of the day. This latter vision sent me flying on my semi-annual pilgrimage to the house of Rodier, shrine of materials, for details about what they were turning out for spring. All that the Champs-Élysées gave out in the bright sunshine the Rodiers confirmed and

defended. The flowers that bloom in this spring of fashion are called by us old-fashioned and by the French the flowers of Madame de Pompadour. As the artist-dressmaker looks with contempt on machine embroidery, so does Monsieur Rodier look on any embroidery at all. Exclaim on the marvelousness of his embroidered flowers and he follows close after you with the words: "They are woven—hand woven." And they are everywhere. They will be found in great profusion on cashmere—for cashmere is "in"—serge and crêpe.

Imagine staid old cashmere blooming in great blossoms of yellow and green. Then try to grasp the impression of conservative serge dressed up into something fancy. One of the garnishments consists of set-in squares. I called them handkerchiefs and the Rodiers referred to them as "vitrine," or old-fashioned windowpane trimming. In the thin materials many of these windowpanes are exactly like tiny fine handkerchiefs with cross-bar edges. Hemstitching is the trimming of the day, and many of these little windowpanes are hemstitched into woollens. On one of the serges these squares were decorated with open-work medallions, like a fancy church window. Many of the squares are studded with porcelain beads, some white and some black.

(Continued on Page 92)



Welcome the Fuller Man

Because—He describes the forty-five "Household Necessities" that save time and abolish drudgery in *any* home.

Because—Fuller Brushes are in universal demand. Represent every modern improvement in scientifically constructed brushes for personal and household use. Based upon 15 years' study of brushing requirements—plus actual experience in millions of homes.

Because—You, the users of Fuller Brushes, get better quality at lower prices (as The Fuller Brush Company is the largest buyer of brush material in the world, and attains unusual economies in purchasing and manufacturing).

Because—The proper amount and kind of material go into every Fuller Brush—only material that fits each brush for its particular job and assures maximum durability. (Brush makers recognize these exclusively Fuller characteristics.)

Genuine
Fuller Brushes
carry this tag in
addition to the trade
mark. Look for both!

Fuller
TRADE MARK

FULLER

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT

Because—Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores. In showing them, allowing you to handle them, proving their applications to your individual duties, the Fuller Man renders a service obtainable through no other method of merchandising.

Because—The Fuller Man is one of 2500 trained and supervised salesmen of Fuller Brushes. Chosen for his intelligence, character and ability to be of service to you—as well as for his ability to sell Fuller Brushes.

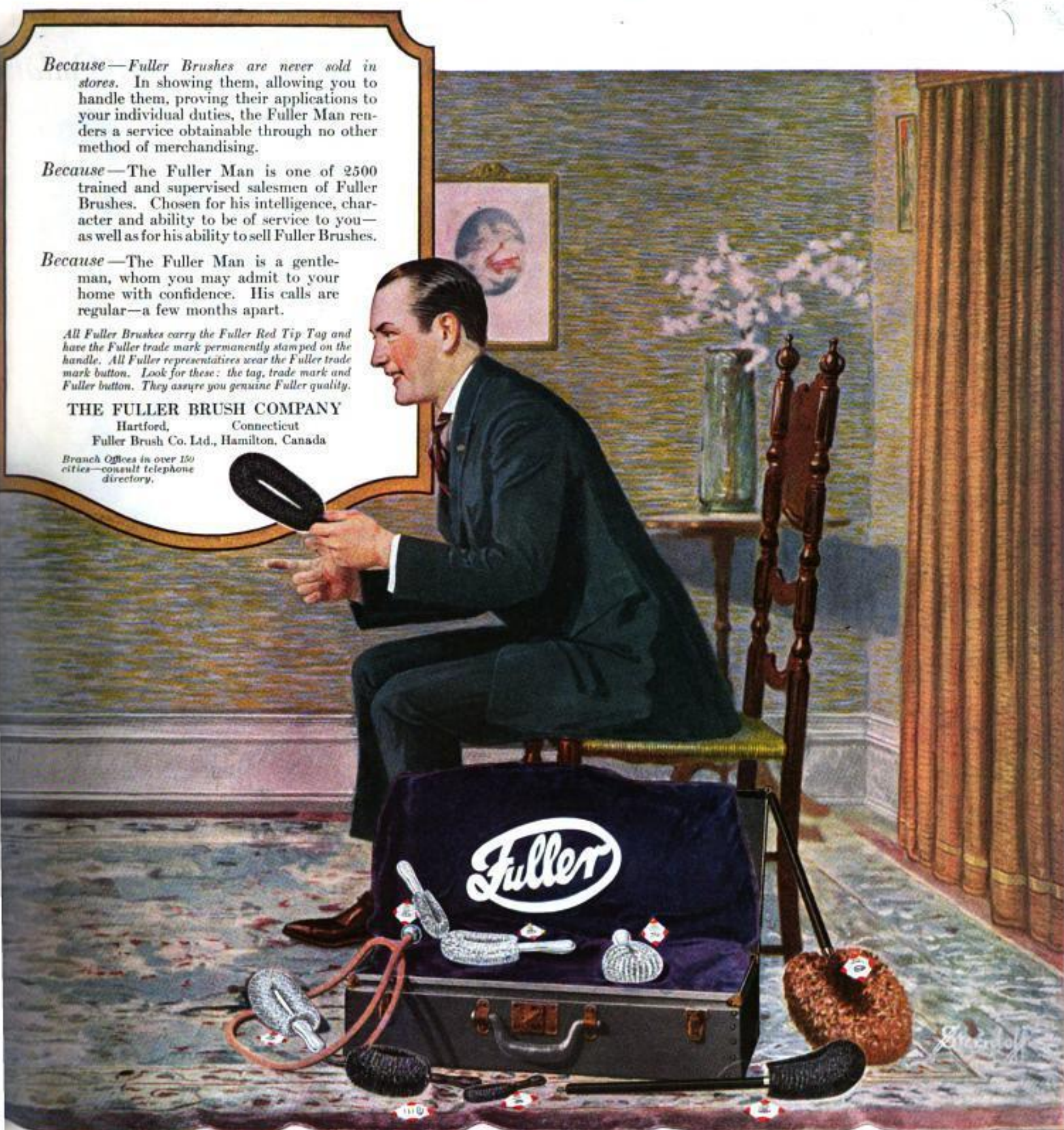
Because—The Fuller Man is a gentleman, whom you may admit to your home with confidence. His calls are regular—a few months apart.

All Fuller Brushes carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag and have the Fuller trade mark permanently stamped on the handle. All Fuller representatives wear the Fuller trade mark button. Look for these: the tag, trade mark and Fuller button. They assure you genuine Fuller quality.

THE FULLER BRUSH COMPANY

Hartford, Connecticut
Fuller Brush Co. Ltd., Hamilton, Canada

Branch Offices in over 150 cities—consult telephone directory.



BRUSHES

—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine
Fuller Brushes
carry this tag in
addition to the trade
mark. Look for both!

Fuller
TRADE MARK

Like Rice? Here is your dish

Comet

Uncoated White Rice



YOU'LL never know how good rice can taste until you try Comet. And it's so nutritious for every member of your family—especially for the children. The little ones love heaping dishes of Comet Rice, for white rice makes pink cheeks.

The sealed, dust-proof package, pictured above, keeps it free from impurities from the time it is cleaned until it reaches your kitchen.

At all good grocers'—your grocer's. Look for the Comet on the yellow package with the red band.

COOK RICE RIGHT—the Comet way

H EAT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 20 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. Do not cover—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

EVER EAT BROWN RICE? Doctors recommend whole rice with the natural outside coating and vitamins retained. Highly nourishing. Try Comet Natural Brown Rice.

Seaboard Rice Milling Co.
Galveston and New York

Many a Spring Blouse Features a Puritan Collar

It's tucks that make the blouse at the right—tucks and the material, a rich red crêpe de Chine. Pattern comes in sizes 16 and 36 to 42. Directly below, a youthful blouse of woody-brown crêpe de Chine or silk Jersey has collar and cuffs of brown-and-white-checked taffeta. The pattern may be had in sizes 14 to 20.



Soft gray-blue crêpe de Chine is used for the blouse above, with trimmings of navy crêpe de Chine. Pattern comes in sizes 16 and 36 to 44. At the left below, mulberry cloth is combined with a mulberry-and-gray wool plaid to make a most attractive frock that is particularly becoming to the young and slender figure. For school or college wear, or for one's first venture into the business world, the simplicity of the blue tricot dress below at the right will prove most acceptable. The patterns for both dresses may be had in sizes from 14 to 20.

(Continued from Page 89)

Some of the serges are bordered in yellow, and—the French can never quite get away from the historical—some of them carry a frieze in hieroglyphics. Something from a Chinese document forms the motif for one. Woolly fringe edges others. Those puffs that I saw on the Champs-Élysées appear in fancy patterns, woven in full stripes along plain material. There are flat ribbons in bright colors climbing up staid materials, the ribbons being crossed with tiny tucks.

A bolt of something was spread across the table that I had forgotten the existence of—corduroy! "Will it be fashionable?" I questioned of the head of the house of Rodier.

"It is fashionable," he answered, correcting my tardiness of tense.

He picked something out of a drawer. It was a sample of Riviera material—a cotton material similar to cheesecloth run with corduroy stripes in blue silk. In other words, corduroy attachments are going on to materials of contrasting color and texture. Silk corduroy on cotton is a departure, and most effective, I think. That sublimated cheesecloth, which in one moment they called voile and in another crêpe, is the basis of everything. And it is smartest when crinkled, like English mourning. They call it *crêpe Anglaise*.



The walls of the Rodier establishment were all but lined with citron yellow, and in my first two minutes I began to plan a wrap for Palm Beach. Long ends of silky, sleazy quilting hung from a rafter, and the one in lemon yellow outshone all the rest. I saw it in fancy beside a moonlit sea. Much of this quilting had little squares set into it—exactly like your bedcovering—and they bloomed with pert flowers. To give this material a body and at the same time baffle our sense of shading, they lined it with another sleazy stuff of contrasting color, and held the two together with the coarsest of basting threads, running a centimeter apart, but not touching the squares. If plain and fancy quilting is not popular, that is because you will not accept it.

In somberer colors one has seen it all winter on the boulevards.

In a general way the materials show roughness rather than any great refinement of texture. And yet no statement is complete without its contradiction. Never have I seen such a riot of organdies before, and in such delicacy. They are "watered" like old-fashioned silk, and changeable like petticoat taffeta, and some have flowers woven into the threads. I am told that in America organdies are not quite so much liked as formerly, but, be that as it may, I know that no woman will ever be able to resist these.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents.

MORE THAN A FAIR WEATHER FRIEND



The White
Spirit of Purity
lives in
FAIRY SOAP

THERE are soaps that will keep your skin smooth as silk when Spring is in the air, but fail to do it when blustery weather comes over the hill. They are "fair-weather" soaps that depend largely upon their appearance and odor for their popularity.

But Fairy Soap is an *all-weather* friend—a soap for every day of the year. It is *more* than a white floating soap—it is *the whitest soap made*.

From the time the wrapper is removed until the last thin wafer disappears this whiteness does not change.

And no soap at any price could be purer. Fairy quality is unique.

Fairy soap is used in the leading men's clubs and Turkish baths in New York City. It is a soap for every particular cleansing purpose throughout the home.

It isn't colored, doesn't reek with perfume—nothing but pure, unalloyed soap for people to whom cleanliness is more than an affectation.

For all uses that require soap of highest quality, think of Fairy, the soap that is winning its way the world over.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE  FLOATING  WHITE



The Little Things That Count—

Nine *Nufashond* Notions



For a collar's edge, the trimming of a tub frock, center piece, rick rack braid gives a simple youthful touch. And Nufashond Rick Rack has those saucy French points instead of dull, blunt scallops. It will not curl, either. Suggestions for using it will be found in the Nufashond Rick Rack Book described below. Be sure you read the sample offer at the bottom of this page.



Nufashond Edgetrim is the button-hole trimming as dainty as Madeira hand-work. Frocks for the little one, piquant tea aprons and lingerie are enhanced by a touch of Nufashond Edgetrim. You can count upon it wearing as long as the article it adorns—it does not fray as so many trimmings do.



A smart, silky braid and a firm, tailored middy lacer give that finishing touch which stamps the youngster "well dressed." The Nufashond middy lacer has the famous fabric self-color tip which cannot rust, come off or tear as do the metal tips. In the wanted colors.



In the first place they look so smart, Nufashond Shoe Lacers, whether you choose them flat or tubular. But best of all is that self-color fabric tip which won't come off and which you can tuck into your shoe top without endangering your fine hose. In all lengths and desired colors.

THE bit of trimming on a child's frock, the elastic in one's underskirt or knickers, a shoe lacer or shoulder strap—they seem such tiny things, don't they?

And yet how often a frayed trimming, lifeless elastic, lacers broken or without tips will render useless a much needed part of your attire!

The purchase of Notions should not be haphazard and need not be if you'll remember just "Nufashond."

Nufashond Notions are all one family—not the products of various makers assembled under one name, but every one born beneath the Nufashond roof.

Each one has its special features to distinguish it from the ordinary quality and to prove the adage "If it's a Nufashond Notion it's good."

Some Unusual Things to Make by Hand

The uses of Nufashond trimmings—cluny and filet laces, rick rack braid and soutache braid have filled three books! The Nufashond Lace Book, Nufashond Rick Rack Book and Nufashond Knotwork Book—this last named shows designs and instructions for making that fascinating knotwork of soutache braid.

If your store cannot supply you with these books, we will fill your order by mail—Lace Book 25c, Rick Rack Book 25c and Knotwork Book 10c, or 50c for all three.



You may slip Nufashond lingerie braid through your finest underpieces, for with all its firmness and durability, it is as dainty as can be, and its colors are fast. It comes in protective glassine envelope with bodkin attached.

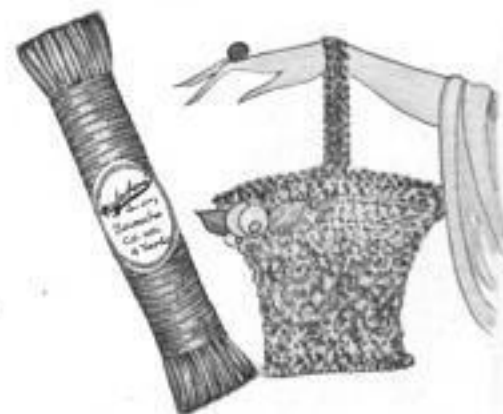
Without Charge

We will be glad to send you a length of Nufashond Rick Rack Braid sufficient to trim a dainty handkerchief together with instructions for making on receipt of 4c to cover mailing. Also a copy of "The Little Things that Count."

NUFASHOND
READING, PA.



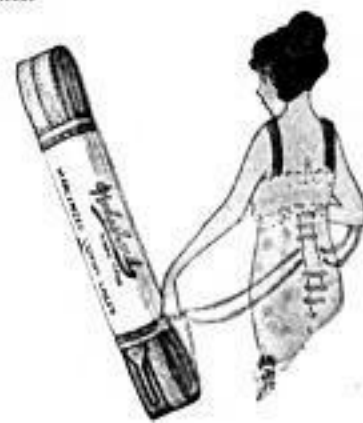
Shoulder straps have a habit of lasting when they're made of Nufashond shoulder strapping. It is simple in design and attractive when seen through the transparent blouse.



Did you ever make a Knotwork bag? They're costly in appearance but really inexpensive if you make them yourself of Nufashond Soutache Braid. Countless uses for this unusually fine braid are to be found in the Nufashond Knotwork Book described elsewhere on this page.



An elastic which will hold its lively spring—that Nufashond elastic. Replacing dead elastic is troublesome, so it's worth while to specify Nufashond. 1 widths from fine cord elastic to one and one-half inches.



A broken corset lacer can be a real disaster when one's dressing time is limited. You'll find the life of Nufashond lacer—no matter what its fabric—is surprisingly long. The tip will not come off, neither will it rust nor tear the dainty undervest, for it's a Nufashond self-color fabric tip.

You, Too, Can Have Money
in the Bank!



A BANK account is a necessity, now-a-days, for any girl or woman who wants to hold up her head with others. Ida Cooper came to that conclusion after several humiliating experiences and one real scare. And then she found a way to make the extra money to start a fat bank account of her own. Oh, the pride and the comfort it was to her! It makes a real-life story worth telling you.

One day a few months ago one of Ida Cooper's friends, who is secretary to the manager of a big store, phoned her excitedly: "We are going to have a marvelous sale, Ida. Come to the store with about \$25 and you will save more than that much."

"Clara, I really haven't got \$25," Ida answered her.

"Why, it would pay you to draw it out of the bank, Ida; this is a real bargain sale," returned Clara.

"But I haven't any bank account," Ida had to reply.

This was not the first time Ida Cooper had really lost money, missed opportunities and good times, by not having the money ready. "Why, even poor old Sam (the local dark-complexioned odd-jobs man) has a savings account," she thought bitterly.

True enough! And that very week Ida Cooper came down with a terrible cold that very nearly turned into something worse. At the dread specter, Ida sat up in bed in cold horror, when her doctor said: "I thought we'd have to send you to a sanitarium, young lady." She didn't have a cent of money saved. Suppose something like that, some real emergency—such as come to other people—should happen to her? What would she do?

It must have been her good fairy that sent a copy of the HOME JOURNAL into her hands very soon after that experience. In it she read of a girl who had a hard time to pay for her living expenses out of her salary.

But this girl made extra dollars during her spare hours in the Home Journal's Girls' Club, to pay for all sorts of nice things she could not possibly have had otherwise.

Then Ida read of a married woman who had to make both ends meet on a very small allowance. And this wise little wife also made enough extra money in The Girls' Club to have a good fat little bank account in her own name, ready for her children's doctor's bills or dentist's bills or for any other emergency, from new shoes to a ton of coal or a dainty waist for herself.

"I don't see why I can't make extra dollars if they do," said Ida to herself. "It won't do any harm to find out about it, at least." So she wrote to The Girls' Club, saying she was interested, and she did indeed "find out about it." In less than a month she had made \$25 extra cash and had PUT THAT MONEY IN THE BANK. But she never felt prouder in her life than when, a few days later, she received another \$10 check from the Club, took it to the bank window and said: "Please deposit to my account!" A grand and glorious feeling!

Week by week Ida has easily earned more dollars through our Girls' Club plan, until now she is ready for whatever happens!

If you, too, would like to have extra dollars for your own bank account, or to spend for something you want very much, or to pay bills, do write and find out about The Girls' Club. Don't you realize we must have a wonderfully easy way to make extra money, when all these others can turn their spare hours into dollars? Married girls, teachers, business girls, grandmothers! All succeed with us. And there's not a penny of expense to you if you join us.

Write me this very minute and let me tell you about it! Simply say you are interested in making spare-time money and want to know how we do it in The Girls' Club; and address me as the

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
435 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



make a quart of
Mapleine syrup
for 22¢

—a quart of clear, golden syrup—deliciously maple-flavored, instantly made. Just pure granulated sugar, water and the Mapleine to supply the good rich maple flavor. The syrup is made and ready for the table in a jiffy. We want you to realize how economical and good Mapleine is as a syrup maker. So fill out the coupon below and enclose 10c. We will immediately send you a trial bottle containing sufficient Mapleine to make a quart of the purest maple-flavored syrup, for a total cost of 22c, your sugar included.

Mapleine is sold by grocers in regular 2-oz bottles at 35c (in Canada duty added) the price of any good flavor. A 2-oz bottle of Mapleine is sufficient to make 12 quarts or more of delicious Mapleine Syrup. A good way is to make as much syrup at a time as you wish, say a pint, a quart, a gallon or more, then use the Mapleine left in the bottle to make new and delightful cakes with maple-flavored fillings and frostings or maple flavored pudding sauces, desserts, candies, ice cream.

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The Golden Flavor

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60 Years of Changing Styles

but always the same wonderful Gingham

THERE always has been something unusual about a frock made with Wm. Anderson Zephyr. There's a charm to the pattern; a tone to the coloring; a soft, glove-like feel to the texture that seems to make it a thing apart in the world of ginghams.

And after it's laundered, it always seems more adorable than ever—softer, daintier, charmingly light and fluffy.

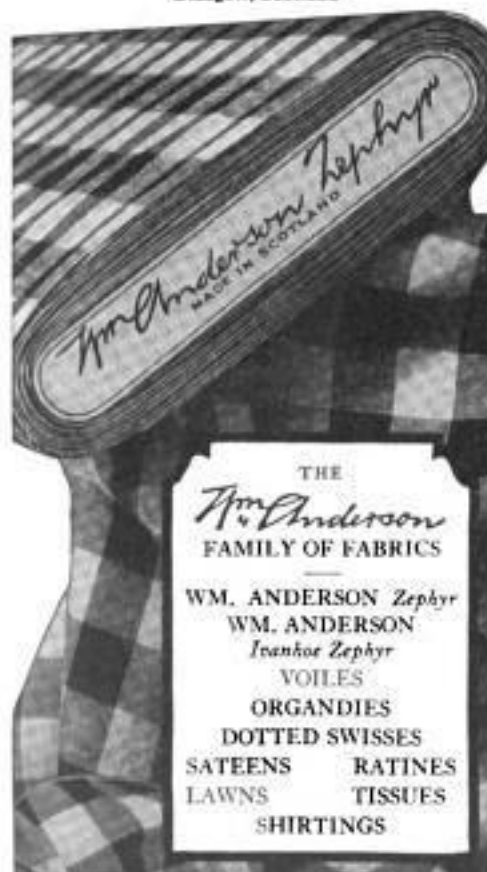
Another Wm. Anderson gingham—made in this country—is called IVANHOE. Like the imported, IVANHOE is sunfast and tubfast and comes in a wonderful variety of designs and colorings.

The name "Wm. Anderson" also applies to almost any wash fabric of fashion, to dainty Voiles, Organdies and Dotted Swisses—all of them conforming to the Wm. Anderson standard of fine looms, exquisite designs and dependable colors.

So if you will accept the protection represented by "Wm. Anderson" on selvage or bolt end, your selection of cotton dress goods can be made with assurance of superior quality.

Sold only through retail merchants.

Wm. Anderson
Textile Manufacturing Co., Inc.
48-50 White Street, New York
Glasgow, Scotland



The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 12)

background?" my father continued. "Perhaps it is my bad memory that permits his identity still to be a revelation?"

The stranger nervously arranged a fold in his sea cloak while his little black eyes darted restlessly about the room. "It's Sims, Captain Shelton," he volunteered in a gentle, unassuming voice, "and very much at your service."

"Captain Shelton be hanged!" snapped Lawton. "Keep your name to yourself, Sims, and watch the nigger and the boy. Now, Shelton, for the reason why I'm here: I have come here to-night to induce or force you to return a piece of stolen property. I give you the liberty of taking your choice. Either—"

His voice raised itself to a sharp command: "Blast you, Shelton; sit still!" The picture had changed. Mr. Lawton was leaning across the table, leveling a pistol at my father's head. With a detached, academic interest my father glanced at the weapon and without perceptible pause, without added haste or deliberation, he continued to withdraw the hand he had thrust into his right coat pocket. There was a tense, pregnant silence. Then my father withdrew his hand. He was holding a silver snuffbox, which he tossed carelessly on the table.

"WHY strain so at a gnat, Lawton?" he continued in a conversational manner. "A note penned in three lines would have brought you back your trinket. But when you say it is stolen your memory fails you. I won that snuffbox from you fairly because your horse refused a water jump in Baltimore fifteen years ago."

Mr. Lawton made a grimace of impatience. "Perhaps I can refresh your memory on a more immediate matter," he interjected harshly. "Don't move! At a certain chateau in the Loire Valley, as recently as two months ago, you had an affair with French government agents. You escaped in the company of a certain young lady they were seeking to apprehend. You retained in your possession a list of names of political importance. I say you stole that paper."

"Indeed?" said my father. "In that case permit me. The snuff is excellent, Lawton, although the box is commonplace."

"Hang your impudence!" shouted Mr. Lawton. "I've come to get that list, to return it to its rightful owners. Try your bragging on boys, not on me! For the last time, will you give that letter up?"

My father's hand that held the snuffbox trembled. For a moment he stared at Mr. Lawton's pistol. Then he moistened his lips. "Suppose I should refuse?" he asked.

"IN THAT case," Mr. Lawton said, "I shall summon five men whom I hold outside. They will search the house, having searched you first. If they do not find the letter I shall give you one more chance to produce it."

"You realize your action is illegal?" my father interrupted.

Mr. Lawton laughed. "We've beaten about the bush long enough," he said. "Will I have to remind you again that I didn't come to hear you talk? Come to the point. Will you give up that paper?"

With a sigh of resignation my father fumbled in his breast pocket and produced a long, sealed document which he handed across the table.

Mr. Lawton's eyes glistened as he took it. He held it to the light to scan the seal. "Hang your caution, Sims!" he exclaimed exultantly. "We've got it just as I said we would. Didn't I tell you—" He burst into a violent fit of sneezing.

My father had thrown the contents of his snuffbox into Mr. Lawton's face. At almost the same moment Mr. Lawton's pistol was in my father's hand and leveled at Mr. Sims.

"Brutus," said my father, "unburden Mr. Sims of his weapons. Lawton, a breath of night air may relieve you. Let us go to the window and reflect on the slip that may occur between the container and the nose. My son, give Mr. Lawton your arm. Assist me to open the shutters. Now, Mr. Lawton, call to your men; tell them they may go. Louder! Louder, Mr. Lawton! Surely your voice has more strength. My ears have been weary this long time with its clamor."

III

THE gaunt old room that had entertained so many guests was emptied of its last ones, with nothing except the faint chill that had come through the opened window to remind one of their presence. Brutus was clearing away the dishes. And my father was resting languidly in his chair again, quite as though nothing had happened.

"My son," he remarked, "I was saying to you before our callers interrupted that there are just two things I never do. I think that one may be enough for to-night. It is that circumstances oblige me to keep my word."

"You do not care to tell me any more?" I asked him.

"Only that you had better stay, my son. If you do I can guarantee you will see me at my worst, which is better, perhaps, than hearing of me secondhand. And possibly it may even be interesting, the little drama which is starting—hilarious, in fact, if it were not for the lady in the case."

"The lady!" I echoed involuntarily. "Am I to understand you brought a woman with you across the ocean?"

"A lady, my son, not a woman. You will find that the two are quite different species."

"You mean she is here now?" I persisted.

"To be sure!" he acquiesced. "She is, I trust, asleep in the east guest room, and heaven help you if you wake her! I beg of you, do not judge me harshly."

Launcelot himself—what am I saying?—Bayard himself, up to the present moment, could only commend my every action.

"Even to bringing her to this house," I suggested coldly.

"PRECISELY," he replied. "That in itself was actuated by the highest piece of altruism heaven has vouchsafed humanity—the regard a father has for his son."

"Do you think," I demanded angrily, "that you can bring me into this business? Certainly you've done enough to me to-night, sir, without adding an insult."

My father nodded, seemingly still well pleased.

"You misunderstand me," he said quite gently. "My present occupation requires a shrewder head and a steadier hand than yours, my son."

"And a different code of morals," I was about to retort indignantly, but the words remained unspoken.

For the second time that evening the dining-room door opened. A girl with dark hair and eyes was standing on the threshold, staring at us curiously, holding a candle that softened the austerity of her plain black dress. In the half light there was a slender grace about her that made her seem vaguely

(Continued on Page 97)

MANY WOMEN ask "How can I cook with an oil? I know Wesson Oil is good—I use it in salad dressings. But how can I cook with a liquid? I have always used a hard shortening." Cooking with Wesson Oil is not a new way to cook that you must learn. Cook just as you always cook.

Use your own favorite recipes. Every recipe is a recipe for cooking with Wesson Oil.

Wesson Oil is liquid, of course—and you may be in the habit of using a hard fat. That doesn't make any difference, except the difference you will find in the delicious, wholesome result.

In frying, for instance, you melt any hard fat to an oil long before it is hot enough to fry in. With Wesson Oil you start with an oil, pour it into your frying pan or kettle, and heat it. The only difference is that Wesson Oil is good-to-eat, and you might not care to eat melted hard fat.

When you enrich vegetables, make gravies or home-made candies, what happens to your hard fat? It melts at once—if you haven't melted it first yourself. With Wesson Oil you start with an oil. If you have been in the habit of using butter, add a little salt. Wesson Oil is pure fat—unsalted.

When it comes to shortening, it seems as if there would be the greatest difference between an oil and a hard shortening. There isn't any difference. Many experienced cooks melt hard shortening first. Many of your own recipes tell you to melt hard shortening. Even if you didn't melt hard shortening, it wouldn't mix with flour or sugar if it didn't soften somewhat in the process of mixing. And the first heat of cooking would melt it anyway, wouldn't it?

Use Wesson Oil in your own favorite recipes exactly as you would any other shortening. If your recipe calls for butter use a quarter less Wesson Oil and add salt—because Wesson Oil is all pure fat and unsalted.



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YOUR gums deserve care—and they rarely get it. Dentists know that—that's why they have welcomed Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana is a tooth paste which acts as a stimulant for the gums and cleans the teeth as well.

It contains Ziratol, a healing agent, well-known to dentists, over 2000 of whom have told us that they recommend Ipana to make firm and healthy gum tissue.

But Ipana also does everything that a pure tooth paste can do—and its smooth, snappy and delightful flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from
Bristol-Myers Co. New York City

The Unspeakable Gentleman
(Continued from Page 96)

unreal, as incongruous as some portrait from a house across the water. I imagined her on the last canvas of the gallery, bearing all the traits of the family line.

Evidently a similar thought was running through my father's mind. "Ah, mademoiselle," he said swiftly in the French tongue, "stay where you are a moment. For as you stand there in the shadows you epitomize the whole house of Blanzky, its grace, its pride, its beauty."

She tried to suppress a smile but only half succeeded.

"A chair for the lady, my son," my father continued blandly. "I trust you have had everything possible done for your comfort?"

She favored me with an inquiring glance and turned back to my father. "I was unable to see you on the ship, captain," she said, "and I wanted to have a word with you at the first opportunity—alone."

"THIS," said my father, "is delightfully unexpected. But I forget myself. This is my son, Henry Shelton. May I present him to Mademoiselle de Blanzky?"

"I suppose you may as well," she replied, holding a hand toward me indifferently. "Let us trust he has your good qualities, monsieur, and none of your bad ones. But I wanted to speak to you alone."

"My son is discretion itself," said my father. "Pray let him stay. I feel sure our discussion will not only interest but instruct him."

Mademoiselle frowned and tapped an angry foot on the floor. "You heard what I said, sir. Send him out," she demanded.

"Stay where you are, Henry," said my father gently as I started for the door. "I have something further to say to you before you leave this house. Pray forgive me, mademoiselle, but I had much rather he remained."

Mademoiselle glanced at me again with an appeal in her eyes which I read and understood. "Mademoiselle," I said, "it is a pleasure to render you even so small a service." I turned to my father and met his glance squarely. "I cannot see any profit to either of us for me to remain longer," I observed, "either here or in this house," and I turned to the door.

"Brutus," called my father, "stand by the door. Now, sir, if you leave this room before I am ready my servant shall retain you by force. Mademoiselle will pardon this domestic scene."

I LOOKED to see Brutus' great bulk grinning at me from the doorway. I saw my father half smiling and fingering the lace at his throat. I saw mademoiselle watching me, partly frightened, but partly curious, as though she had witnessed similar occurrences. Then my pent-up anger or something more than anger got the better of me. Mr. Lawton's pistol still lay on the table. Before my father could divine my intention I had seized it and held it pointed at Brutus' head. "Sir," I said, "I am not used to being threatened by servants. Order him to one side."

My father looked at me almost admiringly. "I had thought we were through with pistols for the evening," he remarked, "and mademoiselle must be fatigued. So put it down, Henry, and let us continue the interview."

"Certainly," I replied; "as soon as you call off your servant I shall wish you a very good evening. Stand where you are, Brutus."

"Come, come," said my father, "it is growing late, my son. Put down the pistol."

"Brutus," I called, "if you move again, backwards or forwards, I'll fire," and I backed towards the wall.

"Good," said my father. "Henry, you have an amount of courage and foresight which I scarcely expected, even in a son of mine." He was leaning slightly forward.

"One instant, father," I said quickly; "if you come a step nearer, I warn you, I shall fire on your servant. Pray believe I am serious."

"My son," he cried in mock alarm, "you distress me. Never be serious. Life has too many disappointments for that."

"Have you reloaded your snuffbox?" I asked him.

"Not that," he said, shaking his head; "but I know a hundred ways to disarm a man. I could have killed you half a dozen times since you have been holding that weapon."

"Admitted," I answered, "but I hardly think you will go to such lengths."

He made a sudden move toward me. "Do you realize your weapon is unprimed?"

"Shall I try it?"

I asked.

"Excellent!" said my father. "You impress me. I have underrated your possibilities, Henry. However, the play is over." He leaned towards the table abruptly and extinguished both the candles. The glow of the embers in the fireplace could not relieve the darkness of the shuttered room.

"Now," he continued, "mademoiselle is standing beside me, and Brutus is between you and me and approaching you. I think it would be safer if you put the pistol down. One's aim is uncertain in the dark. Tell him to put down the pistol, mademoiselle."

HER voice answered from the darkness in front of me. "On the contrary," she said lightly, "pray continue. I have not the heart to stop it, nor the courage to interfere in a family quarrel."

"Quite as one would expect from mademoiselle," his voice replied, "but fortunately my son also has not forgotten his manners. Henry, have you set down the pistol?"

I tossed it on the floor.

"Unfortunately," I said, "I have no woman to hide behind."

My father's voice answered without a tremor: "A woman is often useful, though generally when you least expect it. The candles, Brutus." He rubbed his finger nails on his sleeve and glanced about him with a pleasure he seemed quite unable to conceal. "Brutus, pick up the pistol. You wished to have a word with me, mademoiselle? I am listening. No, no, my son. You will be interested, I am sure. The door, Brutus."

But it was mademoiselle who laid a hand on my arm. "You have been kind," she said softly. Then, fixing her eyes on my father, she continued: "I am not in the least afraid of you, Captain Shelton. We have had to employ too many men like you not to know your type. Your son, I think, must take after his mother. I fear he thinks I am a damsel in distress. But you, captain, know better, though for the moment you seem to have forgotten that you are in the pay of my family. You had contracted to get certain papers from France which were in danger of being seized by the authorities. I accompanied you because —"

"Because you did not care to share the fate reserved for the papers?" my father suggested politely.

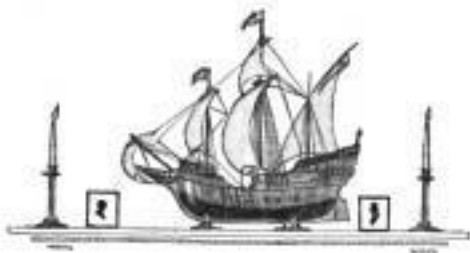
FOR a moment she was silent, staring at my father almost incredulously. Then: "I have only one more request to make of you before I leave this house to-morrow morning," she resumed.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not think that mademoiselle will leave the house at that date," he said. "The house is already watched by persons in the pay of the French Government."

For the first time her self-confidence left her. She turned pale, even to her red lips, stretched out a hand blindly and grasped the table. "And the paper?" she whispered. "You have destroyed it?"

My father shook his head.

(Continued on Page 98)



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PROPER TREATMENT
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FLOORS, WOODWORK
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The Wood Finishing Authorities
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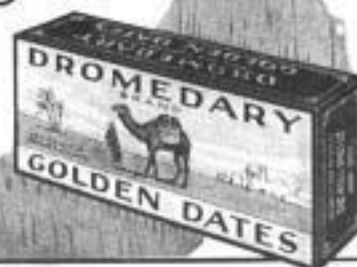
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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 97)

"Then," gasped mademoiselle, "give it to me now—at once, captain, if you please."
"Mademoiselle no longer trusts me?" asked my father in tones of pained surprise. "Surely not that."

"Exactly that," she flung back at him. He bowed smilingly in acknowledgment. "And mademoiselle is right," he agreed. "I have read the paper. I have been tempted. The document I carry has too much value. The actual signatures of the gentlemen who had been so deluded as to believe they could restore a king to France—figure for yourself, my lady. Those names, properly used, are a veritable gold mine."

"And you mean," mademoiselle cried, "you are dog enough to use those names? You mean you are going back on your word either to destroy that list or to place it in the proper hands? Surely, monsieur, a gentleman who has behaved as gallantly as you—No, captain, I cannot believe it."

"Mademoiselle," he said blandly, "still has much to learn of the world. Take myself, for instance. I am a gentleman only by birth and breeding. Otherwise, pray believe I am quite unspeakable, quite. Only one thing has ever remained evident and well-defined for long, and that, my lady, is money. Nearly everything else seems to tarnish, but still money keeps its luster. I believe, mademoiselle, in profiting by the mistakes of others. I believe in profiting by this one. Someone should be glad to pay a pretty price for it."

"You couldn't! Oh, you couldn't!" she began. "Think what you are doing. I—we all trusted you. We ——" Her voice choked in a sob, and she sank into a chair, her face buried in her hands.

MY FATHER looked at her and took a pinch of snuff. "Indeed," he said, "I am almost sorry, but it is the game, mademoiselle. A while ago I was a pawn, paid by your family. But I am approaching the king row now. Forgive me, if things seem different, and rest assured, mademoiselle, that you at least are in safe hands as long as you obey my directions."

I took a step toward him, and he looked up as though to receive my congratulations. "So you leave us, my son," he said briskly. "I fear —"

"You are mistaken," I said. "I am not leaving." I bowed to mademoiselle, who had started at the sound of my voice and was staring at me with a tear-stained face. "I am going to stay until you have disposed of this paper as mademoiselle desires. Or if you are unwilling to do so I shall take pleasure in doing it myself. And now, sir, the paper, if you please."

"What!" exclaimed my father with a gesture of astonishment. "You, too, want the paper? How popular it is becoming!"

"At least I am going to try to get it," I said gravely, and advanced another step.

A sudden change in his expression stopped me. "Wait," he said coldly. "Look before you leap, my son. Allow me to make the situation perfectly clear before you attempt anything foolish. Even if I were alone I doubt if you could take the paper from me. But you forget another." He pointed to Brutus in the doorway.

Brutus grinned back and nodded violently.

"I saw Brutus only last month kill three stronger men than you, my son. I fancy the document is safe in my pocket, quite safe." He half smiled and indulged in another pinch of snuff. "But let us indulge in the impossible," he continued. "Suppose you did get

the paper. Let us examine the paper itself." And slowly he drew it from his pocket and flicked it flat in the candle light. "In France to-day anything may happen. In a few scant months dukes have turned into pastry cooks and barbers' boys into generals. To-morrow it may be a republic or a monarchy that governs. Just now it is Napoleon Bonaparte, a very determined little man. I sometimes wonder, mademoiselle," he continued thoughtfully, "if your friends realized the task before them when they attempted to kill Napoleon. Ah, now you grow interested, my son? Yes, that is what this paper signifies. Written on this paper are the signatures of fifty men, signatures to an oath to kill Napoleon Bonaparte and to restore a king to France."

"But why," I demanded, "didn't they burn the paper?"

"Ah," SAID my father with an indulgent smile, "there you have hit the root of the whole matter. It was the old marquis' idea. If everyone in the plot signed the oath it would be a dangerous thing indeed for anyone to inform on the rest, because they would immediately produce the paper which showed him as guilty as they. Now that the plot has failed, the existence of this paper is all that keeps many a man from telling a valuable and dangerous little story. In these signatures I read the names of men above suspicion, men high in the present government. Somehow Napoleon's police have learned of the existence of this paper. It has become almost vital for Napoleon to obtain it. He has tried to get it already. Since it reposed in the strong box at the château of Blanzay it has cost him five men. It has cost me new halyards and rigging for the Eclipse, and Brutus a disfigured countenance. And the game is just beginning, my son. Mr. Lawton is a very reckless man in the pay of France. He will get that paper if he can. Even now his men are watching the house. Suppose you held the paper in your hands, my son; you still have Mr. Lawton." He folded the paper and replaced it in his pocket. "It is safer here at present," said my father.

"In other words, you intend to sell the people who intrusted you with the paper to the highest bidder?" I inquired.

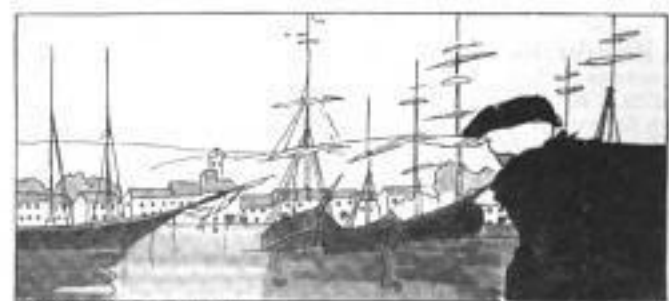
He glanced towards mademoiselle and back to me again and smiled brightly. "That," he admitted pleasantly, "is one way of looking at it, though it might be viewed from more congenial angles. Listen, my son, and you, too, mademoiselle: I have been many things, tried many things in this life, most of them discreditable. I have lost my friends. I have lost my position. Sneer at me, my son; laugh at me, curse me if you wish. But above all things watch me and remember the things I do. Recall my ethics and my logic. They are to be your legacy, my son. What money I may leave you is doubtless tainted. But the things I do—of course you perceive their value."

"Only in a negative sense," I replied.

"Precisely," he agreed. "Their value, as you say, is purely negative. You have only to place them before you and do exactly opposite. It is the best way I can think of for you to become a decent and self-respecting man. And now you have the only reason why I permit you in my society. The lesson has already started—an original lesson, is it not?"

As though to close the interview he sprang up lightly and bowed. "Mademoiselle," he said, "even the pain of distressing

(Continued on Page 101)



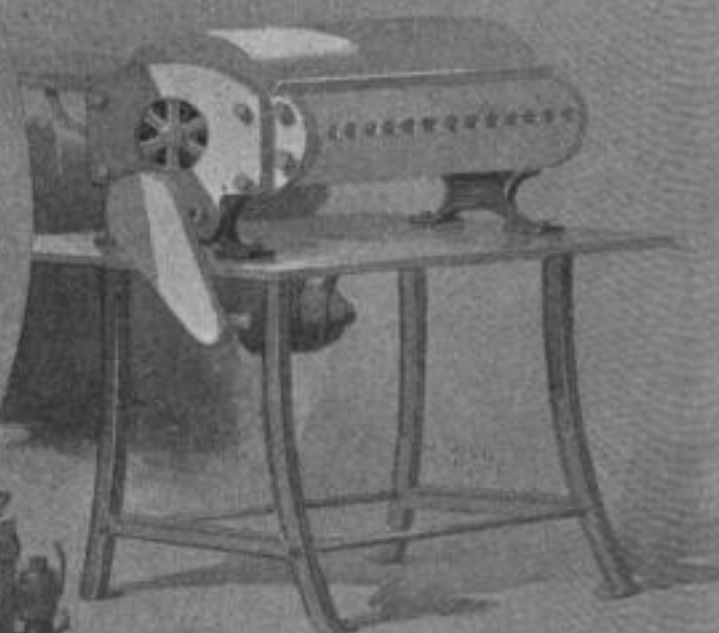
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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 98)

you is lessened by the unexpected pleasure of your company to-night. I hope you have found the hour not entirely unprofitable. It has sometimes seemed to me, my lady—pardon the possible effrontery of suggesting it—that you may have seen something romantic, something heroic in me from time to time. I trust you have been disillusioned to-night. The fight on the stairs, the open boat—you see them all as they should be, do you not, the necessary parts of a piece of villainy? Pray forget them—and good night, mademoiselle.

The next moment both he and I started. Mademoiselle was laughing. "Captain," she cried, "you are absurd. You of all people—you cannot sell the paper."

He sighed with apparent relief. "And why not?" he asked.

"Because," said mademoiselle, "you are one of those who signed it."

"Mademoiselle forgets that her name and mine were written at the bottom of the list. It is a precaution I always take with such little matters. The first thing I did, mademoiselle, was to cut both off with my razor. Brutus, light the stairs for the lady."

WITHOUT another glance at either of us she left the room as proudly as she had entered it.

My father sank back heavily in his chair. For a minute we were silent.

Suddenly a speech of his ran through my memory. "May I ask you a question?" I inquired.

"It is my regret if I have not been clear," he said.

"It is not that," I assured him, "but you have appeared to allow yourself a single virtue." He raised his eyebrows. "You have admitted," I persisted, "that circumstances force you to keep your word."

"That," my father said, "is merely a necessity, not a virtue."

"Possibly," I agreed. "Yet in your conversation with Mr. Lawton you stated that you had given your word not to surrender this paper. My question is—how can you reconcile this with your present intention?"

For almost the only time I can remember, my father seemed puzzled for an answer. "Circumstances alter even principles," he answered finally, "and this is one of the circumstances. Brutus, show my son to his bedroom and bring me my cloak and pistols."

Brutus lifted one of the candlesticks and grinned at me.

"A very good night to you, Henry," said my father tranquilly.

I bowed to him with courtesy which perhaps was intuitive. "Be sure," I told him, "to keep your door locked, father."

"Pray do not worry," he replied. "I have thought out each phase of my visit here too long for anything untoward to happen. A very good night to you, Henry. And, Henry—"

I spun about on my heel—"I am going to pay you a compliment. Pray do not be overcome. I have decided to consider you in my plans, my son, as a possible disturbing factor. Brutus, you will take his pistols from his saddlebags." In silence Brutus conducted me into the cold hall, up the winding staircase and through the arched molding that marked the entrance to the upper hall. At his direction I went ahead and opened a door. As I paused on the threshold he slipped past me, set the candle on a stand and bent over my saddlebags. Still chuckling to himself, he dropped my pistols into his shirt bosom.

Then his grin died away. His low forehead became creased and puckered. He drew a deep breath. "Mister Henry"—he began.

"Well," I said.

"Something happen. Very bad here. You go home." His sudden change of manner and the shadowy, musty silence around me

threatened to shake my coolness. Unconsciously my hand dropped to the hilt of my traveling sword. I looked across at him through the shadows.

"You go home," said Brutus.

"Something will happen or something has happened?" I asked.

But Brutus only shook his head stupidly.

"Very bad. You go home," he persisted.

"You go to the deuce," I said, "and shut the door; the draft is blowing the candle."

He pulled it to without another word, and I could hear him fumbling with the lock.

For the last ten years I doubt if anything had been changed in that room except for the addition of three blankets which Brutus had evidently laid some hours before on the mildewed mattress of the carved four-post bed. The charred wood of a fire that had been lighted when the room was new still lay over the green, clotted andirons. The strange, musty odor of unused houses hung heavy in the air.

I sat quietly for a while on the edge of my bed, alert for some sound outside. Then my hand fell again on the hilt of my traveling sword. Slowly I drew the blade and tested its perfect balance; then I knotted it over my hand, tossed a blanket over me and blew out the light.

From where I lay I could see the running lights of the Shelton ships swaying in a freshening breeze, three together in port for the first time in ten years. I could hear the low murmur of the wind twisting through the branches of our elms, and once, below, I heard my father's step, quick and decisive, his voice raised to give an order, and the closing of a door.

As I lay staring ahead of me my thoughts returned to the room I had quitted. I heard her voice and felt her hand drop from my arm. Then, in a strange, even cadence a sentence of my father's began running through my memory: "It might be interesting, hilarious, in fact, if it were not for the lady in the case."

IV

SOMETHING was pressing on my shoulder. Half awake, I wrenched myself free, snatching for my sword as I did so. It was a chill cloudy morning, and Brutus was standing by my bed, holding a bowl of chocolate between a thumb and forefinger that made the piece of china look as delicately fragile as a flower.

"Eleven o'clock," he said. "You sleep late."

I looked at him blankly, still trying to shake off the drowsiness that crowded upon me. It seemed only a few minutes back that he had lighted me to that room.

He thrust the bowl he was holding nearer to me. "Last night you kill me. Now I give you chocolate. He! He!"

I glanced at him over the edge of the chocolate bowl. It was the first time I had heard anyone laugh at so truly Christian a doctrine.

"Monsieur sends compliments," he said.

"Brutus," came my father's voice across the hall, "tell him I will see him as soon as he has finished dressing."

When I crossed to his room a few minutes later he was sitting before the fire, wrapped in a dressing gown of Chinese silk, embroidered with flowers. By the tongs and shovel lay a pair of riding boots, still so wet and mud-spattered that he must have pulled them off within the hour. A decanter was near him on a stand. On his knee was a volume of Rabelais. Brutus was busy gathering up the gray-satin small clothes of the previous day which had been tossed in a heap on the floor, and I perceived that they also bore the marks of travel.

He greeted me with a gay wave of the hand and a nod of invitation towards the decanter.

(Continued on Page 103)



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A Dainty Salad

PEAR AND PRUNE SALAD: Place halves of DEL MONTE Canned Pears on lettuce leaves. Fill centers with cottage cheese balls. Place halves of pitted prunes (or dates) around the cheese, add mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika before serving. (Note—DEL MONTE Dri-Pak Prunes are especially suited to this purpose. Being dry-cooked and packed solid in cans without sirup, they are delicious, just as they are, for stuffing with nuts, in salads, etc.)

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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 101)

My refusal served only to increase his courteous good nature. "A very good morning to you, my son," he said and waved me to a chair in a slow, sweeping gesture, timed and directed so that it ended again at the decanter. "You will pardon my addressing you through Brutus," he continued, "but it is a habit of mine which I find it hard to break. I never speak to anyone of a morning till I have finished my cup of chocolate. I have seen too many quarrels flare up over an empty stomach." He stretched a foot nearer the blaze and sipped from his tumbler in silence until it was half empty.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked.

"Yes, I wished to see you, Henry, for two reasons. First, I find I do not know the name of the gentleman with whom you had the falling out. If you tell me—who knows?—perhaps we may have something in common, some little mutual interest."

"The man I fought with was Mr. Lawton—at my uncle's country house," I told him.

For a fraction of a second I thought he was astonished, that the look he gave me was almost one of respect. "And you wounded him?" he asked quickly.

"I hardly think Mr. Lawton expected it."

"I fear," he mused, "that the years are telling on Mr. Lawton."

"You had another reason for seeing me?"

"YES; a simple one. I did not want you to go downstairs till I went with you. I have a surprise in store for you. Who do you think has come to see me?"

"I am utterly at a loss," I said, bowing, "unless it is the constable."

"On the contrary, it is the man I hate more than anyone else in the world." His tone was one of pleased anticipation.

He hummed a little tune as Brutus knelt before him to help him on with a new pair of top boots, spotless and shining. A few minutes later he stood before his mirror critically examining a coat of blue broadcloth.

As he spoke I leaned over the chair he had quitted. Lying in the corner of the faded upholstery was an oval of gold. Before he perceived my intention I had picked it up, and almost at the same moment his hand fell on my arm.

"How careless of me to have left it there," my father said gently. "Hand me the locket, if you please, my son, and thanks for picking it up."

The jeweled clasp was under my thumb. I pressed it and the locket flew open, but before I could look he had struck a sharp blow at my wrist, and the locket fell from my hand. "Pick it up, Brutus," he said, his eyes never leaving mine. "Come," he said, "let us go down stairs. We are late already."

So I followed him down the creaking stairs to the morning room. I could not suppress a start as I passed over the threshold. In front of the heavy mahogany table, attentively examining some charts, was my Uncle Jason.

THEY made a strange contrast, my uncle and my father in his gay coat and laces, his slender, upright figure and his face almost youthful beneath his powdered hair. For my uncle was an older man, and years and care had slightly bowed him. The wrinkles were deep about his mouth and eyes. His brown hair, simply dressed, was gray already at the temples. His plain black coat and knee breeches were wrinkled from travel. Yet his cheeks glowed from quiet living, and there was a sly, good-humored twinkle in his brown eyes which went well with his broad shoulders and his strongly knit body. His reputation for genial good nature was with him still.

He stretched forth a hand, but my father had given his undivided attention to the shutters on the east windows, drawing them to and snapping the bolt of each pair into

place. Then he turned and rubbed his hands together slowly, examining my uncle the while with a cool, judicial glance. "You are growing old, Jason," he said.

"Ah, George," said my uncle in his deep, pleasant voice, "it does me good to see the father and the son together."

My father joined the tips of his fingers and regarded him solemnly. "Now heaven be praised for that!" he exclaimed with a jovial fervor. "It was kind of you not to keep my son and me apart."

THE words seemed to make a doubtful impression on my uncle. He looked quickly across at me. "Ah, that wit!" he laughed. "It quite reminds me of the old days—with the dances and the races and the ladies. Ah, George, if I only had the receipt that keeps you young!"

"Indeed? You care to know it?" My father quite suddenly leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder. My uncle drew hastily back. And still my father watched him. Between them was passing something which I did not understand. "Lead a life of disrepute," my father said gravely. "I cannot think of a better cosmetic."

"George!" cried my uncle. "Remember your son is with you."

"And seems amply able to look out for himself; surprisingly able, Jason. Have you not found it so?"

"Thank heaven, yes!" he laughed, and glanced at me again. "He is like you, George, and yet"—he paused to favor me with another glance—"he has his mother's eyes."

My father flicked a speck of dust from his sleeve. "Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we leave your sister out of the discussion. Let us come down to practical matters, and leave the dead alone."

It was the first time he had mentioned my mother. His voice was coldly aloof, but his hand was moving restlessly over his coat, smoothing an imaginary wrinkle. "You understand me?" he inquired after a second's pause. "Pray remember, Jason, I have only two cheeks, and I can recall no Biblical law to follow if you should strike again."

"Heaven bless me!" gasped my uncle in blank amazement. "I did not come here to quarrel. I came because you are in trouble, because you need my help."

"I thought you would come," was my father's response. "In fact, I depended upon it before I set sail from France."

MY UNCLE'S heavy brows knitted together and his mouth moved uneasily. "It is no time for light talk, George," he said ominously. "You cannot know that the house is watched."

"I know," replied my father, "that since my arrival here I have been the object of many flattering attentions. But why are you concerned, Jason? I have broken no law of the land. I have merely mixed myself up in French politics."

Uncle Jason made an impatient gesture. "You have mixed yourself up in such an important affair, in such a way, that every secret agent that France has in this country will be in this town in the next twelve hours."

My father tapped his silver snuffbox gently. "I had hoped as much," he remarked blandly.

"When one is the center of interest it is always better to be the very center."

"Come, George," urged my uncle, "surely you recognize that you have reached the end of your rope. I tell you, George, these men will stop at nothing."

"Has it ever occurred to you," returned my father, "that I also may stop at nothing?"

My uncle frowned, and then smiled bleakly.

"No, George," he said, "you are too fond of

(Continued on Page 104)



HEBE made these delicious sweet muffins

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup or honey
1 egg, beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup HEBE diluted with 1 tablespoonful water

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Mix butter and syrup or honey together and add beaten egg. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture alternately with diluted HEBE. Place 2 raisins or a date on top of each muffin and bake in greased and floured gem pans about 25 minutes, in a moderate oven. This makes 12 muffins.

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SYRACUSE CHINA

The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 103)

life for that. Suppose—just suppose—that they had the means of taking you back to France, that there was a boat in the harbor now, manned and victualled and waiting for the tide, with a cabin ready—and irons. They would admire to see you back in Paris, George. I know; they have told me."

"Surely," said my father, stifling a yawn behind his hand, "you can be more interesting."

Jason's face, red and good-natured always, became a trifle redder.

"WE HAVE beat about the bush long enough," he said with an abrupt lack of suavity. "You are running against forces too strong for you, forces that will do anything to gain possession of a certain paper. They know you have that paper, George, and they will prevent your disposing of it at any cost. They will stop at nothing"—again his voice dropped to a confidential monotone—"and that is why I'm here."

My father raised his eyebrows. "I fear my mind works slowly in the early morning. Pardon me, but—why are you here?"

Quite suddenly my uncle's patience gave way. "Because I can save your neck. I have interceded for you, George. I have come here to induce you to give up that paper peacefully and quietly or else to take the consequences."

My father nodded. "You mean," he inquired, "that they propose to take me to France and have me handed over to justice, a political prisoner?"

"It is what I meant, George; as a man in a plot to kill Napoleon." Then his former kindness returned. "And we cannot let that happen, can we?"

"Not if we can prevent it," my father replied. "If the trouble is that I have the paper in my possession, I suppose I must let it go."

Uncle Jason smiled his benignant smile. "I knew you would understand," he said, with something I took for a sigh of relief.

My father drew the paper from his breast pocket. "Yes," he said slowly. "I suppose I must let it go."

"Good heaven! What are you doing?" cried my uncle. My father had turned to the fireplace and was holding the paper over the blaze.

BUT for some reason my uncle was not relieved. His face became a blotched red and white; his eyes grew round and staring and his mouth fell helplessly open. "Stop!" he gasped. "For heaven's sake, George!"

"Stay where you are, Jason," said my father. "I should have burned it long ago." He withdrew the paper slightly.

If my uncle had been on the verge of ruin he could not have looked more depressed. "Don't!" he cried. "Listen, George; I'll be glad to pay you for it."

My father slowly straightened, placed the paper in his pocket and bowed. "Now," he said pleasantly, "we are talking a language I understand."

Uncle Jason moistened his lips. "How much do you want for it?" he asked with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars seems a fair demand," said my father; "in notes, if you please."

"What!" my uncle shouted.

My father seated himself on the edge of the table and surveyed his visitor intently. "Be silent," he said, "and very careful, Jason. I am a dangerous man." And he flicked an imaginary bit of dust from his cuff.

My uncle gave a hasty glance at the half-open door.

"And now listen to me," my father continued, his voice still gently conversational. "You have tried to frighten me, Jason. You should have known better. I know you must have that paper, and I know why. The price I offer is a moderate one compared with the

unpleasantness that may occur to you if you do not get it. I know that you have come here prepared to pay that price. You have the money in your inside pocket. Bring it out and count it—twenty-five thousand dollars."

Hesitatingly my uncle produced a packet that crackled pleasantly and held it out. "And now the paper," he said.

My father, examining the packet with minute care, waved his request aside. "First you must let me see what you are giving me. Twenty-five thousand dollars! It seems to me I remember that a similar sum once passed between us. In which direction? I seem to have forgotten. Yes, strangely enough, they are quite correct. A modest little fortune, but still something to fall back on."

"And now the paper," my uncle repeated.

"AH, TO be sure, the paper," said my father, and he swung from the table where he had been sitting and smiled brightly. "I have changed my mind about the paper. Jason, and business presses. I fear it is time to end our interview."

"You mean you dare —"

"To accept a sum from you in payment of damage you have done my character? I should not dare to refuse it. Or let us put it this way, Jason: The paper is merely drawing interest. Positively, I cannot afford to give it up."

The red had risen again to my uncle's face. For a moment I thought he was going to leap at the slighter man before him.

But my father never moved a muscle, only stood attentively watching him, with his hands clasped behind his back. "Show him the door, Brutus," he said briskly. "And as you go, Jason, remember this: I have ordered my servant to keep a fire burning in every room I occupy in this house. I make a point of sitting near these fires. If you or any of your friends so much as raise a finger against me the paper is burned. And as for you"—with a quick, delicate motion he raised a hand and drew a finger lightly across his throat. "I wish you a very good morning."

But Uncle Jason had recovered from the first cold shock of his surprise. He drew himself up to his full height. His jaw, heavy and cumbersome always, thrust itself forward, his fingers worked convulsively and his breath whistled through his teeth. "You fool!" he shouted. "You cursed, unregenerate fool!"

AND then, for an instant, my father's icy placidity left him. His lips leapt back from his teeth.

There was a hissing whir of steel. His small sword made an arc of light through the yard of space that parted them. His body lunged forward. "So you will have it, will you? Take it, then," he roared.

It was, I say, the matter of an instant. In a leaden second he stood poised, his wrist

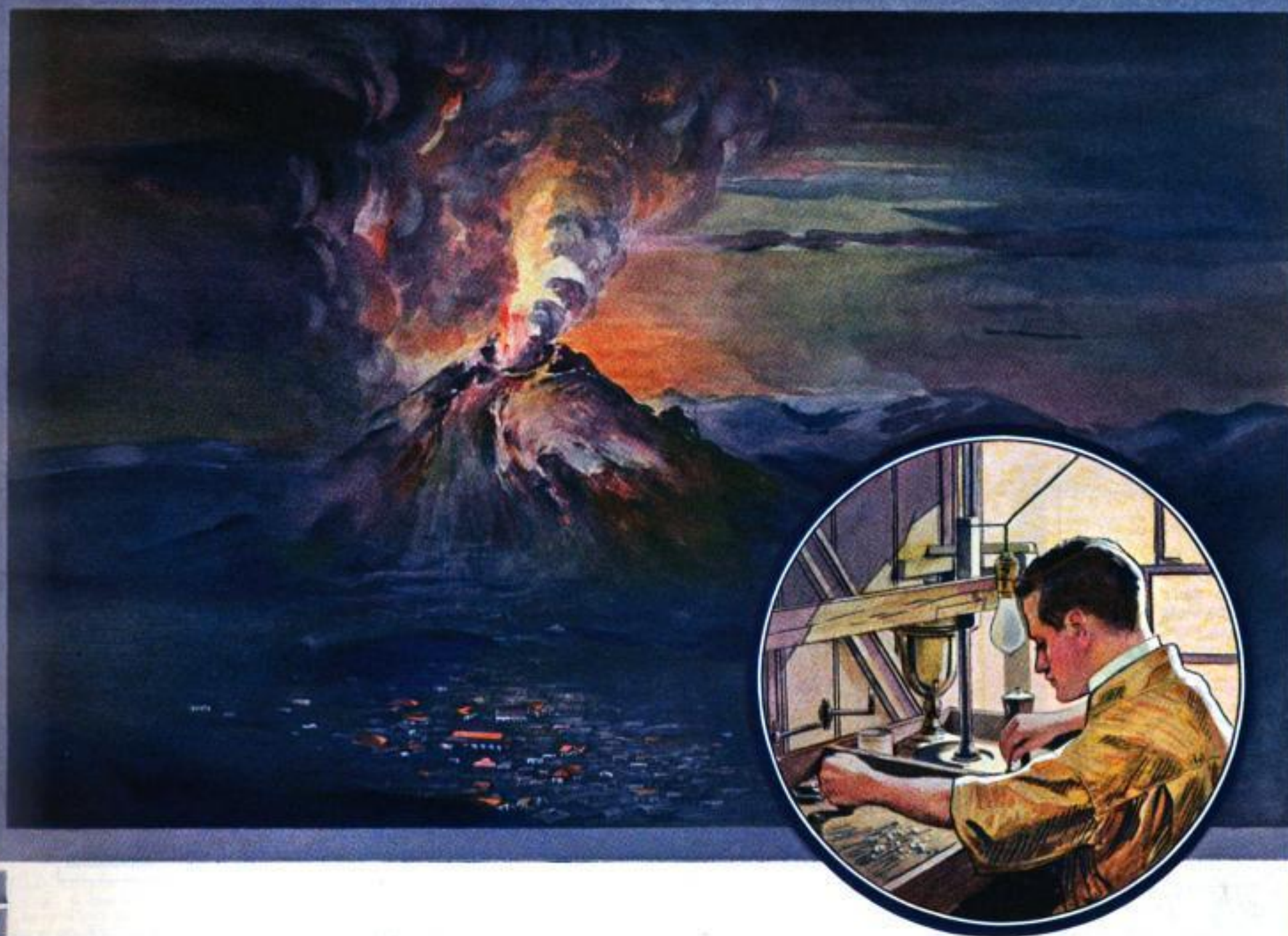
drawn back, while the eyes of the other stared in horror at the long, thin blade. And then my father's watchful indolence returned and slowly, very slowly, he lowered the point to the floor's scarred surface.

"Your pardon, Jason," he said pleasantly with an icy little smile. "I fear I have been too much myself this morning. Thank your God, if you have one, that I was not entirely natural. Take him away, Brutus; he shall live a little longer."

But Brutus had no need to obey the order. My father stood, still smiling, watching the empty doorway. Then I realized that I was cold and weak, and I walked unsteadily to the table and leaned upon it heavily.

Thoughtfully my father sheathed his sword. "The morning begins auspiciously, does it not, my son?" he said. "And still the day is young. Indeed, it cannot be more than eleven of the clock."

(Continued in the March Home Journal)



It Took a Volcano and an Artist To Make the Engagement Ring

THE PROCESSES carried on by Nature in the ancient volcanoes at Kimberly, and the skill of the men at the cutting bench and the polishing wheel at Amsterdam, made the diamond and gave it its wonderful charm.

Grape-Nuts, that delicious and nourishing ready-to-eat cereal, was made by the sunshine and shower of summer days, and by the skilled processing which brought the grain elements to food perfection in our modern factories.

From seed to maturity, the crops of wheat and barley took from Nature's chemistry of soil and sun the elements needed to build and sustain the human body—but something else was required.

Then came the malting of the barley, the milling, the careful blending of the proportions of whole flours, the seasoning and the long, slow

baking—all in factory rooms as clean and spotless as the sunshine itself.

Grape-Nuts, served with cream or milk, is completely nourishing. It contains the vital mineral elements, including the phosphates for the brain, which Nature stores under the outer coat of the grain.

The grain starches are reduced by the long baking processes to dextrin and maltose, giving to Grape-Nuts an unusual ease of digestibility, and a unique, natural sweetness.

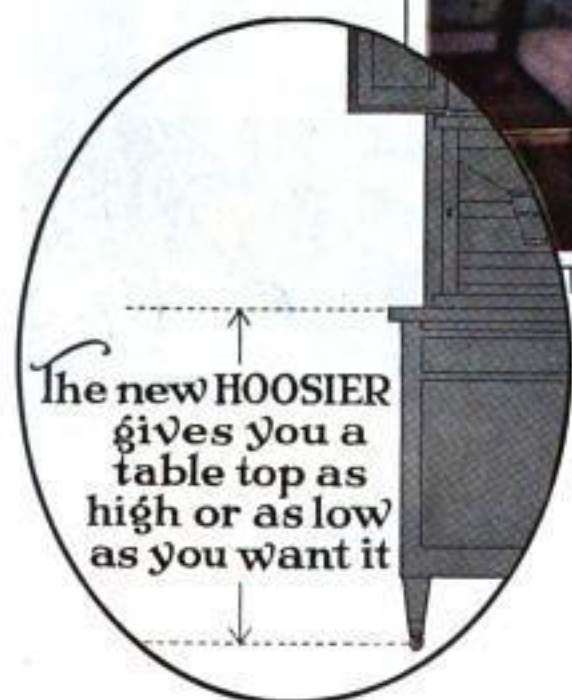
Grape-Nuts has a crispness and richness of flavor which delight the taste, whether served as a breakfast or lunch-time cereal, or made into a delicious pudding for dinner.

All good grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts, and Grape-Nuts is served wherever good food is served.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

—once more HOOSIER leads the world in the development of a later and greater Kitchen Cabinet.



HOOSIER

Saves Steps

The NEW HOOSIER is Tailor-made to Fit Your Height

Practically every important improvement that has been made in Kitchen Cabinets has been introduced *first* in the Hoosier. Some of these improvements are now considered standard Kitchen Cabinet equipment. Others, however, are confined to us by our patent rights, and can be secured *only* in the Hoosier. These exclusive Hoosier features are so extremely important that the Hoosier has always been America's foremost Kitchen Convenience.

But Now Comes the Most Important Development of All

Heretofore, Kitchen Cabinets have all been made one standard height. This was all right for some women, but for many the table top was either too high or too low. Now you can get a Hoosier that is exactly as high or as low as you need it. No matter how tall or how short you may be, your New Hoosier *exactly fits you*.

In a word, the tailor-made height of the New Hoosier is the final reason

why you need a Hoosier more today than ever.

The reason the Hoosier is preferred by more women than any other cabinet is because of its superiority *as a whole*.

Be sure to ask your Hoosier dealer for a demonstration. He has a Hoosier to fit your needs. Prices of Hoosier Porcelain Tables and Cabinets range from \$11.50 to \$92.50 f. o. b. factory.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE: 222 Jackson Street, Newcastle, Indiana

BRANCHES: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Her Kitchen Doors

By M. H. CARTER



Placing the vestibule door at right angles to the kitchen door heads off the direct drive of wind and snow into the room.

A kitchen vestibule built into the angle of the "L" leaves wall space for three sunny windows in the kitchen.

NO DOOR can be made completely air-tight in the fitting; it has to have room in which to swing—and an ordinary sized kitchen door will have some seventeen feet of crack around it through which the wind will poke icy fingers at you all winter if that door opens directly outdoors with no protection; more wind than you'd ever dream could get around a door until you have to work beside it. I know from experience. I once had a window taken out and the door beside it changed to one half glass to provide light. It was summertime when that bright idea was put into effect, and I thought how clever I was at killing two birds with one stone, getting a window and a door in one piece. When November arrived I sang a different tune. That half glass door stood in the path of the prevailing winter wind, and it prevailed so effectually in the kitchen and made the glass so icy, that the storm door had to be kept closed for the better part of six months. But for that protection we should have had to abandon the kitchen to the cold and take our stove and coffee pot to the dining room for the winter. The moral is that without some protection for it a half glass door should never be put into a kitchen that is used in winter, not even when the door has a southern exposure and lets in a flood of sunlight through the day. At night that glass becomes a cold radiator, and there is no convenient way of putting a storm sash on a door as there is for putting one on a window. As for the double-glassed door—two panes being set about half an inch apart with an air space for insulation—in my experience, it is a snare and a delusion. A kitchen is a steamy room, and little by little that warm moisture creeps in between the panes, and there it stays. At the end of a few months the inside of the glass will be completely fogged, and impossible to clean without removing all the fittings. But every woman wants to see who comes knocking at her kitchen door—it's human nature and a wise precaution. A thick, substantial door with a single pane let in serves the purpose and is the best all-round door to use.

Storm door or none, every outside kitchen door needs at least a rain shelter over it, if only because the paint lasts so much longer. Also, the outside doormat is not perpetually soppy. Also, you can open the door when it rains without having to mop up afterwards. But to my way of thinking, the best protection for the kitchen door in an all-year house—and the cheapest in the end—is the vestibule, or entry, either built in or built on; but built in whenever the house plan allows it and space can be spared.

There is, for instance, the recessed type of vestibule, surrounded on three sides by the house interior, which means that the floor space for it has to be cut off from the contiguous rooms, making them all smaller and leaving unsightly jogs. It's all very well for a mansion, but what about a small house? Against the loss of floor space, however, must be set the advantage of retaining a dignified, unbroken wall line.



You enter this kitchen in a millionaire's home through a recessed vestibule at ground level.

Now to my eye, anything that looks like a fortuitous excrescence spoils the outside of a house. I'd sacrifice floor space for dignity and fine lines outside every time. I would go the length of a recessed vestibule if there were no other way to get a sheltered kitchen door where I needed one. But before embracing either of these desperate extremes I'd examine the possibilities of another little scheme: the semi-recessed entry. Simple as A B C and practical for almost any house. You slice off about five feet from the outside end of the kitchen and put up a lath-and-plaster wall. Then cut the slice in half with another lath-and-plaster wall; add two windows and four doors, and there you are—pantry in one corner, entry in the other with the necessary doors and a



The pantry-entry plan for disposing of three important kitchen doors and protecting the outside door.

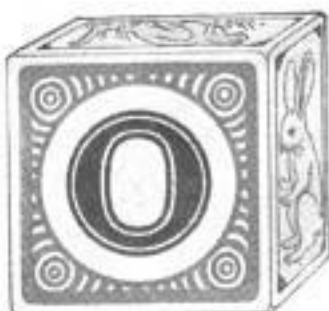
window apiece! Placing the entry door at right angles to the kitchen door heads off the direct drive of wind and storm into the kitchen when both doors are open at once—a point to bear in mind though frequently overlooked in building. Kitchen and pantry doors should both be hung on the same "hand" of the jamb, otherwise they will crash.

According to this plan of construction the pantry door in the kitchen is made to do double duty as closet-and-passageway door combined, which eliminates one of the necessary doors and leaves two—the irreducible minimum in every kitchen; while the placing of both doors on the same wall releases the maximum of profitable wall space—enough to do something with in the way of sink and dressers, which no kitchen can ever have when all four walls are chopped up into small sections by doors. Remember, the wall space given to windows is still useful for a sink and worktable, but the space given to doors is gone for good.

The way par excellence to protect the door in a wing kitchen is to build out an entry or vestibule into the angle where the wing joins the main body of the house, as shown in the picture of the old house on Martha's Vineyard. A vestibule of this kind in this position has no appearance of being an excrescence, because it is not dwarfed by the walls beside it. At the same time it protects a considerable area of the house wall and keeps the corner room warmer and drier. Also, this vestibule is relatively inexpensive to build because it needs only two walls of its own, the house wall forming the third.



Every phase of baby's bath is carefully demonstrated to the Little Mothers—the time, the temperature of room and water, the articles necessary and how to handle the baby



Send for a set of our Wool Soap Toy Blocks—20 to the set, round-cornered, 1 1/4 inches square, attractively embossed. The children will love them as a plaything of delightful and instructive amusement. Send 5 Wool Soap wrappers, together with 25c in stamps or cash

A Fleecy Lather

How "Little Mothers' Leagues" are learning better care for babies

The necessity of Cleanliness and how to bathe the baby are among the first lessons

ALL the "mothers" are not grown up. Some of them are only little girls. But they are taking loving, intelligent care of the babies in their homes and communities.

For they belong to the Little Mothers' Leagues, organized to enable girls who have to help with the care of younger brothers and sisters to do so more intelligently; and to prepare them, in some measure, for the future work of motherhood.

Little Mothers' Leagues, usually sponsored by a Board of Health or Education, may be connected with public or parochial schools, settlement or private enterprise.

Membership is for girls from 12 to 14 years old. Regular meetings are held and a course of study in baby care is taught by a nurse. A certificate of membership, club emblem and diploma stimulate interest in many clubs.

What the Little Mothers learn

In this way the Little Mothers gain a simple and practical understanding of those things necessary to a healthy home life for little children. They learn about the normal development of a baby; the value of sleep, fresh air, clean milk and cleanliness.

One of the very first lessons is on the necessity of keeping the baby clean. The nurse demonstrates the bath, using a large doll or frequently a Little Mother's tiny brother or sister.

Every possible phase, both of tub and sponge baths, is considered—the time, the temperature of room and water, the articles necessary, how to handle the baby.

Emphasis is placed upon the extreme tenderness of baby's skin and the delicate care it must have. Only the purest, mildest soap should be used. Strong soaps frequently cause an irritation that develops into serious skin trouble. Wool Soap is carefully made to fulfill the requirements for baby's use. It is so mild and bland that with its easy cleansing power it soothes and refreshes.

The fats used in Wool Soap are of such high quality they could be used in cooking. This is the reason it keeps the skin so soft and smooth and preserves its fresh beauty.

Its use is economical, too; it lasts well—a quality mothers will appreciate in a soap for babies and children.

Wool Soap has been in use for toilet and bath in American homes for more than 25 years. Its purity, its dependable quality have made it the preferred soap for children.

A trial cake for baby

We have a trial cake of Wool Soap, baby bath size, which we will send to Little Mothers—and big—for 2c in stamps. Fill out the coupon below. Swift & Company, U. S. A.

4284

Swift & Company, Chicago

Enclosed find 2c in stamps for which please send me a trial size cake of Wool Soap.

Name _____

Address _____

For toilet and bath



A floating white soap



For Children's Skins

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

If you're tired of the same old things

SOMEONE remarked to me at the tea table that she was tired of canned fruits and did not know how to give them an original touch. I was sure I could help her, and together we went through my booklet, "Dainty Desserts."

"Why, Mrs. Knox," she exclaimed, "I never knew there were so many different desserts in the world. I had no idea you could combine canned fruits with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in so many unusual ways—not only in desserts but in salads as well! I'm going to try this Cherry Sponge Dessert for dinner."

I learned afterwards that she and her family were so pleased with it that I am publishing the recipe here.

CHERRY SPONGE

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned cherries
1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup canned cherry juice Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot cherry juice. Add cherries, stoned and cut in halves, sugar and lemon juice. When mixture begins to set, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Garnish with whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, and chopped cherries. Other canned, "put up" or dried fruits may be substituted for the cherries.

Send for my Recipe Book containing over a hundred Desserts and Salads

You'll never get tired of the "same old thing" with a copy of my booklet, "Dainty Desserts." Send for it. It is FREE. Just enclose four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

113 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine, think of KNOX."

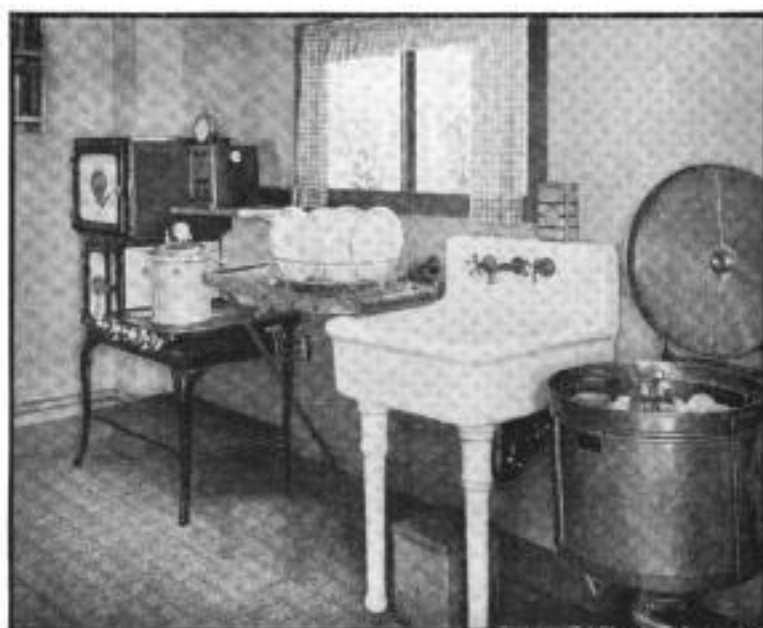


Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavor in Separate Envelope

Come Into the Kitchen

By MAE SAVELL CROY



Marvelous aids to housekeeping: From left to right, an electric range with clock attachment; a steam-pressure cooker; hinged drain board for the sink, with garbage chute beneath it; and an electric dishwasher.

THE kitchen at last has come into its own, and the woman who wishes to do something more worth while with her time than devote all of it to the drudgery of old-fashioned housework at last is being given the opportunity. This plan of the service portion of the house, designed with a view to saving labor for mistress or for making the work attractive for a maid of high intelligence, shows not only the kitchen plan but also the laundry and pantry, although when floor space is limited the laundry must be placed in the cellar.

The range, always the central feature of any kitchen, used in this household is an electric range; and because the ovens are built on the fireless-cooker principle, the cost of using it compares very favorably indeed with the cost of using coal for cooking, when electricity is dispensed at the rate of ten cents a kilowatt hour and coal sells for twelve dollars a ton.

The cook may be a hundred miles from the scene of action if she has but taken the precaution to wind the alarm and set it for the hour she wishes her food to start cooking, and pulled out the knife switch so that the current will be turned on when the alarm rings, and not before.

It is not necessary to watch the food as it cooks, not even necessary to baste a roast, inasmuch as the ovens are built on the fireless-cooker principle and are self-basting.

The steam-pressure cooker used in connection with the electric range speeds the cooking process. It is made of solid aluminum, which is not heavy to lift, and cooks the food under five to twenty pounds steam pressure. String beans and other foods requiring fifty to sixty minutes to cook over an ordinary flame will be thoroughly cooked in ten to twelve minutes when the pressure cooker is used. It can be used with equally satisfactory results with a gas flame, wood, oil or vapor.

Dishwashing Machines

DURING the last three years the electric dishwasher has been brought to a perfected state, and even the hand dishwasher constitutes a saving in time and labor to a more limited extent. With the use of this piece of machinery dishes which require from forty-five minutes to an hour in the washing can be washed and put away in five to ten minutes' time, and there is no soaking of the hands in hot, dirty, greasy dishwater and no washing of dirty dishcloths afterwards.

The dishwasher may be either connected with the plumbing or placed on legs and casters and the machine rolled to the dining room for the dishes. The first method is usually preferable.

The dumb-waiter rises to fit into the niche reserved for it on the second and third floors, and down into the cellar. Speaking tubes to each of the three floors mentioned are put in at slight cost when a house is being built, and the combination of dumb-waiter and speaking tubes will save many weary climbs to the upstairs. The dumb-waiter should be from a foot and a half to two feet square—exclusive of shaft.

The ice box is placed against the outer wall and an extra door allowed for the ice box itself, and also a door in the wall just a trifle larger than the ice-box door, which opens outward. With this arrangement the iceman can place the ice through the wall opening into the ice box, and there is never the necessity of his muddy tracks being left on the porch and pantry floors. In this house, however, an electric ice machine was installed; so the iceman is a minus quantity, but the outside wall opening serves a good purpose in permitting cold air to enter during the winter months when it is not necessary to keep the machinery running for the purpose of keeping food cold.

The electric ice box is leaving the luxury class and entering the class of necessities. When electricity costs ten cents a kilowatt hour and the cost of ice is seventy cents a hundred pounds, the electrical charge for operating the machine just about offsets the cost of ice.

In such a laundry as the one shown here wash day loses all its horrors. One can do a big washing with the use of the electric washer and ironer and yet never roll up dainty cuffs. It pays for itself in a year's time in the average family in almost any locality, regardless of the charge a day for labor. Where the charge is three dollars and a half a day, these devices will effect a saving of more than a thousand dollars in five years, interest added. There is so little labor attached to their operation that no woman can afford to be without them.

The laundry is arranged in the natural order in which steps would be taken in doing the work. The gas stove in this laundry is located next to the washer in order that there may be involved no extra steps in taking boiled clothes from the washer and tubs, and there is a faucet outlet from the boiler which connects by a hose to the drain, and the troublesome task of emptying a boiler is eliminated.

The clothes are hung on pulley lines from the casement windows, while on rainy days the overhead clothes dryer suspended from the porch ceiling will take the place of the pulley lines and the clothes brought from the laundry on the wheel tray may get the benefit of the fresh-air drying and yet be protected from the rain.

The electric ironer stands ready at all times to do its share toward making the household happier, and on it can be ironed at least three-quarters of the average weekly wash, including most pieces of underwear, and, for the skillful user, it will even iron shirts satisfactorily. A high stool affords relief, and a whole day's ironing could be accomplished with little strain, were it necessary to devote a whole day to the work, which, however, has never been heard of in an average family. The ironing machine, you know, does four hours' ironing in one hour's time.

The cost of operating a motor for either washer or ironer will not exceed two cents an hour at a ten-cent rate.

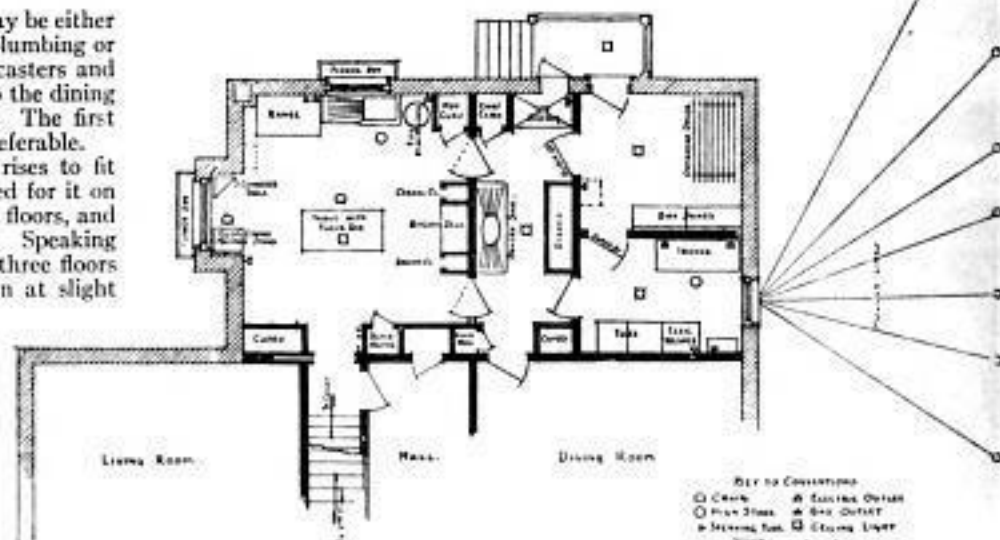
A Light for the Oven

FLOOR covering and walls are of great import, both with a view to lessening labor and for actual comfort and pleasure. Rubber cork, nonabsorbent, is ideal for the kitchen and pantry floors, but a good grade of linoleum will give years and years of wear if properly cared for, and if laid over a felt lining will be as soft to the feet as cork. The walls here are of smooth plaster which, painted with enamel paint, is easily washed and the color scheme is easily changed.

A light should be placed where it will illuminate the oven, and this is usually possible with the center ceiling inverted light. Unobtrusive wall outlets will not be at all unsightly.

The type which plugs in and pulls out easily should be used instead of the screw type, which is forbidden by law in public buildings in many states as being unsafe.

In planning for comfort and convenience, beauty was not forgotten. The color scheme is apple green and the woodwork natural finish. The linoleum is a mixture of light green and light tan, and the pretty green is most refreshing on warm days, while there is enough warmth in the woodwork to prevent a chilly appearance on cold days. The flower box in the window is filled with geraniums, since geraniums will thrive even with a northern exposure.



This floor plan, complete even to the flower boxes at the windows, shows excellent arrangements of kitchen, pantry, laundry and porch, drawn to scale, and planned for the greatest convenience.



McCallum
Silk Hosiery

Mary M. Kinnon

"You just know she wears them"

McCallum Nos. 105-113-122-199 in Black; and Nos. 152-153-199 in Colors, are accepted, by merchant and customer alike, as the standard of silk hosiery value.

McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY, Northampton, Mass.

The "friendly flavor-full fruit"

OF ALL the fruits you can name, apricots are the "friendliest"—they mix so well with anything. Especially is this true of Sunsweet Dried Apricots. For their tart, tangy flavor puts a keen, "relishy" sensation into any dish.

What could be more alluring than this Apricot Puff? More airy or enticing than this Apricot Charlotte Russe? More open and inviting than this Apricot Tart? And even in dishes where this accomplished fruit-food does not play the major role it offers the major flavor—for example:

Is rice pudding becoming trite at your table? Then try a combination of rice and Sunsweet Dried Apricots. Try apricot juice sometime to "pep up" a fresh fruit cocktail. Or, add cooked apricots to a compote of fruit or a fruit salad and notice the flavor-difference.

Nor should you overlook this more-than-flavor feature: Sunsweet Dried Apricots are "friendly" not only in the kitchen but in the stomach, too. For they supply a natural, tart fruit-acid that the main dinner course must have before it can become a really "happy mixture."

Would you like to know other "friendly" flavor-full dishes you can make with Sunsweet Dried Apricots—the aristocrat of fruit-foods? Then send for our new Recipe Packet—"Sunsweet Surprises for 1922." It is just that—and it's free! California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., 290 Market St., San Jose, California • 11,000 grower-members.

SUNSWEEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
Dried **APRICOTS**



**Sunsweet
Apricot Puffs**

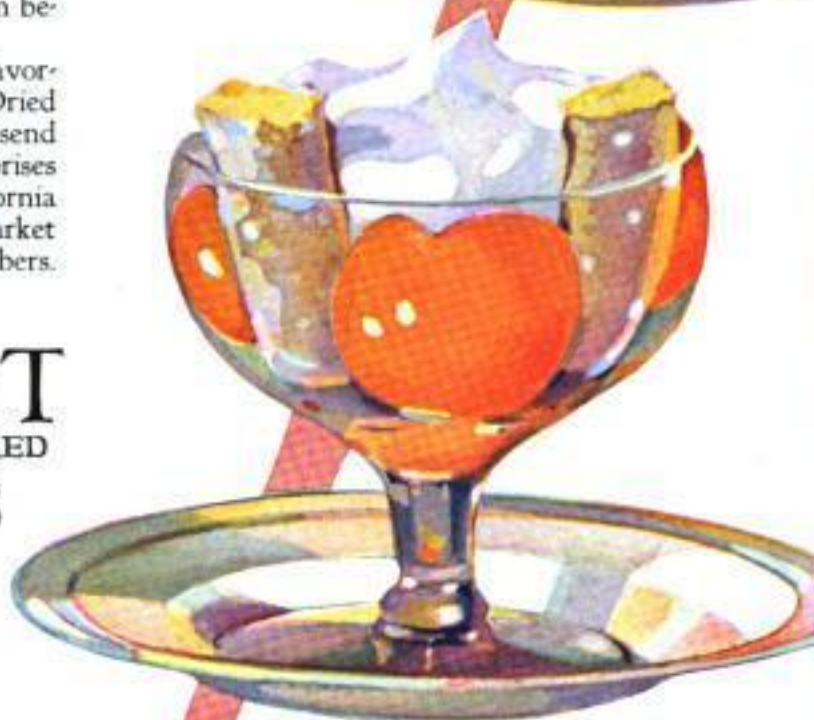
One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots rubbed through a coarse sieve. Beat egg, add sugar; sift flour and baking powder; add alternately with milk; add shortening and vanilla. Pour into buttered custard cups filling half full. Set in a steamer over boiling water, cover closely; steam about thirty minutes. Heat apricot sauce and pour over unmoulded puffs.

**Sunsweet
Charlotte Russe**

Line four sherbet glasses with narrow three inch pieces of sponge cake and cooked, drained Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots. Whip 1 cup cream, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot pulp (fruit rubbed through a coarse sieve), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pineapple flavoring. Pile in center of glass and serve cold.

**Sunsweet
Apricot Tart California**

Drain and press cooked Sunsweet [Dried] Apricots through a coarse sieve, having $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of Apricot pulp. Pour into baked pastry shell; cover top with cooked apricots, cut side up. Place a blanched almond in center of each apricot to simulate a pit. Melt any clear amber jelly and pour over the top to glaze. Jelly may be made of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot apricot juice to which has been added 1 teaspoon gelatine soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water. Cool somewhat before pouring over the fruit and set aside to become firm.



What Science Has Done for the Housewife

By MARY D. WARREN



many purposes a valuable substitute for the more costly butter. No intelligent woman should permit herself to condemn the article when she does not know even the process of its manufacture.

Oleomargarine is made of refined beef fat churned with fresh milk or cream to the consistency of butter. The milk imparts the flavor of butter to the fat.

The processes of making oleomargarine are all conducted under perfectly sanitary conditions, over which the United States Government stands guardian. We have been brought up to like our butter yellow, and the pale,

cream-tinted margarine does not appeal to us; but because of a tax we may buy white margarine at a far lower figure than if it were tinted ever so slightly with harmless carotene.

The Truth About Storage

WHAT I have said on the subject of oleomargarine holds true also of nut margarine, which is manufactured from a combination of coconut and peanut oil churned with pure milk. The finished product is white, but sweet in flavor, and may be colored.

Of substitutes for lard there are several excellent ones on the market, all of vegetable origin. Corn oil, cottonseed oil, coconut oil and peanut oil are used, and these oils may very well be used in salad dressings also.

Another prejudice is that against storage eggs—or any cold-storage product in fact. Modern science has so perfected the process of refrigeration that it is possible to keep for months eggs, fruit, vegetables or other articles of food in exactly the same condition as they were when placed in storage.

It may sound like an exaggeration to say that storage eggs are better than fresh ones in December and January; but my experience in using the storage product convinces me of that fact. Storage eggs are almost invariably eggs produced in April, the best month in the year for poultry, when hens have plenty of green feed and are in the open.

That one may be assured of never receiving a very old egg, government laws regulate the length of time they may remain in storage. April eggs must be removed by the following January. Poultry and other products also have a fixed time for removal.

Sometimes a storage egg will taste rather musty and unpleasant, I grant, but this is not the fault of cold storage, but because of carelessness on the part of the farmer or packer. Unless eggs, which are very sensitive to flavors and odors, are packed in dry, sweet hay or straw they will become permeated with a musty flavor. If a broken egg is permitted to remain in the packing the same result will be noticed.

Another excellent plan for preserving food products is freezing. Poultry, fish and meats of all kinds are being submitted to this treatment.

As an experiment, fish have been kept for twenty-seven months in a frozen condition, and when cooked have been found as fine as though freshly caught. From three to four months is the usual time for keeping them, however. Naturally, when frozen fish have thawed they are as perishable as when fresh, and should therefore be as quickly cooked and served. They should be placed in a covered pan in the refrigerator and allowed to thaw gradually. Never soak them in either cold or warm water. In buying these frozen foods, see that they are actually frozen, glazed with ice and stiff.



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French Ragouts and Stews

By MARIE JACQUES

COLETTE, one of the editors of that illustrated magazine, writes and tells me that they don't make good stews in America. Why, I can't say. Perhaps they don't know how. Perhaps because they cook with such hot fires, and don't watch the cooking carefully.

"I had to learn the ways of a gas stove once," said Colette in the voice of one who states that she has had a really thrilling experience. "Oh, what misery I had with it! It burnt all—all! But in the end I brought it to reason, and I made it cook quite well, even stews that need such a slow heat. Figure to yourself, I made buy a big sheet of thin tin, just the size of the top of that stove. I put on the sheet of tin. I lighted one burner near the middle. All the tin heated itself, just as the top of my stove does—red-hot near the burner and cooler at the sides, just as the top of a stove is. I only had to pretend that there was a good little fire underneath instead of a gas, and then I was quite happy."

"I will tell them. Now go on and tell them how to make some of your very best and most tender stews and ragouts."

RAGOUT OF CHICKEN LIVERS. Chicken livers are the nicest, but you may also use those of rabbits or ducks if you like. Take out the gall bag, but leave the livers whole. Throw them into hot water, bring them up to the boil, count a hundred and then drain off the water. Pour into the pan a half glass of lemon juice, with enough light stock to cover the livers; add pepper, salt, a good bunch of parsley and a head of garlic. Boil all for a quarter of an hour. Take out the livers. Arrange them on a hot dish. Skim the gravy carefully. Smooth a half teaspoonful of good corn flour in a few drops of cold water. Boil up the gravy again, add the corn flour and stir till the sauce is well thickened. Pour it over the livers, and decorate the dish with snippets of toast. This is a nice luncheon or breakfast dish.

RAGOUT OF MUSHROOMS. Peel one pound of mushrooms and put them into a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper, salt and a good pinch of grated nutmeg. Stew gently for a quarter of an hour. Strain the sauce. Put the mushrooms on a hot dish. Reheat the sauce and thicken it with one teaspoonful of corn flour, as directed above. There is no need to put any stock with this ragout, as the mushrooms give off a good deal of juice. This is either a breakfast dish or a lunch entrée.

RAGOUT OF CABBAGE. Take the heart of a nice firm cabbage. Put it into boiling salt and water and cook it fast for a half hour. Then put it into cold water till it is cool enough to handle. Squeeze it well to get out as much water as possible and cut away the stalk. Chop the rest of the cabbage roughly. Melt two tablespoonfuls of good beef dripping in a stewpan, toss the cabbage in it till well greased and then sprinkle in two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring well all the time. Add one and a half cupfuls of good brown gravy, stir up well, cover the pan and let it simmer very gently till the cabbage is quite tender. Season with pepper, salt and grated nutmeg. Serve very hot indeed. This may be either a vegetable or a supper dish.

RAGOUT OF LITTLE ROOTS. Take three each of carrots, parsnips and turnips. Peel them and cut them into neat little cubes or

sticks. Melt three tablespoonfuls of dripping in a stewpan and toss the vegetables in it till they are well greased. Take them out again. Stir one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour into what remains of the dripping and, when it is smooth, add gradually one and a half cupfuls of hot gravy to make a good thick sauce. Return the vegetables to the pan, cover it and simmer till they are quite tender. Add pepper and salt to taste and one level teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Toss the vegetables well, so that the seasoning may be evenly distributed. Serve them in a hot dish and sprinkle them with chopped parsley.

If you wish to make a ragout maigre use potato water instead of gravy and add a drop of browning to color it.

RAGOUT OF POTATOES AND TINNED MEAT. We had this often during the war. Colette thought it one of the nicest ways of serving "box beef," as she called the corned beef which came through to us now and then from America.

Melt in a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of the best fat you have. Slice two onions into it and let them fry till they are lightly colored. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour and one pint of hot vegetable water or meat stock. Add pepper and salt. When the sauce has thickened, put in two pounds of potatoes, peeled and cut into moderate-sized pieces. Cover the pan and simmer very gently indeed, shaking the pan now and then, till the potatoes are almost cooked. Then cut one pound of corned beef or other pressed meat into little squares, add it and simmer again till the potatoes are quite done. Turn all into a deep dish and serve very hot. This makes a good family dinner, one that is inexpensive and easy to prepare, and needs only a dessert and coffee to finish it.

"Have you told them what slow simmering is?" asked anxious old Colette.

"No, but I'll tell them now. When a thing is simmering slowly, the liquid in the pan must just move and bubble a very little, ever so gently, and probably at one part of the pan only. But the solids in the pan, the meat and vegetables, must not move at all. If they dance about, the cooking is going much too fast and the pan must be moved to a cooler place. If there is no motion at all the cooking is not going on and the pan must be put a trifle nearer the central heat of the stove. Always simmer with the lid on, because the lid keeps in the steam, and it is the action of the steam almost as much as that of the hot liquid which cooks the meat and vegetables."

BEEF EN MIROTO. This is a stew of cold beef, or of cold mutton, lamb, veal or pork. Melt two tablespoonfuls of dripping in a pan. Slice into it four onions and let them cook very gently till they are tender and golden. Take care that they do not burn. Add one heaped tablespoonful of flour and stir the pan over the fire till the flour is a nice golden color also. Then add one teacupful of hot stock, stirring it in well, one teacupful of lemon juice and pepper and salt to taste. Boil fast with the lid off the pan till the onion is quite tender and only a tiny drop of sauce remains, just enough to cover the bottom of the pan. Then put in one pound, or a little more, of cold meat, cut into neat little slices. Stir them into the sauce, which will only just be sufficient to damp them. Cover the pan and stand it at the side of the fire till the meat is heated through. Arrange the slices on a hot dish. Warm a half teacupful of vinegar in a little pan and trickle it over the dish. This is a

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RIBS OF BEEF À LA FLAMANDE. Bone the ribs and beat them well. Roll and tie them in a neat shape. Put the piece of meat into a stewpan with three large slices of fat salt pork or bacon and let the beef fry in the pork fat, turning it constantly till it is lightly colored all over. Then add half a glass of lemon juice, two laurel leaves, a sprig of thyme and seven or eight little onions neatly peeled. Cover the pan and let it simmer gently for three hours. Then add three large carrots, peeled and cut into very thin rounds, and an onion stuck full of cloves. If necessary, add two or three tablespoonfuls of white stock, just to keep the meat from sticking; but the less sauce there is with this the better. Cover the pan and stew very gently for three hours more. Then slice the meat thinly, arrange the slices in a dish, put the vegetables round as a garnish. Add a half cupful of boiling water to the pan and boil it upon a clear fire, scraping the bottom well. Strain the sauce over the meat. If you prefer you may serve the whole joint on the dish and carve it on the table, although it is not done in France. You will find the meat beautifully tender.

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL. Take the remains of a roast of veal and carve it in thin, small slices. In a small stewpan melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir in one tablespoonful of flour, taking care not to let the mixture get brown in the very least. Add hot water, stirring carefully all the time, till you have a good thick sauce. Add pepper, salt and a little grated nutmeg. Let the sauce boil for three minutes. Then put in the meat and let it warm gently beside the fire for about fifteen minutes. Just before serving, beat up the yolks of two eggs, stir them into the sauce and return the pan to a hotter part of the fire for a moment till the eggs have time to thicken. Then draw it aside again and stir in enough chopped parsley to make it pretty and about two teaspoonfuls of white vinegar, according to taste. Pour the finished sauce over the slices of meat, which should have been taken out of the pan before the egg was added and arranged on a hot dish.

A *blanquette*, you will agree, is a dainty way of heating up any cold white meat—veal, pork or rabbit. It should be made rather fast than otherwise. Don't begin it more than about a half hour before the meal or it will lose much of its delicacy.

BREAST OF VEAL À LA POULETTE. Cut a breast of veal into small neat pieces and beat them a little to make them tender. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard in a stewpan. Let the fat melt and then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, taking great care that it does not brown. Mix well with water to make a thick sauce. Put in the meat. Add pepper, salt and a grate of nutmeg. Cover the pan and let it stew gently for one hour. At the end of that time add one dozen peeled shallots, cover the pan again and simmer for one and a half hours. Try the onions. If they are cooked take out the meat. Arrange it at the middle of a dish. Arrange the onions round. Add three tablespoonfuls of thick cream to the sauce, stir well and pour all over the dish. This is a good main dish at a lunch party.

FILET OF VEAL IN GRAVY. Choose a thin filet. Beat it well and dust it with flour. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a large flat stewpan and fry the filet in it till it is well colored at both sides. Now pour in a cupful of stock or water. Add pepper, salt,

two lumps of sugar and two cloves with one laurel leaf. Cover the pan and put it into an oven hot enough to keep it simmering well. Leave it for an hour and a half. It is a good plan to cook potatoes with this meat, as they take the taste of it and become delicious. Choose smallish ones. Peel them. Put them into the pan at the same time as the meat, making a circle of them round it, and pushing them well down into the sauce.

When the meat is cooked slice it thinly. Serve the potatoes on a separate dish. Put the pan on top of a bright fire, pour in a tea-cupful of water and stir well, so that you may scrape off whatever has stuck to the bottom of the pan. Strain the gravy over the meat before serving.

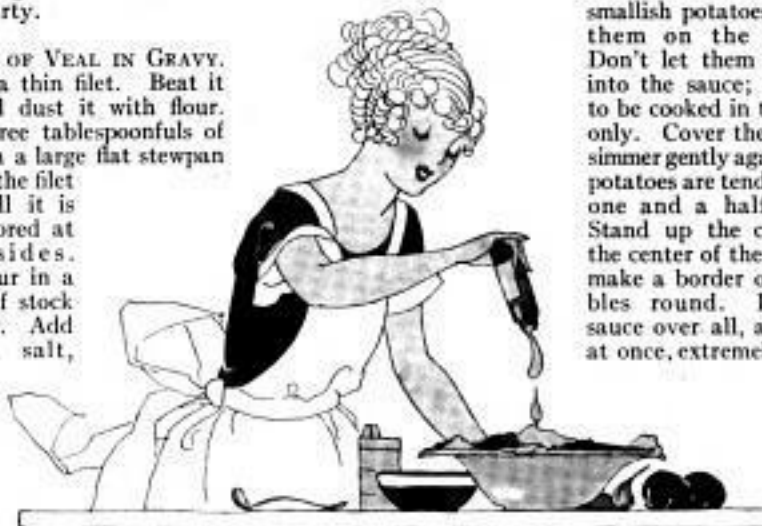
STEWED LEG OF MUTTON. Melt three tablespoonfuls of good dripping in the stewpan and in it fry the leg of mutton, turning it frequently till it is nicely colored all over. Add one pint of water, pepper, salt, two laurel leaves and a sprig of thyme. Under the leg of mutton in the pan lay a big slice of fat bacon or fat salt pork. Cover the pan and stew gently but not too slowly for five hours. At the same time boil a good pan of haricot beans in plain water; salt in the water turns haricot beans hard. Strain your beans. Add a good handful of salt and toss them thoroughly in it. Make a bed of them on a big dish and pour all the mutton gravy over it. Then slice the mutton thinly and arrange it on top. You can make a bed of mashed potatoes if you like, but the haricots are more really French. They must be boiled till they are all broken and coming out of their skins.

FILET OF MUTTON WITH FRENCH BEANS. Beat the filet well, fry it lightly at both sides in a little dripping, add a big cupful of water, pepper, salt and two laurel leaves. Cover the pan and stew for two hours. Then skim off most of the fat and put in one to one and a half pounds of nice little French beans which have been already boiled for five minutes in salt and water. Let them stew with the mutton till they are tender. Serve them as a border round it. This is an excellent stew, though a simple one. If you have a piece of rather underdone roast mutton you may warm it up in this way, putting in the beans at the start and stewing both together till the beans are cooked. If the gravy is not quite as brown as you would like, add a drop of coloring.

HARICOT DE MOUTON. Take about a dozen big turnips and cut each into four or five neat pieces. Melt three tablespoonfuls of bacon or pork fat in a big stewpan. Now trim the cutlets of a neck of mutton, taking away most of their fat, which can be melted down and used for other things. As a family dish you may also use the lumpy little bones in the worst end of the neck, but these will not do for any smart occasion, nor is the haricot used for big dinners. Its flavor, however, is something to be much admired.

Fry the chops in the fat till they are lightly colored. Take them out. Fry the turnips also. Take them out. Thicken what remains of the fat with two tablespoonfuls of flour, letting it brown nicely. Add pepper and salt to taste and return the chops. Stew them gently for one hour. Put in the turnips, making a sort of groundwork of them all round the edge of the pan, with the meat

pushed into the middle. Peel a dozen and a half of smallish potatoes and lay them on the turnips. Don't let them go down into the sauce; they are to be cooked in the steam only. Cover the pan and simmer gently again till the potatoes are tender (about one and a half hours). Stand up the cutlets at the center of the dish and make a border of vegetables round. Pour the sauce over all, and serve at once, extremely hot.



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Dried Fruits De Luxe

By CAROLINE B. KING

DRIED fruits and some dried vegetables and other products we have had for centuries, but the method of drying or dehydrating has improved so rapidly during the last five years that the modern foods so treated bear no resemblance whatever to those which older people may remember from childhood days. Those prepared by the new methods are totally unlike the withered, juiceless objects which once meant all there was to mean in dried apples, peaches and prunes.



STEWED PRUNES must be discussed, for there is a stigma to be removed from this good dish. Other dried fruits receive the same treatment. They should be first covered with tepid water and allowed to remain for five minutes; this will tend to loosen them and make them easily managed and washed. Pour off the tepid water and wash the prunes through several waters, preferably lukewarm; then cover them with cold water and let them stand for five hours or longer. Less cooking is necessary when the fruit has first been soaked.

Do not pour off the water in which the prunes were soaked, but place them to cook in it, over a rather slow fire, three cupfuls of water to a pound of prunes or other dried fruit being the usual amount required. Simmer gently until the flesh of the fruit ceases to cling to the stone, sweetening to taste during the cooking process. Half an hour will usually suffice for making the prunes tender and delicate.

A bit of orange or lemon peel, added to the prunes while cooking, will lend to them a zest which is irresistible; sometimes a half teaspoonful of orange extract will be pleasant, for it will give them a very distinct and different sort of flavor. Half a glass of some tart jelly will provide another unusual taste to the usual dish of stewed prunes.

PRUNE MARMALADE. Wash and soak the medium-size prunes and cook till tender; then remove the stones and cut the pulp into small pieces. To each pound of prunes allow one orange, cut into minute particles. Add the orange to the prune pulp. Cook very slowly, then stir in sugar in the proportion of one pound to a pound and a half of prunes. Continue to simmer gently until quite thick, then add two or three tablespoonfuls of coarsely chopped nut meats, walnut or pecan being the best, and cook ten minutes longer. Pour into glasses and seal when cold.

SPICED PRUNES. Wash and soak the prunes in just enough water to cover; then put them over the fire in the water in which they were soaked, with half a cupful of cider vinegar; cook gently half an hour. Tie two or three pieces of cinnamon and the same number of cloves in a piece of muslin, and drop into the fruit while it is cooking, and sweeten to taste. Cook until the prunes are quite tender and the juice is less than half the original quantity; serve cool.

APRICOT MERINGUE PIE. Stew the fruit as usual and press it through a sieve, with its juice. Then add sugar to taste and cook ten minutes. Fill pastry-lined pie tins with the fruit and bake. When cool spread with a meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; then beat again until the mixture will retain its shape; now fold in two more tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-quarter cupful of apricot pulp. Brown delicately in a moderate oven.

APRICOT SOUFFLÉ may be a dried-peach or a prune soufflé as well. Stew half a pound

of fruit in just sufficient water to soften well, then press it through a sieve; sweeten it well and add half a boxful of gelatin softened in water to cover. Stir over the fire until the gelatin is well dissolved; then cool almost to the congealing point. Now beat half a pint of cream to a stiff, firm froth and fold into the cooling jelly. Pour into a mold and chill before serving. Turn out and decorate with cherries or marshmallows.

PEACH PATTIES. Small cakes of any variety may be used in their making, or a cup or sponge cake which has

become slightly stale. Cut the cake in rounds or squares and hollow each piece deeply. If small cakes are preferred, hollow them in the same way. Cook the peaches as usual and arrange two halves together with raspberry or strawberry jam between them and fit into each cake. Place the patties on serving plates and pour a little of the peach juice over them, sprinkle with powdered sugar and, if desired, a few chopped nut meats.

PRUNES STEWED WITH APRICOTS make a pleasing variety for a breakfast or luncheon dish, and should be cooked gently and sweetened delicately.

STEAMED DRIED-PEACH, PRUNE, APRICOT OR FIG PUDDING. Cream together one tablespoonful of butter with two of sugar; add two eggs well beaten, one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well, then stir in a heaping cupful of stewed dried peaches or other fruit, thoroughly drained and cut in small pieces. Turn into a well-greased mold and steam two hours. Serve piping hot with a hard sauce, or with one made of the sirup from the peaches, brought to the boiling point and thickened with a teaspoonful of butter and flour rubbed to a paste.

BAKED DRIED APPLES will become a popular dish in any household where they are once tried. The apples are washed and soaked, then placed in a casserole or covered baking dish in layers, each layer being sprinkled with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a grating of lemon or orange peel. The dish is filled with water and placed in a moderate oven for several hours. Occasionally a little more sugar is sprinkled over them, and half an hour before they are removed from the oven a tablespoonful of gelatin is dissolved in a little water and stirred gently into the juice. When the apples are cold the juice will congeal; serve with cream.

DRIED-APPLE JOHNNY CAKE. Drain and chop slightly a cupful of stewed dried apples, keeping them as dry as possible. For the cake beat one egg, add to it a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and one and one-quarter cupfuls of milk. Sift together a cupful of corn meal, a cupful of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Combine the mixtures and beat well; then stir in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine and the apples. Pour into a shallow, greased pan and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Serve piping hot.

DATE AND WALNUT DESSERT. Beat two eggs to a foam with one cupful of sugar and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt; when very light and thick, add a tablespoonful of flour, mixed with half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a cupful of finely chopped walnut meats, a cupful of chopped and stoned dates and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Mix well and pour into greased ramekins; bake from ten to fifteen minutes.



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Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is cooling, soothing, gently healing—scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick—and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin—how much more restful and happy—for comfortable babies are happy babies.

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"Tempered to the Infant's Skin"

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Winter Woolens— *washed with one-fifth the work!*

Satina Makes Ironing Easy!

Starched pieces assume a delightful finish when Satina is added to the boiling starch. The iron ceases to stick, the smooth surface delights the eye, and La France Bouquet, with which the tablet is perfumed, imparts an elusive fragrance that appeals to critical women. We will mail you a free sample on receipt of your grocer's name and address.



Winter brings heavy clothes and heavy washings. Don't strain your back washing clothes the old way. No need to do so now! Just add La France to your regular laundry soap—soak the clothes—rinse—and hang out.

No bluing—La France blues as it cleans. No hard rubbing! No wash-board! Same results by boiling or with washing machines. Millions of women do it this simple way.

Notice the result! Clothes snowy—crisp—sweet. You know what domestic science teachers say about La France: "Four-fifths of the work abolished. Two-thirds of the time saved. No injury to fabrics, however delicate."

What a blessing! Save your back, hands, and temper. Don't strain and struggle through another wash-day! La France is ready to help you. And you never saw such clean clothes.

"Better Laundry with any Soap"

Try La France with your favorite soap. Your grocer probably can supply either tablet or powder. If not, send us your name and we will mail you FREE enough La France for your next washing.

Address LA FRANCE MFG. COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

La France

TABLET AND POWDERED
MAKES WASHING EASY



My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 21)

At the time there was still more than a year of my contract with Daly to run. I told Daly at once that I was leaving him at the end of our arrangement. I felt that I was at liberty to go and that there was no moral obligation upon my part to stay with a manager with whom I had been for so many seasons. I felt this because Daly had before this rescinded the agreement that he had with Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Rehan, Lewis and myself. He had given us a share in the profits of the season apart from our salaries. It was a semiproprietary arrangement similar to that enjoyed by the actors at the Comédie Française—that is, the Sociétaires who have all had certain years of service.

Daly wrote us that "in view of certain contingencies" he had decided that it was inexpedient to continue this arrangement. He proposed that we take increased salaries in place of the percentage. A small increase in salary went into effect, but a season or two afterwards, when I asked Daly for more money, he declined to give it to me.

Frohman offered me a salary much larger than Daly ever contemplated giving anyone connected with his theater. Accordingly, I signed my first contract with Frohman. It was for three years; I never had another. We merely went on from year to year.

During our whole professional business associations there was never a difference of any sort. I received a salary and at the end of the season a percentage of the year's receipts.

I never had cause to regret my change in management. Charles Frohman was one of the fairest and squarest men I ever met.

On July 30, 1892, I appeared for the last time under the management of Augustin Daly at Stockwell's Theater in San Francisco. The play was a revival of *A Night Off*, and I played my customary rôle of Jack Mulberry. On October third of the same year I appeared as a star under the management of Charles Frohman at Palmer's Theater, Broadway and Thirtieth Street. This had been Lester Wallack's Theater, and after Palmer's management was renamed Wallack's.

A Tribute to Daly

THE play selected for my first appearance under the new management was *The Masked Ball* by Alexandre Bisson and Albert Carre.

This play took its name from the celebrated carnival, *Veglione*, which is held at Nice during the winter.

The adaptation was made by young Clyde Fitch, whose play, *Beau Brummel*, had made so great an impression when played by Richard Mansfield.

When I left Daly I assured him that if ever the opportunity arose I should be happy to make public acknowledgment of all that I felt that I owed him. It seemed to me that it was the only decent thing to do—to pay some tribute to the man who had taken so much trouble for so many years. Accordingly, on the first night of *The Masked Ball*, when I was called before the curtain, I said:

"It is trite and hackneyed, perhaps, to allude to a particular time as the proudest and happiest moment in one's life, but if ever phrase were apt for an occasion, I feel that particular one is befitting this moment. This splendid welcome accorded to me by you—kind friends rather than spectators or auditors, who have with your plaudits and consideration encouraged me for so many years in the past—makes this, indeed, a proud and happy moment for me.

"But I feel that all these plaudits and this great greeting might not have been for me, had it not been for one who taught me how to merit and deserve them, who from the beginning of my career has watched and guided my steps, smoothing the way to success for me, and encouraging me in moments of trial and discouragement, and, in fine, striving to make me worthy of this honor to-night.

"I feel, too, that this poor and halting tribute of the heart is little to offer after the years of care and trouble he has bestowed on me, but it is from the heart and I wish to offer it. I am glad, too, to offer it before you—his friends as well as mine.

I see that I need not name him, my friend and preceptor, Mr. Augustin Daly." Eugene Presbrey, who was the first husband of Annie Russell, directed the production of *The Masked Ball*. Frohman came to rehearsals himself, and he did a good deal of the directing. Often he made suggestions—and good ones—but he never assumed the job of general stage director or producer.

The Masked Ball was a great success, and we played it two seasons. It was a conventional farce, but it gave me, in the rôle of Paul Blondet, a fairly good opportunity. The part of Suzanne established Maude Adams. She scored a greater success in my company as Dorothy in *Rosemary*, but after her performance in *The Masked Ball* there was no doubt of her ability and charm.

A Compliment From Fevre

THE second play in which I appeared as a star was *The Butterflies*, by Henry Guy Carleton, who was the first editor of *Life*. In this I played Frederick Osian, a heedless young man who is much in love and much in debt. Finally he tries the expedient of going to work, and his love is rewarded. In this play, which was also produced at Palmer's theater, Maude Adams was Miriam and Olive May was Suzanne Elise. The latter made a great hit in a broad comedy part, which was one of the first of the modern slangy rôles and a contrast to the heroine, the delicate Miriam. Carleton's play was as great a hit as *The Masked Ball*, and we played it for many months.

When we played *The Masked Ball* in Washington the house was sold out in advance for the first night at the National Theater. The President and Mrs. Cleveland wanted to attend the performance and Mrs. Rapley, the wife of the manager of the theater, gave up the manager's box.

During this same Washington engagement I received a letter which I have always prized very highly. This was from Frederick Fevre, dean of the Comédie Française:

Thanks to you and your excellent artists. We passed a charming evening yesterday at The National Theater. The piece (*Butterflies*) is extremely light, but the details are very amusing. There is team play and accord in your company, and everyone plays for the whole and not for himself.

My sincere compliments to the stage director. The scene of the flowers in the second act, the scene of the four young people, is graceful and ingenious. It is exquisite.

As for you, dear Mr. Drew, I cannot tell you how much pleasure was given me by your skillful playing—correct, amusing without ever becoming exaggerated, in fact, quite Parisienne. Receive all our thanks for your courtesy, my most sincere felicitations and a cordial handshake.

Fevre, who was on a sort of vacation or leave from the Comédie Française, was giving

(Continued on Page 121)



GEORGIANA DREW BARRYMORE, WITH HER CHILDREN, ETHEL, LIONEL AND JOHN

Are you arranging your hair in the most becoming way?

How many hours have you spent in your life trying different ways of arranging your hair?

And after each series of experiments you probably ended by twisting it up in the usual way.

Try it once more in the way suggested here, and you will be pretty sure to find just the arrangement that suits you exactly.

First send for the free book on Hair Dressing. This will show you many different styles and how to put them up easily and right. And use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush.

This is the brush that brushes *through* the hair. It straightens out the tangles; it reaches down and takes care of the hair 'way underneath; it guides all the short and wayward locks the way they should go; and makes hair dressing much easier than it ever was with an ordinary surface-brushing hair brush.

Daily brisk brushing with the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush will improve your hair greatly, giving it a natural gloss and stimulating the scalp.

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30th Anniversary



THIS is the 30th year of Sellers progress. The 30th year of steady improvement in the convenience of the kitchen cabinet.

Compare any cabinet of 30 years ago with the wonderful Sellers of today and you will realize what these years of advancement under the Sellers standard have done for kitchen convenience.

The "15 Famous Features" are today making kitchen work easier for thousands and thousands of housekeepers. These include the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Ant-Proof Caster; the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Porcelain Work Table; the Oil Hand-Rubbed Finish and many others.

Now, as a fitting tribute to the 30th Anniversary of the Sellers idea, three more long-needed features have been added to the cabinet. Women everywhere acclaim them the greatest improvement for convenience since the perfection of the Sellers Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. Please read the descriptions and judge for yourself.

First, is the new extending Table Drawer Section. Makes it possible to get anything from the big table drawer—even when the work table is fully extended and littered with things.

Second, is the new Automatic Double Base Shelf Extender which brings both base shelves out where you can easily reach pots and pans.

The third is the new Silverware Drawer, just above the roll curtain. Plush lined and a most convenient place for the knives, forks and spoons in frequent use.

Yet, with all these wonderful features, the Sellers costs no more than any good cabinet. Your dealer will endorse that statement. And, if he is like most, he will gladly arrange terms to meet your income.

See your local dealer. Meanwhile, write for a free copy of the new Sellers Blue Book which pictures and describes all the Sellers cabinets and Sellers features.

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The Sellers costs only half as much as a built-in cabinet. Has more conveniences and sanitary features. Requires only the floor space of a kitchen table.

My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 119)

very charming little sketches or colloquies with his wife at private entertainments. I saw them two afternoons in Washington.

The Empire Theater, which was so closely associated with the career of Charles Frohman and so important in my own career, as for so many years my season began there either on Labor Day or very close to that time, had been opened in January of 1893.

The opening play was *The Girl I Left Behind Me* by Franklin Fyles and David Belasco. This was just another version of Boucicault's play, *Jessie Brown*, or *The Relief of Lucknow*, with something of the good old classic, *Virginius*. The performance was given by the Empire Theater stock company, and in the first cast were W. H. Thompson, William Morris, Orin Johnson, Cyril Scott, Theodore Roberts, Sydney Armstrong, Odette Tyler and Katharine Florence.

After my own performance in *The Masked Ball* at the Standard Theater at Thirty-third Street and Broadway, where we had moved when our time was up at Palmer's, I went up to the Empire to see the last few minutes of Charles Frohman's new production, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, in his new theater.

About two years after the opening I played at the Empire for the first time in Henry Arthur Jones' play, *The Bauble Shop*. The argument in this, and it seems quite unanswerable, was that the private immoralities of a statesman's life may be used by his enemies to defeat and humiliate him in public life. The play was more successful in New York than in London.

I was Viscount Clivebrooke, the leader of the party in power, a cynical, brilliant statesman of forty-odd years, who indiscreetly falls in love with the daughter of a tippling toy maker, a part admirably played by J. E. Dodson. The part of Jessie Keber, the daughter, was played by Maude Adams. C. Leslie Allen, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, Frank Lamb, Elsie DeWolfe and Kate Meek were also in the cast.

In all these early productions Frank W. Lamb was my stage manager. He had appeared with W. J. Florence in *The Mighty Dollar*. He was a son of Ed Lamb, who played for a long time in a stock company in Brooklyn, managed by Mrs. F. B. Conway. In some of the early Daly plays Ed Lamb had played the low-comedy rôles on tour—the parts which James Lewis played in the original company.

Maude Adams' Big Hit in Rosemary

BETWEEN *The Bauble Shop* and *Rosemary*, Maude Adams and I appeared in a number of plays. There was *That Imprudent Young Couple*, which had been tried out at the end of the season before. In this Henry Guy Carleton tried to repeat the gossamer success of *The Butterflies*, but failed. Then came *Christopher Jr.*, a bright but not altogether logical play, by Madeline Lucette Ryley. We did an English version of *L'Ami des Femmes* by Dumas fils. The adaptation, which was called *The Squire of Dames*, was made by R. C. Carton.

Rosemary, by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, was one of the biggest successes I had. Only a few years ago I revived the play, and it was successful then.

In the first production Maude Adams made a tremendous hit as Dorothy. This rôle, which was the last she played with me, was the culminating thing in her early career, and it led to her being starred. The next season Frohman produced *The Little Minister*, with Maude Adams as Lady Babbie. Charles Frohman probably thought that it was a great waste to leave in my company as leading woman an actress who had made so great a hit on her own account. Such delicate, almost spiritual, charm could be turned to great advantage in the proper plays.



ETHEL BARRYMORE

My niece, Ethel Barrymore, was cast for the rustic maid, Priscilla, in *Rosemary*. She had a dress and shoes which might have made another young girl seem grotesque. However, in spite of this most unbecoming attire, her beauty made a splendid impression.

Priscilla, the maid, was really her first appearance in New York, though she had substituted in my company in *The Bauble Shop*. One night when Elsie DeWolfe was ill, Ethel Barrymore appeared as Kate Fennell, though she was not announced on the program.

In the late nineties I saw my mother act for the last time, in Chicago. This was in an all-star cast of *The Rivals*. She played her familiar character of Mrs. Malaprop. William H. Crane was Sir Anthony; Robert Taber, Captain Absolute; Joseph Jefferson, Bob Acres; Nat Goodwin, Sir Lucius; Joseph Holland, Faulkland; Edward Holland, Fag; Francis Wilson, David; Julia Marlowe, Lydia Languish; and Fanny Rice, Lucy. This cast made a celebrated and quick tour through the important Eastern cities, playing in about twenty-seven different towns in less than a month.

Too Old to Fight

I HAPPEDED to be playing in another theater in Chicago, and on Sunday night between the Chicago and Milwaukee engagements I gave a dinner for the cast of *The Rivals* at The Annex. Ethel Barrymore, who was in my company at the time, was present at the dinner. Jefferson and my mother, who had seen so much of the early days of the American theater, told a great many stories of the old days. The following year I was playing in Salt Lake City in the road tour of *Rosemary*, when I received word that my mother had died at Larchmont.

At the time, Ethel Barrymore was playing with Henry Irving in London. They were rehearsing a new play. She returned to the afternoon rehearsal late, and she told Irving that she had been to send a cable; her grandmother was dead.

Irving excused her from rehearsal. "Mrs. John Drew," he said, "was the finest actress in her line that I have ever seen."

After the road tour of *Rosemary*—Isabel Irving played Dorothy part of the time—I appeared at the Empire Theater in *A Marriage of Convenience*, adapted by Sydney Grundy from *Un Mariage sous Louis XV*. I played the part of the count who falls in love with his young wife less than three days after the wedding. Isabel Irving made her first appearance as my leading lady in New York as the young countess. Of course I had played with her often before at Daly's, and she had played the leading part opposite me in *The Cabinet Minister*, when Ada Rehan refused to play it. Elsie DeWolfe played the waiting maid in *A Marriage of Convenience*.

The next play was *One Summer's Day* by Henry V. Esmond, and then came one of my biggest successes, Henry Arthur Jones' play, *The Liars*. In this sparkling comedy I played Sir Christopher Deering, the friend of everybody and the preserver of family honor.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, I very much wanted to go, and I applied in person to Theodore Roosevelt, who was then organizing a regiment of cavalry. I had known him when he was police commissioner in New York. I met him at lunch one day at Delmonico's with Richard Harding Davis; when I joined them they were having a heated but friendly argument about something or other. I don't remember what it was about, but they were both much excited.

The day I saw Roosevelt at the war department in Washington he told me that both Henry Cabot Lodge and I were too old

(Continued on Page 122)

1001 Drops in a Le Page's Tube and a use for every drop



SILHOUETTE LAMP SHADE: Cover a wire frame with colored silk. LePage on small Copley prints or pictures cut from magazines. Then cover with Georgette and LePage the edges with braid that will blend in color.

EVENTUALLY you will use up the Drops in a Tube and have to buy another, but you never can exhaust the uses.

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Handles that have come off of umbrellas, whisk brooms, powder puffs and what-not, can be refastened.

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LePage's will make as well as mend. For instance, a candy box may be covered with cretonne for a handkerchief case. Children can amuse themselves by the hour on rainy days gluing paper dolls or soldiers on cardboard so they will stand up.

These are only a few suggestions, but we will gladly send you a little book which gives all the known uses. Write Dept. L. Ask for "*LePage's—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending*." It is full of valuable money-saving suggestions. By the way, this is the same Glue that your husband uses on his office desk.

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reasonable in price—
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NEW and unusual designs for small gifts, scarves, sport hats, sweaters, bags, etc., including a full color page of cross-stitch designs—all in

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My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 121)

to think of going to war, that we knew nothing of warfare and that I had a wife and child to support. I hadn't the moral courage to point out to him that he had four or five children.

A familiar figure round the New York theaters in the nineties was Charles Hoyt, the writer of many successful farces. The titles of these invariably began with the article "A"—A Temperance Town; A Midnight Bell; A Contented Woman; A Stranger in New York. Hoyt was a most amusing person. He came from New Hampshire, and he had an uncompromising Yankee accent. When he died he gave his place in New Hampshire to the Lambs Club in perpetuity, so that actors who had no place else to go might go there to stay.

One of the often-told funny stories about him was that on the first night that Goodwin was going to play Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," Hoyt had tickets for it, and there landed in on him some friend from New Hampshire. He had to entertain this man in some fashion, and he said he had two tickets for the theater.

The other man said: "What is it?"

Hoyt told him: "It is the opening of a new play, Nathan Hale, with Nat Goodwin."

The New Hampshire friend said: "I don't want to see Goodwin. I don't like him."

"You don't?" Hoyt asked.

"No, I don't. I don't like him. I don't like him as a man; I don't like him as an actor. I don't like him."

"But," Hoyt said, "you will like him in this play."

The other fellow said: "I won't like him."

Hoyt said: "Yes, you will; they hang him in the last act."

In The Tyranny of Tears

AFTER I left the Daly company I saw Daly now and again. The last time that I saw him was at the Continental Hotel in Paris.

A year or so later I was in Dresden, waiting for my daughter's school to close before the summer vacation, and we got the news that Augustin Daly had died in Paris.

The season of 1899 and 1900 I played that delightful comedy, *The Tyranny of Tears*, by C. Haddon Chambers. This was one of the finest light comedies that I played. I revived it a few years ago, and it was equally successful then. When it was revived Chambers came over and made certain changes in the play to shorten it somewhat. There were certain scenes that were really unnecessary. In the last act some of the scenes between the girl secretary and Parbury's friend were cut out. This did not disturb the play or the continuity of the action. It was done so that I might play the same evening Barrie's play, *The Will*. This bill was one of the most attractive that I ever played.

The rôle of Parbury, the novelist, in *The Tyranny of Tears* was a most grateful one. Isabel Irving was very good as the wife, and Ida Conquest made a great hit as Hyacinth Woodward, the novelist's amanuensis. In the

revival Laura Hope Crewes was the wife and Mary Boland the secretary.

The next year I left light comedy for dramatized fiction. As Frohman did not have a play for me, I played Richard Carvel, a dramatization of Winston Churchill's book by E. E. Rose.

"C. F." asked me to come up to his farm, Hidden Brook Farm at Mount Kisco. He read me the dramatization. "What do you think of that?" he asked.

I didn't know; nor did I know at that time that the play had been done with James K. Hackett in mind. Charles Frohman had cajoled his brother Dan into giving this thing up to him for me. Hackett would have been ideal for the character. I was never happy in it. It was out of my sphere, and I was too old for the handsome young hero.

A Compliment From the Gallery

AT SUPPER one night in Chicago Sarah Bernhardt asked me whether I'd like to come to Paris and act in a play that she was thinking of doing. Sarah Bernhardt's companion, a little woman, who not only was her companion, but played parts in the company, and a man from the French newspaper, *Figaro*, were also present, and the conversation was carried on in French.

I was very diffident about my French—that is, the thought of going to Paris to play in French made me feel diffident. "But my French is not good enough," I said in answer to her query.

She said: "You speak French very well."

"Yes, that's all right—the fluency of it perhaps, but not the accent."

"Oh, that won't matter. This is an Englishman you are going to play."

Apparently Madame Bernhardt had not a very high regard for the English fashion of speaking French.

My niece, Ethel Barrymore, played a few parts in my company, played with Irving in his familiar repertoire in London and played Jessie Milward's part in a road company of Captain Marshall's play, *His Excellency, the Governor*. Then Charles Frohman decided to star her in Clyde Fitch's play, *Captain Jinks*. This play of New York life just after the Civil War, with costumes inspired by Godey's *Lady's Book* and scenes in the Brevoort House, made a great impression when it was produced in New York.

Before it came to the Garrick Theater it was tried out at the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, the oldest theater in the country. Twenty years ago at the Walnut there was an old-fashioned, regular gallery audience, keen to approve of what it liked and quick to voice its disapproval. My niece, playing for the first time a long and important rôle, was somewhat nervous and not quite audible.

A friendly voice called to her from the gallery: "Speak up, Ethel. You're all right. The Drews is all good actors."

(Concluded in the March Home Journal)



JOHN DREW AND LIONEL BARRYMORE IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD"

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J. & J.

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"I had a wonderful mother," said Lincoln. "All that I am I owe to her."

If greatness is a gift, the greatest gift a baby can have is a wonderful mother—a mother who knows that hours and hours of restful sleep are essential to baby's future.

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Do you realize that Johnson's Baby Powder was the suggestion of a famous physician who knew that skin comfort is the surest path to sounder sleep? And that it is made especially for babies in laboratories that prepare hundreds of articles for the medical profession?

The difference between Johnson's Baby Powder and ordinary talcums appeals to a mother.

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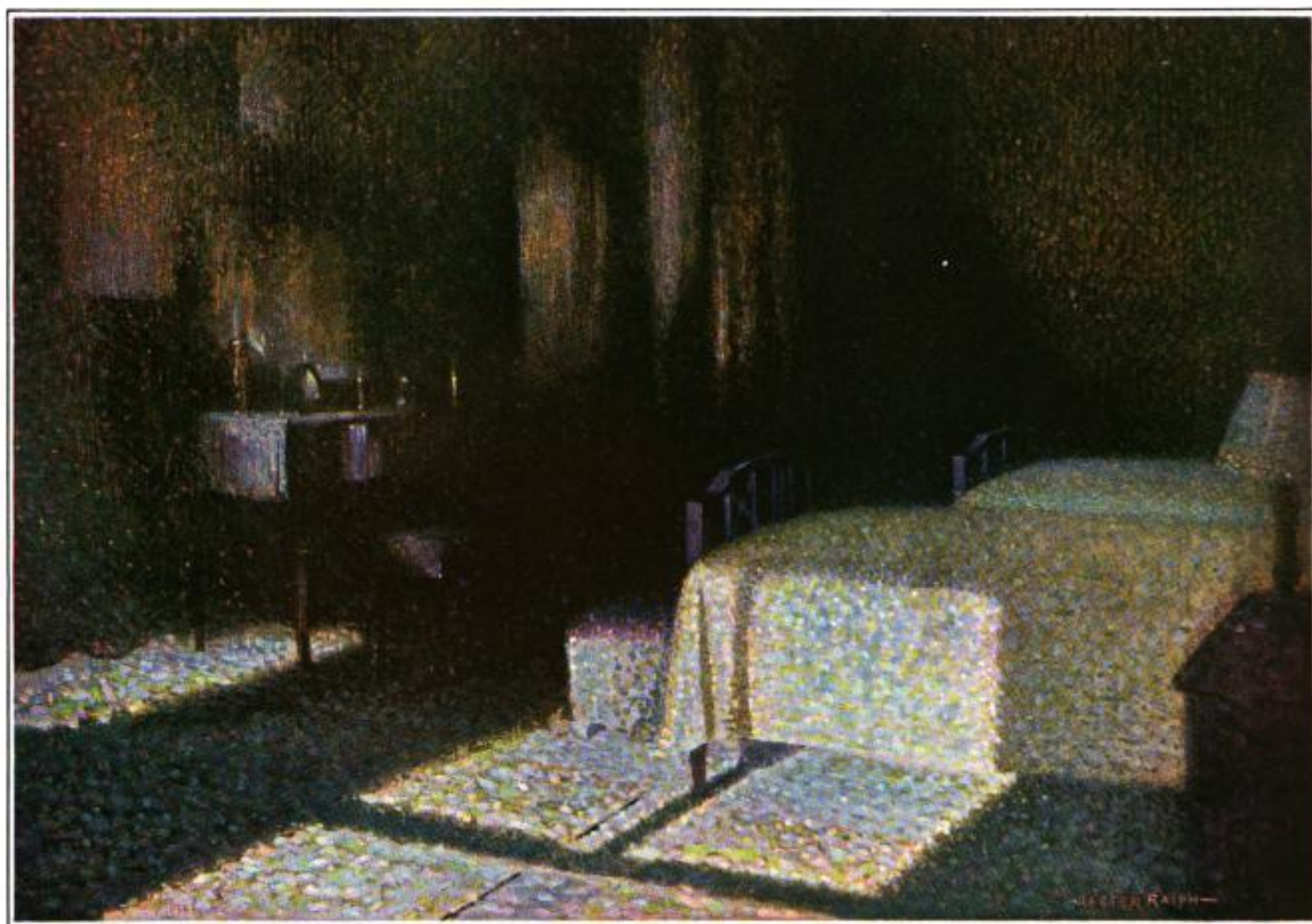
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"Cut open any Simmons Mattress that comes into your store. If you do not find it up to specifications, or better—ship back every item of Simmons merchandise and never send us another order."



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These place-cards are cookies covered with an icing made by slowly stiffening the white of an egg with confectioner's sugar and flavoring with lemon juice. When hardened, decorate by painting with colored fruit paste.

A Round of Parties for February

By CLAIRE WALLIS

IT WAS pure luck in the form of chickenpox that closed the schools in February and sent Aunt Mary Burnham with her two children, Nita and Roy, back home to Westville for a long-promised visit. Of course everyone wanted to entertain for her, and as the children were almost grown up they were included in the plans.

"I want her first," Libby Snowden, spinster, Mary's oldest friend, had said.

All the Burnhams looked questions at each other, for they knew how small Libby's house was and her bank account too. But they let her

have her way and accepted eagerly her invitations for a supper party on Lincoln's birthday.

It was a surprise when they saw how she had arranged the table. It started in the small living room and went right through the double doorway into the smaller dining room. Young Buster Marion had to investigate the lengthy board and found that she had added two kitchen tables to her dining-room table, covering all with two long red tablecloths cherished for years. There were fringed napkins to match and the lighting was done with kitchen candles in black kitchen candlesticks, "giving it quite a pioneer air," as Dan Lawrence's new wife put it.

But it was on the centerpiece Libby's clever fingers had done their best work. Here, around a small bust of Lincoln in a pedestal of flowers, red-white-and-blue pencils stuck into flat corks made the spine and feet for little 1860 figures—ong-coated, tall-hatted men and full-skirted women. The men's figures she had cut double from stiff black paper, jutting the edges together. When you pinched them gently they slipped right over the pencil. A wisp of plaid stuff was pinned around each for a shawl like Lincoln wore. The girls were made the same way, with bits of net for fichus and r pe-paper skirts added to the tinted cardboard. And for the face of each she had used—guess what! A brand new Lincoln penny.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND
A PRIVATE SHOWING
OF DAN CUPID'S MASTERPIECES
ON FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH, EIGHT O'CLOCK
EXHIBITION UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
MISS JULIE ANN BURNHAM

When Mary Burnham and her friends trooped into Julie Ann's roomy home they found she had stretched a length of black cambric around the four walls of the living room, and on this had "hung" with thumb tacks numbered pictures cut from magazines, comic valentines, and so on, all signed with Cupid's heart-and-arrow cipher in red ink and "framed" with narrow gilt paper. The guests were handed catalogues bound in pink cardboard in which were the titles of all the pictures, but no numbers. Their hostess explained that they would have to find the pictures by their titles and number the catalogues for themselves.

For instance, for "The First Valentine" Julie Ann had cut out of a picture book two monkeys swinging from the limb of a tree and drawn long tails to intertwine and form two hearts. "The Love Letter" was a capital U; "Love's Messenger," a huge red rose cut from a seed catalogue; "A Study in Black and White," a page from an algebra book; "Portrait of a Well-Known Person," a mirror, and "A Bride's Curse," a portrait of Burns, which Mrs. Lawrence was the first to guess.

When the catalogues were collected and the prize awarded Julie Ann told them that Dan Cupid had asked her to engage some models for his new masterpieces. She then passed out little slips of paper upon which were written subject titles, one for each person, and occasionally the same to two persons who were to pose together. Then as she read the titles the "models" had to come and pose on a

platform—low table—at one end of the room, all properties being forbidden and the rest of the party acting as judges. She had picked titles that she hoped would stump them and make the stunts as funny as possible. If you could have seen Harry Burnham and Mary in "The Last Ride Together," Harry squatted as if seated in a buggy, the reins in his hands, and Mary with a disdainful back turned upon him, as if they had just quarreled, you would agree she had succeeded. Libby was a good sport and did "The Windmill" with much swinging of her long arms, while the hit of the evening was Eva Marion's "Girl Feeding Giraffe."

"Now we shall unveil our shy host's latest still life," Julie Ann said, standing before mysteriously drawn curtains.

A Then and Now for Washington's Birthday

"OHS" and "ahs" went up as a beautiful valentine table was disclosed. A frill of lace paper around the edge of the round table, a huge pink-iced cake in the center surrounded by tiny nosegays of gumdrops, then a circle of plates of nut-bread sandwiches cut heart-shaped, then a row of blue cups and saucers, and lastly a row of plates of egg-cheese-and-celery salad made a delightful old-fashioned nosegay. Hot coffee and ice cream were served, and Cupid's "still life" did not remain still very long.

Polly Preston selected Washington's birthday to entertain for Mary. She confided to Libby that her party wouldn't be half so smart as Julie Ann's, because of Grandma Preston and the older folks who had known Mary's mother that she intended to invite. But her invitations sounded promising. Written half in violet ink and half in typewriting they read:

If Great-grandma gave a Washington party
She'd call it a very high tea;
You'd don your best drawing-room manner
And act just as stiff as could be.

To-day all that old-time decorum
And formality are taboo;
So come to a "Then and Now" party;
We'll mingle the old and the new.

When the guests arrived Polly explained that they were going to let Grandma have the first half of the evening. So they "spared their wraps" in the guest room, and were announced with solemnity as they entered the parlor. Then she got out a funny old etiquette book she had found in the public library and read some of the curious old rules. Such things as "Young folks should not speak until spoken to," "A lady never crosses her feet," "A gentleman remains bowing until every lady in the room is seated" kept the party in a continual uproar, for forfeits were claimed of the transgressors. They played all the old games that Grandma Preston and her cronies could remember. Supper was served from a pretty table spread with old damask, set with Grandma's cherished bits of old china, with candles in crystal-drop candelabra and a centerpiece of straw flowers in a glass basket. Grandma Preston herself served the scalloped oysters; hot biscuit were passed, and jam and pickled yellow tomatoes were the side dishes.

Before the dessert course was served a jingle of bells announced the end of the "Then" and the beginning of the "Now" party. Candles were blown out, the electric lights went on, the damask tablecloth was whisked away and a red-white-and-blue cr pe-paper one found underneath. Cocked hats of tissue paper and whistles, snappers, balloons, red white and blue, were given out. Dancing ended the evening.

Games That Can be Played Round the Table

A BIG pot on the back of Libby's range yielded up her famed chicken stew, served with hot rolls. Little "rails" of cheese straws were already on the table, as were plates of iced ginger cookies cut log-cabin shape and iced in white to how doors, windows and logs. Coffee and chocolate were served in big cups without saucers—another pioneer touch, Libby hastened to explain. Frozen custard, as only Libby can make it, and angel food finished the spread.

"Now don't leave the table, or I'm afraid you will topple my house over," Libby announced as the last crumb of angel food disappeared. "Everyone look in the little book t his plate."

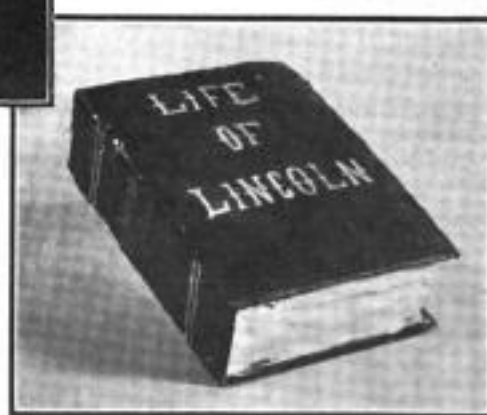
Sure enough, there was a small copybook, and on the first page a Lincoln penny was pasted on a different spot in each book. "Now take your pencil favors and, using that penny as a beginning, draw something appropriate to the day."

Such a time as they had! Harry Burnham used his for the tal on the Emancipation Proclamation; Nita turned hers into a moon shining down on the log cabin; Julie Ann Burnham made of it a fat little pig crawling through a rail fence.

Libby rang a bell at the end of ten minutes and started them off with a gay game that she called "Penny Wise." A penny was passed from hand to hand and under the table until she called "Hands up!" when all had to hold their hands over their heads and then y them flat on the table. The one who hid the penny, if discovered, had to tell a funny story, but if the challenger was wrong had to tell the story.



Saint Valentine's cake above unites chocolate Cupids and silhouette with hearts of colored fruit paste. The cake logs of Lincoln's cabin at the left were baked in a bread-stick pan and attached to an oblong cake with icing, while the roof is cardboard, chocolate covered. A loaf cake, iced in white and chocolate, becomes a book at right. All cakes by Marie L. Norfleet.





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There can be only one reason for the increasing number of women who are buying Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils.

These women must know that Mirro Aluminum possesses advantages which other aluminum ware does not have.

True, we have tried to make Mirro the most durable, most convenient and beautiful kitchen ware on the market.

How well we have succeeded, we prefer to have Mirro users tell you—there are several million of them.

The Mirro Aluminum Colonial Tea Kettle, pictured above, will serve you long and faithfully. Like all Mirro utensils, it is made from pure aluminum, rolled again and again, in Mirro mills, to give the hard, dense, lasting qualities which make Mirro ware give a lifetime of service.

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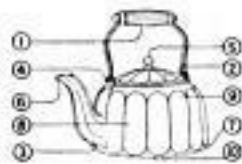
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Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 4)

they could offer. He wouldn't play; he wouldn't work; he wouldn't even eat with them. Of course he had been in the hospital for ages, but he had been out of it for ages too; and it was criminal folly to continue to pamper anyone as he was pampered. A man, a real man, would die of shame before he would permit his sisters to give music lessons while he locked himself in his room and laughed.

Never was he with them, save for the brief hour after breakfast when they drank their cups of black coffee under the golden beech trees, and that heavenly space after dinner in the great salon, full of firelight and candlelight and falling rose leaves and music, with Madame de Lautrec stitching bright flowers into her tapestry frame and Monsieur le Vicomte smiling his courteous and tragic smile into the leaping fire in the carved chimney, and the fresh young voices rising and falling about the piano over which Laure bent her golden head, Diane's silver music lilting clearly, Laure's soft contralto murmuring like far waters, and Philippe singing as his troubadour ancestor might have sung, fearless and true and shining.

Fair caught her breath at the memory of that ringing splendor, and then looked stern. It was ridiculous to worship anyone as the de Lautrecs worshiped their tall Philippe, and it was obviously highly demoralizing for him—highly. Laure was the worst; it was as though she couldn't bear to have him out of her sight for a minute; if he rose to go—oh, if he even stirred—she was at his side in a flash, her hand slipped into his, all her white tranquillity shaken into some mysterious terror at the thought that he might escape her again.

SHE was the only one that Philippe would suffer to come near him in all the long hours that he spent behind those dark, barred doors; often as Fair sped by on light feet she could hear the murmur of their voices, low and absorbed, shutting her out, thought Fair forlornly, more than any lock on any door. What did they find to talk about hour after hour, blind and deaf to the world that lay about them golden as honey under the October sun? What spell did Laure use to bind him, what strange magic to dispel all the endless witchery that Fair had spread before him, first carelessly, then startled into wide-eyed consciousness, and finally, during these last flying days, driven to despairing prodigality?

She bit her lip, blinking back the treacherous tears fiercely. Some day—some day he should pay for this indifference, and pay with interest. The loitering feet paused again while their owner visualized through the mist of unwelcome tears a broken and contrite Philippe dragging himself to grovel abjectly at her feet, begging for one small word of mercy and hope.

The vivid countenance suddenly assumed an expression of exquisite contentment. "No, Philippe," she would tell him lightly but inflexibly. "No, my poor boy, it would be sheer cruelty to mislead you. Never, under any possible circumstances, could I—"

"Enfin!" rang out a richly indignant voice. "Do you walk in your sleep, my good goose? We wait and we wait until we are one-half frozen, and you arrive like the snail he was your little brother and —"

"OH, LAURE, I am sorry! Box my ears; no, hard; you tell her to box them hard, Monsieur André."

"I, mademoiselle? But never. We are well repaid for our vigil, hey, Raoul? Here is that very red mallet with which you will beat us all. We take Bravo with us, Diane?"

Diane shook her curly head dubiously at the frantic police dog. "Who holds the leash—you, André? Last time he got loose; he bite three sheep—three—before we catch him. You hear, monster?"

Fair and Bravo exchanged guilty glances. "Well, but Diane, he pulled so; truly he did. He went so fast, right over those hedges, and the leash cut through my mittens and —"

Laure and Diane yielded to outrageous laughter.

"Raoul, you should see them! Right over those sticking hedges they go, Bravo ahead, big like three wolves, and Fair way behind at the other end of the leash, so small like the little Red Riding Hood, and so fast like she was flying. Oh, I thought we die laughing."

"Very, very funny," commented Fair bitterly. "Specially for me. How are we going to-day?"

"How if we go across the little meadow to the Gates and home by the Cœur d'Or? Too far, Raoul?"

"We will be back for lunch? A la bonne heure—we go. Ah, well hit, mademoiselle. Straight like arrows too."

Fair raced after the red ball, her scarf flying behind her like a banner, wings at her heels, stars in her eyes, tragedy forgotten.

SHE smote the ball again, her voice flying with it. "Oh, Laure! Oh, Laure, as I live and breathe, it's cleared the ditch!"

"Monsieur Charette hath said to all his peers, Monsieur Charette hath said to all his peers: 'Come, good sirs!'"

Now let us sally forth and whip the curs!"

The exultant chant wavered for a moment as the proud possessor of the ball cleared the ditch, too, and took up her triumphant lilt, crescendo:

"Take up thy gun, my good Gregory!
Take up thy virgin of ivory;
Fill up thy drinking gourd right cheerily;
Our comrades have gone down
To fight for Paris Town!"

André de Chartreuil swung up beside her, breathless and laughing. Luck was with him; all the English that he had mastered as liaison officer raced to the tip of his tongue.

"But what a child! How old are you, Mademoiselle Fairfax Carter?"

"Too old," mourned Fairfax, shaking her bright head till the curls danced in the sun. "Much, much too old; old enough to know better." She pounced on the half-buried ball with a small shriek of excitement. "Aha, my little treasure, a mere turn of the wrist and—bet I make the gate in four strokes."

"BET you do not," replied André obligingly.

"Done! All the mushrooms that you find in Daudin's meadow to—to what?"

"To the very great privilege of kissing the tips of your fingers." Young de Chartreuil's voice was carefully light.

"Monsieur André!" Fair, her mallet poised for the blow, paused long enough to bestow a distracting glance through her lashes, oddly at variance with her maternal tone. "You aren't going to begin that kind of thing, are you?" Her laughter rang out, gay and lovely and mocking.

Young de Chartreuil smiled back at her, a not very convincing smile. She was the most enchanting creature that he had ever met, but her lack of discretion froze the marrow in his bones. "Mademoiselle, one so charming is privileged to forget that one may also be kind," he remarked formally.

Fair stopped laughing. "Oh, nonsense!" she returned abruptly, forgetting that one may also be polite. She hit viciously at the ball, scowling after it more like a cross little boy than a lady of romance. "There, see what you made me do!"

The astonished André met her accusing gaze blankly. "I, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, sir, you." The tone was unrelenting. "I'm a great deal kinder than I have any business being," she added darkly. "I certainly am. Sooner or later



(Continued on
Page 128)

30-Year Teeth in a 70-Year Body

*Why shouldn't our teeth
last as long as our bodies?*

WHY should our teeth begin to go just as our bodies are in their prime? Is it natural or unnatural to lose the teeth?

Early, uncivilized men and women had teeth that stayed firm and sound for a lifetime. Skulls of primitive men and heads of mummies show strong teeth little affected by time.

The hard, uncooked foods and the rugged lives of our ancestors kept the teeth clean and the saliva always alkaline. The modern tendency of teeth is to ache, decay, and require

attention long before the rest of the body has gone into decline.

Soft, cooked foods weaken the teeth by denying them exercise. In addition, tiny particles of this food left in the mouth break up and form an acid condition that attacks the structure of the teeth and causes decay.

Most people have "Acid-Mouth"

It is said that as many as nineteen out of every twenty people have "Acid-Mouth." And if it is true that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of early tooth-decay, we can readily understand why so many persons lose their teeth.

Quite probably you have "Acid-Mouth," for if only one person in every twenty is free from this condition, your chances of having "Acid-Mouth" are nineteen to one.

To counteract the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth" is one of the purposes for which Pebeco Tooth Paste is made—and the reason why thousands of men and women use Pebeco night and morning.

How Pebeco checks "Acid-Mouth"

Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of natural alkaline saliva, which is nature's own mouth-wash, and the most effective means of neutralizing mouth acids.

But not for that reason alone is Pebeco a good tooth paste.

Like thousands of other users, you will like Pebeco for several reasons: First, because it keeps the teeth clean and healthy. Second, because it counteracts the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth." Third, because it elimi-

nates any bad taste that may exist in the mouth. Fourth, because it gives to the mouth a sense of refreshing cleanliness.

And from the first to the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube fresh and creamy—none is wasted.

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

*First, send for Litmus Test Papers
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Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition in your mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.



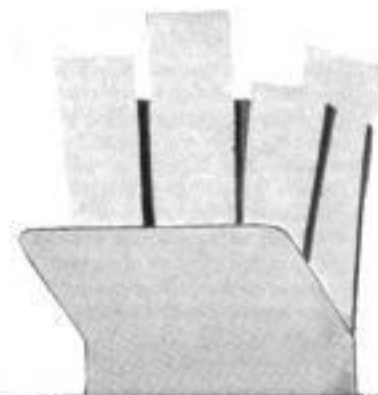
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Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 126)

every single one of you turns on me like—like a viper and tells me that it's not possible that I could have been so everlastingly kind and patient and wonderful if I hadn't meant something by it. Goodness knows what you'd all like me to do," she murmured gloomily. "Make faces and bark like a dog every time one of you comes near me, I suppose. Where's that ball? I wish I were dead."

This time André's smile was clearly unforced. "Oh, no one in the world is droll like you!" he stated with conviction. "But no one. No, do not bark like a little dog; I will be good, I swear." He shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "After all, if you had been made tender-hearted you would spend your days weeping for the ones you broke. So this way it is best, is it not so?"

FAIR beamed on him graciously. "Well, of course!" she assented with conviction. "And I'm certainly thankful that you see it. If you'd had about seventy-eight thousand soldiers spending their every waking minute telling you that they'd fade away and die if you weren't kind to them you'd see that the novelty of it would wear off a little—wear off a good deal." She gave the ball a rather perfunctory hit. After all, Fairfax Carter on the subject of Fairfax Carter was more absorbing than any game ever invented. She drew a deep breath and started off headlong on her favorite topic. "It's perfectly horrible being a girl, and it's a million times worse if you're a—well, if you aren't exactly revolting looking and are what the dime novels call an heiress." Miss Carter tried to look dismal over this harrowing situation, but only succeeded in looking outrageously beguiling.

"It must indeed be hard," agreed young de Chartreuil consolingly.

Fair glanced at him suspiciously from the corner of her eye. "You needn't laugh, my dear boy; it most certainly is. I don't believe men care one little snip for your soul or—or your intellect."

"Oh, but surely!" protested de Chartreuil politely.

"No, sir," maintained the complete cynic, giving an abstracted hit at the ball; "not a single, solitary one. Oh, bother, look where it went then! How many strokes have you had? Four? Four? I've had five, and look at the horrible thing now. What was I talking about? Oh, yes; I don't believe in international marriages, do you, Monsieur André?"

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ made a light and deprecating gesture. "I, mademoiselle? But I have had so few."

"I do think foreigners are horribly frivolous," murmured Fair to the universe at large. "I've not had so many myself, but I can still think they're a bad idea. You couldn't possibly help thinking that they were pretty cold and calculating."

"Could you not?" inquired one who had come very near being a cold calculator. "I, for one, try to look more charitably on the ladies who covet our poor coronets."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the girls; who in the world wants a little old coronet! Of course they're nice, if you're used to them," she added hastily. "But it was the men that I was thinking of; you simply couldn't be sure, not ever. You work, don't you?"

"Alas, yes, mademoiselle!" de Chartreuil abandoned resentment and stood leaning on his mallet, laughing down at this incorrigible and enchanting small barbarian.

"Monsieur André, why, do you suppose, does Monsieur de Lautrec not work?"

"Philippe?" His voice was strange.

"Yes, Philippe; you didn't suppose that I meant the vicomte, did you? This place keeps him busy from morning to night. Philippe, of course." Her voice was impatient, but there was a desperate eagerness behind it that checked the quick words on de Chartreuil's tongue.

"Mademoiselle, for four years he worked day and night; he gave the blood of his heart, the blood of his soul in work; would you grudge him a little rest?"

"But, good heavens, he's had two years to rest!" cried Fair despairingly. "He's not going to rest until he dies, is he? You're not

resting; Monsieur Raoul's not resting; no one in the world has a right to rest when there's so much to do—no one!"

"It is not two years that he rests, quite," said de Chartreuil. "For ten months after war ended he did not leave the hospital, mademoiselle."

"Well, wasn't he resting then?" demanded his inquisitor fiercely.

"No," replied the boy gravely; "he was not resting then, I think."

"What—what was the matter with him in the hospital?" asked Fair, making her lips into a very straight line, so that they wouldn't quiver.

"It was what you call shell shock."

"Shell shock? That's horrible; oh, don't I know! Those hospitals, like a nightmare, worse than a nightmare." She swept it far from her with a resolute gesture. "It's no good thinking about it; you have to forget. And heaven knows that he's over it now, that he isn't suffering from any breakdown. I've never seen him look even serious for two minutes at a time; I don't believe that he has the faintest idea of what seriousness means. It's all very well to have a sense of humor; I have a perfectly wonderful sense of humor myself when I'm not thinking of something more important; but it's ridiculous to think that that's all there is to it."

SHE hit the ball a reckless blow that sent it flying far across the tawny meadow, and turned to young de Chartreuil a lovely little countenance on fire with righteous indignation and angry distress.

"A real man would know that life ought to be more than just laughing half the day and singing half the night and looking the way the heroes in the moving pictures ought to look, and chatterboxing in his room for hours and hours and hours." Bitter resentment at this unpalatable memory sent the color flying higher in her cheeks, and she swung off after the red ball at a curious scamper. "And, by glory, I'm going to tell him so," she announced tempestuously over her shoulder to the astounded André.

He sprang forward, galvanized into instant action. "Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, wait, I beg you. You jest of course; but—"

"Indeed I do not 'jest, of course,'" retorted Fair hotly. "I don't jest one little bit. Why in the world shouldn't I tell him?"

"There are, I should think, one thousand reasons why," he replied sharply. "Must I give you the thousand and first and assure you that always, always, all the days that you live, it would be to you a very deep regret?"

"It certainly would not," replied his unimpressed audience flatly. Anyone who attempted to frighten Fair out of any undertaking whatever was making a vital, strategic error.

BUT André de Chartreuil was too young and too thoroughly outraged to indulge in strategy. "Mademoiselle, but this is madness—"

"Monsieur, but this is impertinence." Fair's chin was tilted at an angle that implied that battle, murder and sudden death would be mere child's play to her from then on. This—this little whippersnapper of a French infant who had basely pretended to be at her feet, suddenly rising up and dictating a course of conduct to her—to her! Well, it simply proved what she had always maintained: you couldn't trust a foreigner; you couldn't, not ever.

"For what you call impertinence forgive me." The tone was far from repentant, and Fair waited stiffly for further developments. "My poor English renders me clumsy; grant me, I pray, patience."

Very poor English indeed, thought Fair sternly; it might mean anything. Grant him patience indeed! She had precious little patience to spare for anyone this morning, as he would discover to his cost.

"Philippe—he is like no one else." Young de Chartreuil made a gesture of impotent despair, his careful English suddenly turned traitor. "You do not see it, but he is like no

(Continued on Page 129)



An Appealing Profession for Women

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Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 128)

one else, I tell you. I, who was his sous-officer, his—how you call it?—his under-officer—ah, no matter; he was my captain for three years, and I know. You hear me? I know."

"Heaven knows I hear you," Fair assured him with ominous calm. "I should think that they could hear you in Paris."

"Well, then, I tell you that we, his men, we who followed him, we would have given the blood out of our hearts for him to shine his boots with; we knew him, we. You know why they call him Philippe le Gai?"

"I know that there's some story about an old troubadour called Philippe le Gai—"



"About a very great soldier who was also a very great singer, mademoiselle, long years ago in Provence. Philippe is of his race, one of those who meet death itself with a song. That other Philippe died eight hundred years ago, and they say that he died singing. And we—we who followed this Philippe and gave to him our souls, we know that he could face worse than death and still sing."

"There isn't the slightest necessity of making a curtain speech to me about courage," replied the last of the fighting Carters, and the velvet voice rang as cold and hard as drawn steel. "I know quite a good deal about it, thank you. I may not have had any old ancestor that went ram-paging around singing songs about how gay and brave and wonderful he was; but I had three great-uncles and a grandfather who were killed in the Civil War and a brother who was killed in the Spanish War, and—a father"—her voice failed her, but she swallowed hard and pushed on relentlessly—"and a father who died for his country just as much as any of them, because he went right on working for it when he knew that it would kill him; and he didn't even let me know that he was dying, because I couldn't help him and he thought that I might help America; and I was the only one of the Carters left to fight for America. And I kept fighting, even though it just about killed me too; I went into Germany with my men, because I knew that he wouldn't think the war was over until we got what we fought for, until we really got it; and I'd be there yet if it hadn't been for those idiotic doctors. Nervous breakdown! For gracious sakes, I'd like to hear what they'd say if one of their old colonels started to have a nervous breakdown. This isn't any kind of a world to sit and twirl your thumbs and pet your nerves in; and I can't see that singing about it makes it much nobler—or laughing either."

"There are many things, perhaps, that you cannot see," commented young de Chartreuil; and at the tone in his voice there was one thing that Fair did see, and that was red.

"Well, I can see this," she cried in a voice shaken with sheer fury: "I can see that it's possible to be just as much of a slacker after the war as during it."

"Mademoiselle!"

"In America men work," stormed Fair. "They —"

"IN AMERICA you save your generosity for your own faults, it seems." He raised a commanding hand, and Fair stood voiceless, literally transfixed with rage.

"No, wait, I beg you; I have not yet finished. Perhaps in your great country you forget that work is the means, that it is not the end; no, no, believe me, it is not the end. It is also not very wise to condemn utterly that which may differ only in kind, not in degree."

"To you courage may be a dark and stern thing, a duty; but to some—to one at least, mademoiselle—it is a shining and gay and splendid gift; it is a joy."

"Are you through with your lessons for the day?" asked Fair icily. "Because if you are I'm going." She whirled the red mallet about her head like a battle-ax, and sent it spinning far from her after the neglected ball. "Good-by; I'm off. Tell the others I

twisted my ankle, got a headache; tell them any old lie you think of —"

"But, mademoiselle, you cannot —"

"Can't I?" she called back defiantly. "Well, wait and see. I'm going to tell your precious Philippe de Lautrec just exactly what I think of a hero who spends his life resting on his laurels while his sisters work their fingers to the bone; and you and Foch and the archangel Gabriel can't stop me, so I'd advise you to stick to croquet-golf. Good-by."

She was gone in a brilliant whirl of flying skirts and scarf and hair. Young de Chartreuil watched her disappearing down the long hill that led past Daudin's farm to the far gate of the château with an expression in which dismay was curiously tempered by a grim satisfaction. After a moment he shrugged his shoulders briefly, retrieved the scarlet ball and mallet and set off slowly towards the sounds of distant laughter that marked the other players. Well, let her go; she was richly in need of a lesson, that lovely little demon!

And to think that for a moment he had dreamed—ah, name of heaven, what an escape!

Fair, in the meantime, raced lightly and surely on her chosen way. She was in a towering rage at de Chartreuil for his presumptuous insolence, and in an even more towering rage at herself for the effect that it had on her. Fortunately, the hateful de Chartreuil child had been even worse than she. He had looked at one time as though it would have been pure ecstasy to throttle the life out of her, the time that she had got in that neat thrust about peacetime slackers.

WELL, she was on her way to tell one of them exactly what she thought of him, as fast as her stubby brown boots would carry her. She wrenched impatiently at the iron latch on the great north gate; it yielded with an unexpectedness that nearly threw her off her feet, and she heard it clang to behind her as she raced up the long alley of lime trees that led to the stone terrace. If she were lucky she might find the object of her righteous wrath basking there in the sunlight, without so much as a book in his graceless hands, dreaming away the hours, his dark face turned to the golden fields of his inheritance. She had found him there before—and, yes, fate was with her; there he was now in his great chair, with his back to the lime trees.

For a moment she hesitated, her heart thundering in her ears; and then she swung recklessly across the sun-warmed flags, hands deep in her pockets, her chin tilted at a simply outrageous angle.

"Oh, there you are," she hailed in her magic voice, but there was something behind the words that turned them from a salutation to a challenge.

Philippe le Gai sat quite still for a moment, and then, without rising, he flung her a radiant smile over his shoulder. "And there are you," he said. "All finished, the croquet-golf?"

"No; just finished for me. It's a stupid game, don't you think?"

"Me? I think no game stupid that once I have started; no, not one. Then I must play it through to the end or count myself defeated."

Fair's eyes darkened ominously. "But you don't start many games, do you?" she asked sweetly.

"No," acquiesced the young man in the chair. "As you say, not many."

Fair set her teeth. Did he think that if he continued to sprawl all his splendid length there, unmoving, that she would pass on? Was this his method of once more conveying to her the information that her presence was an intrusion? Oh, for a man, for some slim, freckled, outraged young American to take this insolent foreigner by his coat collar and jerk him to his unworthy feet! Perhaps it might be better to have two of them; he was simply disgustingly tall.



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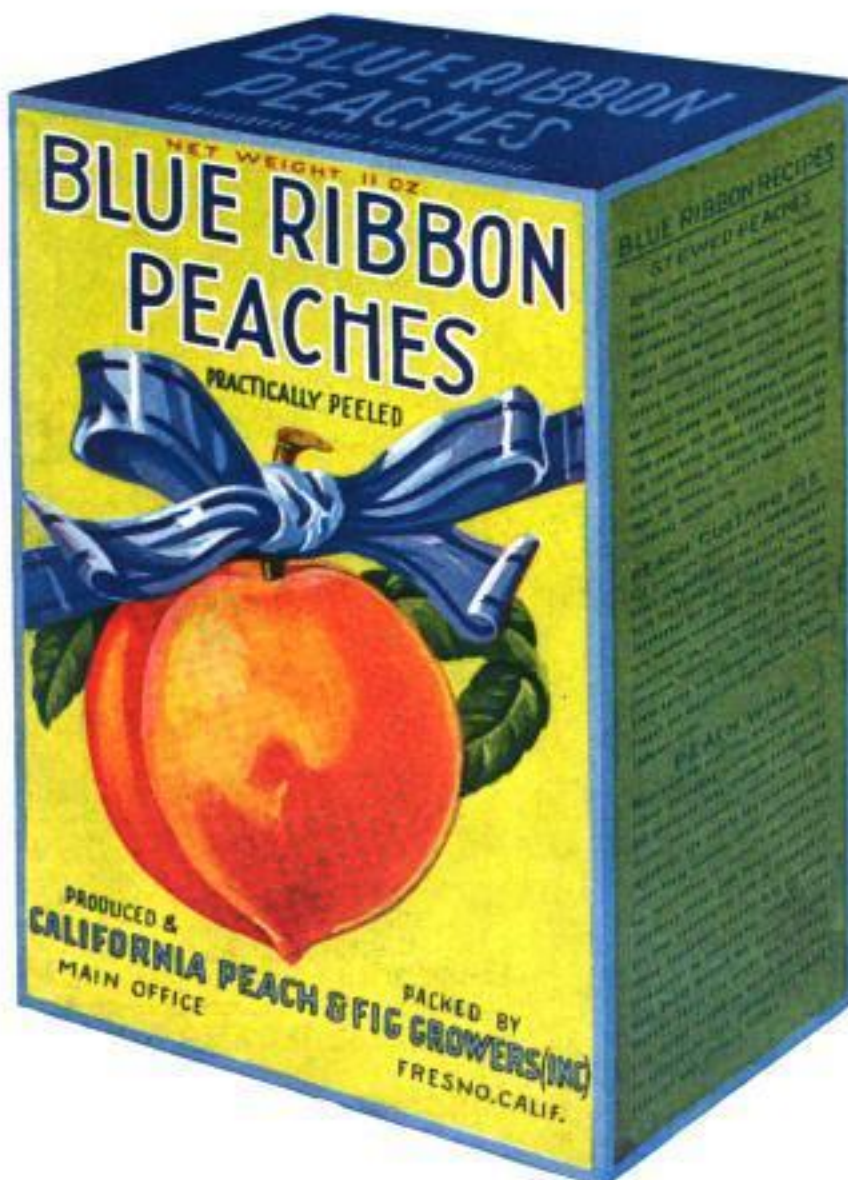
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Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 129)

She swung round the corner of the chair, flames dancing in her eyes. "Are you—are you very busy?" she inquired in a dangerously polite little voice.

Philip le Gai showed all of his white teeth in a sudden flashing smile. "But no," he replied accurately, and made a swift motion as though to rise, only to check himself more swiftly. "Be seated, I pray you."

The look of consuming rage that Fair flashed on him as she seated herself in the small iron chair opposite him would have shriveled a normally sensitive soul to gray ashes.

Her impervious host merely leaned deeper into his bright cushions, the smile still edging his lips. "Laure still plays?"

"Yes," replied Fair. She spoke with considerable difficulty; the royal condescension of that "Be seated" had left her feeling slightly dizzy.

"I have here a paper which will need her sharp wits. She will not be long perhaps?"

"I don't know," replied Fair somberly.

JUST how, she wondered, did you lead up to telling a comparative stranger that you despised him? It was harder than she had thought out there in the meadow that it would be; it was the proud turn of the black head and the sure strength of the long, brown hands and the sheer beauty of the flashing smile that made it hard. No one had a right to look like that and to be despicable. It wasn't fair.

"I think that those poor gods in heaven must envy us our earth to-day," said the object of her scorn, turning his face to the deep blue of the autumn sky. "So warm, so cold, so sweet, like some mad Bacchante. Once, you know, when I was the smallest of little boys, monsieur my grandfather call me to come down from my sleep to drink the health of my very new sister—of young Laure. There was a great banquet, a table brave with fruit and flowers and lace and candles, and they put me onto that table and give me a little something to drink in a great cool glass of crystal; and straight to my head it flew—ah, *ciel*, the lucky, curly head!

"I remember still, you see; I remember how the world must feel to-day. The world and I, we have been fortunate."

Fair leaned forward swiftly, her hands very cold and her eyes very hot. "Monsieur Philippe, don't you ever, ever get tired of just sitting around doing nothing?"

Perhaps the passion in the clear voice touched him; for a moment Philippe le Gai belied his name. Then he made a slight gesture with the hand that held the papers, a gesture of dismissal to such folly as sober thought. "Tired, Mistress Fairy? How should I be tired, doing nothing? And how are you so sure that I do nothing while I sit around? How are you so sure of that, I wonder?"

"Because I can see you," replied Fair with despairing emphasis.

"Can you then, Wise Eyes? Can you see so well? Then you must see that it is not nothing that I do."

"Oh, isn't it?" she whispered breathlessly, her heart in her voice. "Isn't it?"

"But never. While I sit around I am being very, very busy, me—being alive, and

being amused, and being, believe me, most eternally and most exultantly grateful. You call that doing nothing?"

"Of course I call that doing nothing," replied Fair fiercely.

"Now that is strange, because, you know, I am so busy doing it, me, that I can find time to do nothing else. To sit with the sun and beauty and silence all about—that is better than heaven, I think. Always I have loved beauty better than life, and once I thought that I had lost her forever; and, see, she is mine again. In other fields, fields charmed to madness, pale horrors of white clay and red blood, with the proud trees stripped to dirty black stumps—in other fields I remembered these and I swore to that god of battles that if he would send me back to this golden grace, to this greenness and kind quiet, I would ask nothing more."

"And when those stenchies made the poor soul sicker than the body I could somehow hold my breath and smell apple blossoms in the spring moonlight, and yellow roses in the summer sunlight, and spiced wood burning in the great chimneys, and cider blowing across the autumn winds. Now—now I need not hold the breath to smell the good ripe fruit; now I need not close my eyes to see my fields of gold with the little warm, gray sheep against the hills. Now I have come home to my fields, and I keep faith with my God of battles; I ask for nothing more. Look before you, Wise Eyes; what do you see?"

"The alley of lime trees and the north gate and the meadow," said Fair, fighting desperately to harden the voice that wanted only to break.

"Look farther."

"I can see the thatch on Daudin's roof and the road to the village and the little steeple on the church."

"Nothing more?"

"There's nothing more to see."

"YOU do not see a little boy climbing that iron gate and racing home up that long alley, singing—racing quick, quick because it begins to grow dark?"

"Of course I don't see him," replied Fair; but she leaned forward, straining her eyes.

"Look farther; look far away; you cannot see the other little boys—many, many, all hurrying while they sing to get home before it is dark? No? Ah, poor Wise Eyes! Perhaps it is because it is years that those little boys hurry down, instead of just an alley of lime trees; they are hurrying home clear across the centuries. Since that first Philippe came singing up from the south, they have loved these gray stones best of all the earth—best, I think, of heaven. And that last little boy, he did not love it least, believe me. Perhaps he is singing louder than them all, because though they have made it, those others, he has saved it."

"He didn't save it any more than a good many million others," commented Fair ruthlessly.

Philip le Gai threw back his black head with a ringing peal of laughter. "Truly as you say, not more. But that is another reason why he sings, believe me."

"But what did you do before you started in to save it?" pursued the remorseless inquisitor, and suddenly she sickened at her task.

The radiance flagged in the dark face before her; for a moment Philippe le Gai

(Continued on Page 132)



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Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 131)

looked mortally tired. "Me? I was an artist, and an engineer." He sat staring ahead of him, tense and straight, and then he relaxed easily, the smile playing again. "Not so good an artist, and not so bad an engineer, Mistress Fairy. I was, oh, most young, and, oh, most vain, and gray-headed old gentlemen from far away came to beg a little advice as to what to do with their sick mines."

"Mines?" Fair's face was alight. "That was what dad used to do, before he went in for cotton. It was copper, you know. D'you know about copper?"

"Every kind of mine that ever was I knew about," he assured her lightly. "But now I have forgotten."

"How could you," she cried, "when they need you so? Don't you think that that little boy would be ashamed if he could see you sitting on this terrace, just sitting and sitting like a great, enormous, lazy black cat? Don't you?"

"Why, no," replied Philippe le Gai. "I do not think that he would be ashamed."

Fair wrung her hands together; she felt defeat closing about her. "Those fields that you talked about—don't you want to make them green and golden again too?"

"They are very tired, those fields," said the man. "Shall we not let them rest?"

"Oh," cried Fair, and the valiant voice struggled and broke, "how can you? Oh, oh, how can you?"

"Fair!" He was on his feet at last.

THE swift move sent the paper flying, and it came fluttering irresponsibly across the sunlit space between them, dancing to a halt almost at her feet. It had blown open, and her eyes were riveted on the letterhead, the little, black letters spelling out the name of dad's attorney, "Henry C. Forrester, Wall Street"; she stared incredulously:

Dear Sir: In further reply to your request for full details as to the fortune left Miss Carter by her father—

A wave of scarlet, a blinding, suffocating wave that held her from heel to brow, swept over her; she felt as though she were drowning; she felt as though she were being buried alive; she felt as though a bolt of lightning had passed clean through her body, leaving her quite dead and still.

"So that is what you are?" she said.

"You—you! I might have known."

"What I am?"

His voice was touched with a little wonder. "No, but I do not understand; what is it that I am?"

"There's no word for you," she told him between her clicking teeth. She was shaking violently, uncontrollably, like someone in a chill. "Crawling to my lawyers—you—you! A common adventurer—"

"You are mad," he said.

"It's here," cried Fair. "Look. It's here in black and white; are you going to deny it?"

"Give me that letter."

"I wouldn't touch it in a thousand years," she flung at him; "not in a hundred, hundred thousand. It's filthy; it can lie there till it rots."

"Pick it up," he told her.

"How dare you?" she whispered. "How dare you? How dare you?"

"It is not so very greatly daring," he assured her softly. "Pick it up, I tell you."

FAIR stared at him voicelessly where he stood, tall and splendid and terrible in the sunlight. No, no, this was nightmare; this was not true. It was not she who bent to the bidding of this relentless monster; it was some other Fairfax, caught in a hideous dream. The paper rattled in her fingers like goblin castanets.

"Now bring it to me."

She crossed the little space of sun-warmed bricks, her eyes fixed as a sleep walker.

"Closer," bade the still voice. "Closer yet. Yes. Now put it in my hand. That way—yes. It was not yours, you see. Did you forget that?"

Fair made no answer. If she opened her lips she might scream; she watched the brown fingers, folding the bit of white paper into a neat oblong.

"I would not, I think, say any word to Laure of this," said the voice. "And I would not, I think, stay here longer. I would forget all this—and go."

"I am going this afternoon," she told him through her stiff lips. "And I am going to tell Laure everything."

"DO NOT," he said. "Do not, believe me." He stood very stiff for a moment, staring down at the paper, and then he spoke again. "I am, as you say, an adventurer," said Philippe le Gai in that terrible and gentle voice. "An adventurer is, as you say, common. For which I thank my gods. You have nothing more to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Then that is all, I think, Miss Carter."

Obviously the audience was over; the courtier was dismissed. Oh, for one word, one little, little word to blast him where he stood, gentle and insolent and relentless. She could not find that word; she could not find it; and she would die before she would give him any other. Out of this nightmare—she must get out of this nightmare! The brown boots stumbled in their haste on the terrace steps; but at the foot she turned once more to face him, flinging him a last look of terror and defiance and despair and, deeper than all, wonder. But Philippe le Gai's face was turned once more to his golden fields.

Far away, at the end of the long alley, she could see the players coming back; she could hear them, too, laughing and calling to each other. Bravo was barking frenziedly, heedless of Diane's small, peremptory shouts; there, he was off, with Raoul and Diane in mad pursuit, headed straight for the distant stables. She clung to the stone railing for a moment, limp and sick, and then she flung back her head, spurred her flagging feet and set off down the arching lime trees, running. Running because she was desperately tired and desperately frightened; because it was towards battle that she ran, and she must get there swiftly.

Laure hailed her from the far end, gay and kind. "Ah, small deserter, you come to surrender? Come quick then, and do penance."

"I've not come to do penance," said the deserter. She stood very straight with her hands clasped tightly behind her, color like flame dancing beneath her skin. "I've come to say good-by."

"Good-by?" echoed Laure. "Here, André, take this mallet, this ball. What folly is this, Fair?"

"It's not folly; the folly's been in staying. I've learned quite a lot of things in the last few minutes, Laure. Monsieur de Lautrel has some papers that he wants to show you on the terrace."

"PAPERS? Well, but what is all this mystery? Come now, Fair, you are not well. I know. The doctor he said you should not be excited—"

"I am not in the least excited," replied Fair, her eyes two glittering danger signals.

"Are you in this plot, too, Monsieur André?"

"Plot? No, decidedly, this is fever. Let me feel your hands, *mon enfant*."

"Don't touch me, please," said Fair very clearly and distinctly.

"Did I say fever? But it is delirium! am not to touch you?"

"No." She took a step farther away from Laure, who stood looking down at her, clear

(Continued on Page 134)

How I Made \$1150 in Eleven Months —Right in My Own Home

My spare-time earnings made the first payment on our home. We plan to pay the rest the same way. Read how simple it is to turn spare hours into dollars.

By Mrs. Frank Unger

WHEN we were first married, my husband and I used to make a little game of paying the household bills. Every Saturday afternoon as regular as clock work, I got out the bills, and he produced his check book, and settled up with everybody. We used to call it "wiping the slate clean." Back in those days there was always plenty of cash to meet the bills, and maybe enough left over for a couple of theatre tickets or a little outing.

Then by and by we began to notice that somehow there wasn't any surplus. Prices were increasing and my husband began to look grave as he drew the checks. I too was worried. We quit spending anything for recreation and began pinching pennies here and there. But even then we had barely enough to get by with from week to week.

Then one week we had some extra expenses and we found the money would not go around. I felt so badly about it, that I just wanted to cry. But that was only the beginning. Almost every week it seemed as though we had to put off paying some bill. Our expenses were steadily increasing. My husband's wages were hardly enough to meet the household accounts, to say nothing of clothing. And so things ran along for months, with us pinching and skimping and trying desperately to break even.

I began wondering what I could do to help. Surely there must be something. To go out and work was impossible, because I had a four months old baby to care for. Perhaps I could have tucked baby into his carriage and made a few calls in the afternoon, canvassing for something. But I was never cut out for an agent. I knew I would scarcely make pin-money that way. And we needed plenty of real cash.

How COULD I Make Money?

There was just one thing for me. I must find some sort of home work that would pay good wages. I wasn't suited to become a seamstress or a dressmaker. What could I do?

Finally I began looking in the magazines and newspapers for some sort of paying home work. I used to get mightily discouraged in my search. But nothing came of it. No one seemed to have any work to offer me.

Then, one day I opened the paper to look for work, as usual. And on one of the pages this headline caught my eye: "How I Make Money Right at Home." Of course, I started to read, and soon I was real excited. It was about a woman whose husband got a small salary—hardly enough for them to live on with everything so expensive. She wanted to make extra money just as bad as I did. But she had two little children so she couldn't do any paying work unless she could find something to do at home. It was my situation exactly.

Then it went on to tell how at last she did find profitable home work—making socks on a hand-knitting machine, and how the company paid her for making them, and furnished replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks she sent in. The name of the firm was the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, and they were located at Buffalo, N. Y.

"Well," I said to myself, "this certainly looks like a chance for me to make some money. At any rate, I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer."

So I wrote a letter to the company, asking for their free information. In just a few days I had a reply telling me all about the machine, and the details of their home work proposition. And then I was more enthusiastic than ever.

I told some of my friends about the knitting machine, but most of them only laughed and said I would never make any money with one of those things. My husband was doubtful about it. But finally he said: "Your judgment is usually pretty good. If you really believe you can make money with an Auto-Knitter, why, send and get one."

How I Started.

And that is exactly what I did. I sent the order just as fast as I could. Then pretty soon my knitter arrived. At first I was a little bit afraid, because I didn't know anything about machines.

But I often think now how simple it was to learn to run my Auto-Knitter when I sat down and went at it with the Instruction Book as my guide. If I had done this more carefully when I first received my machine, I should have made a perfect sock much quicker than I did. The book makes everything so clear.

I submitted the first faultless sock I made to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. They said it was fine and they would buy all I could make like it. I was as happy as a lark! At last I had a way to make money without leaving my home and baby.

Well, I started to work then in real earnest, putting in every minute I could spare from my housework. The more I worked the Auto-Knitter the faster I could turn out a pair of socks. The first week I made only one dozen pairs, but the next week I made two dozen, and went on increasing.



Mrs. Frank Unger.

Hosiery Company kept coming in for each lot of standard socks I sent them. I think the pay for this home work is wonderful. I love my work more each week. And the beauty of it is that I don't have to keep regular hours. I can knit whenever I have a few moments to spare, besides taking care of my baby and doing the housework.

Made Over 7,000 Pairs.

My machine works perfectly. The only repairs I have needed were some needles which were carelessly broken. I can now make four pairs of men's socks in one hour. My socks have always been cheerfully accepted and paid for by the company, except a few pairs that I could easily make over. I have knit over 7,000 pairs of men's socks. Several hundred pairs were sold to my friends. When I sell one pair in a family it isn't long before all of the men-folks buy from two to six pairs. Everyone says he has never before had a chance to buy such nice warm socks with the real "home-made" quality worked right into them. I sell them at \$1.00 a pair, realizing a nice profit.

I have had my machine eleven months, and I have made in all \$1,150.00 out of the socks I have knit with it. With this money we have made the first payment on our home, and plan to pay the rest in the same way. In addition I have made my original investment for machine and yarn.

Just imagine what it has meant to us to have more than \$100.00 "extra" money coming in each month. And now we are realizing the dream of a lifetime—a little cottage of our own. Our Auto-Knitter has made it possible. Without the little wonder-worker, we would still be worrying along, facing a hopeless, dreary existence. Oh, I am so glad we are away from it all, that I could just shout for joy! To those who want to make

extra money at home in their spare time, I heartily recommend the Auto-Knitter. There is nothing like it.

Mrs. Frank Unger, New York.

How You, Too, Can Make Money at Home.

We asked Mrs. Unger to tell you, in her very own words, her experiences with the Auto-Knitter, because we wanted you to know what can actually be accomplished at home with spare-time work.

Here is a woman who was face-to-face with the "more-money" problem. Her insight and judgment enabled her to size up the Auto-Knitter offer quickly and decide promptly. This judgment was amply vindicated by the fact that she got back her entire original investment with two weeks' average earnings, having made more than \$100 monthly, a return of almost 200% a month on her original investment. Not everyone makes as much with the Auto-Knitter as Mrs. Unger, because not everyone devotes as much time and energy to the work, but women everywhere are solving the "extra-money" problem in this way without leaving their home. Men, too, are making money with the knitter in spare time. Why shouldn't you do likewise?

Perhaps you haven't even as much spare time as Mrs. Unger. It may be that you can devote only a few moments at a time to the work. But don't let that discourage you. For in these odd snatches of time you can earn at the same rate as though you operated your machine all day. And, as Mrs. Unger points out, you can pick up the work at any time, knit as long as you wish, and leave your machine when it is necessary to do something else. Auto-Knitting will pay you directly in proportion to the time you spend at it.

Clearly and briefly here is our proposition: The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to buy all the standard socks you knit on the Auto-Knitter, and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. You can send large shipments or small, just as you please. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot. Replacement yarn is also furnished for every shipment you send in. Thus you have yarn to work up into more socks. Under the terms of our Work Agreement you have steady, pleasant, well-paid employment without "going to work."

Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. Inexperienced persons can learn to turn out standard "Olde Tyme" wool socks, with the aid of the Auto-Knitter. These socks have all of the comfort, warmth and strength of hand-knitted socks. And the machine operates many times faster than even the most skilled hand-knitter.

The Auto-Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it. Then, too, there's a complete instruction book that makes everything plain. The work is so pleasant and enjoyable you hardly realize it is work. And as you operate the machine you are earning money to buy pretty things to wear, new furnishings for the home—and whatever else you may be needing.

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer.

Of course you want to know more about the wonderful little machine that helped Mrs. Frank Unger make her dreams come true; the machine that has done so much for other women.

Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of other Auto-Knitter owners. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money-making opportunity offered you.

Remember what Mrs. Unger said just a few short months ago—"At any rate I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer!" She lost no time in getting the facts. You are in her position today. Will you follow her example?

Just write your name and address in the space below. The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 12, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Department 12, 630-632 Genesee Street,
Buffalo, New York

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing prospectus, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name (Please write plainly.)

Address

City State

L.H.J. 2-22



Little Miss Gage

is the name for a line of hats for girls of from six to twelve years. These hats carry the Gage crown tip; are both tailored and trimmed and reflect in value and style the Gage reputation for distinction in millinery. You will be delighted to find how attractive they are, and to see with what care the Gage insistence for good wear and individual style has been made available in hats for girls.

An illustrated booklet of these new Little Miss Gage Hats has just been issued. It contains also some interesting stories of the "big out-doors" that will please little girls. A copy will be mailed you on request.

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Write PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL FOR NURSES
2223 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Philip the Gay

(Continued from Page 132)

and quiet and lovely, with that incredulous lift to her brows. "Don't pretend any more, please; it makes me rather sick. I know about everything, you see."

"That is very exactly what I do not do, *ma petite*. No, André, do not go; you, too, will wait and see. What is this nonsense, Fair?"

"You needn't keep it up any longer, I tell you," returned Fair fiercely. "I've found out what you and Monsieur de Lautrec have been doing. I thought that you loved me, Laure—you did it pretty well—and all the time you were nothing but fortune hunters, were you? Now you both know what I think of you, and I'm going."

"YOU told Philippe—that?" asked Laure. Every atom of color had drained out of her face, but she did not lift her voice. "No, wait, André. I am not yet through. It would be a good hunter who could find your fortune, Fairfax. You have none to hunt for."

"I have two million dollars," said Fair. "You have not half a million centimes. It was all in cotton, that great fortune; it is gone. Your lawyers had cabled to you while you were ill in Germany; but the doctors, they said you must not hear that bad news then; they asked me to tell you gently when you were much better. So I have waited, and Philippe, he has cabled three—no, four—times to see whether skill and thought and work might not save that so mighty fortune. To-day he thought perhaps that we might have heard—"

"Oh!" said Fair in a small, childish voice.

"Oh!" She put her hand to her head; it hurt dreadfully. "Well, then I can go to work." She made a vague gesture as though if she stretched out her hand work would be there for her to cling to; and Laure smiled, a fine, cruel little smile. Something snapped in Fair's head. "That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, Laure? But you see, I'm not over six feet tall; I'm not stronger than steel; I'm not busy twelve hours a day sitting around in the sun being an ex-hero; so I'm going to work."

"Did you, perhaps, tell my brother that you thought that of him too?" asked Laure.

"I told him that, and I told him more."

LAURE came towards her, something so terrible in her white face that for a moment Fair thought that she was going to kill her. "Little fool," she said very softly. "Little wicked fool! Philippe cannot work; Philippe is blind." "No!" cried Fair. She clapped her hands over her ears to shut out those dreadful words, her face a twisted mask of terror. "No, no, no!"

"And I tell you yes, yes, yes," repeated the tall girl before her, closing her long fingers over the small wrists, wrenching the clinging hands down relentlessly. "Blind like a stone, I tell you—blind." "He couldn't be; I'd have seen—"

"What have you ever seen that did not touch yourself?" asked Philippe's sister. "He is blind, but not so blind as you. When you came to us, never, never did we think that you would not see, though we could not talk of it—not yet. But Philippe—Philippe, he said, 'No, no; let her alone. She has need of peace and mirth and sunshine, those

doctors said; darkness it must not touch her. We will be careful, and perhaps she will not know.' You have well repaid that care, have you not, Fairfax?"

"But his eyes—his eyes—"

"His eyes—because they are still there, you think they see? They saw too much, those eyes; they see no more. What made the light behind them, that nerve behind them—it is paralyzed. Philippe—all day, all night he works; he works—to learn to read, to learn to write, to learn to live."

"Please let me go, Laure," whispered Fair. "Please, Laure! Please, Laure!"

"I will tell Marie Leontine to help you with your packing," said Laure. "And I am glad indeed to let you go. Come, André."

Fair watched them cutting across the garden to the east entrance—not the terrace, not the terrace. She clung to the lime tree, fighting desperately. She mustn't faint; she mustn't cry; she mustn't go mad—not yet. She couldn't run any more; she felt as though she could never run again; but perhaps if she started now and went very carefully, holding to the lime trees, she could get there before he left. She must; she must get there before he left. . . .

Not until she was at the steps did she dare to raise her eyes. He was still there.

"Laure?" he called. "Laure?"

"It's me," said Fair. "I came—back." She saw him grind the paper between his hands, and then he turned towards her.

"You had forgotten something?"

You are weeping? Do not weep. Those little jewels of tears, so small, so shining, so empty, empty—you women love them best of all your jewels, I think. But me, I do not think that they become you best."

"I DON'T cry often," Fair told him. "Not often really. You can ask dad; no, no, not dad. I didn't mean to, truly; it's because I'm tired probably. I came back because I wanted to tell you—"

"Why, because you were a good child and wanted to tell me that you were sorry?"

"No—no. Because I wanted to tell you that I was glad."

"Glad?" He was on his feet.

"How could I be sorry for you, Philippe? Oh, I can't be sorry for myself, not even now, not when I see myself. I wanted so to be proud of you, you don't know—"

"And why did you so want to be proud of me, may I ask?"

"Because I love you," said Fair clearly.

Philippe le Gai caught at the cushioned chair. "You are mad," he said.

"Yes." The voice tripped in its haste. "Yes; but, you see, I had to tell you. You mustn't mind; I'm going. Don't mind, please, Philippe. I didn't know myself, truly—not till Laure told me about—about you, and I knew that I didn't care at all how loathsome and vile I had been, because I was so glad that you—that you—"

"Hush!" He stood quite still, and then he raised his hand to his eyes. "I should send you far from me, Fairfax."

"Yes," said Fair; "I'm not any good, you see. All I had to give you was my money and my—my prettiness. I can't give you either of them."

"When I heard you laugh, that first night when you came," he told her, "I remembered—I remembered that laughter was not just a sound to cover up despair; I remembered how to laugh that night."

SHE stared at him, voiceless. "When you spoke to me—when you spoke to me, my Music, I was glad then that I could not see, because I wished to listen only—always."

"Philippe!" she prayed. "Don't, don't send me away, Philippe." "We are mad," he said. "Come closer."

And once more she went towards him across to where he stood, tall and splendid and terrible.

"Closer still," he said. "Closer still. Why do you weep, my Laughter?"

"Hold me—hold me; don't let me go."

"Blindness," he said; "it is just a little word, a little, dark, ugly word to frighten foolish children. Are you beautiful, my Loveliness? Never, never could you be beautiful as I dream you."

He touched her lips with his brown fingers. "Smile!" he said. And she smiled.

"What is blindness to me who can touch your lips to laughter?" he asked her, bending his black head until his lips swept her lashes. "What is blindness to me, who can touch your eyes to tears?"

The sunlight fell across her bright hair; he could feel it warm against his lips, and suddenly he laughed aloud.

"What is blindness to me?" cried Philippe le Gai to the golden sun. "What is blindness to me who hold my light against my heart?"

A Belated Valentine

By CAROLYN WELLS

GOOD-NATURED Enoch Satterlee had a good-natured wife;

No quarrels ever marred the even tenor of their life. They jogged along serenely in a calm and placid way. And all the neighbors quite agreed a model pair were they.

Almira wasn't much on style, but gave him three square meals; She let him smoke his pipe in peace and darned his toes and heels;

And Enoch never thought to rise when she came in the room— Unless indeed she shooed him out with duster, mop and broom.

And as to little compliments about her looks or dress, He never thought of those at all—and she thought even less. Had he been asked he would have said, "Oh, well, I like her ways."

And "He's a good provider" would have been her meed of praise.

All this was well enough, of course; but as the years went by The pair began to drift apart and couldn't just say why. They loved each other; but, you see, it never had occurred To either of them that love pines for lack of spoken word.

One day as Enoch went downtown, by luck he chanced to pass. Absorbed in their own love affairs, a laughing lad and lass; They read something together, and they smiled at every line; Old Enoch craned his neck to see; it was a valentine!

"By gum!" he said. "By jumpin' jinks! I wonder what she'd say If I should send Almira one? I will—this very day!"

He hurried to the village store and bought the finest one, And sent it to his wife by post—then waited for the fun.

He watched Almira while she read the tender missive through; The tears fell from her shining eyes and—his were filling too; And as he took her in his arms she flushed a lovely pink, And said: "This valentine has brought all that life lacked, I think."

"Yes"; she was quite near now. "I came back to tell you—to tell you—"

His smile deepened. "Ah, *tiens!* There was something then that you forgot to tell me? Never should I have said it."

"Please," she entreated in that shadow of a voice. "Please, I know now about—about—Laure told me."

"About why I lie like that cat in the sun? Good. Now you tell Laure—" He broke off sharply. "She was not kind, our Laure?"

What Shall I Serve with the Salad?

To nibble a cracker between mouthfuls of salad is a natural taste.

A crisp, salty cracker makes the salad taste better.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers are the sort of crackers that harmonize with the salad course.

As their name indicates, they are crisp without being hard or brittle—a flaky crispness.

They are small and dainty, and salted slightly—just right, you will agree when you taste them.

When you are buying Sunshine Krispy Crackers, look over the other crackers, biscuits and wafers displayed in the Sunshine Biscuit Rack.

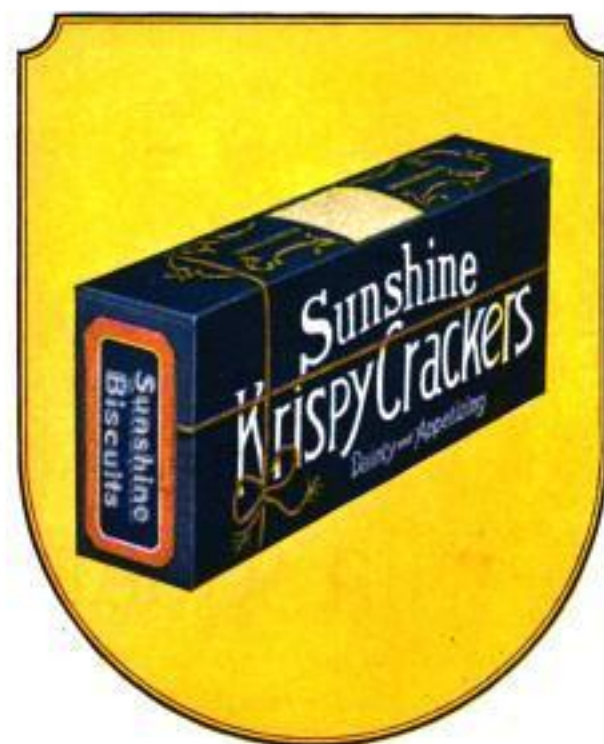
You will see many that will suggest ideas for dainty luncheon and dinner service.

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Sunshine Krispy Crackers with Pineapple-Cheese Salad

Put a slice of pineapple on a lettuce leaf for each serving. Place a ball of cream cheese on pineapple. Garnish with pimento. Cover with French dressing. Serve with Sunshine Krispy Crackers.

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thousand
Window
akeries



a new INDESTRUCTO creation with square corners



You have always thought of Indestructo as a high priced, ultra fashionable, arch-corner trunk insured against destruction for five years.

We now offer Indestructo-Z, a square cornered trunk, with angle steel edges, equally fashionable, insured for three years and selling from 25% to 40% less.

You can buy an insured Indestructo-Z wardrobe trunk for \$45 or up to \$100 according to the interior arrangements and conveniences. An Indestructo arch-corner trunk of similar size and finish will cost from \$60 up to \$250.

Here is the difference

It costs just as much to build Indestructo arch-corner construction for a \$60 trunk as for one costing \$250. Special equipment is required to cement the sides, edges and corners together

under enormous pressure. This unit-built structure is only to be had in an Indestructo trunk.

No special equipment is required to build the Indestructo-Z models. They derive their name and strength from a Z-angle steel reinforcement between corner, edge and side; consequently it is made and sold for less.

A strength comparison

A Government testing laboratory packed an Indestructo arch-corner trunk with 400 pounds of lead and cloth and dropped it in a fifteen foot testing wheel 5000 times before it began to spill its contents.

Indestructo-Z was dropped 1822 times before the rivets which held it together were loosened. The best trunk of another make previously tested failed after 700 falls.

How to decide which trunk to buy

For continuous or severe travel choose an Indestructo arch-corner trunk even at the higher price. There is real economy in owning a trunk so strong that we can say of it, "If your Indestructo fails to stand the actual travel of five years we will repair it satisfactorily or give you a new one free."

Select an Indestructo-Z, if you want a trunk that will cost less and yet give you a greater proportion of faithful service than you might expect from an average trunk; it is insured for three years against travel abuse.

But by all means buy an Indestructo trunk if you care about having others say when you travel, "You must have a wonderful trunk, my dear, your gowns look as fresh as the day you bought them."

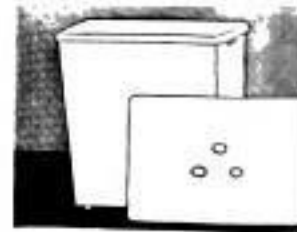
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The fine hand luggage now being sold under the Indestructo name includes a limited number of suit cases, overnight cases and bags. Exclusive as to design and utility—they embody some unusual features not found in any other hand luggage.



Indestructo Sanitary Hampers find their place in the well-equipped home; for bedroom, bath, kitchen or laundry they provide a convenient storage for soiled linen. Usually obtainable at department and furniture stores specializing in household accessories.



Write for a free copy of
"How to Pack a Trunk"

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All styles and sizes sold by
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Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 20)

hands doubled into fists and beating the air. He bit down upon his Norwegian words with clenched teeth. I was afraid to talk to him. Finally he turned to me and said:

"Ay know de man! Ay keel dis Gowdy! You hare, Yake? Ay keel him!"

Of course I told him that this would never do, and talked the way we all do when it is our duty to keep a friend from ruining himself. He sat down while I was talking, and so far as I could see heard never a word of what I said. Finally I talked myself out, and still he sat there as silent as a statue.

"Ay—tank—Ay—take—a—valk," he said at last, and he went out into the night. I lay back expecting that he would come in pretty soon, but I went to sleep and woke late. He was still absent.

When I got to my place the widow told me that he had been there, had had a long talk with Rowena and had hitched up his team and driven away. Rowena was asleep when I looked in, and I went out to plow. If Magnus had gone to kill Buck Gowdy there was nothing I could do to prevent it. As a matter of fact, I approved of his impulse.

When I turned out at noon I saw Magnus' team and a horse hitched to a buggy tied to my corncrib; and when I went into the house I half expected to find Jim Boyd the sheriff there, to arrest Magnus Thorkelson for murder.

What I really found was Elder Thorndyke and Grandma and the widow, all standing by Rowena's bed. The widow was holding the baby in her arms, but as I came in she laid it in a chair and covered it up, as much as to indicate that on this occasion the less seen of the infant the better. Magnus was holding Rowena's hand, and the Elder was standing on the other side of the bed holding a book. Magnus motioned me to stand beside him, and as I took my place handed me a gold ring. Rowena looked up at me piteously, as if to ask forgiveness. I had never seen a marriage ceremony and was at my wit's end to know what we were doing, thinking sometimes that it was a wedding, and sometimes that it might be something like extreme unction; when at last the Elder said, "I pronounce you man and wife!"

XVI

NOW I leave it to the reader whether in this case of the trouble of Rowena Fewkes and her marriage to Magnus Thorkelson I did anything by which I ought to have forfeited the esteem of my neighbors, of the Reverend and Mrs. Thorndyke, or of Virginia Royall. Yet, that one good act of standing by a poor girl degraded me more in the minds of the community than all he spavins, thorough-ins, poll-evils and he like I ever concealed or glossed over a horse trading.

Grandma Thorndyke came out no more to redd up my ouse and exhibit her ipples of prospective wives to me. he neighbors called a more. I began diving over to the ew railroad to do my marketing, though was twice as close to go to Monterey Center. hen Elder Thorndyke, largely through e contributions of Governor Wade and uckner Gowdy, succeeded in getting his urch built, I was not asked to go to the ings of laying the corner stone or shingling e steeple.

I was an outsider. I know now that things began to change r me in the minds of the people when owena's baby was christened. This took ace early in the winter. Magnus asked me go to the church, so I was present when agnus and Rowena stood before the altar. iter the responses had been made, Elder rorndyke unfolded a paper which had been ended him with the name of the child on it;

then he went on with his part of the ceremony: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I baptize thee —" And then he carried on a whispered conversation with the mother, gave the loudest honk I ever heard him utter, and finished: "I baptize thee, Owen Lovejoy Gowdy."

The elder looked around as if wondering whether he had not committed some sort of crime in thus offending a man who had put so much money into the new church building. He had not, however; for in advertising in this way Gowdy's wrong to one girl he ended forever his sly approaches, under the excuse of getting her some fictitious property, saving his soul, and the like, to another.

THEN came the excitement of the Civil War. This thing, which changed all our lives the way war does, came upon me like a clap of thunder. I was living like a hermit and working like a horse. Lincoln's first call for volunteers took only a few men out of the county, and none from Vandemark township except George Story. I had not begun to take much interest in the matter; and when in the summer of 1861 there began to be war meetings to spur us young men to enlistment the speakers all shouted to us that the war was not to free the slaves but to save the Union. Now this was a new slant on the question, and I had to think over it.

One night at a war meeting I saw Virginia with a young man dressed in store clothes, whom I afterward knew as Will Lockwood, the principal of the Monterey Center school. He seemingly was going forward to put his name down as enlisted. I jumped in ahead of him, so as to show Virginia that her fellow was not the only patriot, and beat him to it.

"So you are going to fight Kaintucky?" said she to me, as if I had engaged to ruin everything she held dear.

"We must save the Union," I said. "I didn't think of you being on the other side!"

"Mr. Lockwood," said she, "this is Teunis Vandemark, an old friend of mine. He's going to fight my friends too."

In two or three minutes I found that he was from Herkimer County and had lived along the Erie Canal, and was actually the son of my old teacher Lockwood. He was my best friend during all my service as a soldier, which you will soon see was not long. We left him on the field at Shiloh.

The recruiting officer got us uniforms—or somebody did; and during the nice weather—it was October when I enlisted—our company did some drilling. We had no arms, but used shotguns, squirrel rifles and even sticks. Will Lockwood tried to drill us, but made a bad job out of it. Then one day Buckner Gowdy, who had also enlisted, took charge of a squad of men and in ten minutes showed that he knew more about military

drill than anyone else in the county. He had been educated at a military school in Virginia. All the skill in drill that we ever got we owed to him. It was gall and wormwood for me and worse for Magnus; but

when it came to electing a captain of our company I voted for Gowdy, and under the same conditions would do it again. It was better to have a real captain who was a scoundrel than a man who knew nothing but kept the commandments.

Governor Wade gave us a great entertainment at his farm just before we marched. Everybody was there—except Judge Stone.

Virginia was there with the Elder and Grandma. The old preacher and his wife looked more shabby than I had ever seen them—Grandma's gloves more extensively darned, the Elder's clothes shinier, his cuffs in all their whiteness more frayed; and there were beautifully darned places in the stiff,

(Continued on Page 139)



The Walls of These Homes Are Not Alabastined

PLACE on your walls, new or old, dainty colorings of Alabastine—the charm and cheerfulness of tones or tints exactly to your taste, best adapted to light and location, or in close harmony with your rugs or furnishings, and

- if you are a renter—you will not wish to move.
- if you own your own home—you will not care to sell.
- or, if you deal in properties—there will be no lack of tenants or purchasers.

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Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

For Alabastine has proved its superiority—not only in homes but in buildings of all kinds where beautiful interiors are desired.

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Nearly all good stores selling paints have Alabastine in stock. Any good decorator will use it if you request, or where decorators are not available you can do the work yourself. Just mix Alabastine with pure cold water and apply with a suitable brush. But be sure the sign of the genuine, the cross and circle, is printed in red on every box you buy or your decorator brings.

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Let us send you, without cost, our booklet showing in actual Alabastine colors the newest and most popular tints for home interiors. Write us about your home and our staff of experts will help you decide upon the most pleasing plan of decoration.

Ask Your Dealer or Decorator About

The Alabastine-Opaline-Process

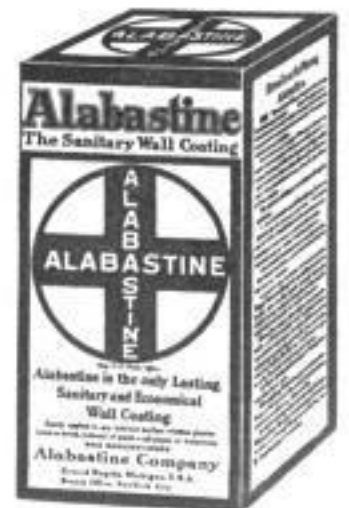
This is a new vari-colored wall treatment, a charming novelty in home decoration whose beautiful color harmonies it is impossible to describe in words. Before refinishing your walls ask your dealer or decorator to show samples of this new tiffanized effect.

PRICES

5-lb. package White Alabastine	75c
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Special deep shades (No. 33 dark green, No. 58 deep brown)	95c

Alabastine Company

544 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.



Charles Villiar Sparr, fifteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sparr of Prescott, Iowa.

Brown are his eyes and auburn his hair—and his little body is as sturdy as the most devoted mother could wish. "... his constant good health has made him full of vim and pep", Mrs. Sparr says.



Vigor—do you wish it for your boy?

SINCE her son, Villiar, is so healthy and active, both mentally and physically, it is not surprising that Mrs. Sparr is an enthusiast about Eagle Brand. For Eagle Brand has always been Villiar's food—and he has never had even the least of the usual ills of childhood.

When he was ten months old Villiar walked; at fifteen months—when this picture was taken—Villiar's mother began to teach him his A B C's! He has "keen intelligence", Mrs. Sparr reports, and "he learns exceedingly fast". Of course, her own thoughtful care has had much to do with the little boy's development, but she, herself, gives Eagle Brand the credit.

What mother doesn't want her child to be well and vigorous as to body, and quick as to mind? So much depends upon the food—and it is not necessary

to experiment with your baby's food. Nurse him, of course, if it is possible—but if for any reason you cannot do this, don't take unnecessary risks. There are no doubts about the purity or the splendid results of Eagle Brand as an infant food. It has been the standard baby food for 64 years.

Eagle Brand is nothing but wholesome country milk blended with pure sugar. Mrs. Sparr is only one of the many thousands of mothers who have testified to its benefits. Doctors recommend it for babies who are puny and are losing weight. When other foods fail, Eagle Brand has proved itself again and again. It is easily digested; its purity and quality remain constant; it can be bought anywhere.

Do you want a cunning record book in which to keep your baby's history? Then write for "The Best Baby" and for chart and booklet about feeding. Both are free.

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Eagle Brand
Condensed Milk
Evaporated Milk
Malted Milk
Milk Chocolate
Condensed Coffee

Established 1857



Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
Condensed Milk

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 137)

starched bosom of his shirt. He pressed my hand warmly as he said "God bless you, Jacob, and bring you safe back to us, my boy!" Grandma's eyes glistened as she schooled his sentiments and began asking me about my underwear and especially my socks. Virginia looked the other way; but when I went off by myself Will Lockwood came and drew me off into a corner to talk with me about old times along the canal; and suddenly we found Virginia there, and Will all at once thought of someone he wanted to speak to and left us together.

"I didn't mean that I thought you ought not to go to the war, Teunis," said she. "You must go, of course."

"Maybe your friends," I said after standing dumb for a while, "will be on the Union side."

"No," said she. "I have no relations—and few friends there; but all I have will be on the other side, I reckon. It makes no difference. They've forgotten me by this time. Everybody has forgotten me that once liked me—everybody but Elder Thorndyke and Mrs. Thorndyke. They love me, but nobody else does."

"I thought some others acted as if they did," I said.

"You thought a lot about it!" she scoffed. Then we sat quite a while silent. "I shall think every day," said she at last, "about the only happy time I have had since Ann took sick—and long before that."

"What time was that?" I asked.

"You know, Teunis." The tears were falling in her lap now. "Those days when we were together alone on the wide prairie—when you took me in and were so good to me. Something has come between us lately, Teunis. I partly know what, and partly I don't, but something —"

She stopped in the middle of what she seemed to be saying.

"We are very poor," said she, nodding toward the Elder and Grandma. "So, ignorant as I am, I kept a school last summer. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I said, "I knew about it."

SHE touched on so many things—sore things and sacred things—in this speech at I only looked at her with tears in my eyes; and she saw them. It was the only answer I could make, and before she could say any more the Elder and his wife came and took her home.

I had small part in the Civil War. But one thing that took place on the field of Shiloh belongs in this history. Most of the members of my company enlisted in October, 1861, but we did not get to the front until the very day of the Battle of Shiloh. And we did it get our guns until just before we went to battle.

After the guns were issued to us we stood on the bank and lounged about on the siding, waiting for the issue of cartridges, of which we got forty rounds at first, and ten more right afterward. An orderly came to us, with Magnus following him, and gave me the captain's order to report to him in the bin of the transport which lay tied up at the dock. We looked at each other in wonder, for we followed the orderly into the cabin, where we stood at attention. The captain turned our salutes, dismissed the orderly, and after his footsteps had gone out of hearing, turned to us.

"Thorndyke and Vandemark," said he, "have a few words to say to you. I don't have anything in the books covering the case, I am speaking as man to man."

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Ay hare," said Magnus.

"Thorndyke," Gowdy went on, "you have had an ambition to put an end to me. Well, now's your chance, or will be when we get out there where the shooting is going on. You've had a poor chance to practice marksmanship, but maybe you can shoot well enough to hit a man of my size from the rear—for my men will be to the rear of me in a fight."

He stopped and looked straight in Magnus' eyes, and Magnus stared straight back. At last Gowdy's eyes swept around toward me and then back again.

"Well," said he, "what do you and your friend say? The bond to keep the peace don't run in Tennessee."

"I think," said I, "as man to man, that you deserve shooting, but maybe this ain't the place for it. I voted for you for captain because you seem to know your business—and I don't believe we've got another that does. That's how I feel."

Gowdy laughed.

"Captain Gowdy," said Magnus. "Ven Ay bane sworn in, Ay take you for captain. You bane a good-for-nothing rascal, but you bane best man for captain. I am tied up. You bane necessary to maybe save lives of a hundred better men dan you. Ay not shoot. You insult me ven you talk about it."

"IN SPITE of the somewhat uncomplimentary and insubordinate language in which you express yourself," said Gowdy, "which I overlook under the peculiar circumstances, I reckon I must admit that I did assume an attitude on your part of which you are incapable, and that such an assumption was insulting—if a private can be insulted by a commissioned officer. This being man to man, I apologize. You may go, Thorndyke."

Magnus clicked his heels together in the way he had learned in the old country, and saluted; Captain Gowdy returned the salute, and Magnus marched out with his head high and his stomach drawn in.

"Devilish good soldier!" said Gowdy as he went out. "Well, that clears the atmosphere a little! So, Vandemark, you think I need killing, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's all in the point of view," said he, leaning toward me and smiling that ingratiating smile of his. "Sometimes I think so too; but there's only one policy for me—lose 'em and forget 'em. I sometimes think that the time may come when I shall wish I had married that girl. Have you seen the baby lately?"

"I used to see it every few days," said I. "It's runnin' all over the place."

"Look like me?"

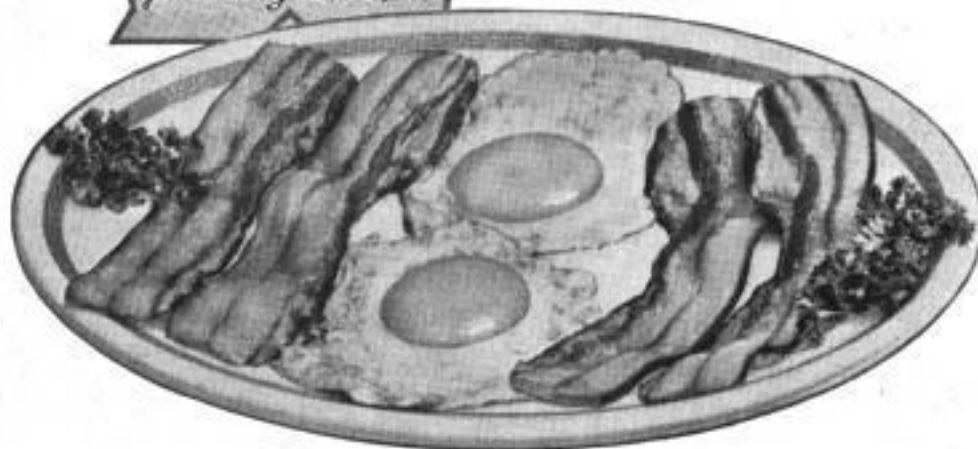
"It will when it gets older."

"When you go back," said he, "if I don't, will you do me and this little offspring of mine—and its mother—a favor?"

"I'll have to wait and see what it is," said I.

"Same old cautious Vandemark!" said he, laughing. "Well, that's why I picked you to do this, if you will be so good. You can look the matter over in case it comes to anything, and act if you think best; but I think you will decide to act. Please go to Lusch in Waterloo and ask for a packet of papers I left there, to be opened in your presence and at your request if I wink out in this irrepressible conflict. Remember, I shall be on the other side of Jordan or some other stream. Inside of the outer envelope will be a letter to

(Continued on Page 140)



WILSON'S Certified Bacon helps you live up to that good old rule, "Keep cheerful till ten in the morning, and the rest of the day takes care of itself." Crisp and delicious, with an aroma which whets your morning appetite, this specially prepared bacon will add pleasure and nourishment to everyone's breakfast.

You can be sure of just the right proportion of fat and lean—and of the rich, mild flavor imparted by patient curing and smoking—because the Wilson *Certified* label means these things when it appears on bacon in the whole piece or in convenient one pound cartons. *Certified* also signifies *respect* in the care and handling, such as your mother used in the kitchen where she prepared good things for you.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's *Certified* Bacon, Ham and Lard. If he does not have them, we can supply him, if you will send us his name.

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"Wilson's Meat Cookery," an authoritative book on the economical purchase and use of meats, with splendid illustrations of the different cuts of meat, together with tested recipes—a strictly up-to-date book—will be sent you without charge if you write Wilson & Co., Dept. 234, Chicago.



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If unable to purchase Hand Loom, send us your dealer's name and \$1.75 for a pound box (eighty sheets) and fifty envelopes to match. Free samples of other Des Arts style papers will be included.

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 139)

Rowena, which please deliver. There will also be one for you, with some securities and other things to be held in trust for the benefit of Rowena's boy—and mine. I hate that 'Owen Lovejoy' part of his name, but he is entitled to the name of Gowdy, and in view of the fact that he has it I want him to have a good chance—as good as he can have in view of the irregularity of his birth. To tell you the plain truth, as my affairs are now situated, I'm giving him more than he could take as my son if he were legitimate—for, as neighbor to neighbor, I'm practically busted. All I'm doing is hanging on for land to rise. Now this isn't much to do, and you won't have to act unless you want to. Will you have the papers opened and act for the dead scoundrel if it seems the proper thing to do? You see, there's hardly anybody else who is satisfactory to me and at the same time a friend to the other parties."

"I'll have the papers opened," said I; "but remember, this don't take back what I said a few minutes ago. I think you ought to be killed."

"Thank you," said he. "Private Vandemark! You may go!"

This is what took place, just as I have stated it; and this is all the Vandemark township, Monterey County or Iowa history there was in the battle so far as I know—except that Iowa had more men in that fight than any other state in proportion to her population.

Just to show you that I didn't run away I must tell you that after ammunition had been issued to us we were told how to use it. Then we formed and marched, part of the time at the double, out into a cotton field. In front of us a few hundred yards off was a line of forest trees, and under the trees were tents that I guess some of our other men were driven out of that morning. Here we were at once under a hot fire and lost a lot of men.

We went into action about half past nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon, and two regiments of us stood the enemy off along that line until about noon. Then they rushed us, and such of us as could went away from there. Those that didn't are most of them there yet. I stayed because of a shot through my leg which splintered the bone. The rebels trampled over me as they drove our men off the field, and a horse stepped on my shoulder, breaking the collar bone. Then, when the rebels were driven back, I was mauled around again, but don't remember much except that I was thirsty. And then, for months and months, I was in one hospital or another; and finally I was discharged as unfit for service because I was too lame to march. I can feel it in frosty weather yet; but it never amounted to much except for the dealers in riding plows and the like. So ended my military life. I had borne arms for my country for about three hours!

IT WAS the eighth of January, 1863, when I got home. I had not gone to see Mr. Lusch in Waterloo, for I had learned that so far from being killed Captain Gowdy had come through Shiloh without a scratch, and that he had soon afterward resigned and gone back to Monterey County. It has always been believed, but I don't know why, that he was allowed to resign either because of his relationship to the great Confederate families of Kentucky or because of his record there before he went to Iowa. Anyhow he never joined the G. A. R. or fellowshiped with the soldiers after the war. I always hated him, but I do him the justice to say here that he was a brave man.

That afternoon J. P. Roebuck, who had seen my smoke, came over to welcome me home and to talk politics with me. We must have a township for ourselves, he said. Now look at the situation in the school. We had a big school in the Vandemark schoolhouse, thirteen scholars being enrolled. We had a good teacher, too, Virginia Royall. But there wasn't enough fuel to last two days, and those Monterey Center folks were dead on their feet and nobody seemed to care if the school closed down. He went on with his argument for a separate township organization, I all the time thinking with my mind in a whirl that Virginia was near and I could see her next day. When he said that if we could get the vote of Doc Bliven, who was a member of the board of supervisors, I began to take notice.

"Bliven always seemed to like you," said Roebuck. "We all kind of wish you'd see what you can do for us with him."

"Yes," I said. "I believe I can get his vote. I'll try."

XVII

I WAS surprised next morning to note the change which had taken place in the weather. It had been cold and raw when I was crossing the prairie to my farm, with the wind in the southeast. In the night the wind had gone down, and it was as still as death in the morning. For the first time in my life, and it has happened but twice since, I heard the whistles of the engines on the railroad twelve miles away to the north. It was thawing by ten o'clock. The temperature had run up as the wind dropped and, as I now know, with the lowering of the pressure of the barometer, if we had had one.

"This is a weather breeder!" This was my way of telling myself what a scientist would have described as marked low barometer; and instead of going to see Virginia before her school opened in the morning I went to work banking up my house, fixing my sheds and reefing things down for a gale. I made up my mind that I would go to the schoolhouse just before four and surprise Virginia, and hoped it would be a little stormy so I could have an excuse

to take her home. I need not have worried about the storm. It came.

At noon the northwestern sky, a third of the way to a point overhead, was of an indigo-blue color. It still seemed to be clear sky, though I regarded it with suspicion, it was such an unusual thing for January. As I looked at it Narcisse Lacroix, a neighbor's boy, came by with his little sister. I asked him if school was out, and he said the teacher had sent them home because there was no more fuel for the school-

house stove; but it was so warm that the teacher was going to stay and sweep out and write up her register.

As the children went out of sight a strange and awful change came over the face of Nature. The bright sun was blotted out as the edge of that rising belt of indigo blue touched it. This blanket of cloud, like a curtain with puckering strings to bring it together in the southeast, drew fast across the sky—very, very fast, considering that there was not a breath of wind stirring. It was a fearful thing to see—the blue-black cloud hurrying up the sky, over the sky, and far down until there was no bright spot except a narrowing oval near the southeastern horizon; and not a breath of wind. The storm was like a leaning wall that bent far over us while its foot dragged along the ground, miles and miles behind its top. Everything had a tinge of strange, ghastly greenish blue,

(Continued on Page 143)

Good Looks Your Best Social Aid

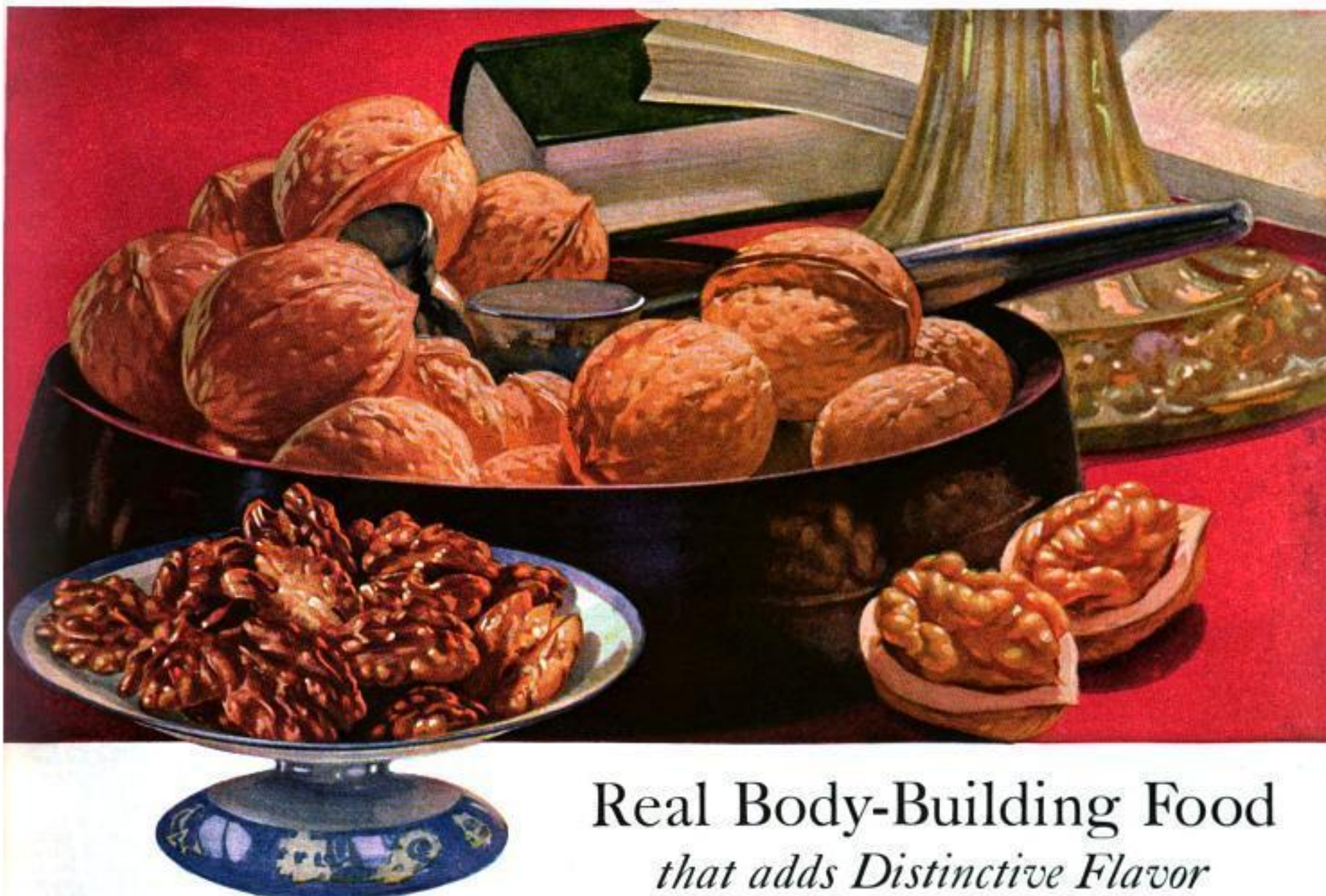
In the strenuous round of Winter's social activities, it is your complexion that is liable to suffer most. It needs constant care to protect it from the relentless tax of many dances, suppers and parties. The woman with the clear, girlish skin will ever be admired, for her face is young. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will keep your skin youthful, clear and without sign of fatigue. Before retiring, apply it freely and rub in well. You will find your skin will soon begin to take on that healthy glow which so greatly enhances feminine charm.

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream has been favored by American women for three generations. You, too, will be just as enthusiastic over its marked efficiency to keep your skin in its best condition. In tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.65.

TRY IT FREE—Write for free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 925, D. & R. Building, New York.



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"



Date-Walnut Pudding

2 eggs
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped Walnuts
1 cup chopped dates
1/4 cup sugar

Heat eggs and add sugar; sift flour and baking powder together; add Walnuts and dates. Sprinkle all with cinnamon in a greased pan. Bake about 30 or 40 minutes in a slow oven. Try with a straw. Serve with whipped cream in individual glasses.

Salted Diamond Walnuts

1 cup Diamond Walnut meats
1/2 cup cooking oil
Salt

Heat oil in a very small frying pan; when hot put in enough Diamond Walnuts to cover bottom of pan, and stir until they begin to change color. Remove with spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are fried.

Hermit Cookies

1 cup butter (or substitute)
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
3 eggs
1 cup chopped seedless raisins
2 cups chopped Diamond Walnut meats
2 scant cups flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 level teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup hot water

Cream butter, add sugar, eggs well beaten, soda dissolved in hot water, flour sifted with spices and salt, Walnuts and raisins. Drop from spoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven.

YOU know the delicious flavor of Walnuts, how they make so many dishes more tempting. But do you know how wonderfully nutritious they are?

In protein, the tissue builder and repairer, they exceed potatoes, milk, graham bread, macaroni, and eggs.

A pound of crisp, flavory Walnut meats contains 3180 calories—heat energy units. In this they lead all the above foods and in addition beef, veal, ham, cheese, sugar, mackerel, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, parsnips, peas, turnips, beans, and corn.

While some foods lack one essential and supply others in excess, Walnuts supply *all of the vital food elements* in ideal proportion. They are over 96% pure nutrition.

Walnuts are one of the most delicious meat substitutes. They serve admirably to make dressing for fowls, desserts, cakes, and salads more attractive. Waldorf Salad's alluring flavor is due mainly to Walnuts.

And you can get the best Walnuts for the same price you would pay for ordinary kinds. Ask for Diamond Walnuts. Their thin shells permit the kernels to be extracted whole. The plump, sweet, tender nut-meats are perfect in flavor.

Diamond Walnuts are hand-sorted, crack-tested and selected with infinite care—chosen as you'd choose them for yourself.

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DIAMOND *California* **WALNUTS**
More Meats Per Pound

Try them in your recipes to increase nutritive value as they lend distinctive flavor and desirable variety to your menus.

DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains Halves for topping and slicing, as well as Pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected Halves for table use and fancy dishes.

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Name _____

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Address _____





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Windows

Easily
Quickly

A little Old Dutch folded into a thin, dry cloth sifts through, and cleans and polishes the glass. This method saves time; eliminates rewiping; avoids sloppy work. Use a damp cloth for obstinate accumulations
Economical · Thorough · Sanitary

Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 140)

and it was growing suddenly dark as if the day had all at once shut down into dusk.

I knew what it meant, though I had never seen the change from calm warmth to cold wind come with such marked symptoms of suddenness and violence. It meant a blizzard. I thought I had plenty of time, however, and I went into the house and changed my clothes; for I wanted to look my best when I saw my girl. I put on new and warm underwear, for I foresaw that it might be bad before I could get home. I put a buckskin undervest under my shirt. I thanked God for this forethought before the night was over. As I stood in this change of clothes, suddenly the house staggered as if it had been cuffed by a great hand. I peeped out of the window, and against the dark sky I could see the young grove of trees bowing before the great gusts which had struck them from the northwest. The wall of wind and frost and death had moved against them.

THE thought in my mind was, "Hurry! Hurry!" For what if Virginia, in the schoolhouse without fuel, should try to reach the place where she boarded or any inhabited house in that storm? As yet there was no snow in the air except the few flakes that were driven horizontally out of the fierce squall. But I knew that this could not last, for the crust on the blanket of snow would soon be ground through wherever exposed to the sand blast of particles driven along the surface of the earth in a creeping sheet of white. As I hurriedly finished my dressing I heard a shower of missiles strike the house and, looking out, saw that the crust was already being pierced by this grinding process; and as the wind got a purchase under the crust it was torn up in great flakes as if blown up by a thousand explosions from underneath. In an instant almost, for these bursts of snow took place nearly all at once, the air was filled with such a smother of snow that the landscape went out of sight in a great cloud of deep-shaded whiteness. The blizzard was upon us. I should have my work cut out for me in getting to the schoolhouse. As the storm continued it always grew cold; for it was the north emptying itself into the south. I knew what the blizzard was; and my breath caught as I thought of Virginia in what I knew would be a losing struggle with it.

EVEN to the strongest man there was terror in this storm, the breath of which came with a roar and struck with a shiver, as the trees creaked and groaned and the paths and roads were obliterated.

As the tumult grows in such a storm, hills are leveled and hollows rise into hills. Every shed roof is the edge of an oblique Niagara of snow; every angle the center of a whirlpool. If you are caught out in it the spirit of the storm flies at you and loads your eyebrows and eyelashes and hair and beard with icicles and snow. As you look out into the white, the light through your bloodshot eyelids turns everything to crimson. Your feet lag as the leathery whiteness comes almost to your knees. Your breath comes choked as with water. If you are out far away from shelter, God help you! You struggle along for a time, all the while fearing to believe that the storm, which did not seem so very dangerous, is growing more violent and that the daylight, which you thought would last for hours yet, seems to be fading, and that night appears to be setting in earlier than usual. It is! For there are two miles of snow between you and the sun. But in a swiftly moving

maze of snow, partly spit out of the lowering clouds and partly torn and swept up from the gray and cloudlike earth, in a roar of rising wind and oppressed by growing anxiety, you stubbornly press on.

Night shuts down darker. You cannot tell when you try to look about you what is sky and what is earth; for all is storm. You feel more and more tired. All at once you find that the wind which was at your side a while ago as you kept beating into it on your course toward help and shelter is now at your back. Has the wind changed? No; it will blow for hours from the same quarter—perhaps for days! No, you have changed your course and are beating off with the storm! This will never do; you rally and again turn your cheek to the cutting blast. But you know that you are off your path; yet you wonder if you may not be going right—if the wind has changed; or if you have not turned to the left when you should have gone to the right. Loneliness, anxiety, weariness, uncertainty. An awful sense of helplessness takes possession of you. If it were daylight you could pass around the deep drifts, even in this chaos; but now a drift looks the same as the prairie grass swept bare. You plunge headlong into it, flounder through it, creeping on hands and knees, with your face sometimes buried in the snow, get on your feet again and struggle on.

YOU know that the snow, finer than flour, is being beaten through your clothing. You are chilled and shiver. Sometimes you stop for a while and with your hands over your eyes stand stooped with your back to the wind. You try to stamp your feet to warm them, but the snow, soft and yielding, forbids this. You are so tired that you stop to rest in the midst of a great drift—you turn your face from the driving storm and wait. It seems so much easier than stumbling wearily on.

Then comes the intruding consciousness that to rest thus is to die. You rush on in a frenzy. You have long since ceased to think of what is your proper course—you only know that you must struggle on. You attempt a shout. Ah, it seems so faint and distant even to yourself. No one else could hear it a roil in this raging, howling, shrieking storm, in which awful sounds come out of the air itself and not alone from the things against which it beats. And there is no one else to hear.

You gaze about with snow-smitten eyeballs for some possible light. Why, the sun itself could not pierce this moving earth cloud of snow! Your feet are not so cold as they were. You cannot feel them as you walk upon them. You come to a hollow filled with soft snow. Perhaps there is the bed of a stream deep down below. You plunge into this hollow, and as you fall turn your face from the storm.

A STRANGE and delicious sense of warmth and drowsiness steals over you; you sink lower and feel the cold, soft whiteness sifting over neck and cheek and forehead; but you do not care. The struggle is over. In the morning the sun glints coldly over a new landscape of gently undulating alabaster. Yonder is a little hillock which marks the place where the blizzard overtook

its prey. Sometime, when the warm March winds have thawed the snow, some gaunt wolf will snuff about this spot and send up the long howl that calls the pack to the banquet.

(Continued on Page 144)



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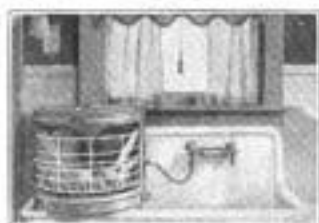
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Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 143)

Such thoughts as these were a part of our lives then; and with such thoughts my mind was filled as I stepped out into the storm, my trousers tied down over my boots with bag strings; my fur cap drawn down over my eyes; my blue military overcoat flapping about my legs; the cape of it wrapped about my head and tied with a woolen comforter. Through these wrappings a strange sound came to my ears—the sound of sleigh bells; and in a moment, so close were they, there emerged from the whirl of snow a team of horses drawing a swell-body cutter, in which sat a man driving, wrapped up in buffalo robes and blankets until the box of the sleigh was filled. The horses came to a stop in the lee of my house. There had been no such rig in the county before I had gone to the war.

"IS THIS the Vandemark schoolhouse?" came from the man in the cutter. "No, captain," said I, for discipline is strong; "this is my farm."

"Ah, it's you, Mr. Vandemark, is it?" said he. "Can you tell me the way to the schoolhouse?"

Discipline flew off into the storm. I never for a moment harbored the idea that I was to allow Buck Gowdy to rescue Virginia from the blizzard and carry her off into either danger or safety. There was none of my Dutch hesitation here.

This was battle, and I behaved with as much prompt decision as I did on the field of Shiloh, where, I have the captain's word for it in writing, I behaved with a good deal of it.

"Never mind about the schoolhouse," I said. "I'll attend to that!"

"You will not!" said he in that calm way of his. "Let me see. Your house faces the north. These trees are on the section line. The schoolhouse is—I have it now. Sorry to cut in ahead of you, but—Get up, Susie. Winnie, go on!" But I had Susie and Winnie by the bits.

"Vandemark," he said, and as he shouted this to make me hear I could feel the authority I had grown to recognize in drill, "you forget yourself! Let go those horses!"

"Not by a damned sight!" I found myself swearing as if I were in the habit of it.

NOW the man in any kind of rig with another holding his horses' bits is in an embarrassing fix. He can't do anything so long as he remains in the vehicle, and neither can his horses. He must carry the fight to the other man or be made a fool of. Buck Gowdy was not a man to hesitate in such a case. He carried the fight to me—and I was glad to see him coming. I had waited for this a long time.

I have no skill in describing fights and I was too much engaged in this to remember the details. How many blows were exchanged; what sort of blows they were; how much damage they did until the last, more than a cut lip on my part, I cannot tell. Why no more damage was done is clearer—we were both too much wrapped up to be able to do much. I only know that at the last I had Gowdy down in the snow right by my well curb, and that without taking time to make any plan I wrapped the well rope around him so as to make it necessary for him to take a little time in getting loose; I wrote him a receipt for the team and rig, which, N. V. Creede tells me, would not have done me any good; and I went out, very much winded, shut the door behind me and, getting into the cutter, drove off into the blizzard with Gowdy's team and sleigh, leaving him rolling around on the floor, unwinding the well rope, swearing like a trooper, and in a warm room where there was plenty to eat.

It was scarcely a mile to the schoolhouse, which I was lucky to find at all. I could not see it twenty feet away, but I was almost upset by a snow fort that the children had built, and taking this as the sure sign of a playground, I guessed my way the fifty or sixty feet that more by luck than judgment brought me to the back end of the house instead of the front. I made my way around on the windward side of the building, hoping that the jingle of the bells might be heard as I passed the windows—for I dared not leave the horses again as I had done during my contest with Gowdy. Nothing but the shelter in which they then found themselves had kept them from bolting; that and their bewilderment.

I pulled up before the door and shouted Virginia's name with all my might over and over again. But I suppose I sat there ten or fifteen minutes before Virginia came to the door; and then, though she had all her wraps on, she was in her anxiety just taking a look at the weather, debating in her mind whether to try for the safety of the fire-side or risk the stay in the schoolhouse with no fuel. She had not heard the bells or the trampling or my calling.

MORE by my motions than anything else, she saw that I was inviting her to get in; but she knew no more than her heels who I was. She went back into the schoolhouse and got her dinner basket—lucky or providential act!—and in she climbed. If I had been Buck Gowdy or Asher Bushyager or the devil himself she would have done the same. She would have thought of course that it was one of the neighbors come for her; and anyhow there was nothing else to do.

As I turned back the rich robes and the jingle of the bells came to her ears she started; but I drew her down into the seat, and pulling the flannel-lined coonskin robe up over our laps, I wrapped the army blanket and the thick buffalo robe over and under us. As I did so a little black-and-tan terrier came shivering out from under the coonskin robe and jumped into her lap. I started to put it down again, but she held it—and as she did she looked at my blue sleeve and then up at the mass of wrappings I had over my face. I thought she snuggled up against me a little closer then.

I turned the horses toward her boarding place, which was with a new family who had moved in at the head of the slew, near the Plum Pudd'n Pond, and in doing so set their faces right into the teeth of the gale. It seemed as if it would strip the scalps from our heads in spite of all our capes and comforters and veils. Virginia pulled the robe up over her head.

I HAD to face the storm and manage my team, but before I had gone forty rods I saw that I was asking too much of them, and I let them turn to beat off with it. At that moment I really abandoned control and gave it over to the wind and snow.

I thought myself steering for my own house, and I was not much worried, having the confidence of youth and strength. The cutter was low and would not tip over easily. The horses were active and powerful and resolute. We were nested down in the deep box, wrapped in the warmest robes, and it was not yet so very cold. I was not much worried until I had driven before the wind, beating up as much as I could to the east, without finding my house or anything in the way of grove or fence to tell me where it was. I now remembered that I had not mounted the hill on which my house stood.

(Continued on Page 145)

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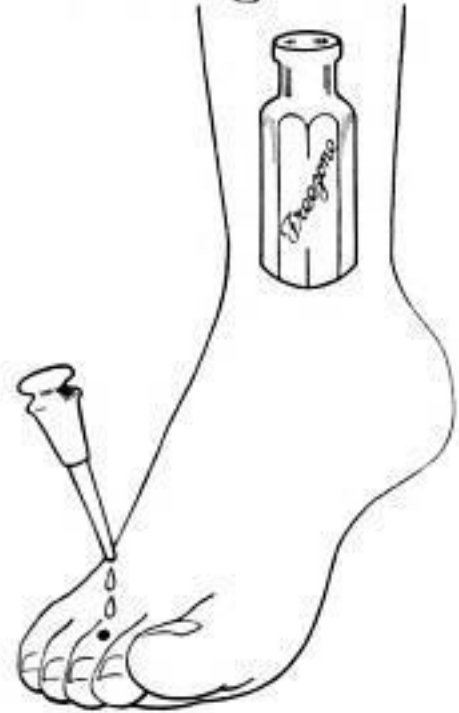
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Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 144)

In fact, I had missed my farm and was lost, so far as knowing my locality was concerned; and the wind was growing fiercer and the cold more bitter. For a moment I quailed inwardly; but I felt Virginia snuggled down by me in what seemed to be perfect trust; and I brushed the snow from my eye opening and pushed on, hoping that I might by pure accident strike shelter in that wild waste of prairie, and determined to make the fight of my life for it if I failed.

It was getting dusk. The horses were tiring. We plunged through a deep drift under the lee of a knoll, and I stopped a few moments to let them breathe. I knew that stopping was a bad symptom unless one had a good reason for it, but I gave myself a good reason. I felt Virginia pulling at my sleeve, and I turned back the robes and looked at her. She pulled my ear down to her lips.

"I know you now," she shouted. "It's Teunis!"

I nodded, and she squeezed my arm with her two hands. Give up! Not for all the winds and snows of the whole of the Iowa prairie! I disarranged the robes while I put my arm around her for a moment, and she patted my shoulder. Then, putting tender-ness aside, I put my horses into it again.

TWO or three times one of the mares fell in the drifts, and nothing but the courage bred into them in the blue-grass fields of Kentucky saved us from stalling out in that fearful moving flood of snow. Two or three times we narrowly escaped being thrown out by the overturn of the sleigh, and then I foresaw a struggle in which there would be no hope; for in a storm in which a strong man is help- less, how could he expect to come out safe with a weak girl on his hands? At last the inevitable happened—the off mare dove into a great drift; the nigh one pulled on; and they came to a staggering halt, one of them kept from falling partly by her own efforts, and partly by the snow about her legs against which she braced herself. As they stood there they turned their heads and looked back as if to say that so far as they were concerned they had done all they could.

I sat a moment thinking. I looked about and saw that we were almost against a huge straw pile where some settler had threshed a setting of wheat. This might mean that we were close to a house or it might not. I handed the lines to Virginia under the robes, got out, and struggled forward to look at my team. Their bloodshot eyes and quivering flanks told me that they could help us no longer; so I unhitched them, so as to keep the cutter as a possible shelter, and turned them loose. They floundered off into the drifts and left us alone. Cuffed and mauled by the storm, I made a circuit of the stack and stumbled over the tumbling rod of the threshing machine, which was still standing where it had been used.

Leaning against the wheel was a shovel, carried for use in setting the separator. This I took with me, with some notion of building a snowhouse for us; for I somehow felt that if there was any hope for us it lay in the shelter of that stack. As I passed the side of the stack, just where the ground was scraped bare by the wind, I saw what seemed to be a hole under and into the great, loose pile of dry straw. It looked exactly like one of those burrows which the children used to make in play in such places.

Virginia was safe for the moment, sitting covered up snugly with her hands warmed by the little dog; but the cold was beginning to penetrate the robes. I could leave her for the moment while I investigated the burrow with the shovel. As I gained a little advantage over the snow, which was drifted in almost as fast as I could shovel it out, my heart leaped, for I found the hole opening out into the middle of the stack. I plunged in on my

hands and knees, found it dry and free from snow within ten feet of the mouth, and after enlarging it by humping up my back under it where the settling had made it too small, I emerged and went to Virginia. I took her out with her dog, wrapped her in the robes so as to keep them from getting snowy inside, and backing into the burrow, hauled the pile of robes, girl and dog in after me, like a gigantic mouse engaged in saving her young. Then I went back to get the dinner basket, which was already buried under the snow that had filled the cutter; for I knew that there was likely to be something left over of one of the bountiful dinners which a farmer's wife puts up for the teacher. As I went again into the little chamber of straw I stopped up the mouth with snow and straw. I drew a long breath. This was far better than I had dared hope for. There is a warmth generated in such a pile from the slow fermentation of the straw juices, even when seemingly dry as this was; and far in the middle of the stack vegetables might have been stored without freezing. The sound of the tempest did not reach us here; it was still as death and dark as tar.

I wondered that Virginia did not say any- thing, but she kept still, because she did not understand where she was or what I had done with her. Finally, when she spoke, it was to say: "Unwrap me, Teunis! I am smother- ing with the heat!" I laughed a long, loud laugh. I guess I was almost hysterical. The change was so sudden, so complete. Virginia was actually complaining of the heat!

I UNWRAPPED her carefully and kissed her. Did ever any peril turn to anyone a face so full of clemency and tenderness as this blizzard to me? The darkness in the burrow was full of light. I made it soft as a mouse nest by pulling down the clean straw and spread- ing it in the bottom, with the coonskin under her and the buffalo robe for a coverlid. There was scarcely room for two there, but we made it do—we made it do—and found room for the little dog also. There was an inexpressible happiness in our safety from the awful storm, which we knew raged all about our nest; but to be together and to feel that the things that stood between us had all been swept away at once—even the chaff that fell down our necks only gave us cause for laughter.

"Your coat is all wet!" she exclaimed.

"It was the snow, shoveling the way in," I said. "It's nothing."

But she began right there to take care of me. She made me take off the overcoat and wrap myself in the blanket. The dampness went out into the dry straw; but when drowsiness came upon us, she would not let me take the chance of getting chilled, but made me wrap myself in the robes with her; and we lay there talking until finally, tired by my labors, I went to sleep with her arms about me and her lips close to mine. When I awoke she was asleep, and I lay there listen- ing to her soft breathing for hours. We were both hungry then, and in the total darkness we felt about for the dinner basket.

Soon I found it and we ate frozen pie and frozen boiled eggs and frozen bread and butter; and then lay talking and caressing each other for hours.

We talked about the poor horses, for which Virginia seemed to feel a deep pity out there in the fierce storm and the awful cold. We talked of the beautiful cutter; and finally I explained the way in which I had robbed Gowdy of horses and robes and sleigh and dog.

"He can never have the dog back!" said she. "And to think that I am hiding out in a straw stack with a robber and a horse thief!"

Then she said she reckoned we'd have to join the Bunker gang if we could find any of

(Continued on Page 146)



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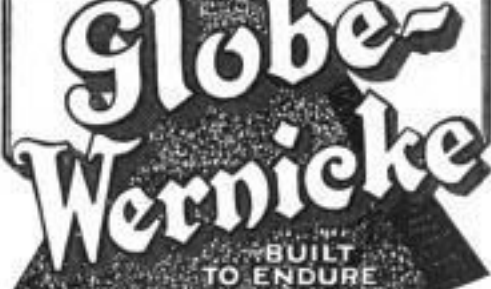
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Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 145)

it to join. Certainly we should be fugitives from justice when the storm was over; but she for herself would rather be a fugitive always with me than to be rescued by "that man"—and it was lucky for him, too, she said, that I had licked him and shut him up in a house where he would be warm and fed; because he never would have been able to save himself in this awful storm as I had done. Nobody could have done so well as I had done. I had snatched her from the very jaws of death.

"Then," said I, "you're mine."

"Of course I am," said she. "I've been yours ever since we lived together so beautifully on the road, and in our Grove of Destiny. Of course I'm yours—and you are mine, Teunis—ain't you?"

"Then," said I, "just as soon as we get out of here we'll be married."

It took argument to establish this point, but the jury was with me from the start; and finally nothing stood between me and a verdict but the fact that she must finish her term of school. I urged it upon her that my house was nearer the school than was McConkey's, and she could finish it if she chose. Then she didn't believe it would be legal for Virginia Vandemark to finish a contract signed by Virginia Royall—and pretty soon I realized that she was making fun of me, and I hugged her and kissed her until she begged my pardon.

All the time the storm raged. We finished the food in the dinner pail and began wondering how long we had been imprisoned, and how hungry we ought to be by this time.

FINALLY I dug out again, just as we both were really and truly hungry, and went back after Virginia. I made her wrap up warmly, and we crawled out, covered with chaff, rumpled, mussed up, but safe and happy, and found the sun shining over a landscape of sparkling frost, with sun dogs in the sky and spiracles of frost in the air, and a light breeze still blowing from the northwest, so biting cold that a finger or cheek was nipped by it in a moment's exposure. And within forty rods of us was the farmstead of Amos Bemisdarfer, who stood looking at us in amazement as we came across the rippled surface of the snow to his back door.

I left it to Virginia—she had been so sensible and wise in all her words since we had agreed to be married at once—to tell the Elder and Grandma Thorndyke about it. But she went to pieces when she tried it. She ran into their little front room where the Elder was working on a sermon, pulling Grandma by the hand, whom she had dragged out of the kitchen.

"Teunis and I," she gasped, "have been lost in the storm and nearly froze to death, and he tied that man up with the well rope, and maybe he's starved to death in Teunis' house, and Teunis and I slept in a straw stack, and Teunis is just as brave as he can be, and we're going to be married awful soon, and I'm going to board with him then, and that'll be nicer than with the McConkeys and nearer the schoolhouse, and cheaper, and Teunis will build fires for me, and we'll be just as happy as we can be, and when you quit this stingy church you'll both of you live with us forever, and I want you to kiss Teunis and call him your son right now, and if you don't we'll both be mad at you always—no we won't, no we won't, you dear things, but you will marry us, won't you?"

And then she cried hysterically and kissed us all.

"What Virginia says," said I, "is all true—especially the getting married right now and your living with us. We'll both be awful sorry if we can't have you right off."

"I snum!" exclaimed Grandma Thorndyke. "Just as I expected!"

Grandma outlived the Elder by many years, and it was not many months when she came, a widow, to live with us "until she could hear from her folks in Massachusetts."

She heard from them, but she lived with us, and is buried in our lot in the Monterey Center burying ground. Peace to her ashes!

Now I have reached the point in this history where things get beyond me. I can't tell the history of Monterey County and the unsettled matters like the Wade-Stone controversy, the outcome of the betrayal of Rowena Fewkes by Buckner Gowdy, and other beginnings of things like the doings of the Bushyager handits; for some of them run out into the history of the state as well as the county. And as for the township history, it is now approaching the point where there is nothing to it but more settlers, roads, schools and the drainage of the slew.

What remains to be told here is a short horse and soon curried. Vandemark township was set off as a separate township within six weeks of the day we crawled out of the straw stack. On that day we had been married a month, and Virginia was boarding with me as she predicted. Doctor Bliven voted for the new township as a member of the county board, as his wife said he would after I talked with her about it.

N. V. Creede says that at this time I was threatened with political ability but happily recovered. One reason for this joke he finds in the fact that I was elected justice of the peace in the township at the first election of officers, and got some reputation out of the fact that they named the township after me when it was fashionable to name them after Lincoln, Colfax, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the rest of the Civil War heroes. The second is the way I handled Dick McGill. N. V. says this was very subtle. I knew that if he wrote up my dragging Virginia into a straw pile and keeping her there two nights and a day he would make folks laugh all over the county, but he would make us ashamed. So I went to him and told him that if he said a word about it I should maul him into a slop and feed him to the hogs.

"Why, Jake," he said, "I never would say anything to take the shine off the greatest thing ever done in these parts. I've got it all written up, and I'm sending a copy of it to the Chicago Tribune. It's an epic of prairie life. Read it, and if you don't want it printed, why, it's me for the swine, for it's already gone to Chicago."

OF COURSE it seemed all right to me, but I was afraid of it and was thinking of pounding him up right then, when in came Elder Thorndyke to put in the paper something about his next Sunday's services, and McGill asked him to read the story and act as umpire.

And after he had gone over it he grasped my hand and said that Virginia and I had not told them half of the strange story of our living through the blizzard out on the prairie, and that it was a great drama of resolution, resource and bravery on my part, and seemed almost like a miracle.

"Will this hurt Virginia's feelings if it is printed?" I asked.

"No, no," he said. "It will make her fiancé a hero. It will tickle her half to death."

Then I told Dick he might go on with it if he would leave it just as it was. The joke was on him after all, for there was nothing in it about my fight with Buck Gowdy or of my robbing him of the team and sleigh and harness and robes and Nick the little dog.

The third thing that N. V. thought might have sent me down through the greased timber of politics, which has ruined more good men than any other form of gambling, was my management of the business of getting the township set off against the opposition of the whole Monterey Center ring. But he did not know of that day in Dubuque, and of my smuggling of Mrs. Bliven into Iowa, as I have told it in this history. It hurt Bliven politically, but he kept on boosting me, and it was his electioneering, which I knew nothing about, that elected me justice of the peace; and it was Mrs. Bliven's urging that caused

(Continued on Page 149)

The Charm of Lemonade

LEMONADE for years has been the favored drink of millions, because of the flavor and healthfulness of lemon juice.

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The Garnish

A delightful and economical custom

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston

I AM often asked, "Why use a lemon garnish?" and this is my reply:

Garnishing isn't merely fanciful decoration, as many believed for years.

It makes foods look well, but in that added attraction alone there is indirect but definite dietetic worth. For appetizing appearance is the first step toward the proper digestion of the food. And digestion is something with which all good cooks should concern themselves.

Next, the natural salts and acids of lemon juice are additional *direct* digestive aids. The juice from a lemon garnish is Nature's sauce, and can be used as vinegar.

So in this "decoration" there is neither fad nor extravagance, but real economic value.

There are other reasons, too. With fish and meats lemon juice acts as an offset to the acidity often caused by these good foods, having, as it does, an *alkaline reaction* in the blood.

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction after digestion when taken into the system and are therefore valuable in

offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods, such as bread and meats.

Lemon juice also provides vitamins, the newly discovered accessory food factors which are now deemed vital to good health, and which all scientists recognize.

So here are *four* reasons, if you need that many, for lemons as a garnish.

I use lemon juice in place of vinegar in many salad dressings, as it imparts an especially delicious flavor.

In fact, when you know lemons as I know them I expect that you'll use twice as many as you do at present.

Lemon juice adds an appetizing zest to fish, meat and vegetables.

Alice Bradley
Principal, Miss Farmer's
School of Cookery.



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MATERIALS—Fleisher's Silverglow Yarn, 10 balls. **NEEDLES**—1 pair each Nos. 4 and 5. 13 stitches=2 inches. 8 rows=1 inch. Size 36.

(These directions also apply to Fleisher's Shetland Floss)

PATTERN—1st row—*Knit 8 stitches; purl 1 stitch, knit 1 stitch for 8 stitches.* Repeat between *'s across the row, ending with knit 8 stitches. 2nd row—*Purl 8 stitches; knit 1 stitch, purl 1 stitch for 8 stitches,* purl 8 stitches.

With Silverglow Yarn and No. 5 needles, cast on 88 stitches. Commence pattern. Work 18 inches even. Bind off 5 stitches each side for armhole, decrease 1 stitch each side every 2nd row 3 times. Work 5 inches even. Work 24 stitches. Bind off 24 stitches for the back of neck. On remaining 24 stitches start front. Work 7 rows even. Increase 1 stitch at neck side every other row 8 times. 2 rows even. Work other side the same. Cast on 24 stitches. Join to the first front, work 1½ inches even. Increase 1 stitch at beginning and end of every 2nd row 8 times. Cast on 8 stitches each side. Work same length as back. Bind off.

SLEEVES—Cast on 24 stitches. Increase 1 stitch at beginning and end of every 2nd row 8 times. Work 10 rows even. Cast on 4 stitches each side. Work even until sleeve measures 10 inches. *Decrease 1 stitch each side, 10 rows even.* Repeat between *'s until there are 42 stitches. Work even until sleeve measures 16 inches. Change to No. 4 needles.

1st row—*Knit 1 stitch, purl 1 stitch.*

2nd row—*Purl 1 stitch, knit 1 stitch.*

Repeat these 2 rows for 3 inches. Bind off. Turn up cuff.

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Vandemark's Folly

(Continued from Page 146)

me to qualify by being sworn in—though I couldn't see what she meant by her interest.

On my next birthday, the twenty-seventh of July, however, something happened that after a few months of figuring made me think that they knew what they were about all the time. On that day the Blivens got up a surprise party for us—though Virginia did not seem to be much surprised. In the course of the evening Doc Bliven started in making fun of me as a justice of the peace.

"I helped a little to elect you, Jake," said he, "but I'll bet you couldn't make out a mittimus if you had to send a criminal to jail to-night."

"I won't bet," I said. "I know I couldn't!"

"I'll bet the oysters for the crowd, Squire Vandemark," he went on deviling me, "that you couldn't perform the marriage ceremony."

Now here he came closer to my abilities, for I had been through a marriage ceremony lately and I have a good memory—and oysters were a novelty in Iowa. It looked like a chance to stick Doc Bliven, and while I was hesitating, Mrs. Bliven whispered that there was a form for the ceremony in the instruction book.

"I'll bet you the oysters for the crowd I can," I said. "You furnish the happy couple—and I'll see that you furnish the oyster supper too."

"Any couple will do," said the doctor. "Come, Mollie, we may as well go through it again."

The word "again" seemed suspicious. I began to wonder, and before the ceremony was over, I reading from the book of instructions and people interrupting with their jokes, I saw that this meant a good deal to the Blivenses. Mollie's voice trembled as she said "I do!" and the doctor's hand was not steady as he took hers. I asked myself what had become of the man who had made the attack on Bliven as he stood in line for his mail at the Dubuque post office away back there in 1855.

"Don't forget my certificate, Jake," said Mrs. Bliven as they sat down; and I had to write it out and give it to her. "And remember the report of it to the county clerk," said Henderson L. Burns, who held that office himself. "The doc will kick out of the supper unless you do everything." I did not forget the report, and I suppose it is there in the old records to this day.

"We got word," whispered Mrs. Bliven to me as she went away, "that I have been a widow for more than a year: You've been a good friend to me, Jake!"

The Amateur Rebel

(Continued from Page 7)

"I don't care," Zette said shortly. She had expected more of her mother's opening remark. The play had begun, but the older actors were not supplied with stirring lines.

Elinor Pendleton's eyes widened slightly; her husband put down his paper and looked at Zette over his glasses.

"Oh!" cried Zette explosively, and followed it with a very naughty word.

Her mother looked at each other and turned again to look at the girl, who stood watching them angrily.

Mrs. Pendleton smiled. "Sit down, Zette," she said, "and tell us what the trouble is. You needn't do your hair now."

"I'm not going to," Zette answered. "My hair, I mean."

She plumped down on the couch and stared at them. Her mother's smile was tinged with affection; on her eighteenth birthday Zette looked somehow younger than she had for several years. Her face was flushed and the tumbled hair made it almost childish.

"I'm going to New York," she said.

Her parents waited a moment for further explanation, but Zette's lips were pressed firmly together.

"Going to New York, Zette?" repeated her mother. "What for?"

I shall not close this history without clearing up my record as to the mares, Susie and Winnie, and the cutter, and Nick, the black-and-tan, who saved Virginia's fingers from freezing, and the robes. First, I kept the property, and every horse on the farm is descended from Susie and Winnie. Second, I paid Buck Gowdy all the outfit was worth, though he never knew it and never would have taken pay—I drove a bunch of cattle over into his cornfield the next fall and left them just before day one morning, and he took them up, advertised them as estrays, and finally, as N. V. says, reduced them to possession. And third, they were legally mine anyhow, for when I got home I found this paper lying on the bed where he had slept those two nights when we were nesting in the straw pile:

BILL OF SALE

In consideration of one lesson in the manly art of self-defense, of two days' board and lodging, and of one dollar (\$1.00) to me in hand by J. T. Vandemark, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, I hereby sell and transfer to said J. T. Vandemark, possession having already been given, the following described personal property, to wit:

One bay mare called Susie, weight 1150 pounds, with star in forehead, and white left hind foot, five years old;

One bay mare called Winnie, weight 1175 pounds, with star in forehead, and two white hind feet, six years old;

One one-seated, swell-body cutter, one fine army blanket, one coonskin robe lined with flannel, one large buffalo robe.

It is hereby understood that if any of said animals are ever returned to me at Bluegrass Manor or elsewhere they will be hamstringed by the undersigned and turned out to die.

Signed, J. BUCKNER GOWDY.

One of my grandsons, Frank McConkey, has just read over this chapter and remarks, "He was a dead game sport!" But he had also read what Captain Gowdy had interlined, or rather written on the margin to go in after the description of the property conveyed: "Also one blue-blooded black-and-tan terrier named Nicodemus. The tail goes with the hide, Jacob!" Since his death I have grown to liking the man much better—in fact ever since I whaled him.

Here ends the story, so far as I can tell. It is not my story. There are some fifteen hundred townships in Iowa, and each of them had its history like this, and so had every township in all the great, wonderful West of the prairies.

THE END



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The Amateur Rebel

(Continued from Page 149)

you've done for me and that you bore me to death?" Suddenly, unexpectedly, she bent her head on her arm and began to sob.

Her parents watched her, uncertain what to do.

"My trunk's packed," she said finally. "I'm going on the morning train. I'm going to live with Helen Emerson."

"But why didn't you tell us, Zette? Are we such ogres?"

Zette faced her mother desperately. "Why didn't you know? Can't you see that I hate it all? Can't you see that I hate nice, wholesome things? I—I'd rather live in a hotel than a house; I'd rather have a Pomeranian than a baby; I —"

IT WAS the first time in her life that Suzette Pendleton had ever suspected her parents of a sense of humor. They both burst out laughing, and before they had recovered themselves she was crying again.

They settled then for a talk; nothing but their laughter could have broken her down. If they had been furious, even pleading, she would have felt superior, different. But as she sat on the edge of the couch beside her mother she realized that they were older than she, that somehow, rebel as she might, they were her parents and she did love them. In the end, when they consented to her departure and decided for her on a later train, she was completely crushed. The first fine flair of her rebellion was gone; it was not until she was actually settled in New York, away from them, free, that the feeling of adventure returned.

During the first week in New York, Zette was too busy soaking up impressions of the city, inspecting the shops, finding what was wrong with her Hendon-made clothes, to decide what to do with her freedom. Helen Emerson was away at work all day; occasionally in the evening her friends dropped in, girl friends, secretaries like herself, for the most part. A good number of them were homesick; none of them, Zette felt, were rebels. As she sat and listened while they discussed their respective employers, the plays they had seen and the concerts they had heard, Zette turned her spiritual thumbs downward. This was not what she had come to New York to find.

ON HER second Sunday the heat oozed into the room beneath the striped awnings. Zette's forehead was beaded with perspiration; across the room Helen sat limply in a wicker chair, her brown curls plastered to her moist brow.

"Well, Zette," she said suddenly, "what are you going to do? I haven't spoken to Mr. Burnett about you yet, though I think there's a chance in the filing department. Of course not having had any experience —"

Zette stretched lazily, like a cat before a fire. She had been waiting for that question.

"I saw Ada Langley yesterday," she said casually. "I'm going on the stage."

"The stage, Zette?" Helen's eyes opened wide. "Why, Zette Pendleton?"

"What?" Helen stared at her for a moment. "Well, I thought you wouldn't take any stupid old job," she said. "But—the stage! You are going in for life, aren't you?"

Zette shrugged. "Why not? Got to begin some time. I've got a part in Sunshine; of course it's not much of a part and not much of a show, but it's a beginning."

It was a beginning. Besides the part and a quantity of advice so skillfully given that Zette had not recognized it, Miss Langley had given her some letters of introduction.

"There is a group of young people that I think you'll like," she had said. "They're starting some sort of youngsters' theater; I'm not sure what it is. I believe I'm a

patroness or something. But you want to see Mildred Webster; her mother's Dorothy Lockett, you know. She's more or less at the head of it, and she's a talented little thing."

That afternoon Zette and Helen set forth on a regular actress," said Helen. "I've seen her act a dozen times, I think."

"I don't see anything strange about it," said Zette, but her heart was pounding excitedly.

She was at first disappointed in Mildred Webster. She was not sure what she had expected, but she found her a slight girl in her early twenties, with sandy hair and a quantity of freckles; did all actresses have freckles, she wondered? The loose, peacock-blue dressing gown and the splash of a red lipstick made her skin gleam white; her grace, as she rose to meet them, and her utter lack of self-consciousness suddenly banished Zette's disappointment. As they sat in the apartment her enthusiasm mounted higher and higher.

THIS was what she had been looking for. People drifted in and out, young people all of them, and conversation was let loose. They talked about a hundred things that were equally unintelligible to her, but she listened gravely and let her eyes wander about the room.

That first afternoon, while the samovar steamed and people passed about teacups and plates of cake, left only a blurred impression on her mind; her first definite memory of anything was when they rose to go and Tommy O'Brien rose with them. He too was young, a broad-shouldered boy with red hair and a pleasant voice.

"May I walk along with you?"

"Of course," answered Zette.

For a moment she resented Helen's presence; in her blue serge suit, her brown oxford, she was altogether out of the picture. But it was only for a moment; she liked Helen, and she knew that the older girl's admiration and applause were necessary to her. She was going to start with what she had—Helen, the three-room apartment, a job—and construct her own background, her own life.

As they reached the apartment house Tommy laughed. "Do you two live here?"

"Yes."

"So do I—fourth floor."

"We're the third." They smiled at each other. "Come down and see us sometime," said Zette. "We're not quite in order yet, but —"

Helen's eyes widened, but she said nothing.

MOST of Zette's salary for a month went into the background; she realized gratefully that the foundation was there; Helen had bought the necessary furniture. She discarded nothing as she built, but she painted here and there, broke up obvious arrangements, cast away a picture or two—Sir Galahad and The Age of Innocence—and banished family photographs to the bedroom. As the apartment grew, Helen's interest mounted; at first she had been a little hurt by Zette's interference; but she recognized Zette's ability. The place had acquired an astonishing new atmosphere.

Zette enjoyed the theater and her meager part; but, most of all, she enjoyed the evenings after the play at Mildred's and the increasingly frequent evenings at her

own place, when Tommy came down and Esther Pierson or Heath Morena strolled over.

At first Helen gasped at this turning of night into day; her work began at nine, irrespective of bedtime. But they were both young, and they slept on Sundays until the sun went down. Zette rose around noon on other days and surveyed the empty

(Continued on Page 152)



There is a curious legend of ancient Greece in which we read that Psyche was assigned the difficult mission of descending to Hades to bring away a fragment of beauty in a box for the gods to sample and lo! when the lid was lifted, there issued—a vapor.

BEAUTY has ever been as elusive, as mysterious, as intangible as the legendary vapor. And mysterious it must remain. Through the ages, men's goddesses have been veiled, and the woman who would be the true artist of herself must know that piquancy is in concealment, not exposure.

THE Mohammedans have a saying that "To Eve, God gave two-thirds of all beauty," and beauty is the birth-right of every woman. But through the multiplicity of the ages we have departed somewhat from the ideal in the Garden of Eden, and if we place our mirrors in a good light and look at ourselves as critically as we look at another woman—we see the truth.

EVEN if we have that loveliest and most desirable and quite the most undependable thing in the world—Youth—it is seldom that our bodies are slim in *just the right* places. And the wisp of a corset that will coax away the tiny imperfections of youth without detracting one bit from our precious comfort, will save us, a few years hence, from the injustice of looking older than we are.

AGE is a treacherous and resourceful antagonist and when cold cream and massage dispel the evidences of advancing years from well-cared-for hands and face, age seeks revenge by a tell-tale padding of the hips and thighs. If we foolishly have attempted to keep, with exaggerated corsetry, a disproportionately small waistline at the expense of this other more important dimension, or have permitted our figures to unbekomingly sag through lack of proper support, we have put our birthdays where anyone can count them.

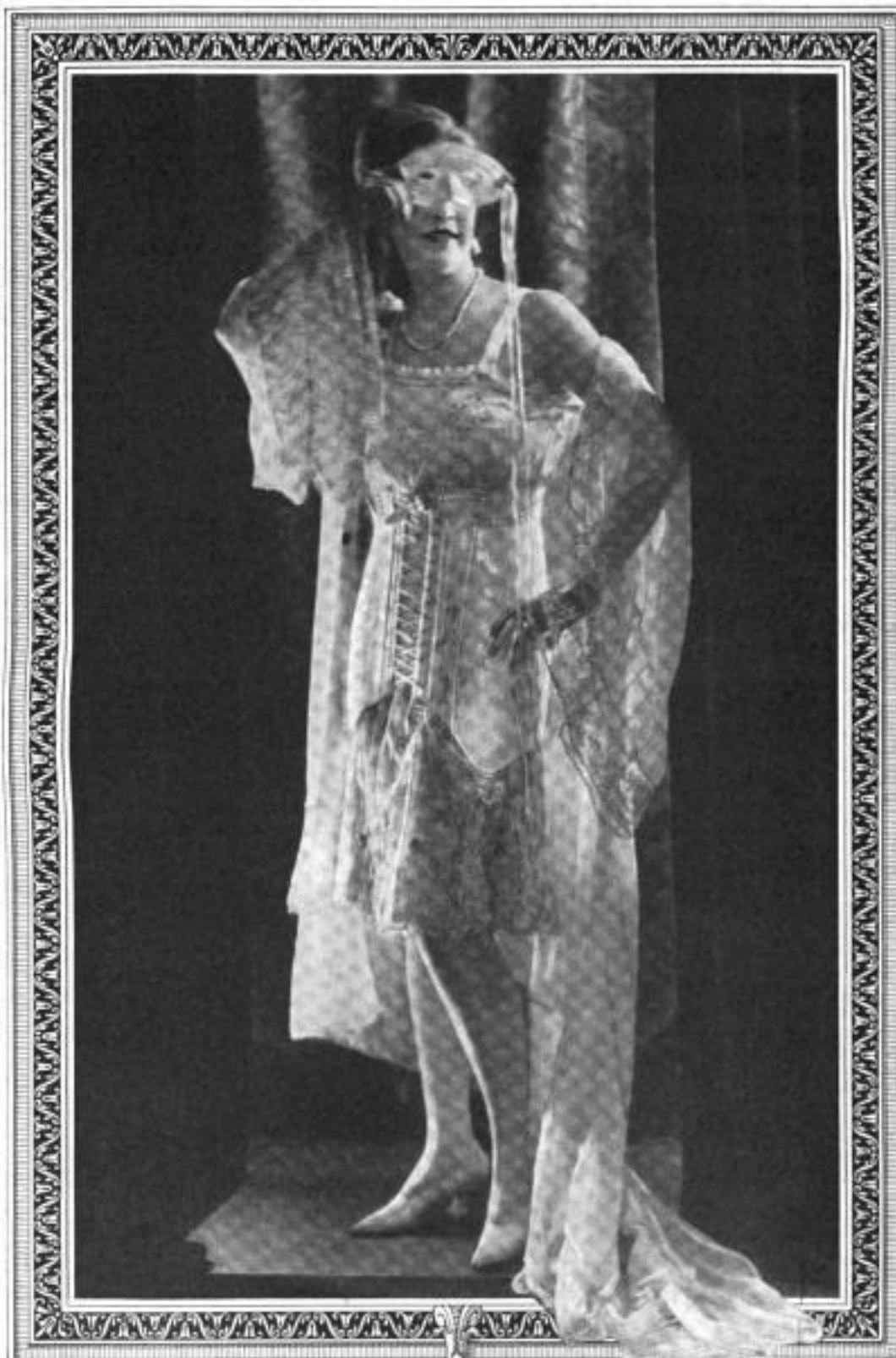
BUT just because you must wear corsets, there is no reason why other people should know that you do. This matter of designing for type is the whole secret. The Type Corsetry that Gossard artistry has created conceals itself from the appraising eye of your best enemy. Every type of figure has been individually studied and treated as a special problem, and the Gossards designed for your needs will coax, restrain, supplement—easily, gently, naturally, and bring you by hidden ways to the very most of which your figure is capable. Because they will not attempt to change you radically or make you conform to some fleeting style tendency not inherently becoming to you, you will never have that "tied-in,

pinched-together look," that "corseted look," that is just as fatally ageing as its sagging uncorseted reverse.

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apartment with satisfaction. This was freedom, life!

"I wonder if I could bring a man down for tea to-morrow?" Tommy asked them one night. "He's coming on to bunk with me, a nice chap. Think you'll like him."

"Sure," said Zette. "What's his name?" "Hewitt—Chris Hewitt. Harvard and all that."

"Actor, Tommy?" Helen asked.

"Nope; straight business. However, Christopher's a good sort. You may shock him a little, Zette, but —"

"Shall I wear my Chinese 'trou'?" she asked. "No? Well, I'll do my best, Tommy."

She was inordinately excited. The crowd had accepted her as one of them; no one, not even Helen, knew how often she was shocked by their careless conversation, their word destruction of recognized institutions and emotions. But here was her first chance to impress an outsider, to typify the care-free, Bohemian life toward which she was striving. It was a nice name, too—Christopher Hewitt.

The color mounted in her cheeks as people drifted in; she felt that she could never take friends for granted as Mildred did. Always it excited her that these people should come to see her, these people who were actors and actresses, with their names in the paper!

THE room was filled when Tommy appeared in the doorway. Zette waved lazily from the couch, but her eyes were piercing the dim hall behind him. At first sight, Christopher Hewitt was not unlike many other good-looking young men; he was, perhaps, a bit more punctilious about his dress; Zette felt at once that his shoes were always so perfectly shined, his suit so immaculate and pressed. She had, of course, acquired the crowd's contempt for such precision and she grinned at Helen, a grin that instantly condemned him as an outsider, but in the same moment she rose and held out her hand, smiling at him.

His formality in thanking her for her hospitality, the way in which he seated her in a chair and sat, himself, beside her, embarking smoothly upon a polite conversation, left no doubt that he did not belong. There was nothing formal or even polite about the crowd, and Zette felt rather guilty at being so much attracted to him.

Their conversation soared from its stilted beginning, and Zette was surprised to discover herself telling him about Hendon and her parents. She had meant to keep the past mysterious, to play her part.

"Oh, he's a nice boy," she said casually, when the apartment was again empty and she and Helen sat together on the couch, discussing the party in true girl fashion. "He's pretty conventional, but he may get over that."

ALTHOUGH that first meeting had told Zette little about Chris, the next afternoon, when Tommy telephoned to ask them to go to dinner, told Helen quite a bit about the impression he had made. Zette rushed into the bedroom to change her dress; she hummed as she brushed her hair; her feet pranced in a dance step as she stood before the mirror fastening the long gray veil that floated from her orange toque.

"I should say you liked this young man in spite of his Boston accent," Helen remarked, when Zette was finally ready.

"Helen, you have the most conventional mind," said Zette.

But she did not avoid Christopher Hewitt any more noticeably than he avoided her, which was not at all. The crowd accepted him because there was no alternative, although they never quite knew what to make of him. His formality of manner, the profound way in which he said the most ordinary things, amused and delighted them, but they were never sure whether his serious remarks were entirely serious.

The summer wore on; fall cooled the city and banished organdie and gingham; winter brought furs and woollens, yet still Chris remained, not quite belonging, an accepted outsider.

The Amateur Rebel

(Continued from Page 150)

Helen was at work; she and Tommy were going to dinner and the theater together and would not be back until late. Zette sat at the desk by the window, writing a letter and wondering why Chris did not come. There had been no definite engagement, but he always came. Suddenly she heard someone stumble in the hallway; then a tremendous knocking on her door.

She opened it quickly and faced Chris, smiling at her foolishly. His hat was in his hand and his hair was disarranged; his eyes were so shining that she laughed.

"Well, why all the noise?" she asked, and stared as he pushed past her into the room and sat heavily on the couch. "What's the matter, Chris?"

"NOTTA thing," he answered solemnly. "Notta single, solitary thing."

Zette's arms dropped to her sides. "Christopher Hewitt," she said, "are you —"

"F'lish question number nine million nine hun' red an' ninety-nine—nine—nine—ninety—ni —"

"Stop it!" Zette banged the door and wheeled about, facing him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes indignant.

"Are you—drunk?" she demanded.

Chris smiled amiably. "If I'm not," he answered sweetly, "I—ought be. I — Well?" He rose unsteadily and stared at her. "Well, Zette?"

"And you came here!" Her hands were clenching and unclenching furiously. "Oh, I hate you!"

He tried to take her hand, but she snatched it away. As they stood watching each other his smile broadened.

"Free woman!" he said solemnly. "Gay Bohemian life! Can't be shocked! Abs'lutely free! Rebel, am'teur rebel!" He chuckled, liking the phrase. "Am'teur rebel," he repeated. "Am'teur rebel."

Zette opened the door dramatically. "I don't ever want to see you again as long as I live!" she said. "Go away."

"Am'teur rebel." His laughter sounded outside the door; she heard him stumble up the stairs. When the door of his apartment closed she flung herself on the couch.

"I hate him!" she sobbed fiercely. "Hate him!"

The year that sped toward her twentieth birthday, Zette thought, was taken up solely



in her career; for after Sunshine closed its run she found a part in a second mildly successful play—and in imbibing newer and freer doctrines of life. Christopher's taunt had not sunk deeply; her second part in a play, and the realization that she was really an actress, she, Suzette Pendleton, convinced her that she had been born different from other women.

As a matter of fact, each day was binding her more closely to Christopher Hewitt. She had been almost sincere in her resolve never to speak to him again, but she had found it unavoidable not to accept his apologies, apologies which took up fully a month of her time. And after he was thoroughly forgiven, it was of course absurd not to see him. So she saw him every morning; each night he called at the theater to escort her home. The days went by, and with each

new and revolutionary thought that she pounced upon and brought to Chris he answered her with one a bit more radical, so that she was increasingly appalled by her own unconventionality.

One spring evening they were bidding each other their usual leisurely good night, when Helen's voice interrupted them.

"For heaven's sake, Zette, kiss him and get it over with," she called irritably from her bedroom.

A sharp "Good night, Chris," and the banging of the outer door answered her. She heard Zette's quick footsteps; then the light over her bureau was snapped on.

"Helen Emerson!"

Helen blinked. "I didn't mean to be rude, Zette, but I'm so awfully sleepy," she said. "I've got to get up early. Goodness knows how long I've been waiting for you two idiots to say farewell—needn't be cross about it."

"Needn't be cross!" said Zette. She sat down limply on the edge of the bed.

Helen laughed. "What's the matter—shocked?" she asked.

"Of course I wasn't shocked," Zette said stiffly. "But Chris —"

"Oh, Zette!" Helen was grinning openly. "I think Chris isn't so sensitive as all that; he isn't a radical, you know. How about you two anyway?"

Zette's wrath was checked as her eyes opened in wide innocence. "How about us?" she repeated childishly. "I don't know what you mean."

"THE girl's clever. I mean, of course, are you engaged to him?"

"Engaged! Don't be Victorian, Helen. You know that I don't believe in marriage."

Helen sat up in bed and regarded her friend humorously. "Do you mean to say that Chris Hewitt hasn't proposed to you yet?" she demanded.

Zette flushed. "I hope he has sense enough never to do such an absurd thing," she said. "I think Chris cares for me; I'm not sure that I don't care for him. But marriage —"

"Do you think Chris wouldn't be jealous if you started dashing around with someone else?"

"Not if he really loves me. He wouldn't want to restrict my freedom."

"Why, Suzette Pendleton!" Helen looked at her in mock amazement. "Of course I've heard you say all this before, but —"

Zette got up impatiently and began undressing. Suddenly she wheeled about. "You're reverting to type," she accused her. "Chris and I do believe in freedom. I know we do. We believe all the things we've ever said about marriage. And—I'll prove it to you."

Helen looked at her rather sadly. "I wonder —" Her voice trailed off and she shrugged. "All right," she said. "Go ahead. I'm waiting."

The next Saturday after the performance the crowd gathered in the apartment. Helen and Esther were in the kitchenette making sandwiches, and Zette stood alone for a moment, uncertain whether to join them or to sit beside Chris on the couch and neglect her duties as hostess.

"I've brought Ernest Blanchard, Zette," called Mildred from the doorway.

Zette turned slowly to smile at Mildred and to meet the eyes of the young man who was following her.

"I'M VERY glad you came," she said, holding out her hand, and he followed her to the seat by the window, his eyes devouring the room.

He was blond and rather well fed in appearance; his suit had a trifle too much swagger about its cut, his tie a trifle too brilliant coloring. A fraternity pin glistened against the dark cloth; he wore a heavy signet ring on one of his smooth white hands.

"I expect to be frightfully thrilled," he said languidly, pressing her hand ever so slightly more than was necessary. "I've known Milly since we were kids, but I've

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The Amateur Rebel

(Continued from Page 152)

traveled about so much that I haven't known many actresses. Are you really as frightful as they say?"

"You'll have to find that out for yourself," answered Zette.

"How long does it take to find out?"

"Depends entirely on you," Zette glanced across at Chris with a pleasant feeling of sophistication. "How shall we begin?"

The young man looked at her rather insolently, a long, appraising glance that made the color creep up into her cheeks. "I'm not at my best in a crowd," he said finally. "My car's outside; we might slip away by ourselves for a time."

"I'm being a hostess just now," she said without looking up. "Perhaps later."

"It's a promise," he said.

"Do you live around here?" she asked.

"WE'RE out on Long Island now. Have a big place there—stables, kennels, all that." He looked up at her suddenly. "There's a thought," he said. "The family are off somewhere; why don't you motor out with me and have breakfast on the terrace after this shindig is over? I've always wanted to breakfast there with a pretty woman."

As Zette looked up to answer him, she saw that Chris had just reached the window and from his face she decided that he had overheard.

"It sounds delightful," she said, and held out her hand to Chris. "Sit down with us."

Blanchard had looked up in annoyance at the interruption; now he rose lazily. "Hello, Hewitt," he said. "Didn't expect to see you at this sort of party."

"What do you mean?" Chris asked evenly, and Blanchard's eyes lowered.

"Why, you were always such a plugger at the university," he answered. "Can't imagine you except behind a book."

"You have a good many ideas that need reconstructing," Chris answered, sitting down. "I ran into your father at the Harvard Club to-day, Zette."

"You did?" Zette said. "Why, I thought that father —"

"He came in town for the day."

She looked up at him wonderingly; a letter from her mother that morning had said that they were both in Boston.

"OH, CHRIS!" Helen was calling from the kitchenette, and he got up irritably. "See much of Hewitt?" Blanchard asked.

Zette did not answer at first; she was watching Christopher cross the room. She could see by the way he held his head that he was angry, and she knew that the time for her test had come. Tommy and Mildred were sitting on the couch, talking; Esther and Heath Morena were munching sandwiches and looking at a book of old dramatists. They were all there, theorizing as usual. Let them talk! She lifted her head higher; she was going to show them.

"He and Tommy O'Brien live upstairs," Helen and Chris returned with sandwiches and in the confusion he drew her to one side.

"I don't like Blanchard, Zette," he said abruptly. "Knew him at college; he's a bad sort. If I were you I wouldn't have anything to do with him."

"Really?" She looked at him defiantly. "I don't mean to be fresh or anything, Mr. Hewitt, but what business is it of yours?"

"I thought I was your friend," said Chris. Suddenly he seized her hand and gripped it so that she winced. "Oh, don't be a little idiot, Zette. You know I love you."

Zette pulled her hand away and rubbed it; she was glad of an excuse to look down because she felt that her eyes were blazing with happiness. "Are you jealous?" she asked finally.

"If you want to put it that way. Oh, Zette —"

She raised her eyes and grinned. "I don't know whether I like having you in love with me, if you're going to start right off restricting my friends. It's too much like going home to my parents."

Chris did not return her smile. "Zette, you're a fool," he said, and walked away.

She watched him thoughtfully for a moment before she turned back to Blanchard. The test had begun.

"Your friend seems annoyed," he said as she sat down beside him.

"Oh—men!" said Zette airily.

During the evening she was conscious of Chris watching her; her cheeks were flushed with excitement. Helen too had sensed the situation, and Zette made a face at her.

At four o'clock Blanchard took her hand.

"What about that little jaunt?"

"Oh—I haven't decided yet."

She got up and walked across to the kitchenette. Chris was talking to Esther; she waited impatiently a moment before she spoke. She liked to look at him; she liked his face, his thick brown hair, his sober eyes.

"Come along and help me open some more ginger-ale bottles, Chris."

He followed her silently and she swung up on the kitchen table and watched him as he worked.

"I'm going to motor out to Ernest Blanchard's place for breakfast," she said casually. "Don't you think that will be fun?"

"Just you two?" asked Chris.

"Of course. Breakfast on the terrace and everything."

"Sounds delightful," he said. "Want to take my big coat?"

ZETTE had been leaning on her hands, her head thrown back, her legs swinging childishly. Now she sat up very straight. "But—don't you care?" she asked.

"It's none of my business," he answered. "But —"

He had turned now and stood facing her, smiling slightly. "I wouldn't want to restrict your freedom, Zette."

"But, Chris —"

A Japanese screen shielded them from the outer room; he stepped forward suddenly and, before she had time to think, he had seized her and kissed her mouth. Once or twice before he had kissed her, but now her breath seemed taken away completely; she clung to him, almost frightened.

"You don't mind my kissing you good-by?" he asked quietly.

Zette gasped. "What do you mean?"

He smiled. "Why, nothing. What are you so melodramatic about?"

"N-nothing. But —" She stared at him. She had gained her point, but things were not moving as she had expected. "Well," she said without moving, "I suppose I'd better start."

"I suppose you had." He moved carelessly toward the doorway, and she pulled him back fiercely.

"Don't you dare to let me go," she said. Her eyes were wide with indignation as she stared at his smiling face.

"But, Zette dear, I don't understand. I thought you wanted —"

"YOU don't!" she interrupted angrily. She pulled his arm about her and kissed him. "You don't understand?" she panted.

It was, perhaps, the most difficult moment of Chris Hewitt's life. He pulled her hand from his shoulder gently and patted it. "No," he said.

Her lips began to tremble. "But, Chris!" she said in a frightened voice. "Oh, I've been so foolish! Don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you, but —"

"Don't you want to marry me?" Her voice rose like a frightened child's.

He could not meet her eyes, as her hand gripped his convulsively. "I hadn't thought about marriage," he said. "After all, you don't believe in it, and —"

"Chris!" Her voice was a whisper now, pleading. "I don't mean any of the things I said. I—oh, I don't want to be free at all. I guess—you were right—when you called me—an amateur rebel. I—oh, I'm so frightened, Chris!"

He put his arm around her tenderly. "Zette," he whispered, "have you really and truly had enough of it? Are you sure?"

"Oh, so sure, Chris!"

He lifted her up in his arms and sat her upon the table, took her face in his hands and lifted her chin so that their eyes met evenly. "Will you marry me, Zette?"

"Will I?" repeated Zette. "Oh, Chris—Chris! I never thought I'd say yes to you so quickly!"



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Bannertail

(Continued from Page 13)

while the corn was standing, he was ever more in the timber and less in the open. Feed there was in abundance now, for it was early autumn; and who was to be his guide in this—"What to eat? What to let alone?" These two guides he had and, as it proved, enough: instinct, the wisdom inherited from his forbears, and his keen, discriminating nose.

He grew daily in the ways of wood lore. He learned that the gum drops on the wounded bark of the black birch are good to eat, and the little faded-brown umbrella in the woods is the sign that it has a white cucumber in its underground cellar; that the wild bees' nests have honey in them, and grubs as good as honey, but beware, for the bee has a sting! He learned that the little rag-bundle babies hung from vine and twig contain some sort of a mushy, shell-covered creature that is amazingly good to eat; that the little green apples that grow on the oaks are not acorns and yet are toothsome morsels of the lighter sort; while nearly every bush in the woods at autumn now had strings of berries whose pulp was good to eat and whose single seed was as sweet as any nut.

THERE are certain stages of growth that are marked by changes which, if not sudden, are for a time very quick, and the big change in Bannertail, which took place just as he gave up the tricks and habits learned from his cat folk and began to be truly a squirrel, was marked by the fluffing of his tail.

Always long and long haired, it was a poor wisp of a thing until the coming of the hunting moon. Then the hairs grew out longer and plummy, then the tail muscles swelled and worked with power. Then, too, he began a habit of fluffing out that full and flaunting plume. For the tail is to the gray squirrel his special gift, a vital part of his outfit, the secret of his life. The possum's tail is to swing by, the fox's tail for a blanket wrap, but the squirrel's tail is a parachute, a "land-easy"; with that in perfect trim he can fall from any height in any tree and be sure of this: that he will land with ease and lightness and on his feet.

October, the time of the nut harvest, came. Dry leaves were drifting to the ground, and occasional "thumps" told of big, fat nuts that also were falling.

Bannertail would seize a nut, strip off the husk and hide it quickly anywhere. Some of them he would thrust under bits of brush or tufts of grass, some he buried by dropping leaves and rubbish over them, and a few toward the end he hid by digging a shallow hole.

HIGH above, in an old red oak, Bannertail found a place where a broken limb had let the weather in, so the tree was rotted. Digging out the soft wood left an ample cave, which he gnawed and garnished into a warm and weather-proof home for winter.

The sun was rising in a rosy mist and glinting the dew-wet overlimbs as there rang across the bright bare stretch of woodland a loud *Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaaaa!* Like a high priest of the sun on the topmost peak of the temple stood Bannertail, carried away by a new-born, inner urge. A full-grown, wildwood gray squirrel he was now; the call of the woods had claimed him; and

he hailed the glory of the east with an ever longer *Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaaaa!*

This was the season of the shortest days, though no snow had come as yet to cover the brown-leaved earth. Few birds were left of the summer merry-makers; the crow, the nuthatch, the chickadee and the woodwren alone were there; and the sharp tang of the frost-bit air was holding back their sun-up calls. But Bannertail, a big gray squirrel now, found gladness in the light, intensified, it seemed, by the very lateness of its coming.

Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaaaa! he sang; and done into speech of man the song said: "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

A SCORE of times had he thus sung and whiplashed his tail and sung again, exulting, when far away among the noises made by birds was a low *Qua, quaaa!*—the voice of another gray squirrel!

His kind was all too scarce in Jerseyland, and yet another would not necessarily be a friend; but in the delicate, meaningful modulations of sound, so accurately sensed by the squirrel's keen ear, this far-off *Qua, qua!* was a little softer than his own, a little higher pitched, and Bannertail knew without a moment's guessing: Yes, it was a gray squirrel, and it was not one that would take the war-path against him.

The distant voice replied no more, and Bannertail set about foraging for his morning meal.

Next day there was a driving storm of snow, and whether the sun came up or not he did not know. He kept his nest and, falling back on an ancient spendtime of the folk he kins with, he curled up into a sleep that deepened with the cold.

For two days the blizzard hissed. The third day it was very cold; on the fourth day Bannertail peeped forth on the changed, white world. He was stiff and sleepy, and a little hungry as he went forth. His hunger grew with the exercise of moving.

OVER the broad forest floor of shining white he leaped, and made for the beloved hickory grove. There Bannertail quartered the surface of the snow among the silent, bare-limbed trees, sniffing, sniffing, alert for the faintest whiff.

He stopped, swung his keen "divining rod," advanced a few hops, moved this way and that, then at the point of the most alluring whiff he began to dig down, down through the snow. At last he seized and dragged forth in his teeth a big fat hickory nut, one buried by himself last fall, and bounding with rippling tail up a tree to a safe perch that was man high from the ground, he sawed the shell adroitly and feasted on the choicest food that is known to the squirrel kind.

Other days were much like this, as the snow moon slowly passed. But one there was that claimed a place in his memory for long. He had gone farther afield to another grove of hickories and was digging down so deep into the snow that caution compelled him to come out and look around at intervals. It was well he did so, for a flash of white appeared on a near log. It made towards him and Bannertail got an instinctive thrill of fear. Small though it was, smaller than himself, the diabolic fire in its



ERNEST

(Continued on Page 158)

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On and off like a coat. Always fits the body perfectly.

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February, March, April—these are danger months. The months when baby is most susceptible to colds.

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MISS TOMBOY wears a middy blouse that's long and comfortable—just the thing for gym and sports. Miss Demure is trim and smart from head to toe. Her middy is evenly cuffed, fits snugly, is just blousy enough to be neat and dainty.

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First use Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream to cleanse thoroughly the pores of the face. Then apply Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream. Let it remain on overnight—and in the morning let your mirror tell the story.

Your first trial of Angelus will convince you that the clear, healthy depth, the glorious pink and white tints of a beautiful complexion can be yours.



Bannertail

(Continued from Page 157)

close-set eyes gave him a spasm of terror. He felt that his only safety lay in flight.

Now it was a race for the tall timber and a close one, but Bannertail's hops were six feet long, his legs went faster than the eye could see. The deep snow was harder on him than on his ferocious enemy, but he reached the great rugged trunk of an oak and up that, gaining a little.

The ermine weasel followed close behind, up, up, to the topmost limbs and out on a long, level branch to leap for the next tree. Bannertail could leap farther than Fire-eyes, but then he was heavier and had to leap from farther back where the twigs were thick. So Fire-eyes having only half as far to go covered the leap as well as the squirrel, and away they went as before.

BUT every wise squirrel knows all the leaps in his woods, which he can easily make, and which will call for every ounce of power in his legs. The pertinacity of the weasel still hard after him, compelled him to adopt a scheme. He made for a wide leap, the very limit of his powers, where the take-off was the end of a big broken branch, and racing six hops behind was the white terror. Without a moment's pause went Bannertail easily across the six-foot gap, to land on a sturdy limb in the other tree.

And the weasel! He knew he could not make it, hung back an instant, gathered his legs under him, snarled, glared redder eyed than ever, bobbed down a couple of times, measured the distance with his eye, then wheeled and racing back went down the tree to cross and climb the one that sheltered the squirrel. And Bannertail quietly hopped to a higher perch and when the right time came leaped back again to the stout oak bough. Again the weasel with dogged pertinacity raced down and up, only to see the gray squirrel again leap lightly across the impassable gulf. Then Bannertail, gaining confidence, hit on a plan which, while it may have been meant for mere teasing, had all the effect of a deep stratagem played with absolute success.

When next the little, red-eyed fury came racing along the oak limb, Bannertail waited to the very last moment, then leaped, grasped the far-side perch, and turning yapped out one derisive *Grrrf, grrrf, grrrf* after another, and craned forward in mockery of the little fury. This was too much. Wild with rage, the weasel took the leap, fell far short and went whirling head over heels

down seventy-five feet to land, not in the soft snow, but on a hard oak log that knocked out his cruel wind and ended for the day all further wish to murder or destroy.

The hunger moon, out February, was half worn away when again the sky gods seemed to win against the powers of chill and gloom. Food was ever scarcer; but Bannertail had enough and was filled with the vigor of young life. The sun came up in a cloudless sky that day, and blazed through the branches of still, tense woodland; the air was crisp and exhilarating; and Bannertail, tingling with the elation of life, leaped up for the lust of leaping, and from a high perch sang out his loudest song: *Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaa!*

Ringing across the woodland it went. And though he seemed only to sing for singing's sake, he was conscious lately of a growing loneliness, a hankering for company that had never possessed him all winter indeed he had resented it when any hint of visitors had reached him; but now he was restless and desirous, as well as bursting with the wish to sing.

Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaa! He sang again and again, and on the still, bright air were echoes from the hills.

Qua, qua, quaaaaa! He poured it out again and the echo came, *Qua, quaaaa!* Then another call, and the echo, *Quaaa!*

Was it an echo? He waited in silence—then far away he heard the soft *Qua, quaa!* that had caught his ears last fall. The voice of another graycoat, but so soft and alluring that it thrilled him. Here indeed was the answer to the hankering in his heart.

BUT even as he craned and strained to locate its very place, another call was heard, *Qua, qua, qua, quaaaaa!* from some big, strong graycoat like himself. All the fighting blood in him was stirred. He raced to the ground and across the woodland to the hillside whence the voice came.

Then on a log he stopped with senses alert for new guidance. *Qua, qua, quaaa!* came the soft call, and up the tree went Bannertail. A silvery tail tip flashed behind the trunk and, now ablaze with watchfulness, he followed fast.

Then came a lone, long *Qua, quaa!* and after it a defiant *Grrrf* like a scream, and a third big gray squirrel appeared, to scramble up after Bannertail.

(Continued in the March Home Journal)

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following booklets from the Service Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

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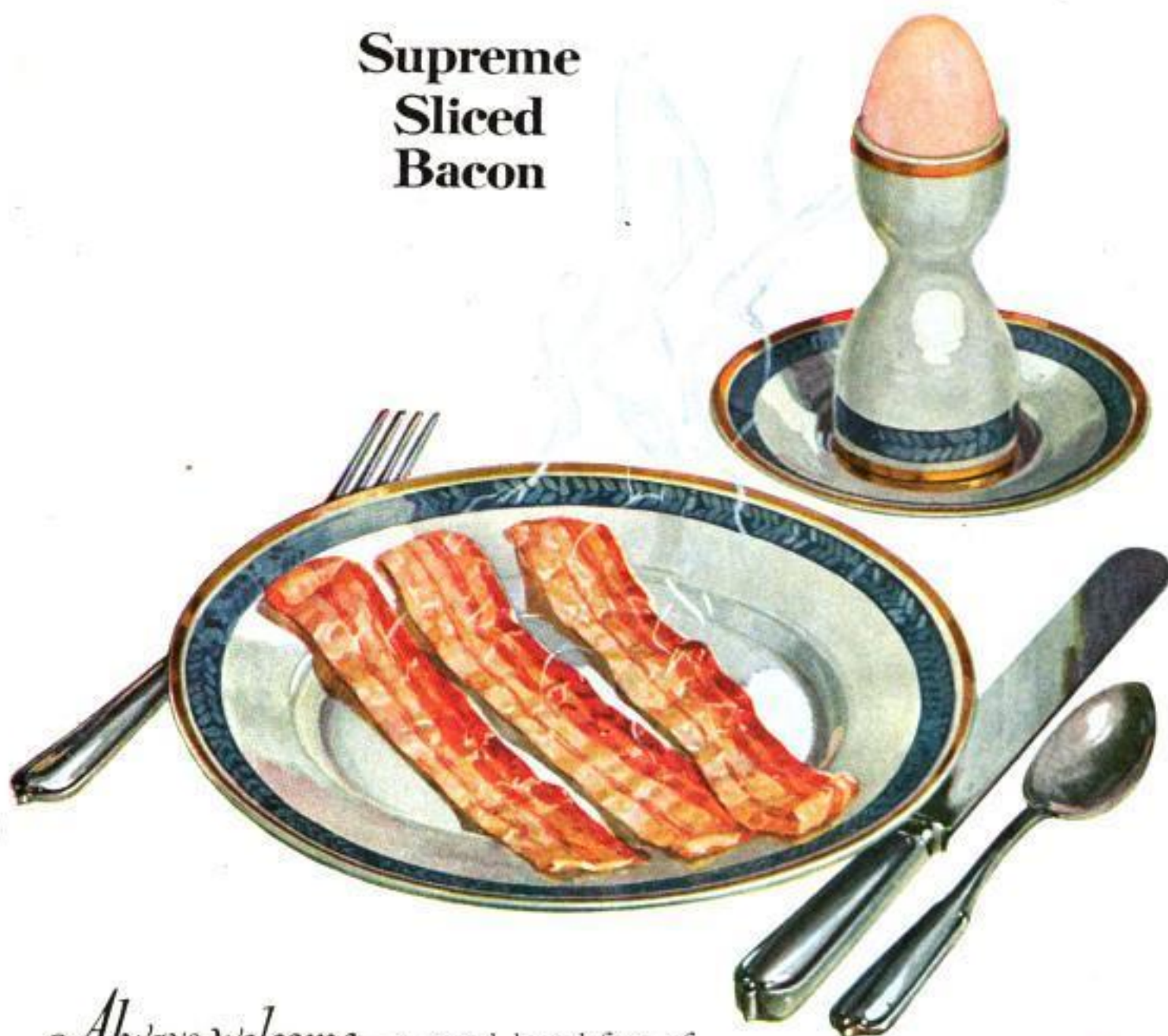
SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows twenty-seven new designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price 25 cents.

Patterns may be had from any store selling Home Patterns by mail, postage prepaid, or from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City, at the following prices:

Dresses	35 cents
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Children's	25 cents
Lingerie	25 cents
Embroidery Transfer	25 cents to 75 cents

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Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

Floors of Dignity and Beauty

TO SOME persons the treatment of floors is an uninteresting and painful necessity, demanding quantities of sandpaper, gallons of finish, endless wax, infinite patience, industry and elbow grease, a deep and uncanny knowledge of rugs and an equally inexhaustible supply of money—with the fearful uncertainty that at the end the floor may be wrong after all.

The floor of a room is a background for the furniture as much as walls are, and it should be definitely related to the walls in color, value and character. Every room should be considered as a background in its entirety—the pale ceiling, the neutral walls, which should never be lighter than the ceiling and usually should be slightly deeper in tone, the woodwork that generally matches the walls or the ceiling and acts as a connecting decorative link, and the floor that should always be the heaviest note, keeping the proper balance and staying strictly underfoot.

Every room should be heavier at its base. Even if there is dark standing woodwork the floor may be sufficiently weighted down, and the areas of pale wall may be so managed in relation to the furniture, hangings and pictures that they may combine with the pale ceiling in achieving the proper ascending scale of tone—lighter toward the top. A waxed beamed ceiling may be kept in its proper relation to things if the spaces between the beams are toned a bit lighter than the pale walls.

If you start with your ceiling as the lightest tone and work downward in scale as you approach your floor—counting the shadows that are cast by the furniture, the richness and depth of color, as well as the actual darkness of the furniture and floor treatment as your darker tones—you will have learned your lesson well, and can promise yourself a successful room on this score.

So much for a fleeting view of decorative principles. The next subject to consider is the treatment of wooden floors. Broadly speaking, floors are of two types, hardwood and softwood, the former of plain boards or parquetry, the latter varying anywhere from an excellent quality of matched wood responding well to treatment to such frightfully rough boards that the inexperienced hasten to hide them modestly from sight with any all-over covering that can be obtained. I have yet to see a floor so bad that it cannot be made really good-looking with stain or paint properly applied.

Suggestions for Floor Colors

MOST people want hardwood floors and, in building, use them throughout the house, if possible, or put them at least in the more important rooms. But it is surprising how many people think hardwood floors must be yellow—a shiny outer color upon which darker rugs and furniture appear too heavy.

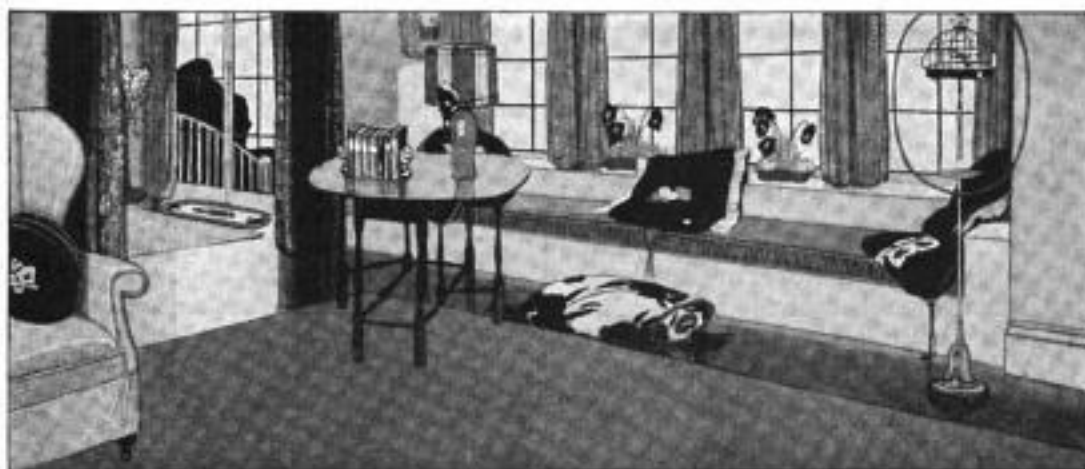
All hardwood floors should be toned some shade of brown. To refinish a hardwood floor, apply a liquid paint or varnish remover with a brush, and after it has penetrated the old finish, scrape this off with a putty knife. Then wash the floor with benzine. Prepare a solution of oxalic acid—one ounce of acid to a quart of either water or denatured alcohol, the latter being a quicker medium—and use this solution to remove spots, tracks, footmarks or dirt; the floor should be scoured with it, allowing twenty minutes to elapse before washing with clear water.

The floor is now prepared for the filler. Filler is a paste that may be had in many colors or mixed to order in any color at all: powdered burnt umber mixed with plain filler will give, in the varying degrees used, different tones of dark walnut; this is modified by the addition of raw sienna, and raw sienna alone mixed with plain paste filler results in a light oak tone. It must be remembered that hardwood takes any kind of color more palely than does softwood. Enough burnt umber in the paste filler to result in a medium and pleasant brown is the ideal tone for a hardwood floor.

Filler may be thinned with benzine or turpentine, the former having the advantage of drying instantly. The filler may be applied with a brush; when it becomes chalky rub across the grain of the wood with a cloth, removing at the same time any superfluous filler that is not absorbed by the wood. After the grain of the wood is filled, and this is dry, two coats of floor varnish, the best quality that can be obtained, should be applied, allowing a day to elapse between coats.

A floor treated in this manner should be cared for with an oil mop, and it will probably need revarnishing in about a year.

If it is desired to have waxed hardwood floors, two coats of shellac should be substituted for the two coats of varnish, after which wax may be applied in a powdered or liquid form and rubbed to a soft glow; floors should be waxed about once a month to protect the shellac finish and keep them in good condition.



By ETHEL CARPENTER

Illustration by Albert Hencke

Hardwood floors must be laid by an expert. Oak or quartered oak is usually selected for private homes, but if a particularly durable wood is desired maple is chosen. Parquetry differs from the usual hardwood floor in that it is cut in small pieces, matched, and mounted on a canvas back; in this way two kinds of wood may be decoratively blended. But if the blending is at all pronounced or the designs ornate the latter state is worse than the first, and the floors claim an attention in a decorative scheme that should never be accorded them.

But for the millions of folks who have had floors there is more than a ray of comfort. The most conventional way to treat them is to stain them walnut. Walnut is the first choice in color for a floor stain, since it is dark and glows with beautiful reflections; it is so neutral that it blends with any furniture; it has the proper value for a floor and has no unpleasant vividness of color when seen in strong light or sun. If the floor is in very bad condition, with uneven board widths and unsightly cracks, a crack filler will work wonders. And last, but not least, the floor that is painted a color is decorative, and highly satisfactory for its artistic effect.

If a softwood floor has been finished and is not peeling or chipping, there is all probability that it will take its new finish of the same medium without removing the old. If the old finish is flaking or breaking—and this does not just mean signs of wear but a general loosening of the coat of finish, which is easily detectable—the whole will have to be removed by means of the liquid paint and varnish remover, for which directions have already been given. After washing the floor with benzine, the cracks must be filled, if there are noticeable ones. The easiest preparation of which I know is dissolved in water either until it is the consistency of putty, when it is pressed into the cleaned cracks with a putty knife, or until it is more the thickness of paint, when it is poured into the cracks, after which any excess filler is removed with a cloth immediately. Color may be mixed with this crack filler if desired.

How to Use Stain and Shellac

IF THE floor is of very soft wood and has never had a finish on the wood before it is sometimes necessary to give it three coats. In this case the first coat may be of cheaper paint or stain, but the two top coats should be the best paint that money can buy. Paints and varnishes come particularly prepared for floors, and when special colors are desired they should be mixed on the same principles, to insure wear and nonspotting. Floor varnish may be mixed with colored paint when a colored floor is wanted; you may do it yourself if you happen to have both varnish and paint in the house, but it is always better to get an expert to mix your colored floor paint from a given sample.

Another method of painting a floor is to give it two coats of paint and two of shellac, renewing the shellac from time to time. Floors covered with varnish stain should never be allowed to wear down to the wood before being restained or they will be spotty and uneven where the stain soaks down into the wood in some places and stays on top of the old finish in others. It is better to treat your floors to a fresh coat regularly enough to keep them in good condition. This does not hold so rigidly of floor paint, as it is more of an opaque enamel and covers a multitude of sins.

If it is desired to stain a painted floor the paint will first have to be removed. It is possible to flat stain a hard or soft wood floor a desired brown and protect it with wax; this is frequently done, but if vigilance is relaxed and the wax wears thin the finish comes off and the whole floor has to be redone. A coat of shellac between the stain and the outer

wax finish adequately protects the stain, but the floor will be so good-looking one will have a pride in keeping it well waxed. This sort of floor is an ideal background for Oriental rugs.

Painted floors are decorative, and when the furnishings are chosen for effect rather than for conventionality the choice of paint for the floor is a happy one. A dull old blue with quite a bit of green in it is a decorative floor color, and may be used delightfully in a dining room with black furniture decorated in peacock, and with a Chinese rug in gold and blue. Dull leaf green is stunning on the floor of a hall with a black and ivory stair; a black floor may be very beautiful with Oriental rugs of rose and gold. On many painted floors, deep-pile plain rugs made of carpeting, and in color blending or contrasting with the color of the floor, prove

a delightful solution of the floor problem; and everyone knows the charm of rag rugs on a painted floor.

After the finish of a floor is accomplished rugs and carpets become an all-engrossing subject. Two general types of floor coverings seem to be claiming the popular mind—the genuine Oriental and the plain-colored carpet or rug. The necessary outlay in purchasing real Orientals is undoubtedly great, but when it is remembered that with care they may be made to last a lifetime, that well-chosen Orientals have a quality of furnishing the barest kind of room besides giving hourly joy from the contemplation of their subdued and gorgeous colors, that they may be acquired one or two at a time so that the outlay may be spread over a number of years, it will be seen that they are really an economy in the end.

Rugs—Oriental and Domestic

AMONG the most popular medium-priced genuine Oriental rugs are two Persians, the Serapi and the Mahal, which may be found for \$200 to \$300 in the nine-by-twelve-foot size, with smaller rugs in proportion. I hesitate to give any prices, as these change constantly, but a scale of value is established by mentioning the present current prices of these rugs as compared with that of one of the finest Persians, the Kermanshah, which to-day costs in the same size from \$900 up. Everyone does not care for room-size rugs, and smaller ones laid properly on a well-waxed dark floor will often give a more decorative effect for a smaller outlay.

The Persians are usually of finer design and coloring than the Turkish rugs, the former being more vinelike and delicate in character, the latter more boldly and geometrically planned. The Turkoman rugs are woven by nomad Turkish tribes that have come under Russian domination; possibly the most popular of these are the Bokharas, but the Baluchistans and Afghans are close seconds.

At present the Chinese rugs are the most moderate-priced rugs in the market, and they are wholly delightful when they are chosen wisely. In wonderful blues and tawny golds they are at their best, and if the whole room is keyed lighter in scale, these rugs, which are often paler than other Orientals, may be most artistically used. In inferior grades the Chinese rugs are perhaps not so durable as the Turkish and Persian rugs, but if one is fond of them one is prepared to accord even the fine Chinese rugs greater care in order to prolong their life.

It must be remembered that Oriental rugs are not beautiful or desirable merely because they are Oriental. As many hideous designs are perpetrated among these as in any other article where design goes to form its making. The dull, richly blended colors whose related tones are in such perfect accord, the unobtrusive designs whose patterns are so interwoven that nothing forces itself unpleasantly upon the attention—these are the principal decorative requirements of the desirable Oriental rug.

Many Orientals of modern make are colored with aniline dyes, impermanent colors that have for purposes of cheaper manufacture taken the place of the original vegetable and animal dyes. An expert can tell aniline dye at a glance, but if the amateur must rely on his own judgment rub some part of the rug with a wet cloth; only aniline dyes will run.

In domestic figured rugs posies, bowknots, floral effects and medallions have gone by the board, and when a figured rug is a necessity, those who know are choosing well-covered, unpronounced designs and rich colors interwoven to form an almost one-tone effect, or else the modern allover conventional small-patterned rug or carpet in two tones.

As far as figured rugs are concerned, genuine Orientals are in a desirable class by themselves, so, except in the case of the dining room, when there is a large family or a number of children and a figured rug will therefore give greater satisfaction, plain-colored chenilles, Wiltons and Axminsters are invariably chosen from among the domestic floor coverings. Many people have come to prefer plain rugs to any other kind, since they allow absolute leeway in the choosing

(Continued on Page 162)



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genuine has the
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Ferris
GOOD NEWS

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**WAGNER
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The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

(Continued from Page 161)

of curtains, upholsteries and ornaments, and the floor is more sure to keep its proper relation to the rest of the room. And for myself, if I could not have the kind of real Oriental rugs I wished, I would without question refuse a figured substitute, choosing instead dull-toned plain rugs for my floors, while for many rooms I should really prefer the plain rugs if I were striving for an original and beautiful color effect.

Among the plain rugs the chenilles are the most expensive, and are considered the most beautiful. They are woven in one piece, and come in many widths, from nine to thirty feet, and of course may be cut in any length, so that they are practical for a room of any size. A brownish gray and a flat gray-brown are among the most serviceable and decorative conventional colors, and these blend with many room color schemes. One may be more daring, however, and choose the rich dull midnight blues, old blues, leaf greens, mulberry, old gold, and even black, depending on the effect desired.

Wilton rugs are less expensive than chenilles, they are of shorter pile and firmer to the foot, since they are woven in an entirely different manner, but their decorative effect is nearly equal to that of the handsomer rug, and they are even preferred by many people. Wiltons are woven in carpet strips twenty-seven inches wide and are seamed, but when the seams are well sewed and the pile is brushed over them they scarcely show. Wiltons come in a number of different grades; the most expensive are worsted Wiltons, made of longer, heavier and better quality wool, and are three-shot, a technical term for a firmer weave. There are different grades in worsted Wiltons, and the best quality of these may be bought for a few dollars less than the medium grade of chenille that has been quoted. Besides the worsted Wiltons there are wool Wiltons, which are the medium and cheaper grade of this type, and these are sometimes three-shot, sometimes two, the latter term meaning a fabric not quite so firm. In the cheaper grades of Wilton a little cotton is mixed in the two-shot

weave; but in a special rug of this character that has been designed for wear such excellent results have been obtained in beauty and service that if such a rug is bought from a reputable dealer—the present price of which would be slightly under a hundred dollars in the nine-by-twelve size—satisfaction would be assured. Wilton rugs come in many beautiful and plain colors as well as in the figured designs. It is chiefly in these that the Orientals are copied.

Axminster rugs have lately become very decorative, and are made in the delightful plain colors, as well as in patterns, the former being much more desirable. The best quality of Axminster rug may be advised, and it is of lower price than the Wiltons. A velvet, or Wilton velvet, rug may be obtained in plain colors also; it is a rug of moderate price, and, as its price indicates, it is not so well worth buying as the other rugs that have been mentioned. This rug is printed or dyed after weaving. Body Brussels rugs wear forever and a day, but they are harsh and undecorative, and I should prefer a rug with more beauty that might have to be replaced a trifle sooner.

Among the less expensive rugs there are the plain-colored linens, which have a great many decorative qualities and uses, a similar rug of flat weave in wool, and rag rugs. The latter may be had in woolen or cotton rugs, handmade or machine woven, and in many decorative color combinations. Jute rugs are worthy of note, since in many cases they rather artistically achieve the effect of Orientals, but they are not guaranteed fadeless, and their life is comparatively short, in keeping with their low price.

Carpets are being used more than they have been for years. In the plain colors these are delightful; they make a decorative background for tiny and colorful rugs, they make a small room seem much larger, and they graciously cover an ungainly floor.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second article in a series on the Complete Furnishing of the Little House. The next, to appear in the March Home Journal, will consider curtaining the house.

Ask these Questions in Selecting a Home Site

(Continued from Page 28)

There are many possible nuisances.

The best single test as to the net advantages of a residence district is the class of people who live in it, what sort of homes they are building and whether more of the same sort are coming in. Even though all appearances are favorable, it is not safe to buy or settle until one has taken real pains to verify the first favorable impressions and the glowing assurances of the real-estate agent.

Merely absence of nuisances is not enough, of course, to recommend a building site. There is a long list of desirable items to be combined as well as possible. After safety and good neighbors are assured come matters of the public utilities—transportation, light, water, gas, mail, delivery service, and so forth. Then local improvements. Are the roads, sidewalks and curbs in? Will paving be needed? Are the improvements now in or soon to come, all that will be required? Will there be further levies and assessments against property owners? As to these things ask of the residents and at the city engineer's office.

Next, what are the conditions on the building site itself? What is the subsoil? If rocky or wet costly grading may be involved. Is it sand? It may cave in excavating. Heavy clay tends to be hard to handle and usually requires special foundation work to prevent wet cellars. "Made" ground should usually be avoided. A reasonably loose and well-drained subsoil is preferable and one with a permanent water level well below the cellar floor. And how about local sewerage and drainage arrangements? Are these systems working properly and can one get a good grade to connect them with the new house?

A really good view from at least some of the "best" windows should be assured. The outlook should be pleasant and restful both winter and summer. If trees are essential it is certain that they will not be cut down before long and uncover something unsightly?

Does the lot lie so as to permit a good location for the house and a logical layout for garage, road, gardens and other arrangements? How will you get in the coal and get out the ashes? Will the garage shade the garden space? Will the new house look well from the rear as well as from the front?

Will water be available at the site for building operations? Can you get gas, telephone, water and light connections promptly when needed?

Then consider the legal status of the property. Is the title clear and subject to no encumbrances? Or is it clouded in some way, or subject to mortgage, easements for rights-of-way, ditch or pole lines, or something of the sort? Are all assessments and taxes paid up or are any shortly due? Are there any building restrictions on the lot and do these extend to neighboring property so as to insure uniform and high-class development? Is the owner in a position to give a good warranty deed and prompt possession of the property?

Check the legitimacy of the price asked by the owner by looking up the value placed on this and neighboring property by the local tax assessor and by finding out from near-by residents how the local tax assessments compare with actual sale prices thereabouts. For a further and excellent check on values you can probably find out what your bank would lend on this or similar property in case you buy and want to build on it.

How to Lose Fat

(Continued from Page 5)

some extent the course of exercise, far outnumbered those who were enrolled. Throughout the country our volunteer followers must have reached into the thousands. This was the best result of the enterprise, a far-reaching interest in a better way of living stimulated by the example of the chosen and official squad of women. Young America to its physical benefit plays baseball in imitation of the big leagues. A similar method might well be followed to popularize public health in America. Outdoor athletics are provided for. Something is needed for the indoor grown-ups to stir and keep up interest in the great game of health.

Our squad included a dozen nationalities. Their ages ranged between the teens and the forties. More than half were married and a good proportion were mothers. The lightest member of the class weighed 150 pounds and the heaviest weighed 281 pounds. Some of the extra heavies had not been able to lace their own shoes for months and years previously, and if they chanced to fall down they were unable to regain their feet without assistance. Yet it was not long before these overburdened persons became relatively agile. A rolling exercise on the floor was of special benefit to them and spectators were amazed at the capacity developed by seemingly helpless spheres rolling on the gymnasium mat.

Among the records of those who led the squad in reduction are the following:

Miss Sarah Strong, New York, 32 years of age, 5 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height. Bust measure was 50 inches and was reduced in three weeks to 42 inches. Weight of 281 pounds was reduced to 256 pounds or a loss of 25 pounds. Occupation, private secretary. A model case, followed diet rules strictly, taking home exercise and long walks nightly in addition to class work. Old American stock, father a Vermont farmer. Put on most of flesh in recent years, attributing it to sedentary life in city. A contributory cause is going back home for summer vacations and eating too much because mother is such a good cook. Says beaux were formerly lacking but since reduction several have made their appearance on the horizon.

Happy Losers

MRS. GEORGIA HEFFNER, Arverne, Long Island, 24 years old, has two young children, is 5 feet 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height. Bust was 46 inches and now 40 inches is loose. Weight of 194 pounds brought down to 172 pounds, or a loss of 22 pounds. The inefficacy of a Turkish bath was shown in this case, for it added 2 pounds of weight. General health much improved, sleeps better at night. Before joining squad had tried in vain all pills, powders and patent reduction methods. Admits a struggle to keep to diet and has trouble with a Southern colored cook, who disapproves limitation of menu.

Mrs. Ella Weaver, Richfield Park, New Jersey, 33 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height. Weight of 258 pounds was brought down to 234 pounds, or a loss of 24 pounds. Attributes excess weight partly to motor car, which was bought two years ago and in which she rode round everywhere instead of walking. Will not give up car but has resolved to walk to local shops, and so on.

Miss Frances Moses, Bronx, 19 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches in height. Weight of 191 pounds was reduced to 168 pounds, or a loss of 23 pounds. A stenographer and in extra time a saleslady. No exercise at work and her beau owns car, which means only riding for recreation. Hereafter will do some walking and continue special exercises.

Among other cases is that of Mrs. Lillie Frankel, Bensonhurst, 24 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches in height, has two young children. A cabaret singer, she lost popularity by too much deposit of adipose tissue, but now bust measure of 44 inches is down to 38 inches and weight from 164 pounds to 145 pounds, her vogue is reviving and she has had several good business offers. A somewhat similar case is that of a Miss Thompson, who found that fat interfered with business. A corset model, she joined the class because she was getting disqualified for her position. Her bust was 38 inches instead of the required 36 inches. After one week she was 10 pounds lighter and had the exact girth desired, whereupon she resigned from the class, saying that a week had achieved what she hoped to do in a month.

Fat Ladies' Yell

While the great reduction contest was on, Doctor Copeland was greeted by his class with this yell:

COMMISSIONER,
Commissioner,
Rah! RAH! RAH!
Are we thinner?
I should say we are!

We've cut out sugar,
We've cut out starch,
We're out of bed early
We take a long march.

Royal S. Copeland!
Rah! RAH! RAH!
We have reduced our
waistlines,
Sis—boom—BAH!
Royal S. Copeland,
Ha! Ha! HA!

What to Eat

A REFRACTORY case was that of Mrs. Jean Dwyer, 43 years old, 5 feet 2 inches in height, a widow with twelve children. She weighed 150 pounds at the start and about the same at the finish. A sudden gain of one pound was explained when Mrs. Dwyer confessed in class that she had broken the rules and eaten a large dish of chop suey. The scales detected a few other cases of dietary delinquency.

The sample menus of the reduction squad, which accompany this article, speak for themselves and almost make it unnecessary for me to dwell upon the details of diet. We have in general three kinds of food—fats, carbohydrates and proteins. Anyone who wishes to reduce should keep away as far as possible from the first two kinds. We all know that the fats include butter, cream, vegetable oils and animal fats. The carbohydrates are sugar and starch, which include candy, potatoes, parsnips, white bread, rice, and such like.

The proteins, which do not make fat, are found in lean meat, fish, poultry, white of egg, legumes and some other things. Now it is impossible to live only on proteins. They must be supplemented with other and bulky foods, such as cereals and especially vegetables and fruits.

The best vegetables for the purpose are the leafy kind with plenty of cellulose, as lettuce, celery, spinach, cabbage. These help to fill the stomach and satisfy the appetite, besides having other merits.

For breakfast take any kind of fruit which has no starch in it. Banana? I am surprised. You know it is full of starch. Take orange, grapefruit, apple, any dried fruit or stewed prunes cooked without sugar.

For a cereal take any kind you like, either cooked or uncooked, but since we are after roughage it is better to select a bulky or whole-grain sort. I am willing to permit a trifle of sugar, say a teaspoonful, upon the cereal, provided you must have it; but no cream at all. Furthermore, whatever the cereal, add to it a tablespoonful of bran. This may be had in a package at the grocery store. Bran is most useful to stimulate the intestinal action.

If you take an egg for breakfast, only take one, because the yellow part will add to the fat of your body. Keep away from ham and bacon, likewise from any food that is fried in fat. No fried foods of any sort, but only those which are boiled, baked, roasted or grilled.

In the bread line we are to avoid fresh bread and white bread, using instead Holland rusk, toast, bran biscuits and Graham bread, without butter in every case.

(Continued on Page 164)

Raise the Kiddies on Wheels

The idea of raising children on wheels is a hobby with the management, the three Diemer brothers. They realized years ago, the benefits in health, poise, confidence and self-reliance that come to the children who get plenty of vigorous exercise either indoors or out.

The "American" line is a guaranteed, quality line, built for the safety of the child and for the protection to clothing, floors, door coverings and furniture.

The baby vehicle shown is hand woven of genuine American cut reeds, with beautiful soft upholstery. It is No. 772-P. It has pneumatic tires, shock-absorbing springs, ball bearings, folding robe rail, anti-draft curtain and special hand lift on the front axle for convenience in going up and down steps, extra large package compartment, large, graceful hood—and these are only a few of the exclusive "American" features. It is also equipped with a special foot brake that is easily set or released with the sole of the shoe, as illustrated.

Write for booklet "B" on Baby carriages, strollers and sulkeys, or "J" on Juvenile and Doll vehicles, stating just what you are interested in, and we will send you the Dealer's name in your territory.

"See the American Line First" at your Dealer's.
Sold around the world by Dealers and Jobbers.



The ideal line for
"Young America."

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Dennison's

A procession of gay holidays
—each holiday a charming party!

AND for each party fascinating Dennison's decorations for the table; dainty favors, place cards, bon-bon baskets, candle shades—even timely invitations, caps, and appropriate costumes.

St. Valentine's Day and Lincoln's Birthday will scarcely have passed when Washington's Birthday suggests new and delightful ways to entertain, with Dennison to help at a tiny expense. And, just beyond, is coming good Saint Patrick, with the shamrock and the harp.

Dennison dealers are everywhere—but plan the parties now—send for your copy of the Party Book today.



Send ten cents with the coupon below for Dennison's Party Book—it tells a score of ways to make the holiday gay, and pictures every conceivable article designed for the Day, whatever that day is. An invaluable source of ideas for every hostess.

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Price's Vanilla is the pure flavor extracted from the finest vanilla beans. Long aging in wooden casks brings to it a rare, mellow sweetness. Price's Vanilla adds an irresistibly delicious flavor to cakes, cookies, custards, puddings, home-made ice-cream and candies. Ask your grocer for it.



Look for the little Tropikid on the label.

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.
"Experts in Flavor" Chicago, Ill.

Whispering Spring

How attractive are the pretty tub frocks Sacson has created for Spring! So charming! So colorful! So serviceable always! Splendidly tailored of the finest quality fabrics, Sacson dresses are made to give long wear and complete satisfaction.

There is a Sacson dealer near you. If you do not know his name, send us your check or money order and we will see that the styles you want are sent you.

No. 947 above—Excellent quality checked gingham. Full gathered skirt with patch pockets. Collar and cuffs of organdie, hemstitched and edged with lace. In blue, black, brown, green or red. Price \$5.00

No. 930 at right—One-piece frock of novelty checked fine gingham. Collar and pipings of white poplin. Side pleats over hips. In blue, brown or pink. Price \$6.50

SIZES: 36 to 46. Misses, 16-18-20

Send for our new Spring style booklet
SACSON, 56 West 21st St., New York

SACSON

Porch & Morning
Dresses

How to Lose Fat

(Continued from Page 163)

All the lean meats, poultry and sea food with plenty of the vegetables previously mentioned are suitable.

As far as drink is concerned, skim milk is a safe article if you take it in reasonable quantities. Black coffee or coffee to which milk has been added, not cream, is all right. Water at mealtimes is bad for fat people because its effect is to wash down too much food. You eat more if you drink water. Do not take water at mealtime, but drink all you want between meals, which will help to carry waste away.

A tablespoon of mineral oil every night is a useful ally of bran in the diet in keeping the bowels open.

Mineral oil is not absorbed by the system, as are the vegetable oils; it merely lubricates the bowels.

Don't look on dieting as a hardship. The hardship is to keep stuffing yourself with the wrong things and feeling miserable in consequence.

Objection has been made to the diet as published that the elimination of butter and cream left out essential vitamins. It was precisely to make up the deficiency in this respect that we emphasized in the menus the leafy vegetables, which contain the vitamins ordinarily received in the body through butter and cream. It would be harmful indeed if a baby or growing child were placed upon such a diet as we are recommending for an obese person. Children must have the vitamins and the elements contained in whole milk. They are entitled to a full ration of butter and cream.

The Lesson for Others

OUR experiment with the reduction squad has the same value that the sanatorium has in the treatment of incipient tuberculosis. The sanatorium cannot care for more than a very limited number of the many affected with tuberculosis, but the sanatorium acts as an object lesson to demonstrate to those affected the proper way of living, and it teaches possible victims the manner of life which will keep them from having the disease. Along this line of thought, it may profit many persons of incipient fatness to consider the reduction diet and to follow it to some extent.

If we treat ourselves properly our bodies will not be fat but will be fit, life will be enjoyable and its span increase. Moreover, there will be more natural beauty in the land. I do not object to the reasonable use of cosmetics, but paint and powder are no substitute for the splendid appearance of good health. The trouble with our modern civilization is that we camouflage the condition of health. A counterfeit complexion with an artful gown and harness enable many persons to pass muster who otherwise would be forced to mend their ways and improve their state of health. A natural trim figure and genuine roses in the cheeks should be the aim of sensible American womanhood.

The following daily menus, used during the contest, are suggestive of the right kind of diet:

Menu

BREAKFAST
Any Fresh Fruit, Except Bananas
Any Cereal (With Tablespoonful of Bran Sprinkled Over, Skim Milk, No Sugar)
One Coddled Egg
Two Slices of Whole Wheat Bread Toasted, No Butter
Tea (Clear, No Sugar, With Skim Milk, if Preferred) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired) Buttermilk

LUNCHEON
Clear Broth
Chopped Onion and Celery Sandwich (Made With Two Slices of Rye Bread, Pepper and a Little Salt, No Butter)
Tea (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired) Buttermilk

DINNER
Clear Soup
Chicken, Roasted or Broiled (Do Not Eat Skin)
Spinach
Celery
Two Bran Muffins (No Butter)
Cottage Cheese
Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

Menu

BREAKFAST
One-half Cantaloupe, or Any Fresh Fruit
Any Cereal (With Bran Sprinkled Over, Skim Milk, No Sugar)
Dry Toast, Two Slices
Coffee (Skim Milk, if Desired, No Sugar) Tea (Skim Milk, if Desired, No Sugar)

LUNCHEON
Clear Soup
Prune Whip
(Pulp of Prune and White of Egg, Beaten Up)
Three Rusks
Lettuce (With Vinegar or Lemon Juice, No Oil) Buttermilk
Tea

Menu

DINNER
Clear Soup
Roast Lamb (No Fat)
Romaine Salad (Vinegar or Lemon Juice, No Oil)
One Bran Muffin (No Butter)
One Raw Apple
Coffee
Buttermilk

BREAKFAST
Any Fresh Fruit, Except Bananas
Any Cereal (With Tablespoonful of Bran Sprinkled Over, Skim Milk, No Sugar)
One Coddled Egg
Two Slices of Whole Wheat Bread Toasted (No Butter)
Tea (Skim Milk or Clear, No Sugar) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

Menu

LUNCHEON
Vegetable or Clear Soup
Roast Beef (No Fat)
Cauliflower
Sliced Tomatoes (Vinegar or Lemon Juice, No Oil)
Celery
Two Slices of Bread (No Butter)
Tea (No Sugar) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

SUPPER
Combination Salad (Tomatoes, Lettuce, Onion and Celery, Vinegar May be Used, No Oil, Pepper and Salt)
Two Bran Muffins (No Butter)
Gelatin
Cottage Cheese
Tea (No Sugar) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

Menu

BREAKFAST
Grape Fruit, or Any Fresh Fruit
Except Bananas
Any Cereal (With Tablespoonful of Bran Sprinkled Over, Skim Milk, No Sugar)
The Whites of Two Eggs on Toast
Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired) Tea (Skim Milk if Desired)

LUNCHEON
One Cup of Broth
Combination Vegetable Salad, No Oil, Vinegar or Lemon Juice
(Chopped Onion, Parsley, Celery, Lettuce, Pepper and Salt)
Two Bran Muffins (No Butter)
Clear Jello
Tea Buttermilk Coffee

Menu

DINNER (Boiled)
Vegetable Soup
Boiled Beef
Boiled Carrots, Onions, Turnips
Raw Celery (All You Wish)
Two Slices of Whole Wheat Bread (Twenty-four Hours Old, No Butter)
Stewed Prunes (No Sugar)
Tea (No Sugar) Coffee (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

Menu

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes (No Sugar, Cooked With Lemon if Desired)
Any Cereal (With Bran Sprinkled Over, No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)
Two Rusks
Coffee (With Skim Milk, No Sugar) Tea (No Sugar, Skim Milk if Desired)

LUNCHEON
Four Raw Oysters
Celery Salad (No Oil, Vinegar or Lemon Juice)
Two Bran Muffins (No Butter)
Sliced Oranges (No Sugar)
Tea Coffee Buttermilk

Menu

DINNER
Clear Broth (Four Ounces), or Clear Broth
Boiled Haddock, or One Lamb Chop
Mashed Parsnips, or Stewed Tomatoes
Two Rusks (No Butter)
Cottage Cheese (All You Wish)
Tea (Clear) Coffee (Clear)



"How Could You Ever Afford So Many New Things?"



Let Us Tell You How—

- You Can Get These Six Smart Garments Without Cost
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- and How You Can Always Be Well-Dressed at One-Half to One-Third the Usual Cost

YOU can put these six pretty and useful articles of dress into your closet—and they won't cost you a cent.

They can all be yours free for the making: a smart collar and cuff set; a dainty chemise of sheer material; a useful "over all" apron; a charming blouse; a trim little house dress; and a handsome, stylish afternoon dress.

Think of wearing the six splendid garments pictured above, absolutely without cost! And think too of finding a way to have all the pretty clothes you want—at half to a third the usual price. Three dresses for what you now spend for one.

And then, too, you can learn a new, quick, sure way to turn your spare hours into dollars—to become self-supporting and independent if you wish—to have an income of your own—as much as \$25 to \$50 a week—to do with as you please.

This "New Way" Helps Women To Make and Save Money

The "New Way" Course in Fashionable Clothes Making brings a whole outfit of better and more stylish clothes within the easy reach of every woman—and at the same time qualifies her to design and finish modish garments which bring high prices.

This simple Course is the result of months of study and co-operation by expert designers, modistes and tailors. After much experiment they have reduced the most important principles of professional tailoring and dressmaking to their simplest possible form, and have arranged them in easy-to-follow lessons. Through this simplified, progressive method even the woman who has never sewed before can learn how to make pretty, stylish clothes for herself and others.

Every woman knows what a hard problem dressing herself on a small income is! You know yourself: you go down town, expecting to find a certain garment at a certain price. But, nine times in ten, it costs much more—and if you pay the difference, it means economizing on shoes, or lingerie, or something else. What a relief the "New Way" Course has proved for women who had always thought they couldn't make clothes that would have "the right look"!

Now they not only have clothes made of better materials—but they can afford more and better shoes, underthings, hats, and all the other things that must be purchased ready to wear.

Short-Cut Methods Take Out Hard Parts

Let us tell you about the remarkable new sewing methods that now enable you

to accomplish in minutes what used to require hours. A charming, distinctive gown can be made simply by following a series of easy-to-follow steps, and the exclusive teachings of the "New Way" Course make it possible for you to duplicate the effects produced by famous New York and Paris dressmakers. Let us tell you about "the secret of the silhouette"—the new principles of design—the remarkable idea behind "adaptive dress-making."

Let us also tell you how you can get without cost, all the materials and trimmings necessary to make the six charming garments pictured above. Patterns and full directions accompany the material, and you learn quickly and easily the simple steps needed to make not only these garments, but all the others you need and want.

Find Out How to Get This Modiste's Outfit

FREE



Dress Form Included Without Charge

Learn how you can secure a splendid "professional model" dress form without expense. Also how we present you with a handsome Oriental sewing basket and

complete modiste's outfit—in appreciation of your co-operation. The Simplified Dressmaking Chart, the Diploma and the Life Scholarship of this "New Way" Course are also exclusive features which you want to find out all about.

Get Valuable Free Information

It costs you nothing to find out about this wonderful new way to make clothes—and to save and make money.

Do not hesitate. Mail the coupon below, or write a letter, for the free information about all the exclusive features of the "New Way" Course in Fashionable Clothes-making, the free Modiste's Outfit and the Six Free Garments. Learn how you will be able to have three dresses instead of one—dresses that are prettier, finer, better-fitting than those you could buy ready-made at two or three times what they cost you.

There is no obligation. You want to read this information and see for yourself what these new short-cut methods will mean to you. Clip the coupon now, fill it in and mail it at once to—

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821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N.Y.**

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Without cost or obligation on my part, you may send me complete information regarding the "New Way" Course, how I can make \$25 to \$50 a week at home, and how I can get the six garments FREE.

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GRACIELA FITZ 1921



In the privacy of her home

The Discriminating American Woman now orders her most important article of wearing apparel—her corset

THERE is a woman in your neighborhood for whose service you may be eternally grateful. She is an experienced and refined woman of taste, who has chosen corsetry as a profession. She will come to your home, and there—but we are getting a bit ahead of our story. The significance to you of this woman's conception of corsetry lies in the fact that the corset is not only the foundation of the dressmaker's art but also of woman's healthy enjoyment of a full day's activities. A corset that is not well fitting and flexibly stayed is a strain, a hardship, a hindrance—to the keen-minded active American Woman of today, and no less to her dressmaker. A correct corset gives the dressmaker the opportunity of gaining her best effects, even with a gown most modest in cost.

A corset need not be inferior to be incorrect. The ordinary corset must be made to please the many, the mass, in a general way, but it simply cannot answer the needs of each individual figure. So it may really be a good corset in itself, but not the correct corset for you.

Perhaps you are still one of those who either do not know of such individual corset service as is rendered by the NuBone Corsetières, or have hesitated to use this service because custom-made corsets are apt to be associated with high prices. May we say right here that the individually fitted NuBone Corset need be no more expensive than any corset of quality-material you may have bought in the past?

Your NuBone Corsetière will let you choose from many samples of fine and delightful materials—let you choose leisurely, unjostled and unhurried by others, in your own home. And there, in privacy, she will study the lines of your figure and its needs; will take the careful measurements required to make a corset to support your body—to strengthen you, to enhance the lines of your figure and give your gown (no matter



Beads edgewise as easily as flatwise

The NuBone Woven Wire Stay

NuBone is the only Woven Wire Stay in existence. The machines that weave the strands of finest piano wire into the NuBone Stay are patented, owned and operated by The NuBone Corset Company only. The stays are used only in NuBone Corsets.

The Woven construction produces a flat, thin, smooth and light stay, having extreme flexibility combined with great strength. It permits the utmost freedom of motion and is guaranteed to support fully any type of figure.

The NuBone Stay will not rust or break. It bends edgewise as easily as flatwise, without twisting or turning. It will lengthen or shorten, give or take, to meet any strain. This prevents the "end thrust" and "side thrust" which are so uncomfortable and so destructive to corsets and gowns.

The economy of NuBone Corsets is due, first, of course, to the moderate purchase price, but then also to the ease and possible frequency of washing. Both the stay and the fabrics can go through many a laundering without showing it.

A Written Guarantee with Every NuBone Corset

A written guarantee accompanies every NuBone Corset, under the terms of which the old corset is replaced by a new one, free of charge, if a NuBone Stay rusts or breaks within a year.



The Only Woven Wire Stay in the World

how modest in cost) that charm so enviable in the correctly corseted woman. Within a short time, your corsetière will come to you again to fit your corset, to adjust it until it is perfectly correct—a vitality-giving companion in all your sport, your domestic or business or social activities. And as comfortable under an evening gown as it is under a sport coat.

A NuBone Corsetière knows the human body, knows the demands of fashion and knows how to adjust the two to the most charming effect. Such knowledge is born of training and experience—and to that is added a high conception of her service to American Womanhood.

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Motion Pictures in the Fine Arts

MOTION pictures have invaded the fine arts. The attempt to bring the world's masterpieces of painting, sculpture and music onto the screen has proved successful with the presentation of the first of a series, *The Beggar Maid*, based on Sir Edward Burne-Jones' painting.

The art-dramatic movement that has brought forth *The Beggar Maid* comes at the top of a wave of reform in motion pictures. The lurid, sensational and distorted plots of modern motion pictures have led many people to think that a picture cannot be a financial success unless it makes liberal use of the "jazz" element. It remained for an enterprising group of artists, art patrons and motion-picture producers to prove that American audiences will welcome with enthusiasm a picture that contains no villain, no triangle, no sex problem, that gives only a simple, genuine story—provided it is interesting and entertaining.

Within recent years, nearly every great stage success, novel and short story has been presented on the screen. But the beautiful stories centering in the characters of famous paintings—here, it was argued, lay a virgin field for the motion-picture dramatist.

A group of artists and art leaders encouraged the plan, cooperating with authors, photographers and motion-picture producers to develop a series of productions worthy of the finest ideals of the higher arts and yet providing all the entertainment that the "jazzy" picture pretends to offer. The advisory board is serving entirely for the interests of the various arts they represent. Among its members are Louis C. Tiffany, creator of the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation to encourage young artists; Robert W. de Forrest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City; Edwin H. Blashfield, President of the National Academy of Design; Robert I. Aitken, President of the National Sculpture Society; Charles Dana Gibson, President of the Society of Illustrators; and Daniel Chester French, the noted sculptor.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones' *Beggar Maid* was selected as the first masterpiece to be dramatized. The original painting now hangs in the Tate Gallery, London. In developing a story round this famous painting, sensational elements were not sought. Interpretation of

the characters of the painting in appropriate dramatic action were paralleled in a modern story. Tennyson's poem of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid was delicately woven into the threads of the plot.

*Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.*

In the opening scene of the story we meet the artist in his studio. A friend of his, a wealthy nobleman, is in love with a peasant girl, whose brother resents the match. The artist, reading Tennyson's poem, pictures the scene before him, with the nobleman and the peasant girl as the characters.

*In robe and crown the king slept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords;
"She is more beautiful than day."*

He decides to paint the scene with these two as his models. Through his efforts he effects a reconciliation—proving that true love knows no class distinction.

*So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"*

National distribution of *The Beggar Maid* was secured. The Rivoli Theater in New York City featured it as a pre-release feature. The sincerity and charm of the fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, Mary Astor, who played the part of the beggar maid, brought the newspaper critics to the fore, heralding the newly found star.

The subsequent productions of the art-dramatic movement followed the lines laid down in *The Beggar Maid*, but in varying light. The second picture is the dramatization of the delightful comedy scene of Josef Israels' *Bashful Suitor*, the painting now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The third picture is based on the motives hidden in Rembrandt's study of *The Young Painter*. The fourth reveals the wonderful allegory pictured in G. F. Watts' *Hope*. It is planned to limit the masterpiece productions to two reels, but Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* may run longer.

Making the Popular Chemise Dress

(Continued from Page 79)

To put in the sleeves: Place the right side of the sleeve to the right side of the dress, corresponding marks together, seam lines together; pin in place, being very careful not to stretch the armhole; baste and stitch; overcast the edges together; tack the sleeve seam to the shoulder seam so that the sleeve comes from the waist.

Many women, particularly large women, like the fullness at the belt line adjusted more than by the belt only. The most satisfactory method is to put an elastic in a casing at the belt line. To do this adjust the belt at the proper line; mark the bottom edge on the right side with a line of pins; mark with a basting thread this pin line; fold the dress through the center front, pin the seam lines together and mark the casing line on the left side. Now put a bias or straight casing for the elastic on the under-side of the dress, the lower edge on the basting line. This casing is about five-eighths of an inch wide when finished. It is usually a

quarter of an inch wider than the elastic. Sew in place. Elastic a quarter of an inch to three-eighths of an inch in width is satisfactory, and in length two inches shorter than the hip line. Run the elastic in before the dress is hung and tack it to the dress occasionally. The belt, cut on the lengthwise, is tacked on lower edge of casing line.

You will find a dress form a great convenience. Satisfactory forms may be purchased inexpensively. In selecting, be sure to get one having a small enough neck and with good bust and hip lines. Make a tight lining and have it fitted very accurately to you. Put the lining on the dummy, and pad with tissue paper in the misfit parts so that your dummy will exactly fit your lining. Beware of bumps!

A lining of china silk or net is desirable in the chemise dress. Cut it from dress pattern, folding out any extra fullness, and have it reach just below waistline. Tack it to the dress at the neck line and shoulder seams.

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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 23)

"Nothing wrong!" cried Carley piercingly. "Listen: Nothing wrong in you or life today, nothing for you women to make right? You are as blind as bats, as dead to living truth as if you were buried. Nothing wrong, when thousands of crippled soldiers have no homes, no money, no friends, no work, in many cases no food nor beds? Splendid young men who went away in their prime to fight for you and came back ruined, suffering! Nothing wrong when sane women with the vote might rid politics of partisanship, greed, crookedness? Nothing wrong when prohibition is mocked by women, when the greatest boon ever granted this country is derided and beaten down and cheated? Nothing wrong when there are half a million defective children in this city? Nothing wrong when there are not enough schools and teachers to educate our boys and girls? Nothing wrong when the mothers of this great country let their children go to the dark motion-picture halls and night after night in thousands of towns over all this broad land see pictures that the juvenile court and the educators and keepers of reform schools say make burglars, crooks and murderers of our boys and vampires out of our girls? Nothing wrong when these young, adolescent girls ape you and wear stockings rolled under their skirts and use a lipstick and paint their faces and darken their eyes and pluck their eyebrows? Nothing wrong when great magazines print no page nor picture without its sex appeal? Nothing wrong when the automobile, so convenient for the innocent little run out of town, presents the greatest evil that ever menaced American girls! Nothing wrong when money is God, when luxury, pleasure, excitement, speed are the things striven for? Nothing wrong when some of your husbands spend more of their time with other women than with you? Nothing wrong with jazz, where the lights go out in the dance hall and the dancers jiggle and toddle and wiggle in a frenzy? Nothing wrong in a country where one of the greatest colleges cannot report the birth of one child to each graduate in ten years? Nothing wrong with race suicide and the incoming horde of foreigners? Oh, there's nothing wrong with America except that she staggers under a titanic burden that only mothers of sons can remove! You doll women, you parasites, you toys of men, you silken-wrapped geisha girls, you painted, idle, purring cats, you parody of the females of your species, find brains enough, if you can, to see the doom hanging over you and revolt before it is too late."

XI

CARLEY burst in upon her aunt. "Look at me, Aunt Mary," she cried, radiant and exultant. "I'm going back West to marry Glenn and live his life."

The keen old eyes of her aunt softened and dimmed. "Dear Carley, I've known that for a long time. You've found yourself at last."

Then Carley breathlessly habbled her hastily formed plans, every word of which seemed to rush her onward.

"You're going to surprise Glenn again?" queried Aunt Mary.

"Oh, I must. I want to see his face when I tell him."

"Well, I hope he won't surprise you," declared the old lady. "When did you hear from him last?"

"In January. It seems ages; but, Aunt Mary, you don't imagine Glenn—"

"I imagine nothing," interposed her aunt. "It will turn out happily, and I'll have some peace in my old age. But, Carley, what's to become of me?"

"Oh, I never thought," replied Carley blankly. "It will be lonely for you. Auntie, I'll come back in the fall for a few weeks. Glenn will let me."

"Let you? So you've come to that? Imperious Carley Burch! Thank goodness, you'll now be satisfied to be allowed to do things."

"I'd—I'd crawl for him," breathed Carley.

"Well, child, as you can't be practical, I'll have to be," replied Aunt Mary seriously.

"Fortunately for you, I am a woman of quick decision. Listen: I'll sell this property and go West with you. I want to see the Grand Cañon. Then I'll go on to California where I have old friends I've not seen for years."

"When you get your new home all fixed up I'll spend a while with you. And if I want to come back to New York now and then, I'll go to a hotel. It is settled. I think the change will benefit me."

"Auntie, you make me very happy. I could ask no more," said Carley.

SWIFTLY as endless tasks could make them, the days passed. But those on the train dragged interminably.

Carley sent her aunt through to the Cañon while she stopped off at Flagstaff to store innumerable trunks and bags. The first news she heard of Glenn and the Hutters was that they had gone to the Tonto Basin to buy hogs and would be absent at least a month. This gave birth to a new plan in Carley's mind. She would doubly surprise Glenn. Wherefore she took counsel and engaged a force of men to work on the Deep Lake property, making the improvements she desired and hauling lumber, cement, bricks, machinery, supplies—all the necessities for building construction. Also she instructed the workmen to throw up an improvised tent house in which she could live while the work was being done, and engaged a reliable Mexican and wife for servants. When she left for the Cañon she was happier than ever before in her life.

It was near the coming of sunset when Carley first looked down into the Grand Cañon. She had forgotten Glenn's tribute to this place. In her rapturous excitement of preparation and travel the Cañon had been merely a name. But now she saw it, and she was stunned.

What a stupendous chasm, gorgeous in sunset color on the heights, purpling into mystic shadows in the depths! There was a wonderful brightness on all the millions of red and yellow and gray surfaces still exposed to the sun. Carley did not feel a thrill because feeling seemed to be inhibited. She looked and looked, yet was reluctant to keep on looking. She possessed no image in mind with which to compare this grand and mystic spectacle. A transformation of color and shade appeared to be going on swiftly, as if gods were changing the scenes of a titanic stage. As she gazed, the dark-fringed line of the north rim turned to burnished gold, and she watched it with fascinated eyes. It turned rose, it lost its fire, it faded to quiet, cold gray. The sun had set.

In May, Carley returned to Flagstaff to take up with earnest inspiration the labors of home-building in a primitive land. It required two trucks to transport her baggage and purchases out to Deep Lake. The road was good for eighteen miles, until it branched off toward her land. Then it became a trail of desert rock and sand. But eventually they reached their destination, and Carley found herself and belongings deposited in the windy and sunny open.

The moment was singularly thrilling and full of transport. She was free. She had shaken the shackles. She faced lonely, wild, barren desert that must be made habitable by the genius of her direction and the labor of her hands. Always a thought of Glenn hovered tenderly, dreamily in the back of her consciousness, but she welcomed the opportunity to have a few weeks of work and activity and solitude before taking up her life with him. She wanted to adapt herself to the metamorphosis that had been wrought in her.

To her amazement and delight considerable progress had been made with her plans.

(Continued on Page 169)

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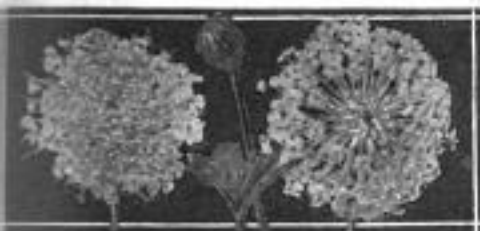
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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 168)

Under a sheltered red cliff among the cedars had been erected the tents where she expected to live until the house was completed. These tents were large, with board floors high off the ground, and there were four of them. Carley had left the arrangements to the overseer. Her living tent had a porch under a wide canvas awning. The bed was a boxlike affair, raised off the floor two feet, and it contained a great fragrant mass of cedar boughs upon which the bed was to be made. At one end was a dresser with large mirror, and a chiffonier. There were table and lamp, a low rocking-chair, a shelf for books, a row of hooks upon which to hang things, a washstand with its necessary accessories, a little stove and a neat stack of cedar chips and sticks, Navajo rugs on the floor, and several new, galvanized iron pails full of water.

Carley heard the rustling of cedar branches over her head, and saw where they brushed against the tent roof. It seemed warm and fragrant inside, and protected from the wind, and a subdued white light filtered through the canvas. Almost she felt like reproving herself for the comfort she was to have there. For she had come West to welcome the hard knocks of primitive life.

It took less than an hour to have her trunks stored in one of the spare tents, and to unpack clothes and necessities for immediate use. Carley donned the comfortable outdoor garb she had worn at Oak Creek the year before; and it seemed to be the last thing needed to make her realize fully the glorious truth of the present.

"I'm here," she said to her pale, tired, yet happy face in the mirror. "The impossible has happened. I have accepted Glenn's life. I have answered that strange call out of the West."

She wanted to throw herself on the sunlit, woolly blankets of her bed and hug them, to think and think of the bewildering present happiness, to dream of the future, but she could not lie nor sit still, nor keep her mind from grasping at actualities and possibilities of this place, nor her hands from itching to do things.

IT DEVELOPED, presently, that she could not have idled away the time even if she had wanted to, for the Mexican woman came for her, with smiling gesticulation and jabber that manifestly meant dinner. Carley could not understand many Mexican words, and herein she saw another task. This swarthy woman and her sloe-eyed husband impressed her favorably.

Next to claim her was the overseer, Doane. He was a man approaching seventy years of age, yet bright and virile, and spry for one who had seen so many years of pioneer life.

"Miss Burch," he said, "in the early days we could run up a log cabin in a jiffy. Axes, horses, strong arms, and a few pegs—that was all we needed. But this house you've planned is different. It's good you've come to take the responsibility."

Carley had chosen the site for her home on top of the knoll where Glenn had taken her to show her the magnificent view of mountains and desert. Carley climbed it now with beating heart and mingled emotions. She had planned an L-shaped house of one story. But some of her ideas appeared to

be impractical, and she was persuaded to abandon them. The framework was up and half a dozen carpenters were lustily at work.

"We'd have made better progress if this house was in an ordinary place," explained Doane. "But you see the wind blows here, so the framework had to be made as solid and strong as possible. In fact it's bolted to the sills."

Both living room and sleeping room were arranged so that the Painted Desert could be seen from one window, and on the other side the whole of the San Francisco Mountains. Both rooms were to have open fireplaces. Carley's idea was for service and durability. She considered comfort during the severe winters in that high altitude, but elegance and luxury had no more significance in her life.

Doane made his suggestions as to changes and adaptations and, receiving her approval, he went on to show her what had already been accomplished. Back on higher ground a reservoir of concrete had been constructed near an ever-flowing spring of snow water from the peaks, and from it pipes were being laid to the house. This was a matter of the greatest satisfaction to Doane, for he claimed that it would never freeze in winter, and would be cold and abundant during the hottest and driest of summers. This assurance solved the most difficult and serious problem of ranch life in the desert.

NEXT Doane led Carley down from the knoll to the wide, cedared valley adjacent to the lake. He was enthusiastic over its possibilities. Two small corrals and a large one had been erected, and the latter had a low, flat barn connected with it. Ground was already being cleared along the lake where alfalfa and hay were to be raised. Carley saw the blue and yellow smoke from burning brush, and the fragrant odor thrilled her. Mexicans were chopping the cleared cedars into firewood for winter use.

The day was spent before she realized it. The cold, clear, silent night brought back the charm of the desert. The great spire-pointed peaks lifted cold, pale-gray outlines up into the deep, star-studded sky. Carley walked a little to and fro, loath to go to her tent, although she was tired. She wanted calm. But instead of achieving calmness she grew more and more toward a strange state of exultation.

Westward, only a matter of twenty or thirty miles, lay the deep rent in the level desert, Oak Creek Cañon. If Glenn had been there this night would have been perfect, yet almost unendurable. She was again grateful for his absence. What a surprise she had in store for him! And she imagined his face in its change of expression when she met him. If only he did not learn of her presence in Arizona until she made it known in person! That she hoped for most. Chances were against it, but then her luck had changed.

She looked to the eastward, where a pale luminosity of afterglow shone in the heavens. Far distant seemed the home of her childhood, the friends she had scorned and forsaken, the city of complaining and striving millions. If only some miracle might illumine the minds of her friends, as she felt

(Continued on Page 170)



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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 169)

that hers was to be illumined here in the solitude. But she well realized that not all problems could be solved by a call out of the West. Any open and lonely land that might have saved Glenn Kilbourne would have sufficed for her. It was the spirit of the thing and not the letter. It was work of any kind and not only that of ranch life. Not only the raising of hogs!

Carley directed stumbling steps toward the light of her tent. Her eyes had not been used to such black shadow along the ground. She had, too, squeamish feminine fears of hydrophobia skunks, and nameless animals or reptiles that were imagined denizens of the darkness. She gained her tent and entered. The Mexican Gino, as he called himself, had lighted her lamp and fire. Carley was chilled through, and the tent felt unbelievably warm and cozy. She fastened the screen door, laced the flaps across it, except at the top, and then gave herself up to the lulling and comforting heat.

There were plans to perfect, innumerable things to remember, a car and accessories, horses, saddles, outfits to buy. Carley knew she should sit down at her table to write and figure, but she could not do it then.

FOR a long time she sat over the little stove, toasting her knees and hands, adding some chips now and then to the red coals. And her mind seemed a kaleidoscope of changing visions, thoughts, feelings. At last she undressed and blew out the lamp and went to bed.

Days passed. Carley worked mornings with her hands and her brains. During the afternoons she rode and walked and climbed with a double object in view, to work herself into fit physical condition again, and to explore every nook and corner of her six hundred and forty acres.

Then what she had expected and deliberately induced by her efforts quickly came to pass. Just as the year before she had suffered excruciating pain from aches and bruises and saddle blisters and walking blisters and a very rending of her bones, so now she felt victim to them again. In sunshine and rain she faced the desert. Sunburn and sting of sleet were the same to her. And that abomination, the hateful, blinding sand storm, did not daunt her. But the weary hours of abnegation to this physical torture at least held one recompense as compared with her experience of last year, and it was that there was no one interested to watch for her weaknesses and failures and blunders. She could fight it out alone.

Three weeks of this self-imposed strenuous training wore by before Carley was free enough from weariness and pain to experience other sensations. Her general health, evidently, had not been so good as the first time she came to Arizona. She caught cold and suffered other ills attendant upon an abrupt change of climate and condition. But doggedly she kept at her task. She rode when she should have been in bed; she walked when she could have ridden; she climbed when she might have kept to level ground.

And finally, by degrees so gradual as not to be noticed except in the sum of them, she began to mend.

MEANWHILE the construction of her house went on with uninterrupted rapidity. When the low, slanting, wide-eaved roof was completed Carley lost further concern about rain storms. Let them come. When the plumbing was all in, and Carley saw verification of Doane's assurance that there would be ample and continual supply of water, she lost her last concern as to the practicability of the work. That, and the earning of her endurance, seemed to bring closer a wonderful reward, still nameless and spiritual, that had been unattainable, but

now breathed to her on the fragrant desert wind and in the brooding silence.

The time came when each afternoon's ride or climb called to Carley with increasing strange delight.

June! The rich, thick, amber light, like a transparent reflection from some intense, golden medium, seemed to float in the warm air. The sky became an azure blue. In the still noontides, when the bees hummed drowsily and the flies buzzed, vast, creamy-white, columnar clouds rolled up from the horizon like colossal ships with bulging sails. And summer, with its rush of growing things, was at hand.

CARLEY rode afar, seeking in strange places the secret that eluded her. Only a few days now until she would ride down to Oak Creek Cañon! There was a low, sweet, singing melody of wind in the cedars. The earth became too beautiful in her magnified sight. She yearned for a cavern in which to hide from the boundless open. A great truth was dawning upon her—that the sacrifice of what she had held as necessary to the enjoyment of life, that the strain of conflict, the labor of hands, the forcing of weary body, the enduring of pain, the contact with the earth had served somehow to rejuvenate her blood, quicken her pulse, intensify her sensorial faculties, thrill her very soul, lead her into the realm of enchantment.

One afternoon when Carley got back to Deep Lake a familiar, lounging figure crossed her sight. It approached to where she had dismounted. Charley, the sheep-herder of Oak Creek!

"Howdy," he drawled with his queer smile. "So it was you-all who had this Deep Lake section?"

"Yes. And how are you, Charley?" she replied.

"Me? Aw, I'm tip-top. I'm shore glad you got this ranch. Reckon I'll hit you for a job."

"I'd give it to you. But aren't you working for the Hutters?"

"Nope. Not any more. Me an' Stanton had a row with them."

How droll and dry he was! His lean, olive-brown face,

with its guileless clear eyes, and his lanky figure in blue jeans, so

vividly recalled Oak Creek to Carley. "Nope, we shore ain't workin' for 'em any more."

"Oh, I'm sorry," returned she haltingly, somehow checked in her warm rush of thought. "Stanton? Did he quit too?"

"Yep. He sure did."

"What was the trouble?"

"Reckon because Flo made up to Kilbourne," replied Charley with a grin.

"Ah! I—I see," murmured Carley. A blankness seemed to wave over her. It extended to the air without, to the obliteration of the golden sunset. It passed. What should she ask? Which of a thousand sudden, flashing queries? "Are—are the Hutters back?"

"SURE. Been back several days. I reckon Doane told you. Mebbe he didn't know, though. For nobody's been to town."

"How is—how are they all?" faltered Carley. There was a strange wall here between her thought and her utterance.

"Everybody satisfied, I reckon," replied Charley.

"Flo—how is she?" burst out Carley.

"Aw, Flo's loony over her husband," drawled Charley, his clear eyes on Carley.

"Husband!" she gasped.

"Sure. Flo's gone an' went an' done what I swore on."

"Who?" whispered Carley, and the query was a terrible blade piercing her heart.

"Now who'd you reckon on?" asked Charley with his slow grin.

Carley's lips were mute.

"Wal, it was your old beau that you wouldn't have," returned Charley, as he

(Continued on Page 172)



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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 170)

gathered up his long frame, evidently to leave. "Kilbourne. He an' Flo came back from the Tonto all hitched up."

XII

VAGUE sense of movement, of darkness, and of cold attended Carley's consciousness for what seemed endless time.

A fall over rocks and a severe thrust from a sharp branch brought her an acute appreciation of her position, if not of her mental state. Night had fallen. The stars were out. She had stumbled over a low ledge. Evidently she had wandered around, dazedly and aimlessly until brought to her senses by pain. But for a gleam of camp fires through the cedars she would have been lost. It did not matter. She was lost anyway. What was it that had happened?

Charley, the sheep-herder! Then the thunderbolt of his words burst upon her, and she collapsed on the cold stones. She lay quivering from head to toe. She dug her fingers into the moss and lichen.

"Oh, God, to think—after all—it happened!" she moaned.

There had been a rending within her breast, as of physical violence, from which she now suffered anguish. There were a thousand stinging nerves. There was a mortal sickness of horror, of insupportable, heartbreaking loss. She could not endure it. She could not live under it. She lay there until shock gave place to energy. Then she rose to rush into the darkest shadows of the cedars, to grope here and there, hanging her head, wringing her hands, beating her breast.

"It can't be true," she cried. "Not after my struggle, my victory—not now!"

But there had been no victory. And now it was too late. She was betrayed, ruined, lost. That wonderful love had wrought transformation in her, and now havoc. Once she fell against the branches of a thick cedar. The fragrance which had been sweet was now bitter. Life that had been bliss was now hateful. She could not keep still for a single moment.

BLACK night, cedars, brush, rocks, washes seemed not to obstruct her. In a frenzy she rushed on, tearing her dress, her hands, her hair. Violence of some kind was imperative. All at once a pale, gleaming, open space, shimmering under the stars, lay before her. It was water. Deep Lake! And instantly a hideous, terrible longing to destroy herself obsessed her. She had no fear. She could have welcomed the cold, slimy depths that meant oblivion.

But could they really bring oblivion? A year ago she would have believed so, and would no longer have endured this agony. But she had changed. A cursed strength had come to her, and it was this strength that now augmented her torture. She flung wide her arms to the pitiless white stars and looked up at them.

"My hope, my faith, my love have failed me," she whispered. "They have been a lie. I went through torment for them. And now I've nothing to live for. Oh, let me end it all!"

If she prayed to the stars for mercy, it was denied her. Passionlessly they blazed on, true to their task. But she could not kill herself. In that hour death would have been the only relief and peace left to her. Stricken by the cruelty of her fate she fell back against the stones and gave up to grief. Nothing was left but fierce pain. The youth and vitality and intensity of her then locked arms with anguish and torment and a cheated, unsatisfied love. Strength of mind and body involuntarily resisted the ravages

of this catastrophe. Will power seemed nothing, but the flesh of her, that medium of exquisite sensation, so full of life, so prone to joy, refused to surrender. The part of her that felt fought terribly for its heritage.

All night long Carley lay there. The crescent moon went down, the stars grew dimmer, the coyotes ceased to wail, the wind died away, the lapping of the waves along the lake shore wore to a gentle splash, the whispering of the insects stopped as the cold of dawn approached. The darkest hour fell, hour of silence, solitude and melancholy, when the desert lay tranced, cold, waiting, mournful without light of moon or stars or sun.

IN THE gray dawn Carley dragged her bruised and aching body back to her tent, and fastening the door she threw off wet clothes and boots and fell upon her bed. The slumber of exhaustion came to her.

When she awoke the tent was light, and the moving shadows of cedar boughs on the white canvas told that the sun was straight above. Carley ached as never before. A deep pang seemed invested in every bone. Her heart felt swollen out of proportion to its space in her breast. Her breathing came slowly, and it hurt. Her blood was sluggish. Suddenly she shut her eyes. She loathed the light of day. What was it that had happened?

Then the brutal truth flashed over her again, in aspect new, with all the old bitterness. For an instant she experienced a suffocating sensation, as if the canvas had sagged under the burden of heavy air and was crushing her breast and heart. Then wave after wave of emotion swept over her. The storm winds of grief and passion were loosed again. And she writhed in her misery.

Someone knocked on her door. The Mexican woman called anxiously. Carley awakened to the fact that she was not alone on the physical earth, even if her soul seemed stricken to eternal loneliness. Even in the desert there was a world to consider. Vanity that had bled to death, pride that had been crushed availed her not here. But something else came to her support. The lesson of the West had been to endure, not to shrink, to face an issue, not to hide. Carley got up, bathed, dressed, brushed and arranged her disheveled hair. The face she saw in the mirror excited her amaze and pity. Then she went out in answer to the call for dinner. But she could not eat. The ordinary functions of life appeared to be deadened.

THE day was Sunday and the workmen were absent. Carley had the place to herself. How the half-completed house mocked her! She could not bear to look at it. What use could she make of it now? Flo Hutter had become the working comrade of Glenn Kilbourne, the mistress of his cabin. She was his wife, and she would be the mother of his children.

That thought gave birth to the darkest hour of Carley Burch's life. She became merely a female of the species robbed of her mate. Reason was not in her, nor charity, nor justice. All that was abnormal in human nature seemed coalesced in her, dominant, passionate, savage, terrible. She hated with an incredible and insane ferocity. In the seclusion of her tent, crouched on her bed, silent, locked, motionless, she yet was the embodiment of all terrible strife and storm in Nature. Her heart was a maelstrom and would have whirled and sucked down to torment all the beings that were men. Her soul was a bottomless gulf, filled with

(Continued on Page 175)



Full flavor means real economy

HAVE you ever figured out what the vanilla you use actually costs? It will prove to you, again, the old rule that the best is the cheapest.

The only way to know the real cost of any flavoring is to consider how much is needed to flavor a dessert and how much the bottle holds. Some vanillas are so weak that you have to use a great deal before you can taste the flavor. Then some come in bottles that appear to be as large as a two ounce size, but actually hold only an ounce or less.

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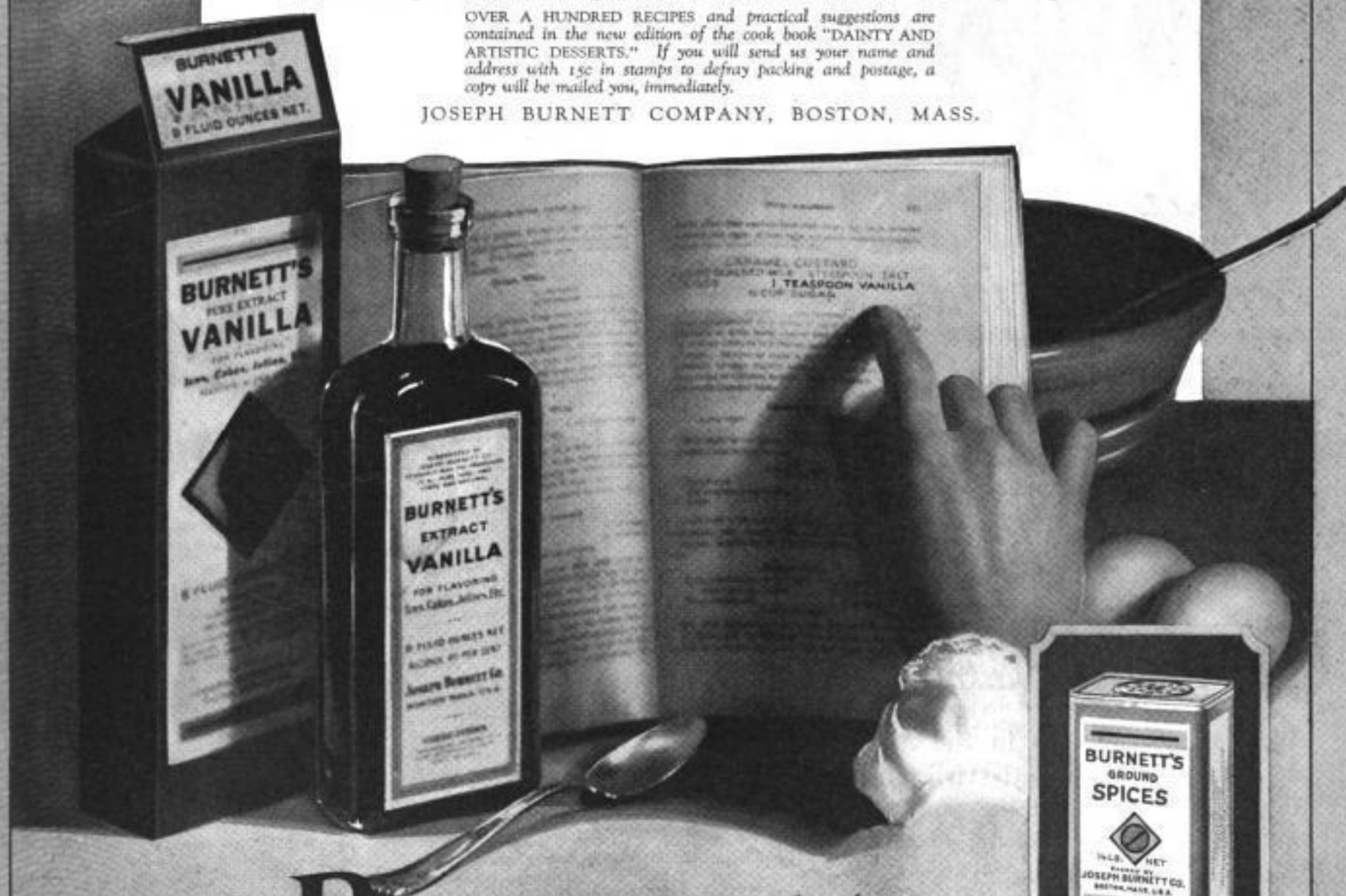
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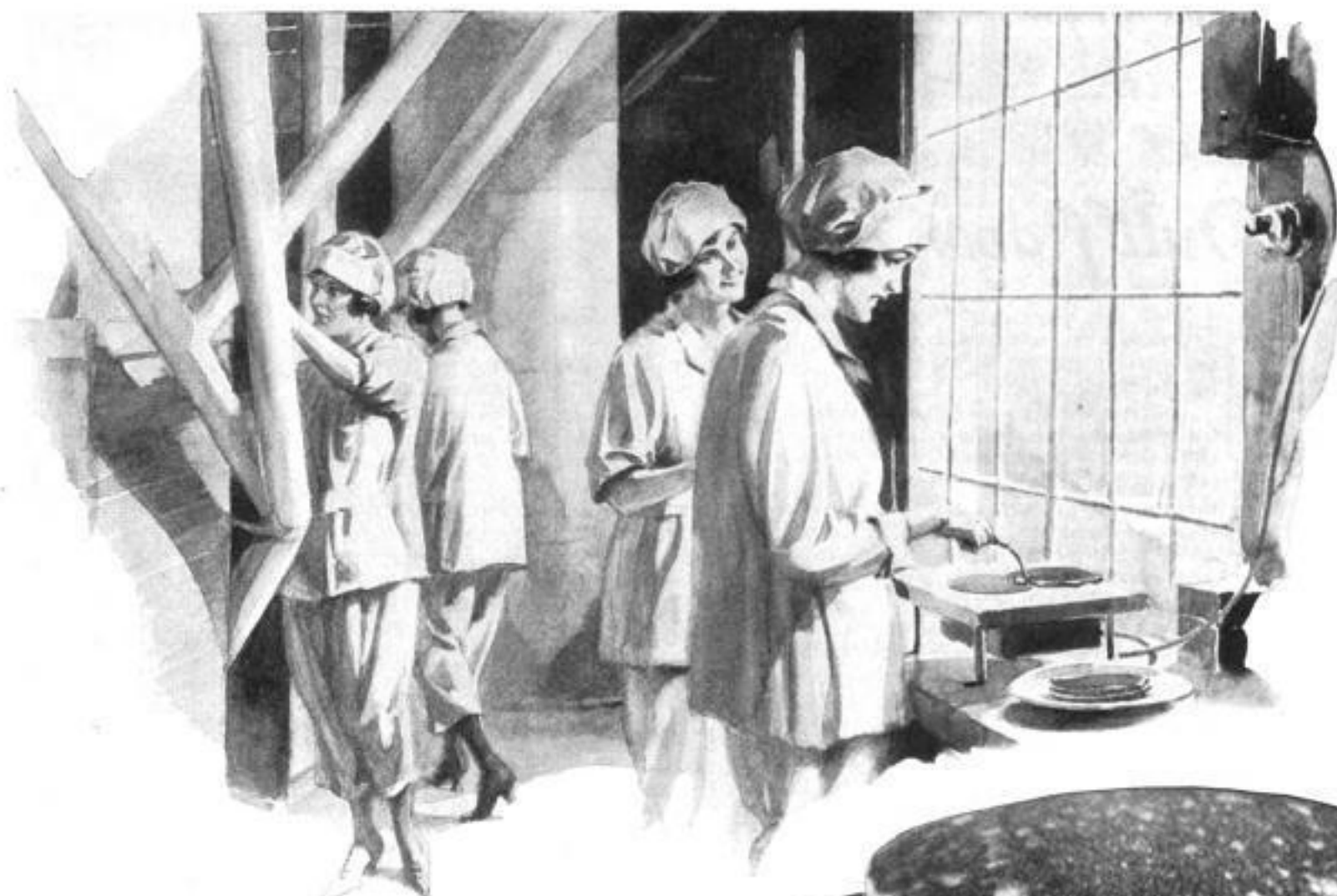
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AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 172)

the gales and the fires of jealousy, superhuman to destroy.

That fury consumed all her remaining strength, and from the relapse she sank to sleep.

Morning brought the inevitable reaction. However long her other struggles, this monumental and final one would be brief. She realized that, yet could not understand how it could be possible, unless shock or death or mental aberration ended the fight. An eternity of emotion lay between this awakening of intelligence and the hour of her fall into the clutches of primitive passion.

That morning she faced the sad and tragic image of herself in the mirror and asked: "Now, what do I owe you?"

It was not her voice that answered. It was beyond her. But it said: "Go on! You are cut adrift. You are alone. You owe none but yourself. Go on! Not backward, nor to the depths, but up—upward."

SHE shuddered at such altruistic and martyred decree of spirit. How impossible for her! All animal, all woman, all emotion, how could she live on the cold, pale, pure heights? But yet she owed something intangible and inscrutable to herself. Was it the thing that woman lacked physically, yet contained hidden in her soul? An element of eternal spirit to rise! Because of heartbreak and ruin and irreparable loss must she fail? Was loss of love and husband and children only a test? The present hour would be swallowed in the sum of life's trials. She could not go back. She would not go down. There was wrenched from her tried and sore heart an unalterable and unquenchable decision, to make her own soul prove the evolution of woman. Vessel of blood and flesh she might be, doomed by Nature to the reproduction of her kind, but she had in her the supreme spirit and power to carry on the progress of the ages, the climb of woman out of the darkness.

Carley went out to mingle among the workmen. The house should be completed, and she would live in it. Always there was the illimitable desert to look at, and the grand heave upward of the mountains. Doane was full of zest for the practical details of the building. He saw nothing of the havoc wrought in her. Nor did the other workmen glance more than casually at her. In this Carley lost something of a shirking fear that her loss and grief were patent to all eyes.

THAT afternoon she mounted the most spirited of the mustangs she had purchased from the Indians. To govern him and stay in the saddle required all her energy. But she rode him hard and far, out across the desert, across mile after mile of cedar forest, clear to the foothills.

She rested there, absorbed in gazing desertward, and upon turning back again she ran him over the level stretches. Wind and branch threshed her seemingly to ribbons. Violence seemed good for her. A fall had no fear for her now.

She reached camp at dusk, wringing wet, hot as fire, breathless and strengthless. But she had earned something. Such action required constant use of muscle and mind. If need be she could drive both to the limit.

She could ride and ride—until the future, like the immensity of the desert there, might swallow her.

She changed her clothes and rested a while. The call to supper found her hungry. In this fact she discovered mockery of her grief.

Love was not the food of life. Exhausted Nature's need for rest and sleep was no respecter of a woman's emotion.

NEXT day Carley rode northward, wildly and fearlessly, as if this conscious activity was the initiative of an endless number of rides that were to save her. As before the foothills called her, and she went on until she came to a very high one.

Carley dismounted from her panting horse, answering the familiar impulse to climb high by her own efforts.

"Am I only a weakling," she soliloquized, "only a creature mined by the fever of the soul? Thrown from one emotion to another? Never the same? Yearning, suffering, sacrificing, hoping and changing—forever the same? What is it that drives me? A great city with all its attractions has failed to help me realize my life. So have friends failed. So has the world. What can solitude and grandeur do? All this obsession of mine, all this strange feeling for simple, elemental, earthly things likewise will fail me. Yet I am driven. They would call me a mad woman."

It took Carley a full hour of slow, body-bending labor to climb to the summit of that hill. High, steep and rugged, it resisted ascension. But at last she surmounted it and sat alone on the heights, with naked eyes and an unconscious prayer on her lips.

What was it that had happened? Could there be here a different answer from that which always mocked her?

She had been a girl, not accountable for loss of mother, for choice of home and education. She had belonged to a class. She had grown to womanhood in it. She had loved, and in loving had escaped the evil of her day if not its taint.

CONSCIENCE had awakened, but alas, too late! She had overthrown the sordid, self-seeking habit of life; she had awakened to real womanhood; she had fought the insidious spell of modernism, and she had defeated it; she had learned the thrill of taking root in new soil, the pain and joy of labor, the bliss of solitude, the meaning of home and love and motherhood. But she had gathered all these marvelous things to her soul too late for happiness.

"Now it is answered," she declared aloud. "That is what has happened. And all that is past. Is there anything left? If so, what?"

She flung her query out to the winds of the desert. But the desert seemed too gray, too vast, too remote, too aloof, too measureless. It was not concerned with her little life. Then she turned to the mountain kingdom.

It seemed overpoweringly near at hand. It loomed above her to pierce the fleecy clouds. It was only a stupendous upheaval of earth crust, grown over at the base by

(Continued on Page 176)



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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 175)

leagues and leagues of pine forest, belted along the middle by vast, slanting, zigzag slopes of aspen, rent and riven toward the heights into cañon and gorge, bared above to cliffs and corners of craggy rock, whitened at the sky-piercing peaks by snow. Its beauty and sublimity were lost upon Carley now; she was concerned with its travail, its age, its endurance, its strength. And she studied it with magnified sight.

What incomprehensible subterranean force had swelled those immense slopes and lifted the huge bulk aloft to the clouds? Cataclysm of Nature, the expanding or shrinking of the earth, vast volcanic action under the surface! Whatever it had been, it had left its expression of the travail of the universe. This mountain mass had been hot gas when flung from the parent sun, and now it was solid granite. What had it endured in the making? What indeed had been its dimensions before the millions of years of its struggle? Eruption, earthquake, avalanche, the attrition of glacier, the erosion of water, the cracking of frost, the weathering of rain and wind and snow—these it had eternally fought and resisted in vain, yet still it stood magnificent, frowning, battle-scarred and undefeated. Its sky-piercing peaks were as cries for mercy to the Infinite.

THIS old mountain realized its doom. It had to go, perhaps to make room for a newer and better kingdom. But it endured because of the spirit of Nature. The great, notched, circular line of rock below and between the peaks, in the body of the mountains, showed where in ages past the heart of living granite had blown out, to let loose on all the near surrounding desert the streams of black lava and the hills of black cinders. Despite its fringe of green, it was hoary with age. Every looming, gray-faced wall, massive and sublime, seemed a monument of its mastery over time. Every deep-cut cañon, showing the skeleton ribs, the caverns and caves, its avalanche-carved slides, its long fan-shaped spreading tali, carried conviction to the spectator that it was but a frail bit of rock, that its life was little and brief, that upon it had been laid the merciless curse of Nature.

Change! Change must unknit the very knots of the center of the earth. So its strength lay in the sublimity of its defiance. It meant to endure to the last rolling grain of sand. It was a dead mountain of rock, without spirit, yet it taught a grand lesson to the seeing eye.

Life was only a part, perhaps an infinitely small part of Nature's plan. Death and decay were just as important to her inscrutable design. The universe had not been created for life, ease, pleasure and happiness of a man creature developed from lower organisms. If Nature's secret was the developing of a spirit through all time, Carley divined that she had it within her. So the present meant little.

"I HAVE no right to be unhappy," she concluded. "I had no right to Glenn Kilbourne. I failed him. In that I failed myself. Neither life nor Nature failed me, nor love. It is no longer a mystery. Unhappiness is only a change. Happiness itself is only a change. So what does it matter? The great thing is to see life, to understand, to feel, to work, to fight, to endure."

"It is not my fault I am here. But it is my fault if I leave this strange old earth the poorer for my failure. I will no longer be little. I will find strength. I will endure. I still have eyes, ears, taste. I can feel the sun, the wind, the nip of frost. Must I sink like a craven because I've lost the love of one man? Must I hate Flo Hutter because she will make Glenn happy? Never! All of this seems better so, because through it I am changed. I might have lived on, a selfish clod."

Carley turned from the mountain kingdom and faced her future with the profound, sad, farseeing look that had come with her lesson. She knew what to give. Sometime and somewhere there would be recompense. She would hide her wound in the faith that time would heal it. And the ordeal she set herself, to prove her sincerity and strength, was to ride down to Oak Creek Cañon.

Carley did not wait many days. Strange how the old vanity held her back until something of the havoc in her face should be gone.

ONE morning she set out early riding her best horse, and she took a sheep trail across country. The distance by road was much farther. The June morning was cool, sparkling, fragrant. Mocking birds sang from the topmost twig of cedars; doves cooed in the pines; sparrow hawks sailed low over the open, grassy patches. Desert primroses showed their rounded pink clusters in sunny places, and here and there burned the carmine of Indian paintbrush. Jack rabbits and cottontails bounded and scampered away through the sage. The desert had life and color and movement this June day. And as always there was the dry fragrance on the air.

Her mustang had been inured to long and consistent travel over the desert. Her weight was nothing to him, and he kept to a swinging lope for miles. As she approached Oak Creek Cañon, however, she drew him to a trot and then a walk. The sight of the deep, red-walled and green-floored cañon was a shock to her.

The trail came out on the road that led to Ryan's sheep camp, at a point several miles west of the cabin where Carley had encountered Haze Ruff. She remembered the curves and stretches, and especially the steep jump-off where the road led down off the rim into the cañon. Here she dismounted and walked. From the foot of this descent she knew every rod of the way would be familiar to her, and womanlike she wanted to turn away and fly. But she kept on and mounted again at level ground.

THE murmur of the creek suddenly assailed her ears, sweet, sad, memorable, strangely powerful to hurt. Yet the sound seemed of long ago. Down here summer had advanced. Rich, thick foliage overspread the winding road of sand. Then out of the shade she passed into the sunnier regions of isolated pines. Along here she had raced Calico with Glenn's bay; and here she had caught him, and there was the place she had fallen. She halted a moment under the pine tree where Glenn had held her in his arms. Tears dimmed her eyes. If only she had known then the truth, the reality!



By and by a craggy red wall loomed above the trees, and its pipe-organ conformation was familiar to Carley. She left the road and turned to go down to the creek. Sycamores and maples and great boulders, and mossy ledges overhanging the water, and a huge pine marked the spot where she and Glenn had eaten their lunch that last day. Her horse halted to drink. Beyond, through the trees, Carley saw the sunny, red-earthed clearing that was Glenn's farm. She looked and fought herself and bit her quivering lip. Then she rode out into the open.

The whole west side of the cañon had been cleared and cultivated and plowed. But she gazed no farther. She did not want to see the spot where she had given Glenn back his ring and had parted from him.

She rode on. If she could pass West Fork she believed her courage would rise to the completion of this ordeal. Places were what she feared, places that she had loved while blindly believing she hated.

(Continued on Page 178)



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The Call of the Cañon

(Continued from Page 176)

There the wonderful narrow gap of green and blue split the looming red wall. She was looking into West Fork. Up there stood the cabin. How fierce a pang rent her breast! She faltered at the crossing of the branch stream and almost surrendered. The water murmured, the leaves rustled, the bees hummed, the birds sang—all with some sad sweetness that seemed of the past.

Then the trail leading up West Fork was like a barrier. She saw horse tracks in it. Next she descried boot tracks, the shape of which was so well remembered that it shook her heart. They were fresh tracks in the sand, pointing in the direction of the Lodge. Ah! That was where Glenn lived now. Carley strained at her will to keep it fighting her memory. The glory and the dream were gone!

A touch of spur urged her mustang into a gallop. The splashing ford of the creek, the still eddying pool beyond, the green orchards, the white lacy waterfall—and Lolomi Lodge!

Nothing had changed. But Carley seemed returning after many years. Slowly she dismounted; slowly she climbed the porch steps. Was there no one at home? Yet the vacant, eyelike doorway, the silence, something attested to the knowledge of Carley's presence.

THEN suddenly Mrs. Hutter fluttered out, with Flo behind her. "You dear girl, I'm so glad!" cried Mrs. Hutter, her voice trembling.

"I'm glad to see you too," said Carley, bending to receive Mrs. Hutter's embrace. Carley saw dim eyes, the stress of agitation, but no surprise.

"Oh, Carley!" burst out the Western girl, with voice rich and full, yet tremulous.

"Flo, I've come to wish you happiness," replied Carley very low.

Was it the same Flo? This seemed more of a woman, strange now, white and strained, beautiful, eager, questioning. A cry of gladness burst from her. Carley felt herself enveloped in a strong, close clasp, and then a warm, quick kiss of joy. It shocked her, yet somehow thrilled. Sure was the welcome here.

Sure was the strained situation also; but the voices rang too glad a note for Carley. It touched her deeply, yet she could not understand. She had not measured the depth of Western friendship.

"Have you seen Glenn?" queried Flo breathlessly.

"Oh, no; indeed not," replied Carley, slowly gaining composure. The nervous agitation of these women had stilled her own. "I just rode up the trail. Where is he?"

"He was here a moment ago," panted Flo. "Oh, Carley, we sure are locoed. Why, we only heard an hour ago that you were at Deep Lake. Charley rode in. He told us. I thought my heart would break. Poor Glenn, when he heard it! But never mind me. Jump your horse and run to West Fork."

The spirit of her was like the strength of her arms as she hurried Carley across the porch and shoved her down the steps.

"CLIMB on and run, Carley," cried Flo. "If you only knew how glad he'll be that you came!"

Carley leaped into the saddle and wheeled the horse. But she had no answer for the girl's singular, almost wild exultance. Then like a shot her spirited mount was off down the lane. Carley wondered with swelling heart. Was her coming such a wondrous surprise, so unexpected and big in generosity, something that would make Kilbourne as glad as it had seemed to make Flo? Carley thrilled to this assurance.

Down the lane she flew. The red walls blurred, and the sweet wind whipped her face. At the trail she swerved the horse, but did not check his gait. Under the great pines he sped and round the bulging wall. At the rocky incline leading to the creek she pulled him to a trot. How low and clear the water! As Carley forded it, fresh, cool drops splashed into her face.

Again she spurred her mount and again trees and walls rushed by. Up and down the yellow bits of trail, on over the brown mats

of pine needles, until there in the sunlight shone the little, gray log cabin with a tall form standing in the door.

One instant the cañon tilted on end for Carley, and she was riding into the blue sky. Then some magic of soul sustained her, so that she saw clearly. Reaching the cabin she reined in her horse.

"Hello, Glenn, look who's here," she cried, not wholly failing of gaiety. Indeed, a splendid gladness pervaded her.

He threw up his sombrero. "Whoopie!" he yelled in a stentorian voice that rolled across the cañon and bellowed in hollow echo and then clapped from wall to wall.

THE unexpected Western yell, so strange from Glenn, disconcerted Carley. Had he only answered her spirit of greeting? Had hers rung false? But he was coming to her. She had seen the bronze of his face turn to white. How gaunt and worn he was! Older he appeared, with deeper lines.

His jaw quivered. "Carley Burch, so it was you?" he queried hoarsely.

"Glenn, I reckon it was," she replied. "I bought your Deep Lake ranch site. I came back, alas, too late! But it is never too late for some things. I've come to wish you and Flo all the happiness in the world, and to say we must be friends."

The way he looked at her made her tremble. He strode up beside the horse, and he was so tall that his shoulder came abreast of her. He placed a big, warm hand on hers, as it rested, ungloved, on the pommel of the saddle. "Have you seen Flo?" he asked.

"I just left her. It was funny, the way she rushed me off after you. As if there weren't two—"

Was it Glenn's eyes or the movement of his hand that checked her utterance? His gaze pierced her soul. His hand slid along her arm—to her waist—around it. Her heart seemed to burst.

"Kick your feet out of the stirrups," he ordered.

Instinctively she obeyed. Then with a strong pull he hauled her half out of the saddle, pell-mell into his arms. Carley had no resistance. She sank limp in an agony of amaze. Was this a dream? Swift and hard his lips met hers—and again—and again.

"Oh, Glenn, are you—mad?" she whispered, almost swooning.

"Sure; I reckon I am," he replied huskily, and pulled her all the way out of the saddle.

CARLEY would have fallen but for his support. Blind, sweet tumult! She could not think. She was all instinct. Only the amazement, the sudden horror drifted, faded as before the fires of her heart.

"Kiss me!" he commanded.

She would have kissed him if death were the penalty. How his face blurred in her dimmed sight! Was that a strange smile? Had she, too, lost her senses? Then he held her back from him, swaying into the hollow of his arm.

"Carley, you came to wish Flo and me happiness?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes. Pity me, Glenn; let me go. I meant well. I should never have come."

"Do you love me?" he went on with passionate, shaking clasp.

"Heaven help me, I do—I do! Too late! Too late! And now it will kill me."

"What did that fool Charley tell you?"

The strange content of his query, the trenchant force of it brought her upright, transfixed and thrilling, with sight suddenly cleared. Was this giant the tragic Glenn who had strode to her from the cabin door?

"Charley told me—you and Flo—were married," she whispered.

"You didn't believe him!" returned Glenn.

She could no longer speak. She could only see her lover, as if transfigured, limned dark against the looming red wall.

"That was one of Charley's queer jokes. I told you to beware of him. Flo is married, yes, and very happy. I'm unutterably happy too, but I'm not married. Lee Stanton was the lucky bridegroom. Carley, the moment I saw you I knew you had come back to me."

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"I Hear America Singing"

By EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL



IT IS the evening of Monday, February Twentieth. Behind the curtain there is a flutter of excitement. To a murmur of voices, girls needlessly arrange ribbon or sash, while men give final touches to their white ties. There is a hush as the curtain ascends, and then, at a signal from the conductor, a vocal burst, and the National Week of Song has begun.

Not on one but on many stages this little drama is enacted, with replicas on the platforms of schools the country over. Choirs, operatic societies, community clubs and other musical organizations may well take the week in which Washington's Birthday falls for the most delightful of entertainments, the song festival.

Programs may be patriotic or as varied as the character of the societies that give them. Cantatas and operas, classic or popular programs, songs of the olden time may all be performed with the one purpose of adding to the musical life of the community. Whatever the program may be, there is one feature, however, which should be stressed as a patriotic duty, that of rendering compositions exclusively in English and in the best possible diction. The lessons learned in Better Speech Week of last November should not be lost by default, but be brought into practical application when the spoken word is set to music. The garbling of words by singers in order to produce "tone" is so usual as to pass without comment.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Sang the choir above her head.

"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!"

Were the words she thought they said.

A not infrequent opera goer sat through a performance of "Rigoletto" without being aware, until she caught a familiar word in the last act, that the performance was in English and not in Italian. Even when the text of a cantata or song cycle is printed on the program it is sometimes impossible to follow the words as sung. This is especially noticeable in ensemble performances.

The Need of Better English

A NUMBER of clubs have been started throughout the country to encourage the use of better English and to correct the slipshod habits of speech now so prevalent. The movement has the endorsement and assistance of such organizations as The National Council of Teachers of English, the Academy of Arts and Literature, The Chicago Women's Club and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The New York City Board of Public Education deemed the subject of so much importance that it created the office of Director of Speech Improvement, and the "National Round Table for Speech Improvement" holds monthly conferences to advance the work. At one of its recent meetings the speaker of the evening was Henry W. Geiger, who for the last eight years has taught singing to children whose ages range from three to thirteen. His discussion rested on the conclusion that the best training of the vocal mechanism for both speech and song came, not through exercises on vowels alone, but through the development of the consonant.

A deeper analysis discloses the significant fact that man alone is master of the consonant, which at once places his vocal achievements above those of the brute. The mew of a cat, the bark of a dog, the neigh of a horse, the lowing of cattle, the hoot of an owl, the cooing of doves can all be translated into vowels. It is man alone who, placing the consonants before and after these primitive sounds, magically turns them into words. The glaring lack of enunciation in song led

Mr. Geiger to a careful study of the possibilities of consonants. He found that but four could be vocalized—that is, sung to a sustained tone—and these proved to be the primitive and universal sound of *m*, *n*, *l* and *ng*.

A little personal experimentation will soon prove this to be the case by attempting to sing the letters *b*, *d*, *t*, *s* and other consonants. As these are made by lips and teeth only, and not by the vocal cords, no tone results.

In order to produce tone and at the same time train the lips and tongue the four available consonant sounds were used as a basis for the method. By combining each of these sounds with the vowel formations of *oo*, *ah* and *ee*, the student has twelve syl-

lables with which to produce resonant tones in the vocal cavities. The exercises thus resulting are designated as Syllabic Vocal Mechanics. The syllables selected for practice are supposed to give resonance to the voice through the resistance of the air chambers. "These exercises have now been used intensively," to quote from the monthly bulletin of the National Round Table for Speech Improvement, "for the past six months by students of from three to fifty years of age, from five to ninety minutes daily, with invariably good results." The exercises are intended to augment, not to replace, the usual and exclusive vowel practice.

Programs of Familiar Songs

THE possibilities, the inspiration of the National Week of Song are endless. All the masterpieces can be sung in our mother tongue, or entire programs of American composers alone may be given. The following may be used as a guide which follows a chronological sequence, opened with "America" by performers and audience:

INDIAN GROUP

Omaha Indian Corn Song Government Records
The Blue Juniata Mrs. Sullivan
The Land of the Sky-Blue Water Cadman
Indian Cradle Song Woodman

COLONIAL GROUP

Long, Long Ago Old Song Collection
The Minuet Mozart

OLD HOME GROUP

Home, Sweet Home Bishop
Grandfather's Clock H. C. Work
The Old Oaken Bucket Woodworth
Ben Bolt Nelson Kneass
The Quilting Party John Fletcher

PLANTATION GROUP

Old Folks at Home Stephen C. Foster
Old Black Joe Dan Emmett
Dixie Dan Emmett

MODERN

The Rosary Naxos
It Isn't Raining Rain to Me Harding
There's a Long, Long Trail Elliott
Smilin' Through Penn

PATRIOTIC GROUP

Yankee Doodle—1776 Unknown
The Girl I Left Behind Me—1861 Old Air
The Americans Come—1918 Fay Foster
The Star-Spangled Banner

The audience should be invited to join in the chorus of familiar songs, that all may have a part in a truly American celebration.

Songs which children love and which have been proved in the schoolroom as especially adapted to their performance are:

How Do You Like to Go Up in a Swing Eleanor Smith
The Fairy Pipers C. Herbert Brewer
I Know a Bank Henry Parker
The Cuckoo Clock G. A. Grant-Schaefer
The Shalimar Boat Jessie G. Gaynor
The Trout Franz Schubert
There Stands a Little Man—
From Hansel and Gretel Humperdinck
The House With the Raisin Roof Lydia Coe
Mammy's Song Harriet Ware
The Prayer Perfect Ervine J. Stenon



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Old Shoes
Tight Shoes
all feel the same
if you shake into
them some

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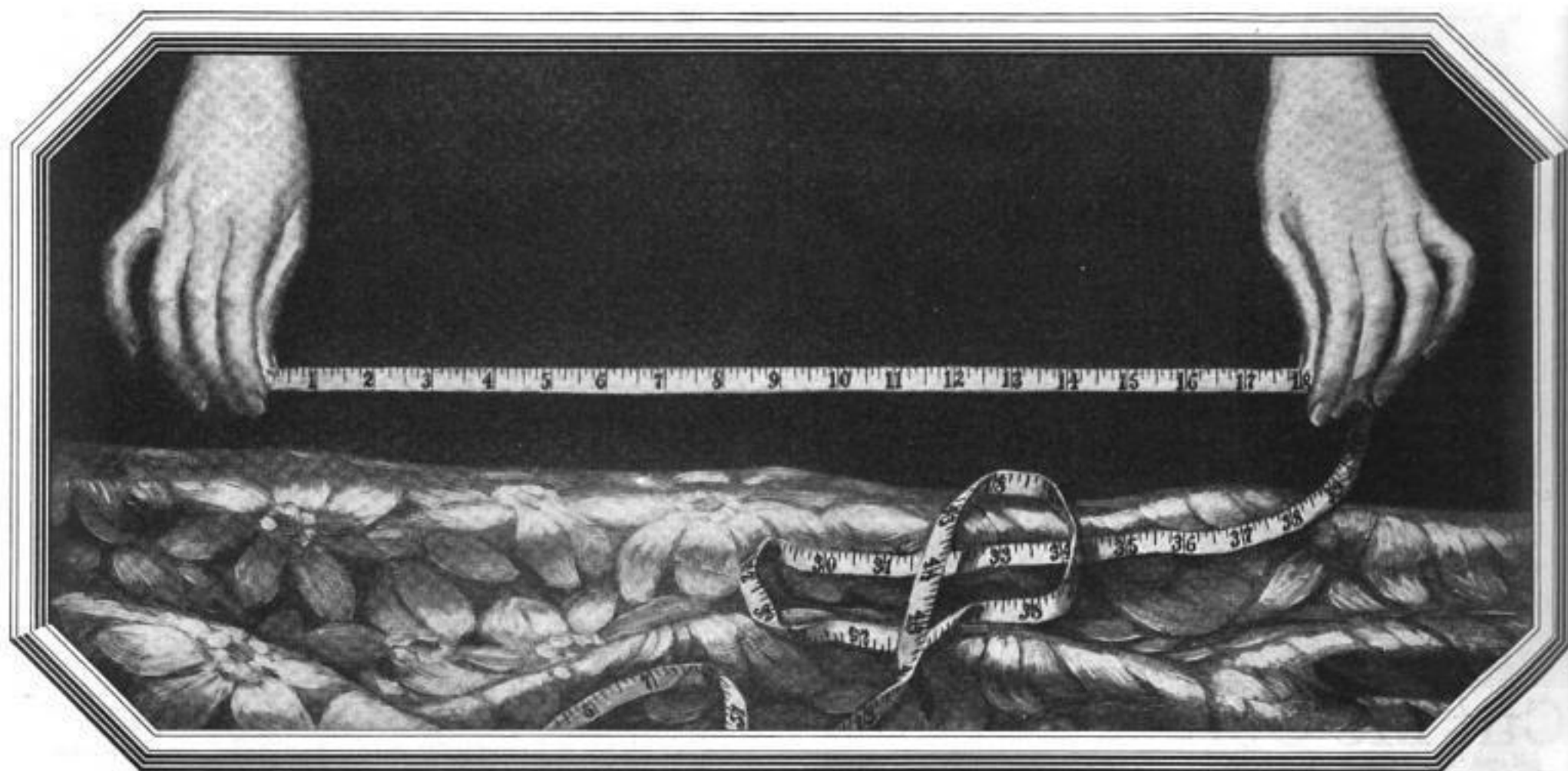
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18 inches at 28c an inch—\$5.04

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This time she planned to make a street dress. She bought the yardage her pattern called for and started to lay out her tissues on her two and a half yards of material.

Quickly and surely she worked at first. But gradually she slackened. It just wouldn't go. Somehow or other the pattern refused to fit into her length of fabric.

Like most women who had been making their own clothes for years, she did not realize, until experience showed her, that her pattern now called for less material than it could, were it not for the Deltor, enclosed in the envelope. She did not know that the half yard which her pattern was *seemingly* short represented the money that the Deltor saved—\$5.04 on this one dress.

Then she consulted the Deltor. There she found a series of layout charts, photographic in their exactness, each one worked out for her size and one for each width of suitable material.

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SHE followed the Deltor, shifted the pieces of tissue. In ten minutes her pattern was laid. It fitted to the inch. There was not one inch short! Then and there she learned the value of the Deltor. Then and there she learned the lesson that thousands of women who have always made their own clothes are learning—that

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- II. guides you in putting your garment together so that you attain the fit, drape and finish of an expert.
- III. gives you Paris' own touch in finish—those all important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

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no matter how skilled they are in laying out a pattern, no matter how little material they have used before, Butterick patterns, because of the Deltor, now call for less material than any other patterns can—less than even Butterick patterns could—before the Deltor.

The Deltor means money saved because you buy $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards less material—a saving of from 50c to \$10 on every gown, suit or dress you make.

The Deltor Brings Paris' Own Charm

BESIDES showing you how to lay your pattern on $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards less than ever before, a saving of 50c to \$10 *always*—the Deltor guides you to that air of Parisian smartness which has so long eluded even the most skilled needles.

Through simple picture-and-word illustrations, the Deltor shows you just how to put *your own* dress together. Every stitch, every step, the Parisian dress-maker would take is right before your eyes. You sew more quickly, more successfully than ever before!

And those little things upon which the fate of your gown depends—the new hem-line, sleeve or trimming—any whim which your dress embodies is explained in minute detail. Your dress—your most economical dress—is a creation of Paris!

Whichever Style You Select Becomes Simple and Economical

HUNDREDS and hundreds of this season's fashions await you at the Butterick counter. Make your selections, remembering that the Deltor simplifies the making of the most intricate garment and invariably saves you 50c to \$10.

Our Jazz-Spotted Middle West

(Continued from Page 38)

account for numerous wooden structures at crossroads and in groves. He asked a companion whether these structures had something to do with a new agricultural idea.

"Yes," was the reply; "those are jazz platforms. In some places the saxophones make more noise than the threshing machines. The farmer is getting all the advantages of city life right at home."

While in Chicago I verified the dance-hall situation as outlined in a previous article of this series. Doubtless the metropolis of the Middle West has more dancing than any other city, and its dance halls are generally larger than elsewhere, one of them having a capacity of ten thousand persons. A number of these places are quite palatial and fairly deserve the title of ballroom, which the organized proprietors are trying to substitute for the older term with its unsavory connotation. A combination of enlightened selfishness on the part of owners and of public-spirited service by a few women has done much to purify the dance in Chicago. If there is something yet to be desired, the responsibility is more with the public than with the proprietors. The music has been improved by use of faster tempo, toddling and shimmying have been modified or barred, many details of conduct regulated and a closer supervision practiced.

College and high-school students in Chicago have been largely drawn into the maelstrom of the ultradance. A professional teacher of dancing told me that his classes included forty-five members of the faculty of Hyde Park High School. These faculty members are learning to dance partly for their own pleasure and also to keep tabs on student dancing.

A Chair of Applied Dancing

OFFICIALS of Northwestern University, which is coeducational and has about seven thousand students, admitted that there was a college dance problem. There are about fifty dances, as officially reported, held yearly. It is hard to insure any proper regulation; supervision is perfunctory.

Assistant Dean Terry, who heads the amusement board at Northwestern, thought it might be a good idea to have a chair of applied dancing or a dancing teacher, who would handle the whole problem, including the democratization of dancing.

The University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has its troubles with the jazz. The Junior Hop for 1921 was canceled because the students, preceding this event, had flagrantly broken the regulations laid down by the faculty for conduct at dances. The students were very contrite and made all kinds of promises to be good, but in view of the fact that they had broken the same promises the year before the faculty was obdurate.

Iowa State College, at Ames, which is agricultural, scientific and domestic in purpose, made such an extraordinary record of continuous stepping last year that I hesitate to quote the figures given to me. Apparently there were a dance and a half every week night of the year and several for each holiday. The college has a good set of printed regulations for dancing, including the rules of the American National Association of Dancing Masters. I saw a chastened form of the toddle at Ames. One thing, there are fewer spoiled youngsters in such an institution than in the large city and Eastern colleges. Many of the students are working their way, and the isolated environment is a favorable factor.

The University of Missouri, at Columbia, also has the advantage of isolation. Miss Eva Johnson, dean of women and a fine stalwart type of Southerner, said, "We are like a big family here and do not like to discuss in public all the details of family affairs," very smilingly and pleasantly. "Yes, we have reports on all dances, and chaperons."

Dean Johnson thought it might be well to have a teacher of dancing. She does not

care for the modern dance, but tries to be tolerant and thinks the youngsters do not get the harm that seems obvious to elders.

At the University of Illinois, at Urbana, Miss Ruby E. C. Mason, dean of women, said that she recognized the difficulty of to-day's problem with youth. She had earlier tried out the mandatory method and failed. Her effort now was to build up character by personal contact. She thought her institution was favored by environment, more supervision and contact being possible than in urban centers. Deans of women in Eastern colleges, though deploring the modern dance, have fairly been forced to surrender to it; the universal fashion has been too much for them. At Urbana this situation has not arrived. There are here no printed rules to regulate dances, but students are told what conduct is objectionable and violators are disciplined. There is a system of permits, reports and chaperonage.

Youth Needs a Perfect Model

DEAN Mason attends the larger dances and acts as hostess, all couples being introduced to her. This has a psychological effect, for each student feels that he or she is ever under the eye of authority and must keep up company manners. It is also useful to work through the principle of group honor and pride. All girls are encouraged to join sororities, since it is easier to exercise control over groups than over individuals. Recently a new girl in a college boarding house was reported to be smoking cigarettes, and all the other girls in the house threatened to leave unless she was put out. This was cited to show the attitude of University of Illinois girls on cigarettes, which are said to be officially permitted in some Eastern women's colleges.

One educator observed that a poor example to youth was set by many faculty members who smoke, drink and dance just like men of the world. One must sympathize with the need of youth to have perfect models and also with the teachers who want to act like regular human beings.

Kansas City does not have so much dancing in proportion to its size as some other cities. It makes up in intensity for what it lacks in quantity. A municipal regulation to modify the jazz was promulgated last fall and was generally ignored. A dance-hall owner excitedly informed me that it was nobody's business, not even the city authorities', how he conducted his place of amusement. He and his patrons were a law unto themselves. The last statement was obviously true; and even more so at another resort where several hundred young girls and boys shimmied and toddled in a haze of cigarette smoke.

Youth here was not beautiful. It was prematurely aged, pale, seamy of visage, crafty of eye. The place was an academy of the underworld. After seeing the hapless juveniles, it was easy to believe the statement of my expert guide, a police reporter for the Kansas City Star, that the district was tough and every other house harbored a crook.

From the dive to the genteel dance floors of Kansas City's best hotels gave a contrast. What a gulf separated the top from the bottom! There was an immense difference—physically, none at all morally.

America will perhaps heed the practical argument that her civilization, regarded only from the standpoint of material efficiency and welfare, is gravely imperiled and can no longer endure the widely prevalent conditions of rottenness. We are dancing on an inclined platform that slopes into the bottomless pit of impotent and inferior races. Let's quit! Safety first! Let us find excitement in straight and wholesome activities. Every human being can enroll in the big struggle of momentous consequence now going on—to keep from wobbling and upon an even keel the world, America, one's own neighborhood and oneself!



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Out of Practice

GEORGE M. COHAN, the actor-playwright, has a friend named Brady, a press agent, who in summer precedes a circus and in winter goes ahead of an opera company. He works mostly in the West.

"Recently," said Mr. Cohan, "Brady was enabled to visit his beloved New York, the place of his birth. Shortly after his arrival I ran across him on Broadway. 'Well, old man,' I said to him, 'I suppose you're glad to be back in New York again?'"

"George," he answered earnestly, "it's like a glimpse into another world. But I've been away so long that I have to rehearse to cross Broadway."

The Dangerous Hen

THE three-year-old girl started down the street and stopped. Her mother saw her do so and noticed a dog a little way ahead. Supposing the child was afraid to pass the dog, she went to her help. But she found it was not the dog, but some chickens which were vigorously scratching beside the walk, that she hesitated to pass.

"Why, Betty," the mother cried, "are you afraid of chickens?"

"Yes," Betty candidly admitted, "they kicked at me."

Candy Fashions of Scotland

A YOUNG American tourist stepped into a shop in a Scottish town one Sunday recently to buy some candy for a Scotch lassie of his acquaintance, and as soon as the customer ahead of him had been served he asked for chocolate creams.

"I dinna sell chocolate creams on the Sabbath," the old dame behind the counter said severely.

"But," the young man protested, "you sold candy to the woman who has just gone out."

"Aye; some ecclesiastical confectionery, but nae chocolate creams," the old dame declared.

"Some what?" gasped the tourist.

"Ecclesiastical confectionery—that is, peppermint draps, pan draps and ginger lozenges," she graciously explained, and added sternly, "but nae chocolate creams."

Some Cows!

THE following advertisement appeared a while ago in a California newspaper:

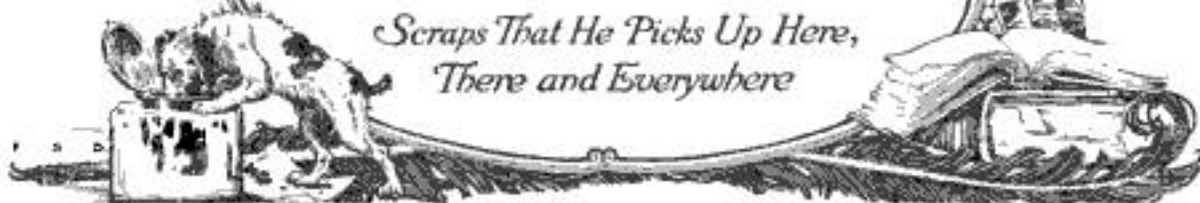
FOR SALE—One large, red-and-white cow, three-eighths mule and five-eighths wildcat. She usually goes on a visit every summer but is at present attached to her home by means of a log chain. To any person wishing to buy her, I will throw in the chain and a sledge hammer. Would be delighted to sell this cow to some citizen of San Diego who thinks he can whip Mexico single-handed.

"He" and "She" Bibles

IN A RECENT lecture, Prof. William Lyon Phelps, whose series of articles, *Human Nature in the Bible*, is now appearing in the *HOME JOURNAL*, entertainingly told his audience about the "he Bible" and the "she Bible." It seems that when the first English Bible was being published, after the King James translation in 1611, a typographical error crept into a verse of the third chapter of Ruth, verse 15, so that it read, "and he went into the city." Quite a number of copies of the ponderous volume had been issued before the error was discovered and the missing *s* prefixed to make *he* into *she*. Comparatively few of the first-edition Bibles are now in existence, for most of them were chained in the churches and literally read to shreds. Of those that are left, the "he Bibles" are naturally in greater demand by collectors, for, as Professor Phelps characteristically pointed out, "The he Bible is more valuable, though less accurate, than the she Bible." Now Professor Phelps points out that the authorized version invariably reads "she," whereas the revised version reads "he."

The Office Dog

Scraps That He Picks Up Here,
There and Everywhere



Why He Didn't Want It

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Willie had been bothered all day by cautions not to disturb his Aunt Louise, because she was feeling "so nervous." At dinner he appeared looking very glum, but ate heartily of everything until dessert, which happened to be jelly. He stared at the trembling portion placed before him and then pushed it away.

"Why, Willie," his mother asked, "aren't you going to eat your jelly?"

"Naw," he replied with a disgusted air; "it's too nervous."

When She Was "Bawnd"

THE young daughter of the household was celebrating her birthday anniversary when she suddenly turned to the interested old colored mammy and asked: "Hannah, when is your birthday?"

"Law, miss," Hannah replied, "I ain't got no birthday; I was bawnd in de night-time."

The First Newspaper

IT SEEMS queer to think of a time when there were no newspapers, when the news was circulated wholly by word of mouth. The first formal change in the circulation of news came with the appearance of news-letters. The earliest of these is said to have been the *Acta Diurna* (Daily Happenings), issued at

Rome in 691 B.C.; the latest is claimed to have appeared nearly twenty-four centuries later in a land which only a little more than two centuries before had been a howling wilderness—the Boston News Letter issued by John Campbell in 1704 at Boston, Massachusetts, several numbers of which are in the collection of the Boston Historical Society. The first newspaper printed in ink from type was called the *Gazette* and was published at Nuremberg, Bavaria, in 1457. The first newspaper advertisement—a reward offered for two stolen horses—was printed in the London *Impartial Intelligencer* in March, 1648.

Too Unhealthy

THE old couple had removed from the city to a home in a New England village, and one of their first visits was to the cemetery. "We must select a burial lot," the husband had remarked. "Life is uncertain, and we had better attend to it at once."

The wife chose a site on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake.

But the husband objected. "No, Ann; it's too much of a hill to climb. Let's look down toward the lake."

These lots pleased Ann even better than those more elevated. "Here, Frederick," she said; "let's decide upon one of these."

Frederick looked at her in surprise. "Why, Ann," he replied, "I did think you had better judgment. I shouldn't think of being buried in this low, marshy place. It's the unhealthiest spot in the whole cemetery."

She Was Pleased

THE mistress of an old Southern plantation had called on a negro mammy to see the new baby. "And what have you named her, Sue?" she asked.

"Why, 'm,'" drawled the colored mother, "Ah done look thu all the almanac, an' Ah name that chile the purtiest name Ah could find—'Vertigo.' Doan' you think that's a right sweet name, 'm?'"

A Reader—in His Class

WHEN Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, was a baby, his father called in the old family butler to see his son.

The grizzled servitor of two generations of the family gazed at the wrinkled mite and said: "Ah 'clare, Mars' John, dis de prettiest little white baby Ah ever did see."

It Surely Would Be

A MAN and a girl of eight years were traveling on an express train and he was trying to while away the tedium of the journey by asking her all kinds of funny and ridiculous questions. Finally he suggested this one: "If the clock strikes thirteen, what time is it?"

The little girl hesitated, thought a moment and then replied in an amusingly positive manner: "Time to fix the clock."

She Was Puzzled

LITTLE Jane's mother brought home a box of candy given to her by an Episcopal friend shortly before Easter, and passed around some of its contents to her children, explaining that Mrs. Cox's children had given up eating candy until after Easter, "so they cannot eat any now, as it is Lent."

Little Jane's brothers promptly ate their pieces, but she stood looking at the candy in her hand with a puzzled air.

"Why don't you eat it, Jane?" her mother asked.

"Because," she explained, "then how could I give it back if it's just lent?"

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Foursquare

By

GRACE S. RICHMOND

*Author of 'Red and Black,'
The Twenty-Fourth of June, Red Pepper Burns, Etc.*

*Illustrations by
John Alonzo Williams*

that tower of strength
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!
—TENNYSON.

WHEN on one blustering afternoon in late March Professor Mark Fenn came into the dingy old college bookshop which was one of his favorite haunts, he passed by the magazine stand in a hurry, though it was thick with all the newest April publications and vivid with their color. His mind was upon a certain row of bookshelves in the dimmest part of the back of the shop, where he had yesterday discovered rich treasure. Almost an hour later, when he had decided, rather against his judgment, but wholly according to his inclination, to purchase the full tale of seven books which he needed to complete a certain group in his collection of authorities in his line of teaching, he passed the magazine stand again, and this time he halted. He had caught sight of the name of "Mary Fletcher," emblazoned in large letters upon the cover of "The Centrepiece."

He put down his books and picked up the magazine, frowning a little. Why should Mary be writing for "The Centrepiece"? He ran hastily through the pages; he didn't have to go far, for the story he sought was well toward the front, as Mary Fletcher's things always were. He glanced at the opening lines; yes, there it was—the delightful,

sparkling style which flashed at you from the cold print with the very first distinctive paragraph. Mark Fenn fished a quarter from his pocket, waved it at Booth, the old bookseller, just now occupied with another customer, placed it on the magazine stand, stuffed the magazine in his overcoat pocket, picked up his package of books and left the shop.

When Harriet Fenn came down the street from the high school where she held a teaching position toward the little old brown house where she and her brother lived together, she saw the light in his study window which proclaimed that he had reached home before her. At this time of year she was quite sure to see that cheerful light shining from the two lower front windows, the shades undrawn; Mark never in the world thought of shutting out the passers-by. Although Harriet's first move when she came in was to go and twitch the shabby old dark-red curtains together, jealous of intrusion, she was always glad Mark hadn't done it before her.

That welcoming light in the window made all the difference, to a weary school-teacher, the presence of whose one brother in the old house kept it home to her, as she was sure her presence did to him.

Mark didn't hear her come in; he seldom did. She liked to let herself in quietly and steal to the door of the square, low-ceiled study, its walls lined from floor to ceiling with books in all sorts of bookcases. From year to year Mark had extended his ever-growing collection, more eager as to the contents of the shelves than as to the beauty or uniformity of the shelves themselves. Yet the result was not inharmonious; somehow one forgot the motley character of the containers in wonder and pleasure at the wealth of the collection itself. The professor of psychology at Newcomb College

had not thrown himself, as usual, into the dingy old study armchair; neither had he taken the spindle-backed chair which served him at his desk—it had been his father's before him. He was sitting on the edge of his desk, hat shoved back, overcoat still on, his legs braced to hold him steady, while he read with absorption from a popular magazine. Harriet's affectionate eyes studied her brother's sturdy figure for a long minute before she spoke. He was thoroughly the mature young athlete in his general aspect; his color was healthy; his lean, well-cut features were markedly interesting; discerning gray eyes looked out below straight brows, and the firm lines of a very good mouth suggested both poise and authority. He was several years older than Harriet, who had herself been teaching for some six years since she left college, though with her fair hair and girlish figure she by no means looked as far along in the twenties as the records declared her.

"It must be a pretty absorbing story, to keep you from undoing a package of new books," she observed at length.

Mark looked up, met her scrutinizing eyes with the queer one-sided smile which she knew of old to speak not entire agreement with the proposition stated and returned to his page. "Dead tired, Harry?" he inquired absent-mindedly.

"As usual. What else could I be after a week of mid-year examinations? Never mind—it's Friday night; and I've brought home oysters for supper."

"Good!" But he was still absent-minded.

SHE came close and looked over his shoulder for a minute or two. "Oh, by Mary Fletcher," she observed. "The girls were talking about it to-day."

Since it was the last page of the story, the name of the author was not in sight. Harriet had judged by internal evidence; she had caught the sparkle of original style which was always to be recognized.



Mark read the last paragraph and dropped the magazine upon his desk, where with its gay cover it lay incongruously among its austere surroundings. "Is it good?" Harriet asked, taking off her hat and running ordering fingers over the pale-colored masses of her hair.

"It's—Mary Fletcher," her brother responded; "neither more nor less. After a year of war writing from France, I thought it might be more."

"I'll read it by and by. A Mary Fletcher story on Friday night will make me forget all my troubles."

"There's no possible doubt of that," he admitted.

When Harriet Fenn had washed and put away the supper dishes and sat down at last in her brother Mark's

big shabby armchair beside the low study light, she was in a mood to enjoy the relaxation which is one of the rewards of labor. At the other side of the room Mark was crowding a row of books unmercifully to make space for a thick volume from the opened package upon his desk.

Harriet glanced across at him, regarding his profile against the dark background of the books. "Mark, you look more like father every day," she observed, "and act like him. He was never happy till he'd put a new book in its place. Not that he had many, compared with you. How he would open his eyes at this room! You must have doubled—trebled the number he had."

"I'm afraid I have. Where I'm reckless in buying, he'd have denied himself. I wish he hadn't. I wish I could show him these I've brought home to-night."

Brother and sister instinctively looked up at the one picture the room contained—a dark portrait hung above the chimney piece, with rows of books pressing close on either

side. The portrait looked down at the pair below with a kindly, fatherly gaze from warmly human eyes, yet with a suggestion of severity showing in the lines of the lips and the prominent chin. It was preeminently the portrait of a scholar, but the man himself had been greater than his learning.

"Do you realize," Mark continued with sudden vehemence, "that my slim salary to-day is exactly double the biggest he ever had in the very last years of his life? No wonder he couldn't buy books except by going without meat—which he did, bless him. I wouldn't take ten times their cost for that little old first collection of his in his first bookcase, that he made himself. There's the library of a scholar for you—two hundred and seventy-three books with the autograph of David Matthew Fenn in every one of them. I'd like to show that library to Mary Fletcher," he added with sudden sternness, "and tell her to study it and learn—to write!"

"TO WRITE, Mark! Why, I thought you thought —" Harriet looked distinctly puzzled. Her gaze fell to the magazine she had picked up. Her fingers turned the pages till they came to the story; "And, Behold" was its singular title. She looked up again. "It looks delightful," she temporized.

"It is delightful," Mark turned again to the portrait. "Father used to prophesy big things for her. I wonder what he'd say to her now."

"Why, Mark! Has she lost? I've heard you say her style was exquisite."

"It is. And her technique is perfect. But —" Harriet cried out sharply, interrupting him. "Why, here's a picture of Mary—did you see it?—just over the leaf. 'Mary Fletcher, since her return from war work in France.' Oh, isn't she lovely?"

Mark came across the room to look over her shoulder. "My word, she is!" he agreed.

"Lovely—and full of fire, as she always was. Just a little older, naturally." Harriet went on commenting, studying the face before her. "But one wants her to be; and she's only the more interesting."

The photograph showed a face which might well challenge attention. There was something unusual about it; the eyes were those of a poet and dreamer, yet the mouth suggested a sense of humor, and the firmly rounded chin more than declared that its owner possessed will and energy in plenty. The poise of the head with its carefully ordered wealth of dark hair, the clear-cut curve of neck and shoulder, spoke of one who held an assured position. Altogether the somewhat prolonged contemplation which both brother and sister gave this presentment of one whom they had long known, but had not of late much seen, could hardly be wondered at.

"I beg your pardon"—a pleasant, low voice spoke deprecatingly. "You didn't hear the knocker, and I ventured in. It's raining, and the wind blows right across your front porch."

Harriet sprang up, dropping the magazine. "Oh, come right in, Miss Sara. No, we didn't hear you; the wind's blowing so. Let me take your wraps."

It was the Fenns' next door neighbor, Miss Sara Graham.

She came in smiling, a slender, aristocratic little figure of a middle-aged woman, with a scarf of fine blue silk tied about her perfectly arranged gray hair, a richly fur-lined cape slipping from her shoulders. Harriet took charge of cape and scarf, while Mark pushed the old armchair nearer the smoking logs in the narrow little fireplace, and gave a bracing poke to them which resulted in a freshly springing blaze.

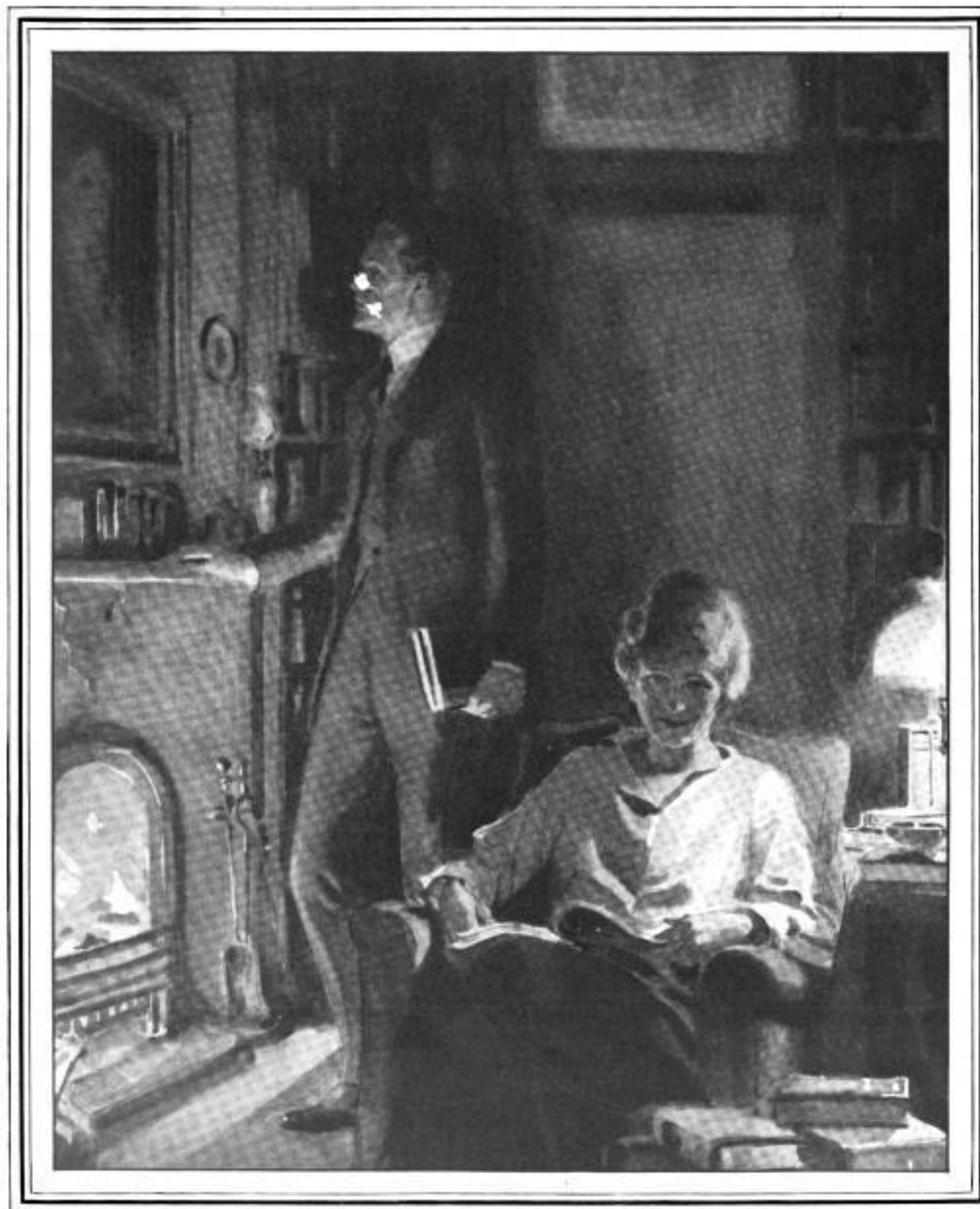
"I'm so very happy over some news of mine, I wanted to come over and share it with you," Miss Graham drew a letter from her little beaded hand bag. "I knew you were always interested in my niece's plans, and this one seems to me very wonderful—for me, and I hope for her."

WITH Harriet in the spindle-backed desk chair, waiting with eager curiosity, and Mark leaning an elbow on the chimney-piece shelf as he stood on the hearth rug, poker still in hand, the visitor read aloud a paragraph from the long typed letter of many sheets:

Somehow I'm bitten with the hungriest desire to get back to your blessed old home and your blessed young self. And I know of no place in the whole wide world where it now seems to me I can better pull my vagrant thoughts—and self—together, and make them do a respectable day's work. The book—the book I want to write, my first real book after all these volatile short stories and the collections of them which don't really count as books at all, you know—that's all I can think of. And now that I'm back from France, somehow I can't seem to settle down here in the little old apartment, even with my dear Alexandra Warren. Girls and men are always dropping in, and there are theaters and supper parties without end, something everlastingly doing; and it's impossible to keep out of it, even on the plea of work. Somehow it doesn't seem real life any more, though before I went across I thought it the only real life. I want to come back to that darling room you always gave me. And I want to sit on the old cross-stitch footstool with the bits of arms, almost in your big fireplace, in your adorable drawing-room with its lovely old mahogany and its portraits, and its samplers in frames, and its cabinets of East India treasures —

Miss Graham broke off, glancing down the page. "The child goes into such raptures over my plain old home," she explained. "I'll find the place where she —"

"Oh, please don't leave out the raptures," Harriet begged. "We like to hear every word Mary ever wrote, you know. She writes so differently from other people, even in her letters. Why, we were just reading her last story and talking of her. We haven't really seen anything of her since long before she went to France. It must be—why, all of four years."



MARK TURNED AGAIN TO THE PORTRAIT. "FATHER USED TO PROPHECY BIG THINGS FOR HER. I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY TO HER NOW"

CONVERSATION
AND CHOCOLATE,
FIRELIGHT AND
MARY FLETCHER
—THE EVENING
PASSED SWIFTLY
FOR THE GUESTS

"She says it's five. It is three since her father and mother died, and she hadn't been here for two years, at least, before that."

THERE was no change of tone in her quietly natural allusion to the greatest tragedy of her own life. Mary Fletcher's father and mother—Mrs. Fletcher was Miss Graham's sister—had been killed together in a motor accident while traveling in Italy. Doctor Fletcher had been the distinguished head master of a famous private school for boys. It was from her girlish life in this school that Mary had come to spend her summers with her aunt in the small college town near by. It had been her mother's home until her marriage, and so it was natural that Mary should look upon it with affection.

"Oh, this is what I specially wanted you to hear," Miss Graham went on, her face brightening again. She read with a smile touching her delicate lips:

It seems to me, Aunt Sara, that if I could just live a perfectly simple, rational life with you, for one whole year—can you bear it to have me that long?—go to bed at ten o'clock—I can't fancy it!—have grapefruit and coffee and 'Liza's jolly little old graham rolls in the morning, go for long tramps, and perhaps—well, have Harriet Fenn and Professor Mark in now and then in the evenings, by way of dissipation—

Harriet laughed out at this, and Mark grinned darkly in the shadow above the fire.

I could perhaps after a while give myself to serious work. I never can do it here now; that I'm sure of. I really can't describe to you how it has suddenly all palled upon me. For one whole year I don't want my flowers out of a florist's shop; I want to pick them in your garden. May I come, belovedest?

Miss Graham would have caught back that last word, which had spoken to her more vividly of her niece's longing to be with her than any other, but it was out before she knew.

Somehow, to both Harriet and Mark Fenn it brought up a vision of Mary Fletcher as not even her own work in the popular magazine had done. Mary was always daring to say what other people did not. Somehow such words didn't sound sentimental on her laughing lips, they merely made her seem the picturesquely interesting creature that she was.

"When will she come?" Harriet asked, understanding that the matter was already settled.

"SHE gives me barely time to get her room in order," Miss Graham declared happily. "And the piano must be tuned; she stipulated that. She wants to know if you've kept up your practice on the cello"—Mark shook his head regretfully—"and says she must have music, if she is to write. It all sounds as if she were precisely her old—what is the word used so much these days?—her old temperamental self."

"Don't say it!" Mark fairly interrupted, a frown of impatience crossing his brow. "Of all modern excuses for intemperance and irrelevance—and general idiocy—that's the worst. An author of her class is old enough to stop being 'temperamental' in her work—and out of it—and become rational in her work and out of it. I want to see her do it."

Miss Graham stared up at him, not quite comprehending. "Don't mind him," Harriet said quickly, as Mark picked up the magazine which contained Mary's story. "He's

rather a bear to-night. The week's work has been heavy." She shook her head warningly at her brother.

But Miss Graham had recognized the magazine and was reminded of something in Mary's letter which she hadn't read to the Fenns. "Oh," she said, "Mary spoke of that. Have you read it? I haven't—yet. She calls it—I think the word was—'punk.'" She spoke the unaccustomed syllable with a wry little twist of her lips. "She said when I'd read it I should know why she needed a year with me. I'm sorry; I didn't suppose Mary would ever write anything unworthy."

"She hasn't," Harriet was quick in defense. "I haven't read it myself, yet I know it isn't unworthy. Perhaps it isn't her best, all that she's capable of—"

Miss Graham looked up with almost pleading in her blue eyes at Mark.

"IF SHE knows it's punk," he said in answer to her unspoken question, "and if she's coming off up here to get away from the temptation to keep on writing punk, there's hope for her. Get her here as soon as you can and—if you'll take my advice—don't coddle her too much. I'm not sure I should tune the piano for her."

"Why, Mark!" Harriet was smiling, yet she was a little worried, lest he hurt the gentle lady for whom they both cared so much. "I think it would do you yourself good to get out the old cello and play with her. Only yesterday you were planning to take me in town for a concert. You said you were starved to hear some good music."

"I certainly never used that word," denied her brother, evidently nettled. "Starved's not a word of mine, thank heaven! Mary uses it three times in one short story. Emotionalism, overemphasis—I've no use for 'em." He looked at Miss Graham, and his frowning brows smoothed somewhat. "I'm afraid I am a grouch to-night," he admitted. "It's really great news you bring us, neighbor, and we shall be glad to see your Mary again, be she never so scornful of our limitations."

"Scornful? I think she feels she needs limitations," said Harriet Fenn, with one of the flashes of interpretation which sometimes surprised her brother. "She's been having so much, doing so much, experiencing so much; she wants to get away where it's quiet and she can think it over. How can one wonder! With all her success—so much praise, so much vogue; and then this last year and a half abroad, writing all those wonderful articles in the midst of all the excitement and tension. No wonder she wants to collect herself. And this is just the place! I'm so glad she's coming."

"I will tell her you say so," Miss Graham laid the sheets of the letter together, the flush on her cheeks deepening as she rose to go. "She really thinks very much of you both, I know. And you will be good for her. Do you know, at the bottom of it all, I think Mary is just a little tired? She wrote so much, worked so hard, all the while she was over there, she must need a real rest. It will give me great happiness to look after her. Independent as she is, I know she misses—her father and mother."

THE little dignified speech, so like the finely bred, sweet-spirited woman who made it, brought Mark forward with a warm word of apology.

"Forgive me, so she does, Miss Sara. She shall have the best we can give her. Please tell her so from me. I suspect the matter with me is that I'm jealous of that marvelous ability of hers—and jealous for it, too—that she shall do the thing she's capable of, and that she hasn't done yet."

When Harriet had escorted her visitor to the door and returned to the snug, pleasant room, with its plain, comfortable furnishings, she regarded her brother reproachfully.

"How could you take away from her happiness by suggesting such a criticism of Mary? All writers are more or less uneven; I've heard you say so many a time yourself. You know everything she writes is delightful, and I've no doubt this last thing is. I'm going to read it and find out."

"Go to it!" Mark slid the magazine across the desk at her. "Revel in the moonlight and the mush."

"Mark! Mary never writes mush."

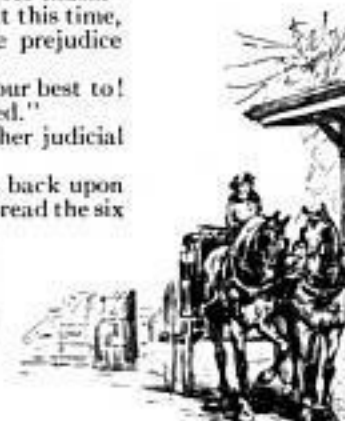
"She comes mighty near it this time, I think. But don't let me prejudice you."

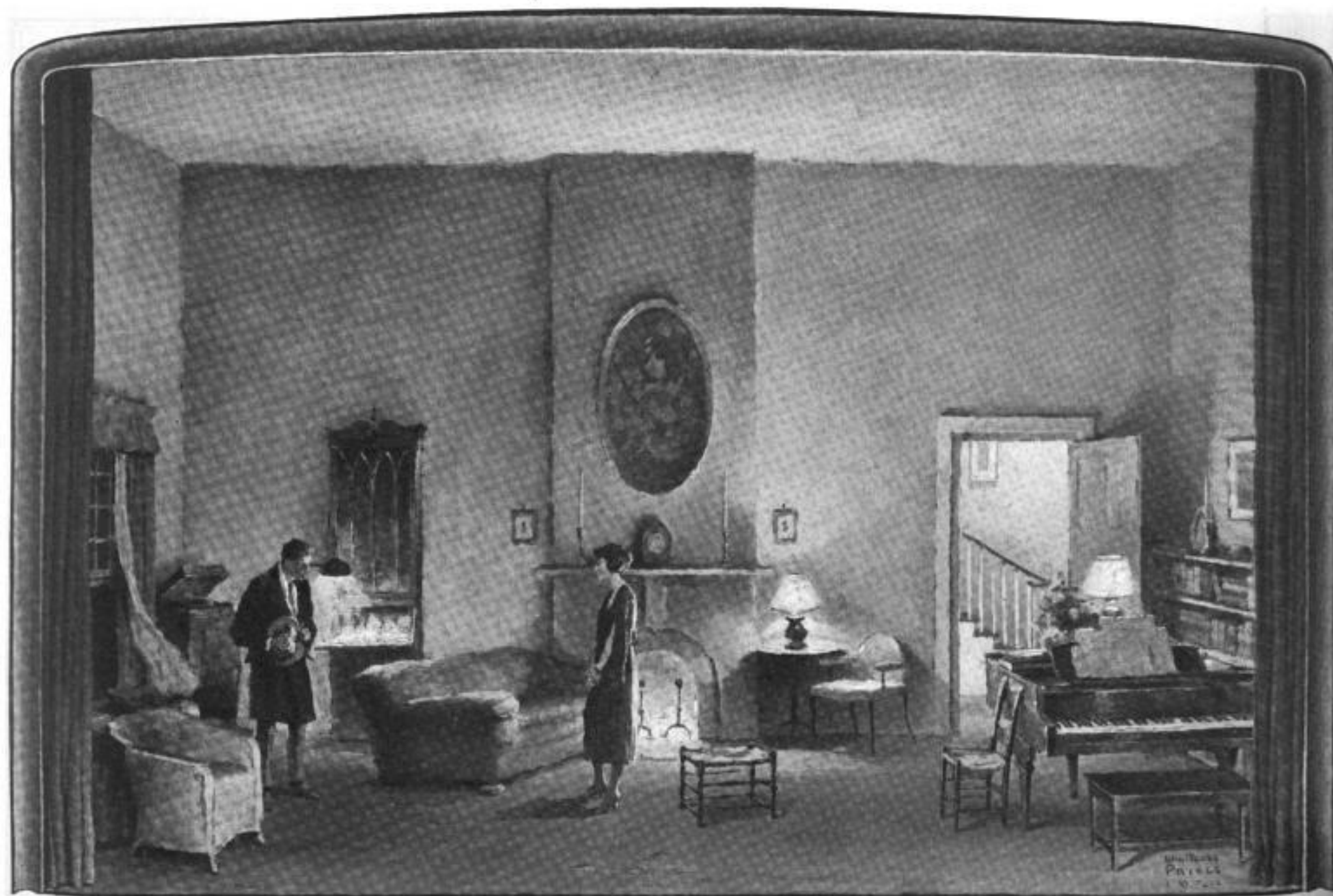
"As if you hadn't done your best to! But I refuse to be prejudiced."

"Good old Harry—with her judicial mind."

Then Harriet turned her back upon him and began to read. She read the six pages at a rush, lingered over the illustrations, three out of the four of which represented the heroine with one or other of the five men by whom she was surrounded throughout

(Continued on Page 48)





"AND THAT'S WHY THEY WENT! ANNA, DID YOU WANT 'EM TO GO?"

The Ghost Story

A One-Act Play for Amateurs of No Great Age

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by Wm. Meade Prince

NOTE.—Upon the program it should be mentioned that the curtain will be lowered for a moment during the progress of the play, to denote a lapse of about half an hour.

THE rise of the curtain discloses a comfortable and pleasant living room of commonplace type. It is early evening; a clock on the mantelpiece marks the time as twenty minutes after seven; the lamps are lit. At a piano is seated a pretty girl of twenty; she plays dance music gayly for a few moments; then abruptly her theme becomes sentimental and she plays a love song, singing bits of it to herself, while her expression becomes tender and wistful.

An electric bell is heard, and upon this sound she stops singing and playing at once; her look is alert. She considers the room thoughtfully, then goes to a chair beside a little table, picks up a small leather-bound book, sits and pretends to read with dreamy absorption. Then, behind her, across the room, a door is opened, offering a glimpse of a hallway, where a nervous and earnest young gentleman of twenty-two is hastily concluding the removal of his heavy overcoat and gloves, with the connivance of a housemaid. He comes into the living room immediately. With an air of complete surprise, the girl looks up from her pretended reading.

THE GIRL: Why, George — (She rises.)
 GEORGE (as the housemaid closes the door): Anna, I came early because —
 ANNA (as they shake hands and sit): I'm so flattered. I didn't dream you'd do more than just call me up to say good-by.
 GEORGE: You didn't think I'd come myself?
 ANNA: Why, no. I didn't think you'd have time; you have to make good-by calls on all your aunts and married sisters and cousins, don't you? I'm really very much flattered.
 GEORGE: I came early, as soon as I could choke down dinner and run, because—well, I wanted to talk to you alone for a few minutes, for a novelty. I thought maybe just this once I could get here before the rest of 'em pile in.

ANNA: "The rest of 'em"? I don't know that any of 'em will "pile in" this evening, George.

GEORGE: No; you never do; but they pile in, just the same. That's the trouble with you, Anna; you're too popular. (She laughs protestingly. He goes on earnestly.) Oh, yes, you are. It's horrible!

ANNA: What nonsense!

GEORGE: It's the truth; it's just horrible for a girl to be like you.

ANNA: Thanks!

GEORGE (emphatically): It is. Nobody can ever get within a mile of you. And what I hate about it is that girls hang around you just as much as the rest of us do.

ANNA (demurely): You think it's queer that girls like me, George?

GEORGE: It isn't "queer," no. (Adds in a burst of confidence.) But it's been pretty painful to me, these holidays.

ANNA (staring): What are you talking about?

GEORGE: Well, that's what I came early to tell you.

ANNA: You came early to tell me what you're talking about?

GEORGE (a little confused): What I mean to say—listen; it's just this: I—I—I—

ANNA (reminding him): You began by saying it's horrible that anybody seems able to stand me.

GEORGE: It's horrible that I always have to see you in a

crowd; that's what I mean. If there aren't four or five men around you, then there are four or five girls; and if there aren't just four or five girls, or four or five men, then there are four or five of both of 'em!

ANNA: But look, George. Look under the piano, and under the chairs and under —

GEORGE: What for?

ANNA: For all those people you said were always around me. It's queer, but you do seem to me to be the only one here.

GEORGE: Yes, just this minute. But you know as well as I do that pretty soon the bell will begin ringing, and they'll come pouring in. Then when they're here they stay and stay and — Why, it is horrible!

ANNA: Aren't you a funny boy?

GEORGE: I wish I could see any fun in it! (He rises and paces the floor as he talks.) Why, I believe if I'd known it was going to be like this I wouldn't have come home for the holidays. You don't know how I looked forward to coming home and—and seeing you! Why, I've hardly thought of anything else, all the fall term!

ANNA (incredulously): You don't mean you thought of it during the football season?

GEORGE: No. I mean yes. Yes, I was looking forward to it even then too. I kept thinking: "Just wait till the Christmas holidays come; then I'll get to see a whole lot of Anna. I'll get to dance with her a lot, to take her to a lot of things—maybe, even, I'll get some evenings alone with her by the fire, and we'll read some poetry or something together." That's what I thought! (He laughs bitterly.) And look what's happened! You were booked up solid for every last little thing a person could hope to take you to! I've never got



nce clear around with you a single time you've danced with me—some frenzied bird always cut in—and every afternoon evening I've found you at home I've had to sit about seven—
 rows back and just be audience for the bickering that went on. And now it's my last evening; my train leaves at nine-fifty-one, and I won't see you again till June, after commencement; and I know I'm not going to get a chance to talk to you five minutes! Some of these birds'll be breaking in here any second. That's why it's horrible!

ANNA: But they haven't broken in yet, George.

GEORGE: Yes, but they will!

ANNA (shyly): Well, but if you—if you *do* like being alone with me, why don't you—well, why don't you just like it until they do come?

GEORGE: "Like it"? You don't seem to realize my train is the nine-fifty-one, and I'll have to leave here at least half an hour before then; and I'll have to say good-by to you with people around, so I can't say what I want to!

ANNA: But what is it you want to say to me—except just good-by?

GEORGE: Well, it's something I couldn't say with people around.

ANNA (nervously): But—but there aren't any people around now, George.

GEORGE (shaking his head gloomily): Oh, there would be, before I could say it! I know 'em!

ANNA (noncommittal): Well—

GEORGE (taking a chair near her suddenly): Anna, it's just this. I want you to understand the position I'm in. I want you to understand what I—what I have in mind. (Breaking off abruptly in a tone of abysmal despair.) But what's the use? Some of 'em are *sure* to come in. Couldn't you send word you're not at home?

ANNA: Well, you see, Lennie Cole and Tom Bannister and Mary and Grace and Fred—

GEORGE: I knew it! And you said you didn't know they'd be piling in!

ANNA: I don't—not precisely, that is. But—but, of course it's possible. And they'd certainly know it wasn't so if I sent word "not at home," and they'd feel hurt.

GEORGE (despairingly): That's it! That's my regular luck with you! Isn't there *any* way to get rid of 'em?

ANNA (seemingly reproachful): They are friends of mine, you know, George.

GEORGE (despondently): Pardon me.

ANNA: Very well.

GEORGE: Listen. What I was saying—

ANNA (quickly): Yes, George?

GEORGE (speaking hurriedly): I wanted to tell you, I have been looking forward to the holidays because I thought this would be the time I'd be—ah—justified, as it were, in saying something I—something I had in mind to say to you.

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: I've had it in my mind to say ever since—well, for quite a time—ever since—ever since—

ANNA: It is something about your studies, George?

GEORGE: No, it certainly isn't. It's about—well, I've wanted to say it—ah—a long time.

ANNA: How long?

GEORGE: Ever since—well, it was that day you wore a blue dress.

ANNA: What sort of a blue dress?

GEORGE: I don't know. It was—it was blue.

ANNA: With flounces? And lace on the blouse?

GEORGE: I don't know. It was just—sort of blue.

ANNA: But I haven't had a blue dress this year.

GEORGE: No. It wasn't this year.

ANNA: Why, the last time I wore a blue dress was that summer at the lake, three years ago.

GEORGE: Yes. That was when it was. You wore it the day we went canoeing for water lilies. That was the day it happened.

ANNA: The day what happened?

GEORGE: The day you wore the blue dress.

ANNA: Oh, yes.

GEORGE: Yes. It was then.

[Both of them are very serious.]

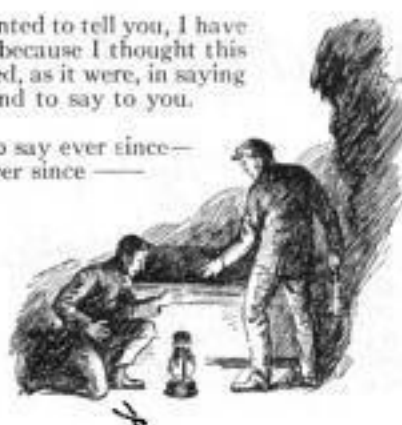
ANNA: Yes. That one was blue linen and very simple. It was another one that had flounces—with lace on the blouse.

GEORGE: Well—ever since then I've thought that some day I might feel that I was in a—well, in a position to—to justify—ah—what I'd like to say. You see, I—well, I was pretty young then; we both were, in fact.

ANNA: Yes, I suppose we were.

GEORGE: Yes. I suppose I hardly realized how young I was at the time. Funny, isn't it? I thought I was a real grown-up man of the world, and I was only nineteen! Looking back on it over these years a person sees how much he had still to learn! My goodness! When I think of all I've been through since then—

ANNA: You mean at college?



GEORGE: Yes, and here at home, too—like what I've been through these holidays, for instance.

ANNA: Have you? Why, I thought you looked so well, George.

GEORGE: I mean not getting near you. You know. What I was talking about.

ANNA: But that couldn't be very severe, George.

GEORGE: Yes, it could, because it was. Anna, my father stopped off a day to see me at college in October—

ANNA: How nice!

GEORGE: We had a pretty serious talk about my future.

ANNA: Oh, I'm sorry it was serious, George.

GEORGE: What I mean—it was business-like. About my future in business.

ANNA (somewhat vaguely): Oh, yes.

GEORGE: Next June, when I get home, he's going to take me right in with him. He thinks—well, he thinks I'll get along all right. He—he's going to give me a ten per cent interest in the business, Anna.

ANNA: How lovely!

GEORGE (swallowing): So that's—that's why I said I feel—ah—justified—in saying what I want to get a chance to—to say to you, Anna.

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: What I mean—I mean that's why I'm sure to have sufficient means to—to settle down, as it were—and so I—I thought—I—

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: You see, that day you wore the blue dress I was only nineteen and I hadn't had this talk with my father, because, in fact, I never did have this talk with him until just this October—as it were—and so—and so—

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE (solemn but increasingly nervous): And so—well, the time has come—the time has come—

ANNA (glancing over her shoulder at the hall door): The time has come? Yes, George?

GEORGE: The time has come when I—when I want to ask you if—if—the time has come—it's come—it's come—

ANNA: Yes, George?

[The bell rings loudly.]

(Continued on Page 126)



"AND THEY KEPT WONDERING AND WONDERING, AND SO ONE NIGHT—ONE NIGHT WHEN EVERYBODY WAS ASLEEP AND THE WIND WAS MOANING AND THE SKY WAS COVERED WITH A THUNDER CLOUD—"

The Right Kind of Public School Teachers Needed

By CHARLES A. SELDEN

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

IN A SCHOOLROOM in New York City the boys and girls of the history class were discussing the American Constitution. The teacher, old enough to be the mother of any of her pupils, was as young as any in the spirit and enthusiasm with which she inspired and guided them. She was beautiful, thoroughly alive to her work, a teacher because she loved to teach. There was a suggestion of motherliness in her snow-white hair.

"But, mother, Alexander Hamilton insisted on the strong central government," exclaimed a boy, too eager to wait for the teacher's formal recognition of his upraised hand. And she was such a teacher, had made the children so much her own in their school work, that the boy's unconscious use of the word "mother" caused no comment in the class. Probably no teacher ever received a finer, more spontaneous tribute than that.

The need of the United States is for seven hundred thousand teachers like that woman.

Here is another incident, the story of two high-school girls who by no stretch of the imagination could be thought of as ever having been inspired by good teaching, in school or out. They were passengers on a train going from St. Louis to Little Rock and had two seats in a sleeping-car section for the all-day ride. One was apparently a girl of about seventeen, the other a little younger. Scraps of their conversation, which could be heard all day long throughout the car, revealed the fact that they were schoolgirls.

A weary-looking middle-aged woman whose seat reservation was in the same section got aboard at St. Louis a few minutes ahead of the girls, took the place by the window, facing forward, and settled down with a book to make the best of a hard journey on a stifling hot day. Her comfort was of brief duration. The schoolgirls came aboard and swamped her with themselves and their numerous traveling bags. They sprawled. They giggled their way along for the first half hour of the journey, and then one of them had an idea. She put a suitcase across their laps, took a pack of cards out of a large and most decorative vanity case, and then each of the girls produced a handful of coins and they began to gamble. The woman, wedged into the corner, was too astonished to give close attention to her book.

This first arrangement was not comfortable for the card players. The train lurched and a fifty-cent piece slid off the shiny patent-leather suitcase and rolled under the seat of the woman traveling alone. It was necessary for her to get up and step into the aisle before the coin could be recovered, and the girls suggested to her that if she took the aisle seat they could use the window sills as shelves on which to keep their money. The woman yielded. A few minutes later the little gamblers added still further to the comfort of their game by having the porter set up the table between the seats without consulting the third occupant of the section, whose space was thus further curtailed.

Selfish and Frivolous

SO THE game continued, garrulously, with occasional noisy explosive remarks about cheating. Finally there was a quarrel about the deal and the game ended. One of the girls curled up and went to sleep. The other tried to, but couldn't. She amused herself as long as possible with her rouge box and powder puff, but even that did not save her from becoming bored. She began to tickle the girl who was asleep and woke her up with an affectionate bite on the neck. The quarrel was forgotten and the older schoolgirl removed revolving dice from her necklace and the gambling was resumed with that. By and by the cards again.

And so on throughout the day of the two schoolgirls on a journey—cards, dice, money, rouge and powder, gum, naps, pouts, quarrels, make-believe slapping and scratching, then tickling to make up. Absolute selfishness and disregard so far as the comfort and rights of the third woman were concerned, and she had to stand it because the car was filled and there was no other seat in which she could find refuge. Needless to say the skirts of the two schoolgirls were of the shortest and their contortions to get into comfortable positions apparently shocked their fellow traveler more than the gambling.

Although they had started on the journey with ten hours of daylight riding

ahead of them, the girls had neither book nor magazine nor newspaper; not a scrap of reading matter, not even a motion-picture magazine. They were not foreign girls. They were not of those who have to leave school too early to earn a living. They were the children apparently of well-to-do American parents.

These girls were not posing. They were not playing wild and showing off because they were on a journey by themselves. They were as natural and free from self-consciousness in their gambling, in their imposition on a fellow traveler, as in their gum chewing, and their behavior was a matter of course. It certainly suggested no former experiences in a schoolroom with the sort of teacher who could get her children earnestly excited over such a matter as Alexander Hamilton's attitude toward the Constitution.

Victims of Our School System

IT WOULD be absurdly unfair and unjust to hold any one teacher of those girls solely or even largely responsible for their conduct. No doubt their parents, their social and home influences were far more to blame. There is no point in attacking untrained and uncultivated teachers as individuals, for they constitute four-fifths of the entire teaching force of the United States. They themselves, as well as the millions of children under them, are the victims of the grave defects in our public-school system.

But—it's a fair question—if the teachers whom these two girls had had all along the line from primary grade had been what they should have been, if the atmosphere of their schools had been what it should have been, would not their education have served as enough of an offset against

their natural tendencies and their home influences to have modified somewhat their selfishness and their general behavior on that train?

The answer to this question, the frank admission of the good teachers themselves throughout the country, who are striving now as never before to raise the standards of their own profession, is that the average quality of the teaching personnel as a whole is far below what it should be and must be and that the bulk of the twenty-five million children in American schools are consequently growing up to citizenship poorly equipped for it and sadly lacking in culture.

This teacher in New York who had become a sort of mother in learning to her pupils is of a type that is rare—rare in New York, rare in every state of the Union. Perhaps there are several thousands like her in the whole country. But there are seven hundred thousand public-school teachers all told. She is a graduate of both a normal school and college. But she is more than that. She has had years of experience in teaching; but that is only a part of her equipment. She has everything in the way of technical training that could be asked to conform to the highest standard set by any board of education in the United States. But she has something else, which cannot be gauged, or even discovered by the quantitative methods of measuring teacher capacity which, unfortunately, are the only methods so far available.

It was that something else to which the boy was unconsciously responding when he said "mother." And it is that something else which the country needs throughout its army of teachers.

It is the attribute of the "natural teacher." Wherever there is such a teacher there is a good school, no matter what its environments and its handicaps may be. Whether she has had technical training or not, she is a priceless possession for the community fortunate enough to have her.

The woman in charge of that New York school was a natural-born teacher and would have known how to give both inspiration and information if she never had been in that normal school or that college.

In Vermont I found another natural teacher who had had no normal training whatever. She was not even a high school graduate. She was the oldest child in a family of nine and at one time four of her pupils in the district school were her brothers and sisters. She could control them in school. It would be difficult to impose a severer test than that. After years of teaching she married a farmer, but kept right on teaching because she loved it, and used her school salary to hire a woman to do the work at home. Eventually two of her own children became her pupils. An entire generation of boys and girls has grown up in those Vermont hills, grateful to that woman for what she did for them.

Unmeasurable Ethics

AT THE recent state convention of the Parents-Teachers Association in North Carolina, E. C. Brooks, superintendent of public instruction in that state, said that more money was needed for schools and higher salaries for teachers, but that above all there was need of more character in the great national teaching body of the United States. To illustrate, he told the convention about three North Carolina teachers who had been away to take summer training courses at the university of another state. The marks which they received at that university were not high enough to qualify them for the advanced positions which they had hoped to get in the public schools of North Carolina. So they tampered with their certificates and raised their own marks. This was detected and the three were dismissed. Five hundred teachers have been dropped from the North Carolina pay rolls in a comparatively short time. All had been found unfit, and in most of the cases some defect of character was among the shortcomings. There is no state in the Union which does not have more or less of the same difficulty.

These matters of schoolroom ethics and manners, the character of teachers and their ability to help boys and girls to form character, are not capable of measurement and appraisal with results that may be set down in statistics and charts. They cannot be standardized and put into a formula as simple and tangible as the statement that every grade-school teacher in the United States should be a graduate of a high school and



THEY GIGGLED THEIR WAY ALONG FOR THE FIRST HALF HOUR OF THE JOURNEY, AND THEN ONE OF THEM HAD AN IDEA

(Continued on Page 65)

HAD formed a habit of choosing from the after-war Europe in which I live one woman of each country to individualize its new type of womanhood. But here in England I was puzzled. Women have cut with such a sharp edge into their old Victorian traditions that I could not find one sufficiently emphasized to make my choice representative until, one tinted autumn morning, I turned into a lane in Surrey.

Coming along full tilt on her bicycle was the picture, at least, of a typical English girl. At the bottom of the lane, where it narrowed to a single pass, she got off her bicycle, a rather weatherworn-looking one. The young man with her also dismounted from his and halted. So impressed was I with finding my "type" all in a flash, I was only subconscious of having seen her face several times before; or was it so representative of this new girlhood that association was playing me a trick?

A Pen Picture of Her

MY EYE fell quickly to the short tweed skirt, the hand-knit country stockings, the low-heeled brogues, the knit gloves. Her sweater was of a dull rich blue, and so was the cap that sat jauntily on her heavy golden hair, all on the tumble and spraying up fine wispy curls in the autumn mist. Her cheeks had a dew-washed freshness and her very blue eyes twinkled.

"Come along, David," she called over her shoulder to the young man, who nodded back and whistled to the wire-haired terrier practicing a jiu-jitsu in the heather scrub.

Her smile was the very counterpart of the young man's. Suddenly I recognized him, and I stepped back to let the Prince of Wales and his sister, Princess Mary, pass.

But the prince was all confusion. I never saw anyone blush rosier. He pushed back farther still, as did the princess and the wire-haired dog. We all—even the dog—laughed, for the lane turned into a sort of bottle-neck pass, and someone had to go first; so His Royal Dogginess, evidently a gay fellow with more *savoir faire* than any of us, took the lead, and I plunged after, turning the sharp end of the hill and leaving their merry Highnesses with just the echo of a girl's laugh and a young man's whistle to him of the wiry fur in my ears, while the vision of them was fast camouflaged into the purple heather that brilliantly stained the Surrey October landscape.

When Princess Mary's engagement to Viscount Lascelles was first announced those of us who had witnessed the romance between the guardsman and the princess were not oversuprised at her answer.

Viscount Lascelles—despite the fact that he commanded the Guards known as the "Die Hards" in some of the Great War's worst fighting at Ypres, where he led them on foot, that he had been twice wounded and yet returned again to the front, where he refused a staff appointment because he would not leave his men, and was wounded again—despite these evidences of a high kind of courage, was known as a curiously shy man with women. Owing to his own initiative and thrift in converting his lands into well-paying farms, he was one of the wealthiest peers in England, and so he was

not overlooked altogether in the invitations of managing mammas with debutante daughters.

But the aloof, grim soldier seemed to have only one recreation—farming and still more farming. With this bent persisted a vision he had resolutely tried to put from him in the prewar days when, if a cat might look at a king, a commoner couldn't at the king's daughter, at least with a view to marriage. It was a strange, fairylike vision of a sort of real and yet make-believe little princess at Windsor Castle with golden hair and deep-blue eyes, who was standing before a big birthday cake with twelve candles, and plenty of royalty about to read officially their long good wishes to her, Princess Mary.

"Now who will blow the candles out?" asked the queen, probably with a mother's eye to the soon eligible German, Spanish, Swedish, Russian and other princes, in fact, all the family royal connections who were understood to be "likely."

The little princess looked over the royalties present in solemn review. She sighed, for she knew her lot was no different from that imposed on all the women of her caste

who were expected to make dutiful marriages. She passed up and down the lines of embarrassed and also dutiful suitors, who were of course well drilled in the diplomatic importance of what a marriage with the King of England's daughter might mean. As she came almost to the last she was just about to shake her head, for she couldn't see a single one among the royal suitors whom she wished to have blow out her candles.

Then suddenly she looked up and, over their heads, she saw, standing away off near the door, a young man with a pair of wistful eyes and a smile brimming with all sorts of good wishes for her; and yet that smile was even more timid than her own, for even if young Viscount Lascelles had been asked to her party, he understood that his place was over there near the door, not in the front line of the royal cousins.

But the princess' smile met his. Eyes twinkled to eyes. "You, over there!" she cried. "I want you to blow out my birthday candles."

The Viscount in War

THE vision of the birthday princess always stayed with the young man, who went back to his farms. War came. The vision went down with him to the trenches. Three times it went with him to the hospital. It followed him back each time to the front and became a part of deeds of courage which won him the D. S. O. and bar and the French Croix de Guerre and which the Tommies still love to tell of "the devil-may-care lieutenant colonel"—that is, those of them who came back with the thin line of "Die Hards" from Maubeuge, which the young commander helped to take himself, fighting on foot with his troops. Then came peace. The smoke of battle, clearing away, showed the once formidable line of princes scattered to the four winds by war.

And now the vision changed. The you-there-blow-my-candles princess was grown up; she was ready to be married, and there was no royalty left to marry; and she had stamped her foot and said she would marry only the man she loved anyway.

So the farmer happened to come to Sandringham Castle, and he walked with her in the

woods, and they gathered primroses, and he got up all the courage with which he once blew out her birthday candles and stammered, blushing and digging his boot into the mud: "Do you suppose the world has changed so much that a commoner could dare to think—just to think, mind—that a princess could care for him, even a bit, a teeny bit?"

"I've waited for you such a time, such a long time!" said the birthday princess.

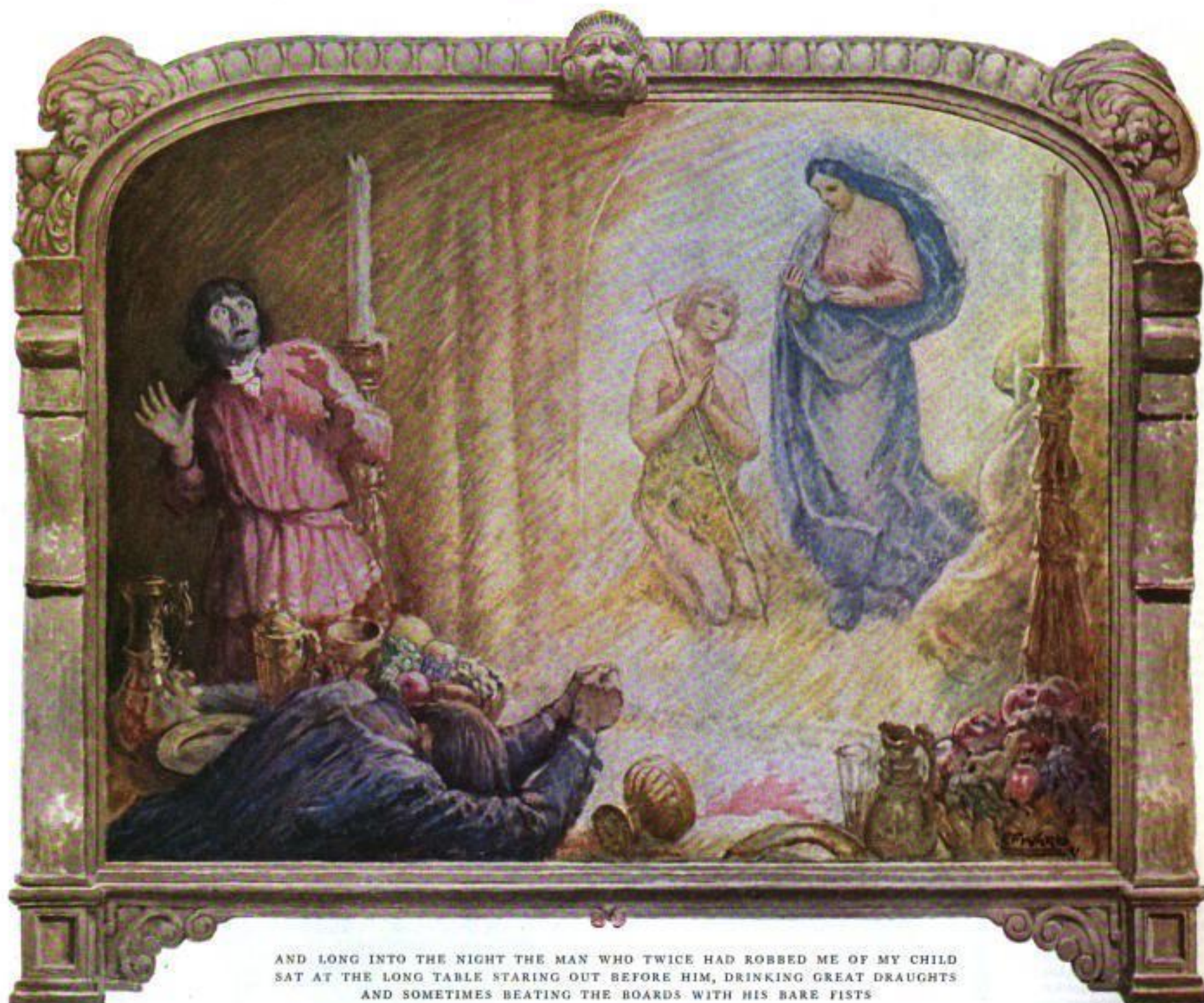
As that answer reveals her true-hearted nature and as her friends have come to know Princess Mary, I don't believe I could have found a more typical girl of England's new womanhood. In the changing estates and exchanging classes of the present topsy-turvy England, she is a really valuable national asset; but I think, further, that in her universal qualities—among which are included the same qualities of simplicity and genuineness as characterize her brother, the Prince of Wales—she is typical of the ideal of all English-speaking girlhood.

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England's Only Princess Marries a Commoner

By CATHERINE VAN DYKE



AND LONG INTO THE NIGHT THE MAN WHO TWICE HAD ROBBED ME OF MY CHILD
SAT AT THE LONG TABLE STARING OUT BEFORE HIM, DRINKING GREAT DRAUGHTS
AND SOMETIMES BEATING THE BOARDS WITH HIS BARE FISTS

Empty Arms

By ROLAND PERTWEE

Illustrations by E. F. Ward

THERE was a maroon wall paper in the dining room, abundantly decorated with sweeping curves unlike any known kind of vegetation. There were amber silk sashes to the Nottingham lace curtains at the huge bow window and an amber winding sheet was wrapped about the terra cotta pot in which a tired aspidistra bore forth a yearly leaf. Upon the Brussels carpet was a massive mahogany dining table, and facing the window a Georgian chiffonier, brass railed and surmounted by a convex mirror. The mantelpiece was draped in red serge, ball fringed. There were bronzes upon it and a marble clock, while above was an overmantel, columned and bemirrored, upon the shelves of which reposed sorrowful examples of Doulton ware and a pair of wrought-iron candlesticks. It was a room divorced from all sense of youth and live beings, sunless, grave, unlovely; an arid room that bore to the nostrils the taint and humor of the tomb.

From somewhere near the Edgware Road came the clatter of a late four-wheeler and the shake and rumble of an underground train. The curtains had been discreetly drawn, the gas turned off at the meter and an hour had passed since the creaking of the old lady's shoes and the jingle of the plate basket ascending the stairs had died away. A dim light from the street lamp outside percolated through the blinds and faintly illuminated the frame and canvas of a large picture hanging opposite the mantelpiece.

It was a beautiful picture, a piece of perfect painting—three figures in a simple curve of rocks, lit as it were by an afterglow of sunset. In the center was a little Madonna draped in blue and gold. Her elbows were tight to her sides and her upturned palms with their tender curving fingers were empty. It seemed almost as though they cradled someone who was not there. Her mouth was pulled down at the corners, as is a child's at the edge of tears, and in her eyes was a questing and bewildered look. To her right, leaning upon a slender staff, was the figure of St. John the Baptist, and upon his face also perplexity was written. A trick brush-work had given to his eyes a changing direction whereby at

a certain angle you would say he was looking at the Madonna, and again that he was following the direction of her gaze out into unknown places. His lips were shaped to the utterance of such a word as "why" or "where." It seemed as though the two were in a partnership of sorrow or of search.

The third figure was of Saint Anne, standing a little behind and looking upward. A strange composition, oddly incomplete, giving an impression of sadness, of unrest and of loss irredeemable.

A clock was chiming the parts of an hour when the little Madonna stepped from the frame and tiptoed across the room. To her own reflection in the mirror opposite she shook her head in a sorrowful negative. She peeped into a cupboard and behind the draperies of the mantelpiece, but there was nothing there. She paused before an engraving of Raphael's Holy Family, murmured "Happy lady" and passed on.

ON A SMALL davenport table next to one of the two inexorable armchairs she found the old lady's workbasket. That was a great piece of good fortune, since nightly it was locked away with the tea, the stamps and other temptations that might persuade a soul to steal should opportunity allow.

In the many years of her dwelling in the house, but three times only had she found it unguarded. There are glorious possibilities in a workbasket. Once she had found wool there, not carded, but a hank of it, soft, white and most delicate to touch. To handle it had given her the queerest

sensation. She had shut her eyes, and it had seemed to weave itself into the daintiest garments—very small, you understand, and with sleeves no longer than a middle finger. But it was a silly imagining, for not many days afterward, looking down from the canvas, she had seen the old lady, with her clicking ivory needles, knit the wool into an ugly pair of bed socks.

Quite a while she played in the basket that night. She liked the little pearl buttons in the pill box, and the safety pins were nice too. Kind and trustworthy pins they were to hide their points beneath smooth round shields. She felt it would be good to take some of them back in one of her empty hands and hide them in that little crevice of rock under the juniper tree.

It was the banging of a front door opposite and the sound of running footsteps that moved her to the window. She drew back the curtain and peeped out across the way. There were lights in an upstairs window and a shadow kept crossing and recrossing the blind. It was a nice shadow and wore a head-dress like her own except that it was more sticky out.

The hall, too, showed a light, and, looking up the street, she saw a maidservant, running very fast, disappear round the corner. After that there was silence for a long time. In the street no one moved; it was deserted, empty as the little Madonna's arms, and dark. A fine rain was falling, and there were no stars. The sound of distant traffic had died away. The last underground train had drilled its way through sulphurous tunnels to the sheds where engines sleep.

She could not tell what kept her waiting at the window; perhaps it was the moving shadow on the blind, perhaps a prescience, a sense of happenings near at hand, wonderful yet frightening. A thousand other times she had looked across the street in the dead of night, only to shake her head and steal back sorrowfully to her canvas. But to-night it was different; there was feeling of promise, as though the question that she ever asked with her eyes might at last be given an answer.

The front door opened a second time, and a man came out and, though he was quite young, he looked older than the world. He was shaking and very white; his hair was disordered and struggled across his brow. He wore no collar,

but held the lapels of his coat across his throat with trembling fingers. Fearfully he looked up the street where the maid had gone, then stamped his foot on the paving stones and with his free hand rubbed his forehead and beat it with his knuckles.

"Oh, will he never come!" she heard him cry, and the words echoed through her as though they had been her own.

If it was a prayer he had uttered it was swiftly answered; for at the moment the maid and a bearded man came round the corner at a fast walk. The bearded man had a kind face and broad shoulders.

She did not hear what passed between them; but the bearded man seemed confident and comfortable and compelling, and presently he and the maid went into the house, while the other man leaned against the railings and stared out before him at a tiny star which had appeared in a crack between the driven clouds. Lonely and afraid he looked, and strangely like herself. The misery of him drew her irresistibly. Always before, she had shunned the people of every day, having no understanding of their pleasures or sorrows, seeing little meaning in their lives or deaths. But here was a mortal who was different, who was magnetic, and, almost without realizing, she passed out of the house, crossed the road and stood before him, the corners of her cloak draped across her arms.

HE DID not seem aware of her at once, and even when she spoke to him in Italian of the Renaissance he did not hear. So she spoke again and this time in English: "What is it?"

He started, rubbed his eyes, blinked at her and answered: "Hullo, who are you?"

"What is it?" she repeated. "Have you lost something?"

"Don't—don't!" he pleaded. "Don't even suggest such a thing, little lady."

"I won't. I only thought—and you looked so sad."

"Be all right directly. It's the waiting. Kind of you to stop and speak to me." His eyes strayed over the gold and blue of her cloak. "Been to a theater?" he asked.

She shook her head and looked up at him with a child's perplexity.

"A play?" he amended.

"I've no one to play with," she answered simply. "See!" And she held out her empty arms.

"What's wrong then?"

"I don't know." She seemed to dwell on the last word. "I only thought—perhaps you could tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"Help me to find it perhaps. It seemed as if you were looking, too; that's why I came."

"Looking?" he repeated. "I'm waiting; that's all."

"Me too. But it's such a long time, and I get no nearer."

"Nearer to what?"

"Finding."

"Something you lost?"

"I think so. Must be. I'll go back now."

He put out a hand to stop her. "Listen," he said. "It'll be hours before I shall know. I'm frightened to spend them alone. Be a friend, little lady, and bear me company. 'Tisn't fair to ask, but if you could stay a little."

"I'll stay," she said.

"And will you talk to me?"

"Yes."

"Tell me a story then—just as if I were a kid, a child. A man isn't much more these times."

At the word "child" her arms went out to him, but dropped to her sides again as he said "a man."

"Come under the porch, where the rain won't spoil your pretty silk. That's better. Now tell away."

They sat side by side, and she began to talk. He must have been listening for other sounds, or surely he would have been bewildered at the very beginning of what she told.

"It's hard to remember when one was alive, but I used to be—yes, hundreds of years ago. I lived—can't remember very well; there was a high wall all around, and a tower and a bell that rang for prayers—and long, long passages where we walked up and down to tell our beads. Outside were mountains with snow caps like the heads of the sisters, and it was cold as snow within, cold and pure as snow. I was sixteen years old and very unhappy. We did not know how to smile; that I learnt later and have forgotten since. There was the skull of a dead man upon the table where we sat to eat, that we might never forget to what favor we must come. There were no pretty rooms in that house."

"What would you call a pretty room?" he asked, for the last sentence was the first of which he was aware.

"I don't know," she answered. "I think a room with little beds, and wooden bars across the window, and a high fender would be a pretty room."

"We have been busy making such a room as that," he said. "There's a wall paper with pigs and chickens and huntsmen on it. But go on."

"There were iron bars to the window of my cell. He was very strong and tore them out with his hands as he stood up on the saddle of his horse. We rode into Florence as dawn broke, and the sun was an angry red; while we rode his arm was around me and my head upon his shoulder. He spoke in my ear and his voice trembled for love of me. We had thrown away the raiment of the sisterhood to which I had belonged, and as I lay across the saddle I was wrapped in a cloak as crimson as the sun."

"Been reading Tennyson, little lady?" asked the man.

She did not understand, and went on: "It was a palace to which he brought me, bright with gold, mosaic and fine hangings that dazzled my eyes after the gray they had been used to look upon. There were many servants and richly clad friends, who frightened me with their laughter and the boldness of their looks. On his shoulder he bore me into the great dining hall, where they sat awaiting us, and one and all they rose to their feet, leaping upon stools and tables with uplifted goblets and shouting toasts."

THE noise was greater than any I had heard before and set my heart a-beating like the clapper of the convent bell. But one only stayed in his chair, and his looks were heavy with anger. At him the rest pointed fingers and called on him derisively to pay the wager and be glad. Whereat he tugged from his belt a bag of gold which he flung at us as though with the will to injure. But he who held me caught the bag in his free hand, broke the sealed cord at the neck of it and scattered the coins in a golden rain among the servants.

"After this, he set me by his side at the board, gave me drink from a brimming goblet and quails cooked in honey from wild bees and silver dishes of nectarines and passion fruit. And presently by twos and threes the guests departed, singing and reeling as they went, and he and I were left alone. Alone," she repeated shuddering.

"Did you hear anything?" said the young man, raising his head. "A cry, a little cry? No? I can hear footsteps moving up and down. Doctors' boots always creak. There! Listen! It was nothing. What were you saying?"

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WE HAD THROWN AWAY THE RAIMENT OF THE SISTERHOOD TO WHICH I HAD BELONGED, AND AS I LAY ACROSS THE SADDLE I WAS WRAPPED IN A CLOAK AS CRIMSON AS THE SUN



"A WOMAN WHO WANTS A GREAT CAREER MUSTN'T EVER THINK OF MARRYING.
THAT WAS WHY I MADE UP MY MIND I WOULDN'T"

Babe Grows Up

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SHE slipped, intensely cautious, downstairs and paused a moment in the hall to listen to the voices in the parlor. Virginia was saying: "I think it would be rather nice if you told her, Ted, she's so fond of you," and then came Doctor Warburton's voice, with that laughing note in it that always made her catch her breath and thrill with warm happiness: "All right; how about to-night?" But she did not imagine they were speaking about her. So she went on, stealthily, out to the side veranda, and then down the drive where Doctor Warburton's car was parked.

She was going to do a very wicked thing, and she wanted all the secrecy possible.

She was glad that she had on the dark-blue chiffon her mother had finally consented to buy as a substitute for the black one Babe had longed and teased for. Mother had said black was too old and had only shaken her head when she had told her that all the girls—well, Mary Jenkins and Clare Turnbull, at least—had black frocks. The compromise had been the dark blue, and she had chosen the darkest blue in the shop. It made her very inconspicuous in the shadows of the summer night.

But the doctor's car was standing partly in the light, so she must be quick. She felt of the sharp little penknife she held so tightly in her hand, and opened the longest, keenest blade. She would run to the car, stick the knife quickly, sharply, deep into one of the front tires, and then slip away again, back upstairs as she had come. "He'll not take Virginia very far to-night with a puncture like that," she thought exultantly.

Yet she paused. It was such a very wicked thing to do. Tires cost money, and Doctor Ted was not well off, just a young physician come to Hilltown within the year; perhaps he couldn't afford new tires. Perhaps he would have to give up his car and would get poor. She sighed at the thought, her quick and ignorant imagination pictured Doctor Ted threadbare, hungry, perhaps reduced to digging ditches or working on the railroad or something like that.

wasn't fair, just because Virginia was six years older, that she should have everything—high-heeled slippers with buckles, hair done up instead of a hateful braid, low-necked dresses, going to the Country Club dances and staying till all hours, silk sweaters, and—and the sole and exclusive attention of Doctor Ted.

Doctor Ted, the most beautiful, the most wonderful man in the world! Why, Virginia might never have met him if she, Babe, hadn't got the chicken pox and been hustled home from boarding school on account of it. And oh, he had been so kind, so sympathetic, and had beguiled the tedium of sick-room hours with such amazing tales of his college days!

And then she had had to go back to school, and when she came home again for vacation Virginia had appropriated him.

Virginia was a mean thing! A greedy! Always reminding Babe how young she was. Wouldn't even lend her one of her silk sweaters—and she had two. Nor her parasol with the long carved-ivory handle.

SO RAPT was she in the thoughts of her wrongs at Virginia's hands that she jumped when she heard her name called: "Babe—Babe, where are you?" though the voice was not Virginia's, but that of Doctor Ted himself. She dropped the penknife in panic and even more silently than she had come, as well as far more quickly, she slipped back to the vantage of the side veranda.

She tried to make her voice very careless as she answered: "Here I am—out here."

Steps came through the hall and Doctor Ted's long self-darkened the door. "Want to go for a little ride with me, down the Shell Road?" he asked.

Her heart leaped and pounded right up in her throat, it seemed, and she could hardly still it so that she could speak. "Why, yes; I guess so," she managed to stammer out.

"Get a coat then, and we'll go right along."

She flew upstairs in an exultant glory. Oh, wasn't it a blessed miracle that she hadn't stuck that knife in the tire! She seized her cape and ran down, shining, radiant.

At the foot of the stairs her mother's voice, coming from the library, made her pause. "Take your warm cape, Babe."

"I've got it, mother," she returned impatiently.

"Better wear your tam, too, or put a scarf over your head. You might catch cold."

"Oh, mother! I won't catch cold." Why couldn't they leave her alone, or trust her to do the simplest things without endless direction! Always treating her as if she were a child! She went back and picked up her tam, but stuffed it into her pocket. "All right; I've got it," she flung impatiently to the library door as she hurried out.

It was splendid to be rushing through the night in Doctor Ted's car, with its great yellow eyes making a path of radiance before them. She gave a little laugh of pleasure and cuddled down in the seat, wrapping the cape about her.

"It's just like a big tiger, running, running, running," she said. "A monster tiger, with shining eyes, and a bold wild voice, running, running, and yelling to people to get out of his way."

"You're a queer kid," commented Doctor Ted briefly.

She did not resent his calling her a kid, though from anyone else it would have been an insult. Still on principle she protested: "I'm not a kid. I'll be sixteen my next birthday, and mother says I can put my hair up then or have it bobbed, whichever I want."

"Which do you want?"

"To put it up; it makes you look so much older. Of course, it's sort of clever and arty to have it bobbed, but it's awfully youthful."

DOCTOR TED concealed a smile in the darkness. "I see," he said respectfully. "Well, I agree with you, Babe. It would be a shame to cut off that lovely hair of yours anyway."

Oh, he thought she had lovely hair! How sweet, how perfect! She reached a stealthy hand and pulled her long braid around so that it would lie against her neck and down her breast, a warm delight, to be held lovingly and cherished, since he liked it. She would never, never, never cut it off. Lovely hair! Lovely hair! Why, this was the most beautiful thing that had ever been said to her.

The tiger was leaping down the Shell Road now, devouring its long, curving whiteness impetuously. Above, a million stars sang in a dark sky, sang in tune with her heart. Oh, how happy she was, and again how thankful that she had not carried out her evil purpose of knifing the tiger's paw. This must be a lesson and a warning, she decided, never again to think of such terrible things to do.

Doctor Ted spoke again. "Babe, you like me, don't you?" His voice was wistful, questioning.

Oh, now she understood! He was going to tell her—ah, she rose and was one with the stars! She could not answer.

Not that he noticed, for he was going on. "I want you to like me, Babe, because it looks as if we were going to see a good bit of each other for the rest of our lives. I feel as if I owe it all to you, anyway, for if you hadn't been sick it might have been months before I met Virginia"—she was trying



SHE RAISED HER EYES AND GAVE HIM A LEVEL LOOK.
HIS LITTLE PAL! OF ALL THE FATUOUS WORDS!

to comprehend, her lips parted—"but—but, thank heaven, she feels about it as I do, and so—you're going to have the chance to be a bridesmaid in a couple of months or so. And I'm going to pick out the nicest chap I know for your usher too."

He was babbling on about Virginia—Virginia! How dear and wonderful she was, how from the first moment —

And Babe was falling, falling, falling from the stars. She had a queer difficulty about getting her breath, but it was not the beating of her heart that stifled her now, but its leaden stillness, its weight. She wondered dimly if this were the way people felt when they died, for something within her was dying, dying hard, dying in agony, dying in pain and shame and hopelessness.

She could not have spoken now if worlds had depended on it, and at last Doctor Ted, in the middle of his rhapsody, noticed her silence.

"LOOK here, Babe," he said, checking the swiftness of the tiger, "you're not going back on me, are you? Why, I'd have sworn that you liked me; I want you to like me. You're just the kind of a little sister I've always wanted. I'm awfully fond of you, Babe. Of course I know that there isn't a man alive who's worthy of Virginia, and you couldn't have been her sister all these years without knowing it, too, but hang it—tell me, what funny little crotchet's got into your head against me? Come on, don't hold out on me. Why, you make me feel —"

He put his hand affectionately over hers. Five minutes ago she would have trembled with ecstasy at his touch; now it meant nothing, less than nothing. She was the most forlorn, forsaken, humiliated of beings, but oh, she mustn't, she mustn't let him see it!

"I'm just surprised; that's all," she said faintly.

Doctor Ted gave a chuckle. "Oh, well, I suppose you might be. I forgot you've only just got back from school, so you haven't seen the hours I've been putting in hanging round Virginia. Nobody else in the whole neighborhood is surprised though. She's kept me dancing, I can tell you. Well, now, if you've sufficiently recovered from your surprise won't you tell me it's all right, and that you're going to like your new brother a little bit?"

She rallied herself to meet this. "Oh, I do like you," she said. "Indeed I do."

"Then everything's all right," said Doctor Ted with blind heartiness. "And say, Babe, don't think that I'm going to forget that promise about a nice usher for you. I've got him all picked out right now. Virginia says —"

He was in further rhapsody about Virginia, a rhapsody which Babe presently interrupted. "Let's go home," she said. "I'm chilly."

The tiger obediently wheeled about and began his homeward leaping, a surprisingly docile tiger. Once more Doctor Ted took up the epic of his courtship, and Babe, thankful to sit in silence, gripped her hands together under her cape and looked up with hot, miserable eyes at the stars. They had been singing before; now they were mocking her. And as the car neared home they seemed to question: "How are you going to bear it? How are you going to bear it?" over and over again. And she had no answer.

She slipped upstairs to her room and flung herself on the bed in the darkness, careless of the treasured blue dress. Unconsciously she was copying in gesture and emotion a scene she had seen in the theater a few months before. Her voice took on the inflections of the voice of the actress who had wailed, softly, bitterly: "Among you, you have broken my heart!" Tears dripped through the fingers she held so close against her eyes. Another scrap of phrase, overheard from one of her mother's callers who was retailing a scrap of local gossip, slipped from the back of her mind into her pool of self-pity. "Young, of course," Mrs. Toombs had said; "but oh, my dear, that woman has lived!"

THEY would, perhaps, say that of her, Babe thought, as she moved about them in the dreary days to come, quiet, pale, with tragic eyes. As in a mirror she saw herself, a dramatic, impressive figure. She might even go into a decline; one of her great-aunts had done so, and the tale had become a family legend. And she would die, and flowers would be heaped over her, like—like Ophelia. More tears came at the vision of this hugely satisfactory end. Or perhaps Ophelia wasn't heaped with flowers, perhaps it was she scattered them when she went mad; oh, it was so hard to remember!

The door opened. "You in here, Babe?" asked a serene voice.

She sat up, wiping telltale eyes, stifling the break in her voice. "Yes, mother."

Mrs. Hayes snapped on the light. "Why, Babe, you foolish child," she said with instant concern, "I do believe you've been crying! You mustn't feel badly, dear. It isn't

NO ONE WOULD KNOW BY HER APPEARANCE, SHE TOLD HERSELF, THAT SHE WAS A WOMAN WHOSE LIFE HAD BEEN BLASTED



taking Virginia away from us; she'll be quite near. And Ted's really a very fine young man. I thought you liked him."

The amazing blindness of mothers! To think that she, Babe, would waste a tear on the getting rid of Virginia with her privileges, her perquisites, her asserted authority as an elder sister!

Babe made no relevant answer. "I wish you wouldn't call me Babe," she remarked. "I've got a name of my own just as much as Virginia has. You don't call her Kid, or Wee-wee, or Tot or anything silly. But I get called Babe all the time."

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HER VOICE TOOK ON THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE OF THE ACTRESS WHO HAD WAILED, SOFTLY, BITTERLY: "AMONG YOU, YOU HAVE BROKEN MY HEART!"

In Strange Company

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrations by Frank Stick



But Lad would not have it so. Barking with sheer delight in the excitement of meeting this savage-looking monster, he rushed merrily at the bear. His teeth were not bared. His hackles were not bristling. This was no fight, but a jolly game. Lad's dark eyes danced with fun. Midway of his charge he checked himself. Not through fear, but from utter astonishment. For his new acquaintance had done a nonquadrupedal thing. He had reared himself upon his hind legs and was standing there like a man, confronting the dog. He towered thus ever so high above Lad's head.

His short arms, with their saber-shaped claws, were outstretched toward Lad as if in humble supplication.

of the common. Catching up his rifle he made for the direction of the bark, running at top speed.

The bear put an end to the moment of hesitancy. Lunging forward, he raked at the crouching collie with one of his murderous claws in a gesture designed to gather the impudent dog into his death embrace.

Now, even from humans—except only the mistress and the master—Lad detested patting or handling of any kind. Whether he thought this maneuver of the bear's an uncouth form of caress or a menace, he moved back from it. Yet he did so with a leisurely motion, devoid of fear and expressive of a certain lofty contempt. Perhaps that is why he moved without his native caution. At all events, the tip of one of the sweeping claws grazed his ear, opening the big vein and hurting like the very mischief.

ON THE instant, Lad changed from a mischievous investigator to a deeply offended and angry dog. No longer in doubt as to bruin's intent, he slithered out of reach of the grasping arms with all the amazing speed of a wolf-descended collie of the best sort, and in practically the same fraction of a second he had flashed back to the attack.

Diving in under the other's surprisingly agile arms, he slashed the bear's stomach with one of his razorlike eyeteeth, then spun to one side and was out of reach. Down came the raging bear on all fours. Lurching forward, he flung his huge bulk at the dog. Lad flashed out of reach, but with less leeway than he would have expected. For bruin, for all his awkwardness, could move with bewildering speed. And as the bear turned Lad was at him again, nipping the hairy flank till his teeth met in its fat, and then diving, as before, under the lunging body of the foe.

IT WAS at this point the master hove in sight. He was just in time to see the flank bite and to see Lad dance out of reach of the furious counter. It was an interesting spectacle, there in the gray dawn and in the primeval forest's depths—this battle between a gallant dog and a ragingly angry bear. If the dog had been other than his own loved chum, the master might have stood there and watched its outcome. But he was enough of a woodsman to know there could, in all probability, be but one outcome to such a fight.

Lad weighed eighty pounds—an unusually heavy weight for a collie that carries no loose fat—and he was the most compactly powerful dog of his size the master had ever seen. Also, when he chose to exert them, Lad had the swiftness of a wildcat and the battling prowess of a tiger. Yet all this would scarce carry him to victory or even to a draw against a black bear several times heavier than himself and with the ability to rend with his claws as well as with his teeth. Once let Lad's foot slip, in charge or in elusive retreat, once let

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WHEN the car and the loaded equipment truck drew up at the door that golden October day, Lad understood. Lad always understood. This gear meant the annual fall camping trip in the back reaches of the Ramapo Mountains, some twenty-odd miles north of the Place—the fortnight of tent life, of shooting, of fishing, of bracingly chill nights and white-misted dawns and of drowsily happy camp-fire evenings. It meant all manner of adventure and fun for Lad.

Gleefully he took his place, by invitation, in the car's tonneau, amid a ruck of hand luggage, as the campward pilgrimage began. Ten miles farther on the equipment truck halted to take aboard a guide named Barret and his boy, and their old Irish setter. This setter had a quality, not uncommon with members of his grand breed—a trait which linked his career pathetically with that of a livery plug. He would hunt for anybody. He went through his day's work, in stubble or undergrowth, with the sad conscientiousness of an elderly bookkeeper.

Away from the main road and up a steadily rising byway that merged into an axle-snapping mountain track toiled the cars, at last coming to a wheezy and radiator-boiling halt at the foot of a rock summit so steep that no vehicle could breast it. In a cup at the summit of this mountain-top hillock was the camp site; its farther edge only a few yards above a little bass-populated spring lake. The luggage was hauled, gruntingly, up the steep; and camp was pitched. Then car and truck departed for civilization. And the two weeks of wilderness life set in.

FOR Lad they were weeks of gay and varied adventure. For example: Once, during a solitary ramble, before the humans had awakened in the morning, Lad caught an odd scent and followed it for a quarter mile down the mountain side. It waxed stronger and ranker. At last a turn around a high boulder brought him face to face with its source. And he found himself confronting a huge black bear.

The bear was busy looting a bee tree. He had scented Lad for as long a time as Lad had scented him. But he had eaten on, unperturbed. For he knew himself to be the match of any four dogs; especially if the dogs were unaccompanied by men. And a long autumn of food had dulled his temper.

As Lad rounded the boulder and came to a growling halt the bear raised his honey-smeared head, showed a yellowing fang from under one upcurled corner of his sticky lips and glowered evilly at the collie out of his reddening little eyes. Then he made as though to go on eating.

But there was nothing supplicating or even civil in the tiny red eyes that squinted ferociously down at the collie. Small wonder that Laddie halted his own galloping advance and stood doubtful.

The master a minute earlier had turned out of the blankets for his painfully icy morning plunge in the lakelet. The fanfare of barking a quarter mile below changed his intent. A true dog man knows his dog's bark—and its every shade of meaning—as well as though it were human speech. From the manner wherewith Lad had given tongue the master knew he had cornered or treed something quite out



AND NOW THE SIDE OF THE HILLOCK SHOWED OTHER SIGNS OF FOREST LIFE. UP THE STEEP SLOPE THUNDERED A SIX-POINT BUCK

"OH, FATHER!"—AND I FOUND I COULD NOT KEEP FROM CRYING—"HOW COULD YOU TREAT ME THIS WAY! HOW COULD YOU!"

IF YOU cannot get some idea of the way even the smallest things fit into a larger whole, the me is pretty sure to come when you are suddenly going to find yourself up against a collection of little things that you thought didn't matter at all, but that turn out too large for you to handle. And when anything gets so large for you to handle, it's turned over to somebody else, of course, and there goes the direction of your life right out of your own hands for a while, until you can get back some strength in your hands and some vision in your eyes.

I'm not sure what you call these little whirling dervishes that sweep things out of your hands. Maybe different people call them different things—fate, folly, luck, lessons. But I do know that at the time you usually think you have had nothing to do with it, that it's something thrust on you from the outside.

It's only afterwards that you see that these big things which come of our losing hold were all made up of little things you didn't believe needed attention.

Perhaps we have to be fitted into taking hold, fitted by all the strange things that come of letting go, or we'd never get our holding-on muscles strong enough.

SUPPOSE mothers hold on harder than anybody else in the world. I know when I was a little girl of seven my mother, whose hands were so light and thin, said: "See, dear, how easy it is to hold tight. Reach out whenever you need to hold." And in the weeks that followed, when I couldn't get to sleep at night because there was nobody any longer to reach out to, I used to wonder and wonder what my mother meant. Then one night, through my open door out in the hall where Anna used to sit until I slept, or she thought I did, I heard Ellen, the housemaid, say to Anna: "If she was only boy she'd have more hold on her father."

I don't know what Anna answered. Anna had been my mother's maid, and she stayed on and took care of me. But I know that as I lay there wondering what my mother had meant, it came to my little girl mind that perhaps she meant I was to hold on to my father. So I got up and tiptoed through the day nursery to father's room, and he wasn't there. It was dark and I didn't know what to do; all I knew was that I hadn't reached far enough, if he wasn't there.

So I went on to mother's room, where it wasn't warm and quiet any more, but all orderly and dreadfully still. And there I found father. He was bending over mother's big chair with his head on the back of it and he, too, was dreadfully still.

I was barefoot and he didn't hear me; and when I put my hand in his, his hand trembled and he said "Leila!" in a strange way. But Leila was my mother's name as well as mine.

"Father," I said, "I could learn to spin tops and fly kites, even if I am a girl."

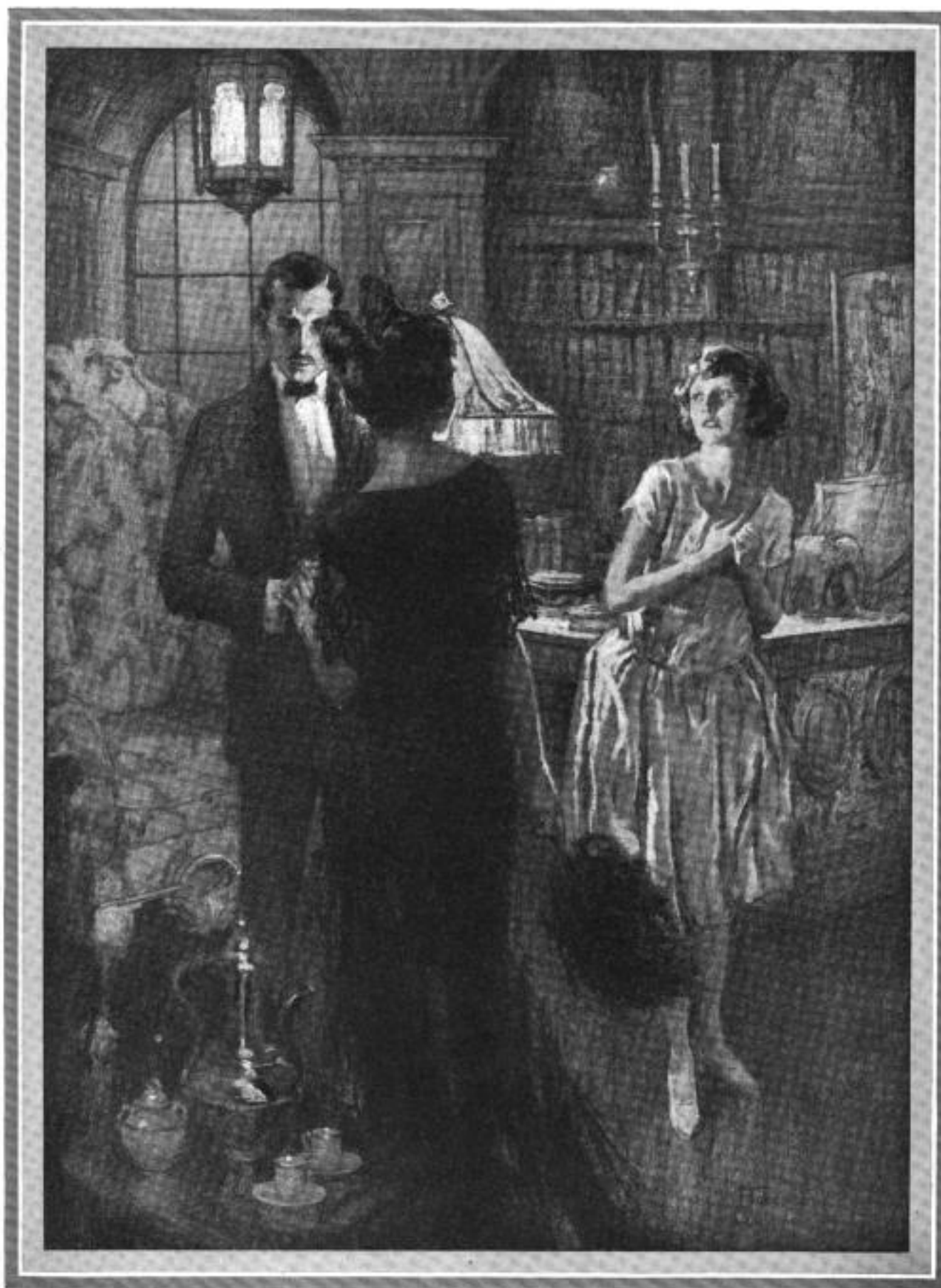


Illustration by
Florence Gardiner

I must have been almost sixteen when I first began to notice that he had stopped using that sentence about holding on, and that he listened when the visitationers talked of schools. If I had only known that that was the time for me to hold on harder than ever! The visitationers talked a little less to father and a little more to me about school. They showed me catalogues with girls riding horseback down over the pages and dancing with cadets and midshipmen; and they said I knew too few girls, that other girls' mothers wouldn't let them come to my house when it was so unchaperoned.

SO ONE day when father was looking at me a bit wistfully—the way he did when I looked like mother—he said a little sadly: "I wonder if I'm doing the best for you? Do you want to go away to school, Leila?"

I didn't think of anything much except the pictures of the girls dancing with cadets; I knew no boys my age; and so I said quite thoughtlessly: "It might be nice, father."

It wasn't until I was almost asleep that night that I thought of father's face when I said that. If he had been home I'd have got up and talked to him.

The next day the visitationers came, all excited about picking out a school for me before father changed his mind; and they rushed me into more excitements getting lovely clothes; they called it "clothes fitted for Benjamin Laughlin's daughter." It made Anna sniff. Anna had never said anything about my going away to school, but I knew she hoped I wouldn't go.

It wasn't at all bad with Anna sending me boxes of cakes and books and

father's daily letter; that is, it wasn't bad until father's letters began to get fewer. When I wrote Anna about it, she said that father was hardly ever at home in the evenings now, and she supposed he hadn't time to write.

AND then, just two days before the Christmas vacation, on the afternoon we girls went to the little town near school to reserve our chair seats home, I bought an evening paper. And there in big headlines was: Benjamin F. Laughlin Crowns a Romance of His Youth by Marriage.

I didn't read whom father had married. I didn't ask permission to go home, I told one of the girls to please tell them at school I had gone home on the afternoon train, and I went.

Trunk men were coming out of the basement door when I got home, and I went in that way and upstairs to father's study. Only Ellen saw me and she stood aside without a word.

I could hear them preparing to serve dinner, and I remember wondering why anybody wanted to eat. Beyond the door of father's study I heard voices, and I tried to keep from crying as I stepped inside.

Father was there, standing beside the table, with the light shining on him. He was handsome—my father. He turned and stared at me, and he was different.

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

To MARGARETTA TUTTLE

And father stood staring down at me, all big-eyed and white. Then he reached down and picked me up and held tight to me.

"Little Answer," he said softly.

And I went to sleep in his lap in the big chair.

We had all kinds of queer times holding on to each other, father and I. There were so many people, relatives and women friends, who wanted to fix things differently for us—wanted housekeepers, when Anna did well enough; or trained nurses, when Anna looked after me all the time; or wanted me sent away to school, when there were good day schools in New York.

IF FATHER was away on business; or if we went away together in the summer, sometimes with Anna, sometimes not; or if father was seen more than once with any of the ladies that asked him to dinner, there was always sure to be a visit of these aunts or cousins who wanted to rearrange things for us. Father called them the visitationers, and he usually answered them all alike: "Oh, I guess we'll hold on a little longer."

"Oh, father!"—and I found I could not keep from crying—"how could you treat me this way! How could you!"

I saw father get a little white. He looked—well, then I didn't know what it was; now I wonder if that isn't the look of those who have let go. But it didn't seem like father to me, not like my father who had buttoned my dresses and wound my tops and held my kites for me to start them flying.

"Leila," he said, and even his voice was changed, "this is —" He turned to a figure beyond the table that, with my heartache, I had not noticed; he didn't seem to know what to call her.

She didn't look like any of the women I knew, though she was very handsome. She was tall and slim and cool looking. She was like moonlight on the water, lovely to look at, but you don't love it, or I don't. When father stopped, she filled in the pause with a voice that was like moonlight on the water, cool and quiet. It made my stormy cry a little ridiculous. "I am Adele," she said. "Don't let's bother about titles, you and I. We will be friends who can call each other by their first names, shall we not, Leila?"

You can't think about words when your heart aches so with the one person you love most not playing square with you, and as for friends—you can't make friends that way, all at once. It wasn't she I wanted to speak to, anyhow. It was father.

"Oh, father," I whispered, "it isn't your getting married; that's for you—if you—oh, it's your never telling me; you letting me find it in a newspaper. It's having it all this time in your heart and never a word to me; you who always told me —" I couldn't go on. My words sounded so queer, with this new Adele watching me.

Even then, if she had gone away and left us alone, I think father and I might have fixed it up; but she didn't. She didn't even stay on the other side of the table. She came around to where father was and slipped her arm through his and leaned against him, as if she were comforting him.

I STOOD quite still, looking at them and then I don't know why I said it; all I could think of was that it wasn't any more use for me to reach out, or for mother to. "You're not going to give her mother's room, are you?" I asked.

And I knew then, even if I was only sixteen, that she would never forgive me. I knew it by the look she gave me that father didn't see. He was staring down at her hand on his arm. He didn't answer. He didn't even turn his head when I went out.

I closed the door and, because there were tears in my eyes that I didn't want the servants to see, I stood there a moment, and while I was standing there I heard Adele's voice: "But, Franklin, I don't want a big girl of fifteen calling me mother at my age. She's just a girl who never has been controlled. You've spoiled her. School is the place for her for a couple of years. Then she can make a formal debut and get married."

I waited to see if that was what father wanted, but I never heard, for something happened to me, and the next thing I knew I was in my own bed, and Anna was telling the doctor that she hoped he'd order me to stay there for many days. "If I did," said the doctor, "Mrs. Laughlin would never forgive me. This is her honeymoon. I think we'd better let the little lady go back to school."

I must have kept that little sentence of Adele's I had heard outside the door of father's study in the back of my brain. For it was still there three years later when Adele stood beside me, at the formal debut she had planned, and presented me to all my mother's old friends. I heard her tell father afterwards that the situation was delicious; that these friends of my mother's who had never come to see her would now be forced to include her in everything they did for me. And I remembered having heard one of the visitors say that Adele had married my father for a position she didn't win until she brought me into it.

I had laughed when I heard this. People were always like that about Adele; they were always hunting for some reason behind what she did.

ADELE was cross one morning because Anna was too sick to get out of bed, and Adele was getting ready to go away. Ever since I went to school Anna had attended to things for Adele; though, when I came home, she looked after both of us. Anna could do anything.

"Adele," I said, "the doctor says Anna has intestinal 'flu'."

Adele had asked me to telephone Anna's feeling to the doctor and have him send some medicine that would cure her at once, before the dinner she was giving that night, if possible. "He's a fool, that doctor," said Adele. "You don't get 'flu' in summer."

"If Anna's got it, what's the use of saying you don't get it?"

"Well, if she's got 'flu,' it's the hospital for her. Telephone the doctor to make arrangements, Leila."

"Oh, Adele! Look at the way Anna took care of you when you had the 'flu.'"

"But I'm going to close up the house. Besides, 'flu' is an awful thing to have around. I might let Anna stay and then

in the fall when we came back, somebody would get 'flu' out of a clear sky, and we'd all catch it."

"Oh, Adele!"

"Well, I won't have her here. She's just as well off in the hospital."

"I'll stay here with her, Adele."

"You! You can't take care of yourself, let alone a sick woman. You'd get her out of bed to do your hair. About one day of you would make her pray for a nurse in a hospital."

It's no use talking to Adele. It wasn't any use appealing to father either. She had father all right. So I went up to the top floor to talk to Anna, but she didn't seem to care. She looked pretty bad. She didn't even care whether Adele sent her to the hospital in one of our cars or not. She said she'd rather lie down in an ambulance.

I never saw the inside of an ambulance before, though you'd think there were enough of them in the streets of New York to make us all know how they looked. But I couldn't let poor, sick Anna go in one with just an orderly.

Gainsborough's Blue Boy

DOUBLE interest attaches at the present time to the Blue Boy, which is reproduced on the opposite page. It is, in the first place, the most famous and in some respects the most remarkable of all Gainsborough's works. In the second place, its sale last fall to Henry E. Huntington, of New York and San Gabriel, California, was at the highest price, it is said, ever paid for a single picture. More than \$800,000 is reported to have been involved.

The canvas is five feet ten inches by four feet, and was painted in 1770 or 1779. It is the portrait of Master Buttall, the son of a prosperous ironmonger of Soho, London. Young Buttall retained it in his own possession until 1796, when it passed into the hands of George, Prince of Wales. Later it was the property of John Nesbit and of one Koppner, who sold it to Earl Grosvenor.

The Blue Boy is said to have been painted by Gainsborough to refute the theory of academicians of the day, among them Sir Joshua Reynolds, that a portrait with blue as the dominant color could not be successfully made. Gainsborough himself, the story goes, said that the painting would never be of any value as a work of art.

It was sold last summer by the Duke of Westminster to Sir Joseph Duveen, and by him to Mr. Huntington. After its removal from the walls of Grosvenor House, Mayfair, it was exhibited at the National Gallery in London, and it will be brought to America this spring. It is reproduced in the HOME JOURNAL through the courtesy of Mr. Huntington and Sir Joseph Duveen.

The tireddest young interne I ever saw took charge of Anna at the hospital. But he was all there. He knew more in five minutes than Adele's doctor did in a half hour's talk over the telephone. He asked her questions in the kind of voice that made you like to answer them. I can't describe it; it was a regular man's voice; but Anna, who hardly ever talked, told him right away that she had been having blinding headaches for a week or so; and when she apologized for being unable to get out of bed when she had tried so hard to his voice lost all its gentleness. Even his face changed. But when Anna said, in answer to a question, that she had fainted a day or two before after only a couple of hours of standing up, he turned and snapped out at me: "Are you her employer?"

I can't tell you how I felt—all creepy! "No," I snapped back. "And everything you think I think. It's a—an infernal shame!"

"It is," he agreed, and whacked out a stethoscope.

"What's Anna got, Doctor Gordon—'flu'?"

"Typhoid," he said. "You want a private room?"

I KNEW Adele didn't want one, but I took it, anyhow. I would have engaged a special nurse, but the doctor said it wasn't necessary—yet. His "yet" had a queer sound in that voice of his; it twisted your heart. I thought of his eyes—nice, gray, tired-man's eyes—as I went to sleep that night; and when I awakened in the morning they were still with me.

So when Adele told me we'd go to Lake Placid for the summer instead of to our Long Island house, because we could do without Anna better at the Lake Placid Club than we could in our own house, I said I didn't see how I could go.

I had told Adele before that I couldn't go places, and it amounted to about as much as the breath I took to say it. But this time it was different.

She finally got father to speak to me. "It's so silly, Franklin," said Adele in the silken voice she uses in what she emergencies. "You know how hot it gets here. Leila stay in this heat." Adele rarely left me alone with father and then only for a day.

"Father's going to stay in it," I said. "Besides, may will be cool."

The day she left I got to the hospital early in the morning. Doctor Gordon had been up all night with Anna.

He scarcely looked at me when I stole in. "I have ordered a special nurse," was all he said. "She will go on duty half an hour. You can stay here until she comes. I come back then."

So I sat beside Anna, and once in a while she spoke to me. But when I asked her what I could do for her, all she was was some help for a girl she knew in the hospital. When Doctor Gordon came back I said to him: "Doctor, I want to take one of your patients—a girl with a three-week-old baby—home. She says she is leaving this morning."

Anna had told me that to most of their cases were impersonal and their interest in them finished when they were cured, that Doctor Gordon was different.

"If you will wait," he now said, "I see that she gets into your car."

He went with me when I left Anna. As we walked down the hall, I had a sudden inspiration. "Is there anybody else that could take home? It's no trouble, and coming here every day now, I could see somebody every time I left, if it would help."

He sighed. I thought he seemed tired. "Yes, that will be a help," he turned and gave me a thoughtful look, but he nothing else.

THE next day I had another inspiration. I asked that tired man if he couldn't go with the lame woman I was taking home the ride through the park wouldn't be good for the work he still had to do that day.

He hesitated, but he honestly looked if he wanted to come. "I will be glad to go to-morrow," he finally said. "It would be nice; but this isn't my time off to-day."

After that, he went with me several times and then, one Wednesday afternoon when he didn't have to go back to the hospital, I brought him home. Ellen, who was duty downstairs while the other servants were away on their vacations, brought a tea tray piled with hot muffins and cakes while we browsed about the library talk of the books. I hadn't known Ellen could arrange a tea tray, and I've no idea how guessed that young doctor was so hung. He was on his third muffin when father came in, and he had one of father's war books the arm of his chair.

Father was delightful. Since Adele I gone, father and I had been like two people who had returned to a place where they had once been very happy, yet where neither was now sure of the other's memories.

Father pulled a chair to the tea table, and I saw his eyes boring into the doctor's eyes the way he does when he's interested. He doesn't seem to go beyond the eyes, but knows all about the person he's looking when he looks that way.

"Then you went to the war," said father with a glance at the book on the chair.

"I did that, sir. I should have hated have missed it. It is what is making finish my hospital work so late. I was interrupted by two years' field work. But then you went, didn't you, Mr. Laughlin?"

"I didn't fight," father grieved. He will never get over that. "I only ran railroads."

I sat quite still and watched the way the library light made the doctor's gay golden hair glisten, and listened the sound of their voices, and wondered what adjective could apply to this man's voice. You couldn't call it winsome or musical or any of those effeminate things; it was too masculine. Yet there was something about it that seemed need a special term.

WHEN he had gone, father sat in a deep reverie. "Is your young man a New Yorker, Leila?" he asked at length. "No, father. He comes from Gordon City, Michigan. He's going back there to practice, soon."

"Why doesn't he stay here? Of course it takes money to get started here. Has he any?"

"I don't know, father. But he wants to work with people he knows and likes. He says life should be lived among your friends; and people haven't time for friends here."

Father looked at me thoughtfully. "How tall you he grown, Leila?"

"Didn't you expect me to grow up, father?"

"I hadn't realized that you were growing up so fast. I'm sorry you didn't want to go to college, Leila. I believe your mother would have liked it."

"But, father, the school you sent me to doesn't prep for college. And this is the first time you have said college to me. I didn't have much choice. You just arranged a time for me to debut and took me out of school to do it."

"I!" exclaimed father. "I had nothing to do with that. Well, then, Adele did."

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Human Nature in the Bible

Ruth, Eli, Samuel, King Saul and Jonathan

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

RUTH is a pretty name. In Hebrew it means "friendship" and in English "pity." She lived up to her name in both languages; she was both loyal and sympathetic. She is one of the most attractive girls in the Bible; her gentle, affectionate nature seems all the fairer in contrast with those terrible women of the Testament, Delilah and Jezebel. And what a charming story is hers—one of the best short stories in literature—ning as it does between two long books of crime and aghter!

There is nothing sentimental and nothing insipid in this; it is a pastoral, illustrating the grace of loyalty. We have learned in the twentieth century not to minimize the tie of loyalty; this fine flower of human nature has its deep in the human heart. The beauty of loyalty consists in giving rather than receiving; giving all if need be, asking nothing before or after. Selfish and calculating sons are conspicuously without it; and it is not fully understood by men of cold intellect. But there is always something splendid, something refreshing, about people who have "You remember in Shakspeare, when the various nobles disputing as to whether the king had a legal claim or the strong voice of Clifford is like a breath of fresh air:

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

of the reasons why the character of D'Artagnan is so irresistibly attractive is because loyalty was his religion; the noble man rings true, said Stevenson, like a good sovereign.

Ruth Selects a Husband

NAOMI had reached the darkest hour in her life; driven from her country by famine, she migrated with her husband and her two sons. In the alien land of Moab her husband then both her sons died, leaving her a solitary Israelite, fit of kin and fortune. She started to return home, and used her two Moabite daughters-in-law not to accompany her; they were both young and could marry again among their own people. Orpah kissed her, but Ruth clave unto and spoke out those words that have brought down the their eternal fragrance, as fresh and sweet to-day as a first uttered:

hither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; people shall be my people, and thy God my God; here thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me.

here are women who, like Lady Macbeth, are meant to go forth men children only, but they are to be pitied. The relation of mother and daughter is one of the most beautiful in the world; each needs the other so keenly, and understand each other, because they are both women. A man may be proud of her son, but she can seldom be as to him as to her daughter. The neighbors were right; they said to Naomi, Ruth "is better to thee than a son."

Boaz was like a prosperous American farmer, head of a estate. He was a sound, hearty, healthy man, broad-shouldered and generous, whose relations with his hired reapers were cordial. He came out of the city to the fields, greeted his arm hands affectionately, and they responded in like manner. Then he noticed the slender girl bending over the ears of grain, and upon inquiry found it was that very foreigner of whose devotion to Naomi he had heard. His appearance was strengthened by his knowledge of her noble and affectionate character. He spoke to her kindly, then he said something to the young men that wins our assent:

Let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

Boaz had reached the age when he was flattered by her silent liking for him, for he had supposed that he must forthwith be and remain Boaz-sit-by-the-fire:

As for thou of the Lord, my daughter: for thou has shewed kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich.

The common opinion is that men select their wives. While undoubtedly happens here and there, it is equally true

that women select their husbands. Boaz was marked down from the start by both mother and daughter, and he literally had no chance of escape. Fortunately for him, he fell into good hands; for a damsel that had shown such single-hearted devotion to Naomi would be faithful and loyal to the man of her choice. That every expression which we use so often, "the man of her choice," is significant.

We have a pleasant glimpse here of business dealings and the manner in which land contracts were secured. The historian narrates as though the custom in his own time had become obsolete:

Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a testimony in Israel.

Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe.

Ruth married an upright and successful business man; and Naomi went wild with delight at having a grandson. She "laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it." Her troubles were over. The boy was named Obed, and became the grandfather of a mighty king. The last word in the book of Ruth is David: "And Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David."

After this bright episode the familiar story of war and of apostasy returns; the clouds gather again. Old Eli is a pathetic figure. He judged Israel forty years, was sincere and upright, submissive to the will of God. But like many religious men, he was not successful in bringing up his sons; perhaps his tacit acceptance of things as they were—for he was a religious fatalist—made it difficult for him to impose his will on his two bad boys. He remonstrated with them when what they needed was something more drastic. They were altogether too much for him, and their depravity bewildered as much as it shocked the old man. There was no point of contact, no mutual understanding between Eli and his children. He was as incomprehensible to them as they to him. This is a tragic but, unfortunately, a familiar spectacle in family life. Judging by the frequency with which the topic comes up in social conversation, in magazine articles and on the stage, it is regarded as a particularly difficult problem in the year of grace 1922. Some children shock their parents; some parents bore their children. There has always been a quarrel between the older and the younger generation, but since the World War the quarrel has passed into an acute stage.

Where Eli Failed

IT IS only where piety in the parents is accompanied with tact, sympathy and understanding, where the intelligence of the father and mother is respected by son and daughter, where the boy would really like to resemble his father and the girl her mother, that one sees an admirable family life; fortunately such examples are not extinct. Eli was dense. He could not make religion seem real to his sons. He went to church and they went to the devil. At the very gates of the house of the Lord they indulged in sensuality and crooked dealing. The Sabbath school was to them a means of flirtation and the offertory a means of support.

Eli was too placid, too good natured, to have keen perception; his mind decayed with his eyes. He thought Hannah was drunk when she was praying; and in the charming scene when the Voice came to little Samuel in the night, old Eli was neither excited nor jealous at the divine preference. But his reverence for the ark of God was high and sincere; he was like a church priest to whom the ritual of the church and everything connected with formal worship are more holy than a broken and a contrite heart. When the fateful messenger came from the field of battle and his appalling tidings proceeded from general to particular—as is so often the tragic unfolding of news—the army is defeated, your sons are killed, the ark of God is taken—then Eli "fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck

brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy."

His son Phinehas left a wife with child, near her time. Some idiot told her the news of the defeat and dishonor of Israel and of the death of her husband and father-in-law. She travailed and died; and just before her death the women spoke to her cheerily and said: "Fear not, for thou has born a son." They spoke to deaf ears: "She answered not, neither did she regard it." But she had named the child Ichabod, which means "Where is the honor?" her last words being: "The glory is departed from Israel."

I wish we knew something about Ichabod; he is never mentioned again in the Bible, except in the fourteenth chapter of I Samuel, where Ahitub is called Ichabod's brother. But, although the Bible is silent about him, he has been borrowed many times in literature and in history for his symbolical name. The good Whittier applied the word to Daniel Webster in 1850, not realizing that the speech for which that statesman was condemned was the finest and most patriotic utterance of his life.

The boy Samuel was dedicated by his mother Hannah to Jehovah's service; he became a great religious leader, never deviating from the path of sanctity and rectitude. Yet to me he is not a sympathetic figure; he had more holiness than charm. There is something unlovely about the man, something rigid and cold. I suppose it was natural, brought up as he was, that he should be a prig in youth and a statue of severity in his old age. He had no more luck with his sons than Eli; they were bad, as perhaps might be expected, and did not find the piety of their father alluring. Just as some humanitarians are kind to everyone except members of their own family, so I suppose some religious leaders have more zeal for God's house than affection for their own. Samuel's sons, like those of Eli, were a public scandal, as only minister's sons know how to be.

A Cowboy Israel's First King

SAMUEL'S stern integrity made him a powerful judge, respected and feared by the people, whose wanderings after strange gods he did not hesitate to condemn. He went on circuit through various cities, holding court. The Philistines were in terror of him, for so long as his decisions were regarded the Israelites prospered in battle; the power of the enemy receded, not to become triumphant again until after his death. He made his sons judges; they were corrupt, taking bribes freely, and the old man was shamed in the courts of law. The Israelites may perhaps be pardoned for their wish to have a king; they knew Samuel could not last much longer, and they regarded with natural apprehension the coming rule of his sons. They spoke to him with cruel frankness:

Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

Samuel was angry, not for the first nor the last time in his life; and he warned the people that their king would be a tyrant. But they, fearing his decrepitude and his sons' depravity, wanted a personable figure of a king, who should go before them, lead them into battle and incarnate the power of the whole nation. Their request was granted; the first king of Israel was the biggest and handsomest man in the country, every inch a king.

This tallest man came out of the smallest tribe, the tribe of Benjamin. Kish was a mighty man, a rich cattle dealer, and

he had a son, whose name was Saul, a choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people.

I suppose he stood about six feet nine in his sandals.

Saul was a cowboy; and he had gone out to seek his father's strayed cattle when he met Samuel the Seer, the man of God. The venerable prophet gave him the astounding tidings that he was to be king. Saul was modest and unassuming; he reminded Samuel that he belonged to the smallest of the twelve tribes and that his family were socially unimportant; but Samuel took the embarrassed young man into the parlor and gave him the place of honor at a state dinner of thirty guests. That night a bed was made for Saul on the roof of the house—perhaps he was too big for the

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SYNOPSIS

The Unspeakable Gentleman is a story of the time of the Napoleonic debacle. An American adventurer, Captain George Shelton, escapes from France, taking with him a document which is much wanted by the French Government. With him also is the daughter of one of France's prominent families. Arriving in Boston, Captain Shelton is visited by his son, who tells the story and who has been brought up to believe that his father is everything that is adventurously unsavory. Captain Shelton's brother-in-law calls and demands the much-wanted paper, threatening to deliver the Captain to the French authorities. Captain Shelton offers to sell the paper, but after receiving payment refuses to give it up.



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The Unspeakable Gentleman

By J. P. MARQUAND

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

THE lines about my father's mouth softened as his gaze met mine after the exciting scene during Uncle Jason's unexpected morning call at our house. "I pride myself," my father remarked as his smile grew broader, "that my example is all you could expect from my reprehensible reputation. I fear I shall fall down in only one respect. My table manners, I fear, are almost impeccable." And he walked over to the window, taking care, I noticed, not to stand in front of it. "Sad, is it not, that I should fail in such a trivial matter? But it happened so long ago—while I was courting your mother, to be exact. My father-in-law, rest his soul, was an atrocity at table. I watched him, watched him with wonder—or was it horror? I cannot remember which—and I resolved to go, to go anywhere, but never to do likewise. The result to-day is perhaps unfortunate. Yet watch me, my son; even in that you see the practical value of a bad example."

"Yes," I said, "I am watching you." He seemed about to turn from the window, and then something outside held his attention. "Ha!" he said. "A sloop is coming in, a clumsy-looking vessel. Whose is it?" I walked to the window to get a better look, but he reached out and drew me near him.

"Let us be careful of the windows this morning. The light is bad, and we have very much the same figure. There! Now you can see it—out by the bar. It carries too much canvas forward and spills half the wind. Have you seen it before?"

The sun had been trying to break through the clouds, and a few rays had crept out and glanced on the angry gray of the water, so that it shone here and there like scratches in dull lead.

The three ships near our wharf were tossing fitfully, and on all three the crews were busy with the rigging. Out farther towards the broad curve of the horizon was the white smear of a sail and as I looked I could see the lines beneath the canvas. He was right. It was a sloop, running free, with the tide pushing her on.

"Yes," I said, "I know the boat, though I do not see why she is putting in."

"Ah," said my father; "and do you not? And whose boat may she be, Henry?"

"TWO days ago she sailed from Boston for France. She belongs to Jason Hill," I told him; and, a little puzzled, I looked again at the low dunes and the marshes by the harbor mouth.

"I think," my father murmured half to himself, "that perhaps after all I should have killed him. Brutus."

Brutus, who had watched the scene with the same aloof politeness that he might have watched guests at the dinner table, moved quickly forward.

"Has no word come yet?"

Brutus grinned and shook his head.

"The deuce!" said my father. "Aiken was here last evening and got the message I left him?"

Brutus nodded, and my father compressed his lips. Apparently deep in thought, he took a few unhurried steps across the room and glanced about him critically. "A busy day, my son," he said, "a very busy day, and a humorous one as well. They think they can get the paper. They think—but they are all mistaken."

"You are sure?" I inquired.

"Perfectly," said my father. "I shall dispose of it in my own way. I am merely waiting for the time."

"Huh!" Brutus cupped his great hand behind his ear and nodded violently.

MY FATHER stepped toward the hallway and listened. Above the hissing of the fire I heard a voice and footsteps. He straightened the lace about his wrists and his features lost their strained attention. As he turned towards Brutus he seemed younger and more alertly active than I had ever known him.

"Ah, what a day," he said; "what a day, to be sure. They are coming, Brutus. Gad! but the years have been long since I have waited for them. Place the glasses on the table, Brutus. We still must be hospitable."

The knocker on our front door sent a violent summons, but my father did not seem to hear it. With graceful deliberation he was filling six glasses from the decanter.

"Keep to the back of the room, my son," he said, "a listen. Who do you think is coming? But you never can guess. Our neighbors, my son. Fix your uncle, and then our neighbors. We are holding a distinguished salon, are we not?"

But before I could answer or even conjecture why he should receive such a visit, my father gave a low exclamation, partly of surprise and partly of well concealed annoyance, and stepped forward, bowing low.

Mademoiselle, bright-eyed, but very pale, had run into the morning room.

My father looked at her sharply, almost suspiciously. "How are you here?" he demanded quickly. "Did not Brutus lock your door?"

"The lock was very rusty," she answered.

"Indeed?" said my father. "And how long ago did you find it out?"

"Only a minute back," she said; and again he glanced at her narrowly and finally shrugged his shoulders.

As I look back on it, it was his first mistake.

"Then I fear you have not seen much of the house," said suavely.

BUT she disregarded his remark. "The paper, captain," she cried; "are they coming for the paper? For if they are, they shall not have it. You —"

"Pray do not be alarmed, my lady," he replied suavely. "At almost any time I am glad to see you, but just present—he raised his voice to drown the din of the knocker—"your appearance, I fear, is a trifle indiscreet. It is not the paper they wish, mademoiselle. It is merely myself, your humble servant, they require. But pray call yourself and rest assured they shall get neither. Let in our callers, Brutus."

He took her hand and bowed over it very low and looked for an instant into her eyes, still with a faint hint of curiosity. "And you?" she asked. "You have it still?"

"Temporarily, yes," he answered. "Show mademoiselle chair, my son, over there behind me, where you both can witness the little drama. Perhaps it is as well she can after all."

Brutus had not forgotten his days as a house servant. Erect and uncompromising he entered the room, facing towards us by the door. "Mr. Penfield," he called. "Captain Tracy. Captain Brown. Major Proctor. Mr. Lane. Captain Dexter."

"So," said Major Proctor, "you still have your infernal party manners."

They had entered the room and stood in a group before my father. Their faces were set grimly. Their manner was stern and uncompromising, as befitted men of unimpeachable position and integrity. As I watched them I still w



wondering at their errand. Why should they, of all people, have paid this call? There was not one who did not own his ships and countinghouse, not one who was not a leading trader in our seaport. In all the years I had known them not one had looked at me or given me a civil word; and indeed they had little reason to give one. And yet here they were calling on my father.

It was an odd contradiction of the lesson books that of all the men in the room he should appear the most prepossessing. Though many of them were younger, his clothes were more in fashion, and time had touched him with a lighter hand. If I had come on them all as strangers I should have expected kindness and understanding from him first of any. His forehead was broader and his glance was keener. Indeed, there was none who looked more the gentleman. There was no man who could have displayed more perfect courtesy in his gravely polite salute.

"This," said my father, smiling, "is indeed a pleasure. I had hoped for this honor, and yet the years have so often disappointed me that I had only hoped."

Captain Tracy, short and squat, his hands held out in the way old sailors have, as though ready instinctively to grasp some rope or bulwark, thrust a bull neck forward and peered at my father with little, reddened eyes, opened in wide incredulity. "You what?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I said, Captain Tracy, that I hoped"; and my father helped himself to snuff. "Will you be seated, gentlemen?"

"No," said Major Proctor. "I have always noted," my father remarked, "that standing is better for the figure. The climate, major, has agreed with you."

MAJOR PROCTOR launched on a savage rejoinder, but Mr. Penfield leaned towards him with a whispered admonition. "I take it," he said to my father, "that you did not read our letter. You made a mistake, Mr. Shelton, a grave mistake, in not doing so."

"I am fond of reading," said my father, "and I found your letter—pardon my rudeness, but I must be frank—I found your letter most amusing."

Mr. Lane stretched a clawlike hand toward him. "You always did laugh," he cried shrilly.

"Never now, Mr. Lane," replied my father. "Yet I must admit, if laughter were my habit—" He paused and surveyed Mr. Lane's pinched and bony figure.

"You found the letter amusing, eh?" snapped Captain Tracy. "You found it funny when we ordered you out of this town, did you? I suppose you thought we were joking, eh? Well, by gad, we weren't, and that's what we've come to tell you. Heaven help us if we don't see you out on a rail, you infernal—"

"Gently, gently," interjected Mr. Penfield in a soothing tone. "Let us not use any harder words than necessary. Mr. Shelton will agree with us, I am sure. Mr. Shelton did not understand. Perhaps Mr. Shelton has forgotten."

"My memory," said my father, "still remains unimpaired. I recall the last time I saw you was some ten years ago in this very house. I recall at the time you warned me never to return here. In some ways, perhaps, you were right, and yet at present I find my residence here most expedient. Indeed, I find it quite impossible to leave. Frankly, gentlemen, the house is watched, and it is as much as my life is worth to stir outside the doors."

"GOOD heaven!" cried Mr. Lane in the shrill voice that fitted him so well. "We might have known it."

There was a momentary silence, and Major Proctor whispered in Mr. Penfield's ear.

"Captain Shelton," said Mr. Penfield, "I see your son and a woman are in the room. It might be better if you sent them away. Your son, I have heard, has learned to behave himself. There is no need for him to hear what we have to say to you."

My father adjusted his coat lapel with a nice deliberation. "Mr. Penfield is mistaken. I fear closed shutters make the room a trifle dark to see clearly. It is a lady, Mr. Penfield, who is with us."

Captain Tracy laughed. My father's hand dropped to his side. For a moment no one spoke.

Captain Tracy moved his head half an inch farther forward. "Well?" he asked.

"Let us leave the matter for a moment," said my father. "It can wait. Pray continue, Mr. Penfield. I am quite sure my son will be glad to listen."

Mr. Penfield cleared his throat and looked at the others uncertainly.

"Go on, Penfield," said the major.

"Mr. Shelton," began Mr. Penfield stiffly, "ten years ago you were a gentleman."

"Could it have been possible?" said my father with a bow.

TEN years ago you were a man that every one of us here trusted and respected, a friend of several. In the War of the Revolution you conducted yourself like a man of honor. You equipped your own frigate with a letter of marque and sailed it yourself off Jamaica. You fought in three engagements. You displayed a daring and bravery which we once admired.

"Could it have been possible?" my father bowed again. "I do recall I failed to stay at home," he added.

And for the third time he bowed to Mr. Penfield.

Mr. Penfield frowned and continued a little more quickly: "And when you did return you engaged in the China trade. You were a successful man, Mr. Shelton. We looked upon you as one of the more brilliant younger men of our seaport. We trusted you, Captain Shelton."

"Could it have been possible?" my father repeated.

"Yes," said Mr. Penfield in a louder tone, "we trusted you. You have only to look at your books to remember that."

"My books," said my father, "still contrive to balance."

"In the year 1788," Mr. Penfield went on—"you remember that year, do you not? In that year the six of us here

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BUT BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK, MADEMOISELLE HAD SPRUNG BETWEEN US. "YOU FOOL!" SHE CRIED. "PUT UP YOUR SWORD. WILL YOU NOT BE QUIET, AS I TOLD YOU?"



How Thin Folks May Become Plump

Health as Well as Looks Involved—Suggestions on Diet and Other Factors

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Commissioner of Health, New York City

There are four periods in which thinness is to be guarded against, as follows:

In early adolescence. After childbirth. At the age of about 45. At the age of about 65.

LIFE is a struggle between the fat and the thin. The "have nots" envy the "haves," and the latter would fain exchange their substance for poverty of figure. Every day a multitude of bold, if unheralded, explorers start out for the north and south poles of avoidupoids. Those who inhabit the region of the golden mean are often made dissatisfied by the voyaging of their friends, and just to be sociable they accompany an expedition in either direction.

Water seeks its level and Nature keeps her own balance, but humankind depends largely upon weighing machines in public places.

Just as it is easier to spend money than to make it, so it is easier to lose flesh than to acquire it. But this is no argument against earning money or seeking a legitimate addition in weight. Indeed it is the right of thin persons to bring themselves up to a normal standard of plumpness. They cannot add a cubit to their stature by taking thought, yet they may assuredly by proper means add pounds to their weight and inches to their circumferential measurements. Being thin is not usually a mandate of Providence or of Nature. On the contrary, it is a defective physical condition which it is within the power of the individual to remedy.

Cheer Up!

WHILE I do not make a fetish of mental treatment, I believe that thin persons are often inclined to be despondent and would profit by an initial attitude of hope and cheer. Therefore I would suggest to them the following slogans:

I HAVE A RIGHT TO BE PLUMP.
I AM THE MASTER OF MY FATE
AND THE CAPTAIN OF MY CONTOURS.

How do we know when a person is thin? If the fact is not obvious to the eye we may find out by reference to a standard table of normal weight. It is easy enough to get weighed, but the table is often mislaid and it is convenient to have a rule and to memorize it. Now here is a rule which has been recommended for ascertaining the normal weight: Multiply the number of inches over five feet in height by five and a half, and add one hundred and ten. The result is the normal weight in pounds. To give an example: If the height be five feet five inches, multiply five by five and a half, which equals

twenty-seven and a half. To this add one hundred and ten. This gives the normal weight as one hundred and thirty-seven and a half pounds. If a person is ten pounds under this weight he or she may be considered under weight. There is nothing alarming about a deficiency of ten pounds; it is simply to establish a standard. Ordinarily, as a woman adds to her age she increases in weight. This is a perfectly natural condition, although in some cases there is more flesh during the adolescent period than at any time in later life. When one reaches the age of about sixty-five one is likely to begin to lose weight. The tissues are harder, they lose their soft substance, and as age progresses it is very likely to be accompanied by loss of flesh.

It is of the greatest importance in the first period because mature life depends on the nature of the youthful start. The second period is important because it may affect the welfare of the children as well as of the mother. The third is always critical for the individual; while longevity depends upon passing safely through the fourth period.

Underlying excessive thinness almost invariably is some physical disability. In most instances this defect is trifling, has no relation to life itself, but operates in such a way as to keep one thin and scrawny. Before any kind of treatment will be successful, and before you can be made plump and healthy in appearance, you must first discover the cause of your thinness. The human engine often has as tricky faults as an automobile. A slight adjustment at the right spot, and the motor hums with perfect vim.

House-Plan Contest Prize Winners

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL conducted a House-Plan Contest in September and October last, in which were offered five first prizes and forty second prizes for the best sketch plans of small, conveniently arranged houses. Here is the announcement of the prize winners:

FIRST PRIZE, for the Southern Group, six-room bungalow, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Livesay, Port Neches, Texas. **SECOND PRIZES**: Two-story farmhouse, A. H. Carter, Starkville, Mississippi; six-room bungalow, Mrs. Frederick H. McDonald, Decatur, Georgia; four-room bungalow, Mrs. John L. Driscoll, Shiro, Texas; five-room bungalow, Mrs. A. B. Ney, Alexandria, Louisiana; story-and-a-half house, Mrs. O. A. Herzog, Tulsa, Oklahoma; story-and-a-half house, Mrs. P. H. Smoot, Honolulu, Hawaii; story-and-a-half house, Mrs. W. F. Nehrling, Orlando, Florida; six-room, two-story house, Miss Faith Eggleston, Lexington, Kentucky.

FIRST PRIZE, for Northwestern Group, story-and-a-half farmhouse, Burnett Peterson, Van Hook, North Dakota. **SECOND PRIZES**: Three-room bungalow, Dr. Carl A. Fjelstad, Minneapolis, Minnesota; five-room bungalow, Sophomore English Class, High School, Gypsum, Colorado; story-and-a-half house, Mrs. John G. Gackle, Kulm, North Dakota; six-room bungalow, Mrs. Eric Therkelsen, Bozeman, Montana; story-and-a-half farmhouse, Mrs. Edna Plummer, Cavendish, Alberta, Canada; six-room bungalow, Miss Lucile Walter, Brookings, South Dakota; four-room bungalow, Miss Louise J. Peck, Gooding, Idaho; four-room bungalow, Will H. Johnston, Ogden, Utah.

FIRST PRIZE, for Eastern Group, seven-room, two-story house, Mr. W. Ellison Norton, Springfield, Massachusetts. **SECOND PRIZES**: Two-story, seven-room house, Mrs. H. M. Burritt, Albion, New York; story-and-a-half farmhouse, Mrs. W. O. Strong, Oceana, Virginia; two-story house, Mrs. F. K. Howell, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; story-and-a-half house, Mrs. E. T. Bieak, East Elmhurst, Long Island; five-room bungalow, Ralph E. MacKeil, Bridgeport, Connecticut; four-room bungalow, Mrs. Stella U. Ritter, Bellevue, Pennsylvania; five-room farm bungalow, Mrs. Russell Cortelyou, Franklin Park, New Jersey; two-story house, Mrs. J. F. Klitch, Baltimore, Maryland.

FIRST PRIZE, for Western Group, three-room bungalow, Mrs. H. H. Cox, Los Angeles, California. **SECOND PRIZES**: Four-room bungalow, Mrs. H. C. Stockton, San Diego, California; five-room bungalow, Mrs. Nils H. Fleming, Bisbee, Arizona; five-room bungalow, Rogers Milner, Albuquerque, New Mexico; six-room farm bungalow, Mrs. W. F. McCabe, Merlin, Oregon; four-room bungalow, Elizabeth Lawnsdowne, Everett, Washington; five-room bungalow, George E. Campbell, Los Angeles, California; four-room bungalow, Mrs. C. W. Adams, Spokane, Washington; two-story, seven-room house, Mrs. Winifred Hill, San Angel, D.F., Mexico.

FIRST PRIZE, for Central Group, five-room bungalow, Miss Ordella M. Smith, Mount Vernon, Indiana. **SECOND PRIZES**: Story-and-a-half house, Mrs. Adelaide D. Huntley, Elroy, Wisconsin; story-and-a-half farmhouse, Miss Iva Conner, Winfield, Kansas; eight-room house, Mrs. A. J. Strohm, Chicago, Illinois; seven-room house, Mrs. George F. Sheetz, Detroit, Michigan; four-room bungalow, Mrs. Patti M. Conant, Cincinnati, Ohio; six-room bungalow, Harry Clifford McClure, Toledo, Ohio; five-room bungalow, Katherine K. Myhre, Des Moines, Iowa; five-room bungalow, G. C. Roop, Springfield, Ohio.

Use Your Lungs

IT IS a remarkable fact that many thin people have very poor chest development. Now don't be alarmed and think I am going to tell you you have tuberculosis or some other terrible thing. That idea is far from my mind. What I do mean is that the thin person has probably failed, by lack of breathing exercise, to develop the lungs. He is neglecting to give himself sufficient oxygen, and without oxygen there is failure of proper oxidation of the foodstuffs consumed, and consequently lack of nourishment, even though the consumption of food is sufficient. In other words, lack of oxidation may be one of the leading causes of thinness. This has a very particular interest for Americans, because it bears on the great American vice of improper ventilation.

Much as has been said about the necessity for open-air living and good ventilation, the average American seems to think he can live without oxygen. Except in communities where popular health education has been in force for years, the average person sleeps in an unventilated room.

Every bedroom should be so arranged that without causing a draft upon the head of the sleeper there is free circulation of air throughout the room.

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VI

WHEN we were playing *The Duke of Killcrankie* at the National Theater in Washington, President Roosevelt sent for me to come into his box during one of the intermissions. He and his party were in the box usually reserved for the President, and it has a small withdrawing room back of it. I had supposed that he would see me in this room. Instead, when he greeted me he drew me through the secret service men who were sitting at the back.

With him were Mrs. Roosevelt, two of the Roosevelt children and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge.

I felt much perturbed to be before an audience on the wrong side of the curtain. It did not occur to President Roosevelt at all that I should have any diffidence about coming before people with my make-up on. His greeting was most hearty, and he liked the play.

The last time I heard from him was a few weeks before he died, when he wrote me: "Just to wish you many happy New Years, John Drew; from an old friend and admirer."

Theodore Roosevelt's successor, President Taft, also brought me to the front of a box in my make-up. We were playing *The Perplexed Husband* by Alfred Sutro at the Empire Theater in New York, when President Taft asked me to come into the box. His party had arrived late and was not seen by the audience when they were ushered into the theater. The lights were turned on, and I appeared in the box just as the audience recognized the President.

Captain Marshall wrote two very delightful comedies in which I played, *The Second in Command* and *The Duke of Killcrankie*.

The Second in Command served me for two seasons. This play was the first time that khaki was used on the stage; that is, it was the first exposition of khaki on the stage in a military sense.

Guy Standing, who was knighted for his services in the British Navy during the recent war, was extremely good as Colonel Anstruther.

My nephew, Lionel Barrymore, who played the part of a young officer in this play, was very good; but the following season, as the Neapolitan organ grinder in *The Mummy* and the Hummingbird, his work was a revelation.

The Duke of Killcrankie was a very fine, light comedy in which four sharply contrasted characters are thrown together. These were played by that famous English actress, Fannie Brough, Margaret Dale, Ferdinand Gottschalk and myself.

After the Daly company disbanded, Mrs. Gilbert came under the management of Charles Frohman and appeared with Annie Russell in Jerome K. Jerome's *Miss Hobbs* and



My Years on the Stage

By JOHN DREW

Captain Marshall's play, *The Royal Family*. Then Charles Frohman decided to star her, and Clyde Fitch was commissioned to write a play for her called *Granny*.

This was produced with Marie Doro in the supporting cast at the Lyceum Theater. At the end of the play Mrs. Gilbert recited an epilogue which referred to the old Daly days and to Ada Rehan, James Lewis and myself. This might have been pleasant and proper on the first night, but it seemed rather strange to continue it through the run of the piece.

As the midweek matinee at the Lyceum did not conflict with my own, I was able to see *Granny*, and after the performance I saw Mrs. Gilbert in her dressing room. Nearly thirty years before we had played together for the first time at the Fifth Avenue Theater.

At a supper party Augustin Daly gave one year for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at Delmonico's, I kissed Mrs. Gilbert's hand as I entered. She was not in the bill we were then playing at the theater, and I had not seen her for some time.

Irving, probably thinking that it was rather a formal greeting for people who saw each other every day, said: "You don't always do that, do you?"

"No, I usually do this." And I kissed her on the cheek.

This delightful old lady had been "grandma" to us all and had been on the stage many years. During the run of *Granny* she died.

After Augustin Daly died, Ada Rehan played in Paul Kester's play, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, and with Otis Skinner in revivals of some of the old Daly successes. I did not see her in any of these productions.

The last time I saw her was at her house in Ninety-third Street. She was ill then and had aged a great deal in appearance; but I do not believe either of us thought that it was our last meeting. Our conversation was more reminiscent than it had been before. We talked of those youthful days at the Arch Street Theater and the very early Daly days.

Ada Rehan had a fine mind; she was a great actress and she had a sweet soul.

The summer before I appeared in *Captain Dieppe* by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, I met the two authors in London. We had lunch together, and Anthony Hope said to Rose: "You tell the story of *Captain Dieppe*."

Rose replied: "No; I told it the last time."

Finally, after some little arguing between them, they told me the story of this play, and it sounded fairly reasonable.

When it was presented, it did not have the quality of an Anthony Hope story, and it was not a success.

Elizabeth Marbury, who was Anthony Hope's agent, sent him a cable after the first performance in Providence where the play was tried out. "Play apparently pleased Providence public." I asked Miss Marbury afterwards whether she thought the alliteration would have any convincing power with Anthony Hope.

In that same early season in a play of Clyde Fitch's, called *Glad of It*, in which my nephew, John Barrymore, had a small part, there was a conversation between two shop-girls.

"Where are you going to-night, dearie?"

"Why, to see John Drew in *Captain Dippy*."

Unfortunately for this play, they did not have to change the line, for *Glad of It* was an even greater failure than *Captain Dieppe*.

The season of Augustus Thomas' play, *Jim De Lancey*, in which Doris Keane, Walter Hale, Margaret Dale and Guy Nichols played with me, we were booked to open New Year's Day at the Hollis Street Theater in Boston. There was no morning train at the time which we could count on getting us to Boston in time for a matinee.

Every year on the anniversary of the opening of The Players Club—New Year's Eve—there is celebrated Founders' Night. I very much wished to attend that year, especially as it was the first year that I was president of the club.

Through the influence of a friend in the railroad business I was given permission to have a private car containing my

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IN "ROSEMARY" JOHN DREW MET ANOTHER OF HIS MANY SUCCESSSES



AS MR. DREW'S LEADING WOMAN IN "MY WIFE," BILLIE BURKE FIRST CHARMED HER AMERICAN AUDIENCES



PAVLOVA AND JOHN DREW, AT THE TIME OF REVIVAL OF "ROSEMARY"

The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL

BARTON W. CURRIE, *Editor*

Editorials

As Others See Us

MRS. IRENE DARNELL-HARTWICK, of Low Moor, Virginia, has written an appreciation of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that we want all our readers to see. She has stated our editorial plan and policy with a sympathetic understanding that is more than gratifying to an editorial staff. In the slang of the day *she gets* what we are trying to *put over*. We doubt if any of us could so ably, in such brief space, state our aims and objectives. We are therefore doubly glad to allow Mrs. Hartwick to put us on record for what we stand for and for what we are striving to accomplish with every issue of what Lord Northcliffe recently designated as "pre-eminently the magazine of the American woman."

Mrs. Hartwick's letter was written to the Publishers' Information Bureau, Incorporated, of New York City, in response to a circular announcing that prizes would be awarded for the best letters describing what magazines women prefer and why. Thinking we might be interested in her discussion of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, she sent a copy of her letter to us. The letter follows:

MISS ANNE R. EDGERLY,
Publishers' Information Bureau, Inc.
New York City.

Dear Miss Edgerly: The enclosed sheet, together with letter, was sent to me from the West, and I am wondering if I might not be an uninvited contributor to your letter contest, in view of the fact that I have long wished for an opportunity to express an appreciation of my favorite magazine, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

In the first place, this magazine, as a whole, stands for and expresses through its printed pages the highest ideals of womanhood—culture, refinement, education, and the broad underlying principles of humanity upon which right human conduct is based.

In this magazine the trend of current events is indicated each month by editorials and special articles by men and women especially qualified to write upon these subjects.

The short stories, as well as the continued stories, are clean and wholesome, expressive of sweet, modest girlhood and earnest, broad-minded womanhood. In my home, copies of this magazine are left lying around, wholly uncensored, for my sixteen-year-old daughter to read. I know that therein she will find nothing that will destroy the ideals she and I are dreaming and building together.

The fashions, always of paramount interest to the gentler sex, are conservative and of good taste, befitting the rôle most women have to play—with a few breath-taking hints from that center of fashion, magic Paris.

The drawings, sketches, text, etc., of the advertisements are also an education and a shopping aid to those living in outlying districts, and no one who reads them will be utterly left behind in the march of Progress.

This journal is of an attractive size. The type is good and easily read. The paper used is of excellent quality, which insures good reproductions from paintings, photos, etc. The benefits derived from these reproductions can hardly be overestimated.

The Editors of this magazine must surely have been the last to raise their prices during the World War, and the first to lower them after the war ended. This bespeaks fairness to their public, composed as it is of so many women with limited allowances.

Indeed, there must be a wonderful personnel back of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to so create and uphold such a worthwhile publication, in which there is plenty of good fiction, enough wit and humor, a sufficient number of articles dealing with subjects of interest to modern woman—politics, home economics, child training, etc.—all of which, read intelligently, with an understanding outlook upon life as it is and as it should be, will give any woman, even though her reading be limited to this one magazine, splendid assistance in her natural vocation of building that greatest of institutions, the Home.

Sincerely yours,

(MRS.) IRENE DARNELL-HARTWICK.

Cheerfulness

IT'S a fine, heartening thing, is cheerfulness; and do we value it as highly as it deserves? There's a flavor about it, like hot buttered toast on a cold day, eaten round a fire while people crack jokes. We have pensive friends and sturdy friends and kind friends and sympathetic friends; there are gently chiding friends and vociferously earnest friends, but how few of them are there we would not swap for the cheerful, cheering friend.

The pensive friends will quote words of wisdom to us; the sturdy friends will slap us on the back and vow they'll stand by us through thick and thin; the kind and sympathetic folk will let the tears run down their cheeks and hold our hands compassionately. All these things are good in their way, but the cheery souls who make us see the glint of gold in the blackest clouds, those are the people who help us along life's road. They talk of sunshine and bird song and flowers in bloom and gladness; they turn our self-pity into self-forgetfulness and our feeble stumblings along the humdrum road of workaday into a triumph march.

They're not always *pointing out* the bright side; they're just *living* on the bright side—and that makes all the difference.

The Loneliness of Old Age

IT HAS a loneliness all its own. One wonders sometimes if all the love showered upon the "seventy-and-overs" can quite bar that loneliness out. For the old men and women are scattered here and there amongst the middle-agers and the young, and the middle-agers and the young can never quite sympathize and enter into the old folks' troubles—for they've never been seventy-odders themselves! They've never seen their opinions and methods set aside as entirely out of date, and the importance of shawls and nondrafty rooms is as nothing to them.

And Granny and Gran'dad "don't hold" with newfangled ways of dress, and the prices of modern food and things are a puzzle they cannot solve. The war has changed such a jumble of odds and ends that the gray heads get confused, and they ponder with puzzlement over the difference between these days and the days when they were young.

And their friends and relatives of long ago have passed on, many of them—those dear souls who remembered Gran's wedding dress and the little gray bonnet with blue forget-me-nots that she wore on her wedding trip. Young folks will listen, but their attention wanders. It means nothing *really* important to *them* that old Great-aunt Lavinia nursed all her children through mumps and scarlet fever single-handed. Indeed, at the tale they are a trifle bored.

Great-grandfather's lawsuit is as fresh to-day to old Miss Angela as it was sixty years ago; but eighteen-year Peggy stifles a yawn and promises to run in another day to hear the end of the story. Besides, the list of time-proved chums able to send finely pointed, written greetings on Christmas days and birthdays is dwindling in numbers: Jane Brown died last year; Sam Jones was buried two years back; and Mary Parsons was "taken" summer before last.

Yes, it's a lonely time! It behooves us to make it as cheery as we can for them. Let us *ask* for the reminiscence of that party when John Henry Smith kissed Gran under the mistletoe and Great-gran was so *dreadfully* shocked! Let us *beg* for the anecdote of the valentines which old James Stock sent to his pretty cousin Phoebe; and let us try to be *really* interested! It isn't a big thing to us to listen for half an hour to the oft-repeated words; but it is such a wealth of happiness to those to whom the once-upon-a-time of life is still the most precious of memory possessions.

Just a Beginning

Women Will Keep Up the Fight to Crush War Spirit Throughout the World

EVEN boys will disarm if they can find enough fun in it. They will scrap toy warships as quickly as they will fight mimic battles with them, if too much stress is not laid on the "goodness" of the process in the beginning.

That is one real factor in the great international problem to the solution of which millions of American mothers are going to apply themselves throughout this year of 1922. These women are very thoroughly mobilized still further to "morally disarm" the United States and to help foreign women still further "morally disarm" their countries, so that the next international conference, which President Harding and his associates expect will be called this year, may get the world a little farther along on the road to assured peace than the recent one could.

In every group of schoolboys there is opportunity for a little laboratory work on the raw material which eventually gets worked up into the mental attitude that characterizes foreign offices, war departments and admiralities. It is symbolic work largely. But there is in it also a most practical bearing on the future, because this new crusade for peace that the women of the world have undertaken may still be years from completion when the boys of to-day and of to-morrow are helping to make or break the world.

Danger in War-Map Game

AT THIS moment the boys in the Washington high school are engaged in an interscholastic war-map game to interest them and train them in battle strategy. The games are under the direction of an army officer appointed by the War Department. Contests began about the time America, Great Britain, Japan and the other powers assembled at Washington were at the climax of signing their treaties and agreements to get rid of war. These schoolboys in the national capital will keep up their war-map contests until the end of May, when prizes will be awarded to the winners.

The fun and interest the boys will get out of it this spring will not have any bearing on the public state of mind at the time of the next international conference, except perhaps indirectly, as it may react on some of their parents. But in the long run, covering, say, the periods of future renewals of naval holidays, it will not make for that general "will to peace" which the statesmen of all countries say is the one thing they most lack to enable them to straighten out the world.

It is a matter which might put itself almost automatically on the program of the National Congress of Mothers and the Parent-Teachers' Association, for those groups are member associations in the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments and have declared themselves against war.

Here is another school story: John, a nine-year-old youngster, home for a week-end holiday from a small-boys' boarding school, let it be known that he wanted a new battleship to add to his fleet. He wanted it immediately to take back with him, because there was a big naval

battle to take place on the floor of his room in the dormitory on Monday.

The idea did not appeal to his parents, especially the mother. They did not want to encourage a game that would keep the boy indoors and away from the more healthful playgrounds and athletic field. Also, they were getting stirred up to a new view of things by their reading about the International Conference then in session. But suggestions of skates, hockey sticks and footballs as substitutes did not divert the boy's interest from the impending naval conflict on a carpet sea in a steam-heated zone. He was at the militaristic age.

"What's the use of all this talk in Washington about sinking our real battleships if schoolboys would rather play war than anything else?" remarked the mother.

"Who's going to sink our battleships?" asked the boy with the first real show of interest in his parents' side of the case.

"Why, we are going to sink them ourselves and the other countries are going to sink theirs," exclaimed the mother, seeing a new light. "Don't you know the newest thing is to get rid of ships instead of getting more of them? Why don't you play a game that's up to date?"

"How do you play it? Do you sink 'em with bombs?"

It was the father's turn to play, and he jumped into teamwork to follow his wife's lead. "Say, boy," he exclaimed, "how'd you like to see Washington? There's the Monument and a menagerie and the Capitol and the place where the President lives, and they're making the rules there right now for this new game of sinking battleships. All three of us can go there and back to-morrow and perhaps see them at it."

The next afternoon the family of three found themselves in the crowd of the curious lined up at the curb in front of the Pan-American Building to watch the arrival of the plenipotentiaries for their afternoon discussions. The boy was pushed to the front, where he could see.

"There goes Hughes," said the father, who was far more excited than the boy. "That must be Balfour. He looks like the pictures. There is Kato, of Japan, getting out of the next automobile." And so on through the list.

As Mother Sees the Peacemakers

OF COURSE the plenipotentiaries in silk hats and frock coats appealed to John less than the American soldiers in uniform pacing back and forth in front of the building, with rifles over their shoulders, to see that the bystanders did not encroach upon the space reserved for the passage of peacemakers. And he missed Viviani altogether, because there was the whirr of a navy airplane's engine overhead just as the French delegates arrived, and the boy was looking skyward. So was his father. The mother kept looking straight and hard at the peacemakers. She was beginning to get something, to feel something much more keenly than she had felt it on starting for their day's outing at the capital. Her hand was on the shoulder of the boy in front of her. She added ten to his nine years

and wondered if, after all, these men of her own and other countries, whom she had come to see, would succeed in doing something now which ten years hence, at the end of their naval holiday, would keep that son of hers out of war.

But she didn't talk about what she felt then. It wasn't the time for it; the father did the talking and was practical. He used the lingo of the conference reports, but applied it in terms of toy battleships and schoolboy war games as the trio walked from the Pan-American and strolled through the White House grounds.

A small boy likes to argue and be reasoned with. But, like a foreign delegate from a small nation, he wants to reason back and have an opportunity to state his case, to explain why he should get something as well as yield something. He is tremendously interested in the theory of self-determination for small people.

In Terms of Toy Battleships

JOHN was interested, too, in what he had seen. He loved the word "holiday" and the word "naval," and putting them together aroused his curiosity for further information.

He got it. "John," said his father, "here is a plan. Tell me what you think of it. You ask for a new battleship immediately. I don't want to give it to you now for these reasons: We would rather have you play outdoors than in. You don't seem to care a rap about doing good work in reading either at home or at school, but you know that we want you to want to read just as much as you want this battleship. And we don't like the idea right now of war games when everybody is trying to think of a way to stop real wars. So here's what I propose: That you shall not have this battleship now, but that you will go back to school, do better reading, remember to write a letter home every Sunday afternoon according to the school rule, and try to get those other boys to take a naval holiday with you for three weeks. Don't play navy fights; don't get any more battleships. Instead, invent a good, new, lively game to play getting rid of some ships you've got. And if you write the letters, improve the reading and try your best to get the other boys to play the new game. I will give you a new battleship at the end of three weeks if you still want one. If you don't want one, then I'll give you something else. What do you think of that?"

The boy thought a lot about it—so much that they had walked way beyond the White House before he was ready to reply. Then he accepted the proposal "in principle," as Mr. Balfour and Baron Kato would say, but searched for some of the obstacles, as Mr. Balfour and Baron Kato would do, and suggested modifications as to details.

"How can we sink the battleships we've got? One of the strictest rules at school is that we mustn't use the bathtubs for anything except to take baths."

"You'll have to invent some way," replied his father, who was getting excited over his own game of playing that his name was Hughes.

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OTHER, "Mother Love," "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle"—these have been extolled so long in story, play, song and motion pictures that the idea of motherhood and all pertaining to it is sentimentally sacrosanct.

Any criticism of it is a thing to be horrified at, an affront to an idea which tradition and sentiment and the popular song writers and the more popular movies have invested with unassailable perfection. But despite these builders of a nation's sentiment, I must speak the truth; and the plain, unsentimental truth is that many of our song-worshiped mothers and many of our fathers should on the record of their deeds be classified as vices.

I am not here considering or addressing myself to those parents who obviously to every thinking person are vicious influences in their children's lives, parents who are frivolous, negligent, who take more interest in their own pleasure than in their children's welfare. I am here concerned only in the worthwhile parents who are earnestly desirous of doing their best for their children; and my concern is to show such parents how, perhaps in ignorance of child nature and better methods, they are unconsciously guilty of attitudes and practices that bring vicious results.

The vices of well-intentioned parents spring from many sources. There is of course ignorance. There is pride—pride in the child itself, our desire that it shall be recognized as the perfect child, our desire that we may be recognized as the perfect parent. There is the vice of ill-considered devotion, the senseless sense of propriety, the false idea of good behavior. And I might go on indefinitely cataloguing bad practices which are the perversion of good impulses. But the fact that the original instinct was good cannot alter the vicious effects of the practice and does not mend the injury which has been done the child.

Perhaps few of us have ever realized how many of our vices have their origin in our pride as parents, pride which has a hundred forms. Our pride may excite in us a mad desire to have our child excel beyond his merit and beyond his ability, which desire may be a vice when regarded from the viewpoint of its results. Perhaps no instance will serve to illustrate more poignantly the fallacies of our misconceived ambitions for our children than the case of Rosemary.

"An Exceptional Child"

ROSEMARY'S parents were determined that she should be regarded as an exceptional child, and they had the money to make her that in so far as the mere spending of money can achieve this result. Until the age of eleven Rosemary was coddled in all material luxury. She was tutored at home in school work and in all forms of art. She was taken to all kinds of amusements. And above all other attentions, everything was thought out for her and done for her. But despite all the care and thought and love and money bestowed upon her, Rosemary was physically weak, pale, listless and very slow in all her responses. Finally the little girl herself begged to be sent to school and after much begging the devoted mother consented.

To get away from that airless hothouse, her golden cage of velvet lining, proved exactly what Rosemary needed. School seemed like a paradise of freedom to her; she was allowed to do some things by herself and for herself. It stimulated her imagination, her creative ability, her ambition. At the end of a few months Rosemary was reborn, bubbling with life, happy, active, joyous.

After a time Rosemary decided to dramatize one of the stories read in school and decided to give the play as a surprise to her mother and father on her birthday, which was a few weeks off. The thought of doing it all herself, making the costumes out of colored tissue paper, assigning the parts to her friends, rehearsing them, thrilled her with joy. For three whole days she and her two little friends who were to have leading parts in the drama managed to keep this wonderful dream a secret. On the fourth day Rosemary's mother happened in upon them and discovered the plan. Following her usual practice with Rosemary, the mother immediately stepped into the affair and took charge of the production. She improved the play with her revisions, and from her costume trunks brought forth most attractive costumes for the various parts, which shamed Rosemary's poor tissue garments. She assumed responsibility over the rehearsals, supervised and directed them; and instead of



The Sins of the Parents

By MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

allowing the event to remain a small, informal party, as Rosemary planned it to be, the mother invited a score of friends and decorated the house especially for the occasion.

As the mother saw it, the program was a great success. The audience showed its appreciation by enthusiastic applause, and at the end of the play the guests crowded about the mother to congratulate her on her remarkable daughter. The mother was aglow with excited happiness. After she had bid the last guest good-by at the front door, she rushed back to the theaterized living room to take Rosemary into her arms. But Rosemary was not there. After much searching the mother found Rosemary in her own room, stretched out on her bed, her face buried in the pillow.

"Darling," the mother called to her, "wasn't your play wonderful?"

Rosemary lifted herself slowly from her bed, looked up at her mother with a strange, fierce look in her eyes and in wild hysteria she cried: "Mother, you did it all—not I!"

Where Pride is Cause for Censure

AND so an experience which might have expressed childhood in all its genuine simplicity and naive beauty, an experience which should have proved the fruition of the child's own efforts, and might have been the quickening of Rosemary's independent growth, was made into a crushing tragedy by a loving, devoted, ambitious mother. And to this day the mother does not understand her own guilt or the true cause of Rosemary's behavior.

When she related the story her facts were practically the same as I have given; but this was her decisive conclusion and complacent interpretation: "It was a plain case of hysterical exhaustion. I had let her do too much. Of course after such an experience, I'm not allowing Rosemary to attempt any trying work again."

I think that every reader who understands children will join in exclaiming, "Poor Rosemary!"

The vice of Rosemary's mother was that in her pride and love she did everything for Rosemary. Some good parents go to the other extreme. There are few vices of parents which deserve more censure than establishing a too-exalted standard, sometimes an adult standard, as a model for the child's achievement. We cannot expect children to live up

to our adult physical strength and intellectual power. We must realize that the crudity and imperfection of the little child's work are truly representative of the limited power of the growing child, and in its way that work is as nearly 100 per cent of possible achievement as our smooth and perfect performance. We parents in our efforts to make the little child do something which is entirely beyond him, discourage his efforts by overburdening him, and the result is often death to the child's ambition and misery to his soul. Life is filled with the tragedies of child phenomena, pressed forward by good parents, who wither and lose all their promise at just the time when they should be barely opening their buds.

Pride in our children is a wonderful quality; but when there is not combined with pride a full understanding of the child and sympathy for the child, then such a pride may become one of the worst of vices. At the very least our pride demands that our children should be the equals of children of the same size and age. The way in which we handle a physical condition may serve to illustrate the possible vicious effects upon our children of this kind of pride. Most of us good parents consider neither expense nor effort in securing the best medical attention for our children; yet few of us seem to appreciate adequately that if a child suffers physically all his bodily and mental functioning is affected; that all of him, not alone his physical body, needs special attention and consideration. The case of Olga is an extreme example to illustrate this point.

At seventeen Olga weighed over a hundred and eighty pounds. She had long been a problem to her parents. At the age of six Olga looked like a child of ten, and it was at that time that the parents consulted a specialist and discovered that Olga was suffering from an abnormal condition of her glands which caused this obesity and other physical disorders. The parents kept her under the care of this specialist, and while she is still an abnormality as to size and weight she is, nevertheless, in excellent physical condition.

But the parents' pride made them ashamed of her size. While the best of physical attention was being given to Olga, the other child concern of the parents was to save themselves the embarrassment of having so huge a child in a class with children hardly more than half her size—this regardless of the fact that she was no older than the average of the class. Their whole thought was: "What will other people think?"

The Child Who Had No Chance

CONSEQUENTLY they engaged private tutors for Olga in an effort to speed her up in her studies so that she would be in school with and mingle with children of her own size. Olga, however, had just the average mentality of her years and naturally enough she found it difficult to concentrate on her advanced studies. She responded rather poorly to the forcing process of tutors. Olga's unsatisfactory progress was not understood by her parents. They saw it as her fault; she was lazy and did not want to learn; that was the parents' verdict, and they had her pushed harder than ever. They did not realize that Olga had not had a real chance to gain a mastery of the fundamentals of any of her subjects, that everything was chaos and confusion to her. Their pride, or shame—sometimes the two are one—drove them on; and regardless of whether she was fitted for the classes or knew her work she was dragged through the primary grades, tutored always forcibly feeding her, through high school, and finally by her tutors' having luckily fed her just the right stuff before the entrance examinations, she was entered in a special preparatory school for college.

At this school, Olga, for the first time dependent upon her own efforts, found herself absolutely at sea. She was deficient in every subject and could not keep up with her class. At home, while the best physical care still was given her, the child had no sympathy for her poor standing in her school work. Her father especially could not understand her poor reports when she had been given so much outside help. As the school year progressed Olga found herself falling farther and farther behind in her work. She had nowhere and no person to whom to turn for help and sympathy. She struggled to hold her place in school; and to achieve this end she began to practice all kinds of deception. Finding that even this could not hold her a place in her class, and fearing the consequences at home of an open disgrace, in her desperation she wrote on a typewriter a letter to the

(Continued on Page 71)

My little speech tonight will reach
Across the U. S. A.
For I'll follow the trail of the wonderful sale
Of the soups that we eat every day.



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Good soup eaten regularly every day is a builder of robust health. Point to any place on the map of the United States and there Campbell's Soups are making healthier, happier people. Because these soups are so good and so convenient, Americans have learned to appreciate soup at its real value.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

is a thick, rich nourishing blend. The delicious flavor and great food value of this soup come from the medium-sized ox tail joints, choice and meaty, daintily diced carrots and golden turnips, selected barley, crisp white celery, a touch of French leeks and parsley grown on our own farms all the year round.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

A dainty garnish

Many housewives are fond of giving a "personal touch" to their dishes, especially when they are entertaining and wish everything to be even more attractive than usual. At such times you will find this a most pleasing garnish to Campbell's Ox Tail Soup: a thin slice of lemon in each plate, a thin slice or two of hard-boiled egg and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley. The lemon may be cut in fancy shapes.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



NEARLY all parents believe that contagious diseases and school life go together. But our belief that these diseases of childhood are necessary accompaniments of school life needs thorough and complete revision. The common contagious diseases that we have accepted as necessary incidents of childhood are not necessary at all. Unfortunately, there are still some mothers who believe that their children should be exposed to the milder forms of these diseases at least, with the deliberate purpose of having them affected with measles or chicken pox, so that they may have the disease once for all and have it over with, the theory in such cases being that children are less acutely ill with the diseases in question than they would be if they should happen to contract them after they reach adult life.

This point of view is wrong. Contagious diseases are never without the possibility of harm. It is true that some of them seem so simple and have so little effect upon childhood that people do not view them with any particular apprehension; but it is also true that there is not a single one of the ordinary contagious diseases of child life that has not the possibility of becoming dangerous or leaving in its trail some serious complications which may become fatal.

We know that as children grow older and as adult life approaches there is increased resistance to disease. This is particularly true of those diseases that are caused by germs, or what are known as the "contagious" or "infectious" diseases. We use the word "immunity" to describe this condition of resistance; therefore it is correct to say that grown people are more immune—that is, less likely to contract contagious diseases—than are children; so that if we can bring our children up to the age of adolescence, or to the age of sixteen to eighteen years, when they may be considered to be approaching adult life, without having let them contract any of the contagious diseases, we need have slight apprehension that they will contract them later in life. If they do, they will probably be better fitted to resist disease than they would have been had they succumbed to them in childhood.

Another fact which seems to have escaped the attention of parents is that the contagious diseases we have mentioned are really not school diseases at all. They are, to a minor extent, diseases which are more or less prevalent during the time of life when the child goes to school, but they are far more prevalent under the age of six years than they are afterwards. Moreover, they are far more dangerous to the little children than to the older ones. Throughout the United States we find that ninety-five of every hundred deaths from whooping cough, eighty out of every hundred deaths from measles, sixty-two out of every hundred deaths from diphtheria, sixty-two out of every hundred deaths from scarlet fever, occur in children under five years of age. We find also, where we can obtain reliable statistics, that about eighty out of every hundred cases of all these contagious diseases occur in children under five years of age.

The School a Weapon Against Disease

FROM this it may be seen that the school cannot be held responsible as the main disseminator of infection of this type; nevertheless the school has been and in some instances may still be justly blamed for whatever share it has taken or is taking in making it possible for contagious diseases to spread. The chance for spread of infection is always increased whenever children are brought together in groups, whether this is at school, at children's parties, at picnics or any other place where children who would not otherwise have met are brought together in more or less close contact for a definite length of time. The truth of this is seen in the fact that in many of our largest and best boarding schools the officials look forward almost with certainty to an outbreak of chicken pox or measles or some one of the other more readily contracted contagious diseases within a week or two after the Christmas or Easter holidays. The children bring these diseases to school with them, and they are mainly the result of the children's parties that have taken place during the holiday season. As a matter of fact, whenever such an epidemic breaks out in a particular school it is usually easily controlled; and that brings me to the point I wish particularly to emphasize. Although the school has been blamed in the past for the dissemination of contagious diseases, the contrary of this can be and should be true. Thus, the school offers at the present time the most simple and the safest place we have for the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases.

During the great epidemic of influenza three years ago health officials were faced with the question whether it would be desirable to close all places of amusement and other places where people congregated, including the public and parochial schools. In New York City, where the health



Unnecessary Diseases of Childhood

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

officials had for a long time believed that the school is one of the most valuable agents we have in the prevention of infection, provided proper medical supervision is given to the children, it was decided that the schools should remain open during the epidemic. The problem called for proper and continuous medical oversight. The children were not allowed to congregate in the playgrounds, but were sent directly to their classrooms. They were inspected each morning by their teachers in order to detect any symptoms of illness. If any child seemed in any way to need special attention, such child was referred at once to the school doctor or nurse or sent home. All these latter children were kept under observation in their homes until it was determined whether or not they were actually ill. No recess games were allowed, and after the school closed for the day the children were sent directly home.

As a result of this health supervision it was found that the number of absences from school attendance was no greater during the progress of the epidemic than it had always been at the same time of year. Also, it was found that influenza was almost unknown among children of school age. The sickness and death rates from this disease were lowest in the age group from five to fifteen years, made up almost exclusively of school children. In other words, the epidemic was practically non-existent as far as they were concerned. Such evidence as this has been met with over and over again in all the large cities that have taken the school as a weapon to fight contagious diseases rather than allowing it to become a means whereby their incidence may be increased.

How to Fight Germs

PROBABLY one of the reasons why school life has been associated with contagious diseases is because the schools open in the fall, at just about the time we begin to live with closed windows. It is well known that fresh air and sunlight are the two best disinfectants we have. If one follows the curve which represents the beginning of contagious diseases in the fall, their rapid increase during the months of February and March, and then their equally rapid decrease until the schools close in June, we may easily assume that because the increase in the number of cases of contagious diseases closely follows the term of school life, they have a very definite relation to each other. We are more and more inclined to the belief that the closed window, the absence of fresh air and indoor life are responsible. As a matter of fact, contagious diseases would be as prevalent in summer as they are in winter if it were not for the fact that in summer we prefer to be outdoors a great deal of the time, and even when indoors we have an abundance of fresh air.

In learning to fight contagious diseases as well as all other diseases, we have first to learn a little about the way in which they gain access to the body. The acquiring of any disease may be divided into two parts: First, the germ or actuating cause, whatever it may be; that is, the thing that

actually causes the disease. The second and equally important part has to do with the amount of resistance that the individual can show against incurring the disease; in other words, the state of physical health. When we understand these two points we are well started on our knowledge of what the school and the home can do to prevent children's having these diseases.

Contagious diseases are always caused by germs. These find their way into the body through the mouth and nose. Contrary to general opinion, these germs are not floating around in the air nor are they generally found in water or in dust. The only way in which contagious diseases can be transmitted from one person to another is by intimate contact with the person who has the disease in question. The germs of these diseases are usually conveyed by coughing, sneezing, speaking or kissing. While the germs can be in the fine particles of moisture that come out of a person's mouth in sneezing or coughing, and often when they speak, these germs cannot float in the air for any great distance. A good arm's length is about as far as we can expect infection to carry over. Anything that is soiled by a sick person can carry the disease to others. This is true of soiled hands, handkerchiefs and towels.

The child should wash his hands before meals and after going to the toilet, and the food that he eats should be kept covered and free from contamination. It has been said that "food, fingers and flies" are the cause of most of the diseases that may possibly be transmitted from one person to another. Action on the part of the community as well as of every householder in clearing up places where flies breed, proper screening of houses, cleanly handling of food and thorough washing of food that is to be eaten raw, combined with personal cleanliness, are all methods that are needed to keep the home and the people in it free from infection.

As contagious diseases can be carried only by actual contact with the body secretions of the person who is sick and can be acquired by a well person only by letting some of this infection actually gain entrance to the body through the mouth or nose, it may readily be seen that the first cardinal rule for prevention of infectious diseases is to see that nothing goes into the mouth that is not clean. If this one rule could be observed it would mean the wiping out of about one-half of our cases of contagious diseases.

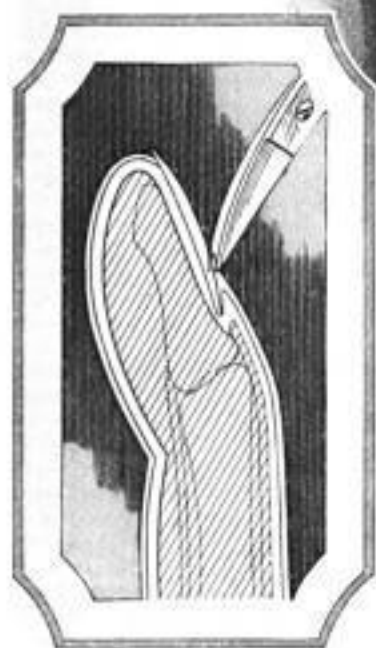
The Meaning of "Resistance"

THE second cause of disease that we have referred to is lack of general good health; that is, what we call the "resistance" of the person is lowered. Every mother knows that there are certain types of children who take every kind of disease that is encountered in the neighborhood. Such children are those who have lowered resistance to disease. On the other hand, there are other children who may be continually exposed to contagion, yet who never seem to acquire any of it. These are children whose resistance or state of good health is normal. Resistance to disease is of two kinds: some people have what is called "natural resistance"; that is, they have within themselves certain substances that are antagonistic to certain diseases. Such people are called "immunes" and never contract the disease in question. Some people may be immune to several diseases or to only one particular kind. On the other hand, there are people who do not have this natural immunity, but who are able to resist disease because of the fine physical condition in which they always keep themselves. If this latter type of person contracts a contagious disease, he usually has it in very light form and gets well without any complications.

What we know as "bodily resistance" is definitely lowered by certain conditions of life, and children who are frail, who lack vitality and who do not live in the right health surroundings are the ones who are the first victims when any of the contagious diseases are present in the neighborhood. Such lowered resistance is caused by lack of fresh air, not enough nourishing food, the wrong kind of clothing—usually such children are overclothed—and lack of care of the functions of the body, which render the person much more likely to become ill. Regular bathing and wholesome exercise are needed. Overwork or overplay may easily result in mental and physical fatigue. When this fatigue can be cured by a good night's rest it need cause no apprehension; but when the hours of sleep are too short and the fatigue lasts over from day to day, then it is time to make a readjustment of the child's mode of living.

One of the most hopeful messages that medicine has brought us in a long time is that which has to do with assuring prevention of some of these contagious diseases. Scientists have been working for years upon the possibilities of developing a serum or vaccine which will prevent or cure certain types of diseases that are caused by the development

(Continued on Page 43)



You cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through in places to the delicate nail root that lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the surface of the cuticle



What causes hangnails?

With proper care you need never again have a raw, ragged cuticle

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it. This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvedge edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very

first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

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Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. These represent a distinct advance on anything ever put out.

In the new Cutex Powder Polish you have for the first time, a powder polish that is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. It is scented, delicately tinted, velvet smooth. You will be astonished with its quickness, and enchanted with the way it brings out the natural luster and color of your nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly, leaving a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least one week. It is a wonderful protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last twice as long.

Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle to you. Perhaps you may have made the cuticle at the base of the nails coarse and ragged by clipping it with the cuticle scissors. Cutex Cuticle Remover will leave it beautifully smooth, and you will agree that you have never used as wonderful a nail polish as any one of those provided by Cutex.

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To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 60c, at \$1.50, and at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.

New Introductory Set—now only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 103, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



Just work around the nails with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover



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The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

Curtaining the House

IN THE furnishing of the house the curtains are next in importance to the walls and the floors, for on the proper selection of the colors and materials used in the curtains, on the cut of the side drapes and valances, on the carefulness of the making and the method of hanging them, depends very largely the attractiveness of the completed home.

Usually you expect to achieve with your curtains that cozy and well-furnished atmosphere that is so desirable and so eagerly sought after by every woman who has a home in the making; also, you may depend on your curtains to supply the most important keynotes of your color schemes, which is logical enough, since the walls are always neutral, the floors quiet, allowing the very finest chance in the world for curtains showing the rich blues, the tawny mustards and old-gold tones, the friendly notes of rose, the greens or mauves, that by their mere presence at your windows tend to beautify. Your curtains may be as gay as your rooms will allow: cretonne or printed linen solves the need with peculiar adaptability, and when plain materials at the windows are a decorative necessity, you may dare extremely brilliant colors which may be partly hidden by more demure overdrapes when desired. To know how to choose just this right material for any certain room, to decide unerringly the proper quantity to use, so that patterns or bright hues will not be overdone, to be able to say at once how long the glass curtains and the side drapes shall be, what degree of formality should be attained, and whether there should be linings—these are only a few of the many details that crop up as the curtaining progresses, and require a working knowledge of curtain lore that seems appalling to the amateur, but which is not really difficult to master after all.

The very first step may be taken in learning as much as possible about glass curtains, which are those thin inner curtains that hang as close to the windowpanes as their rods can be placed. If the windows are also supplied with roller shades, these must be allowed room between the glass curtains and the glass so that they may roll up and down with ease. Glass curtains are always given a rod to themselves, but this I shall explain more thoroughly when we take up the subject of rods. Since glass curtains are meant to cover the glass, they do not extend above or below any more than is necessary: at the top of the window they are cased on a rod at the base of the upper window trim, set in toward the windowpane as far as is necessary if the window is in any degree recessed; in length they never fall below the window sill, but preferably just clear it. Usually glass curtains are cased on their rods instead of being attached by rings, because they are thin enough to do away with the necessity for pulling back and forth, and if glass curtains are needed at all they are hung the way they are intended to stay. When glass curtains combine with their own uses the attributes of draw curtains, and are of thicker material, obviating the use of the roller shade, they may be cased on rings, which as a rule are hidden from view by the valance of the overdrapery.

Glass curtains should never be tied back, with the exception of the small colonial window that is sometimes hung with ruffled sheer-white-muslin curtains, drawn ever so slightly to each side with tie-backs of folded muslin. The use of this particular type of curtain is sanctioned by custom for the quaint colonial house, and looks quite attractive from without; but from the interior standpoint, I feel its use is rather limiting, for one must be very chary of the kind of overdrapery one attempts to combine with glass curtains like these, since usually the simplest sort of side drape is the only thing that could be tolerated, and there is considerable doubt about any at all.

Even Hems are Unpretentious

DECORATIVE opinion holds that, save in the exception just cited, the glass curtains should hang straight from the inside top of the window to the sill, that there should be a pair for every window, that there should be scant fullness, so that the curtains will not appear too bunched, and that, as a rule, there should be very little noticeable space in the middle between the two curtains. When the view is too beautiful to obstruct and there is no need for protection from passers-by, glass curtains may be dispensed with entirely, arranging the windows becomingly without them.

Time was when people were thought either queer or poverty-stricken if they did not have much lace at their front windows; now they are considered old-fashioned and their taste is questioned if they do, for it has grown to be considered a sign of the love of overdisplay to choose glass curtains too ornate. We only find folk of a certain kind insisting on that newest version of the lace curtain, a little bit of linen "encrusted" with quantities of filet in the form

of insertions, edgings and medallions; and, if the truth were known, the better shops offer this sort of curtain only to those they suspect of being unable to appreciate any other; and the good decorator looks upon too-fancy glass curtains with the same horror that is inspired by many diamonds worn in the morning. People who hanker in secret for lace curtains their Victorian grandmothers admired are stilling the longing with plain net or Valenciennes, hemmed plainly, which is as near as one can come, in safety, to the filminess of lace. Even trimmings of lace on plain materials, such as the use of bandings and edgings, have been relinquished in favor of unpretentious hems, and those who wish individuality in their glass curtains are preferring to pay as goodly a price by the yard as they can afford for handspun sheer linens, silk gauzes, sunproof materials and casement cloths.

For the average window one rarely needs more than two lengths of yard-wide goods, though, when the material is especially soft and the window wide, greater widths may be used without cutting. The favorite width for the curtain hem is an inch and a half or two inches, but one inch or three inches may also be considered. The hems appear at the bottoms and at the inner facing sides; the outside edges may be roll hemmed or, less conventionally, hemmed to match the other edges. Tiny hand stitches are an improvement over machine stitching, but the latter is better unless one has mastered the art of beautiful handwork. Ladder hemstitching, in any width desired, run at the top of the hems, is a favored form of curtain embellishment. If a shrinkable material is being used for the glass curtains, a precaution for extra length after washing may be found in two or three thicknesses folded into the casing while making, and which may be let out when needed, for there is no sorrier spectacle than an outgrown glass curtain. Casings should be made comfortably wide enough for the slenderest of rods,

and as a rule show no headings, unless the glass curtain is the only dress the window boasts, or unless it is cased to and bottom on rods, a form peculiarly suited to the casement window and French door, if glass curtains are real necessities. This, however, is not always the case.

Never case your glass curtain on rods perched on top of the window trim, and flush with the room; often we see these, plus headings on the curtains and balls on the rods, and the effect is extremely bad. It cannot be repeated too often that glass curtains should be hung just as close to the windowpanes as possible.

The choice of materials that may be used for glass curtains is exceedingly varied. Among the cheapest are: cheesecloth of the finest quality, voile, scrim, muslin, marquisette and silk muslin. Handkerchief linen, casement cloth, sunproof materials, pongees and Jap silk, china silk, silk gauze and Georgette are all more expensive, but in certain rooms they justify their price when they can be afforded; sunproof materials in themselves outwear so many of the cheaper fabrics that their price is really no more in the long run. In choosing them it should be kept in mind that some of them try to look as ornate in sheen and pattern as the most intricate lace, so determine to choose one that is in unquestionable taste. The thin ones are particularly suitable for use next to the glass.

There is a growing tendency to avoid dead white in the material used for glass curtains. In perfectly conventional schemes the pale conventional tones are chosen for the purpose, the creams, oyster grays, café au lait, écru, mainly the palest of periwinkle blue, the veriest tint of rose. But as the more individual and artistic schemes are dared, the color

of the glass curtains deepens, and we may see gay lengths of soft orange, the glint of gold sunproof material almost the counterpoint of cloth of gold, rust-colored Jap silk, coarse challis or even characterful cretonne when these accentuate the beauty of the interior and enhance the exterior of the house. Always, in deciding on a certain color for glass curtains, the house exterior should be taken into consideration: a house of red brick could only be improved by glass curtains of pale grays, creams or white; but stone, frame and certain of the off-color brick tones may welcome harmonizing colors, if these are suitable in other respects.

The "How" of Overdrapes

SINCE a very great proportion of all window schemes constitute merely the use of glass curtains and overdrapes, let us give overdrapes our next attention. These are divided into side drapes and valances, and are usually used together at one window, though we frequently see side drapes used separately, and very occasionally valance alone. Side drapes are cut in one of two lengths: either they extend to the floor, which is the formal length, or to the bottom of the window trim, which is usually about four inches below the glass curtains. The shorter length, of course, is more popular, and for the following reasons: it fits well into the homelike interior, it is easier for the amateur to manage artistically, and it is much, much cheaper, since less material is required. However, there are many rooms that are improved by the long side drapes, without at all increasing their formality; noticeably those with too low ceilings or ceilings that are beamed. The length of the side drapes is a matter that will have to be decided afresh in each individual case.

The apparent width of windows may be changed by the position in which the side drapes are hung. If a window is too long and narrow it may be apparently widened by setting the side drapes out on the wall on either side; it may be narrowed by allowing the draperies to extend over the glass, without taking up any more of the side-wall space than is necessary to cover the side window trims. If it is desired to have the side drapes act as draw curtains the width of each one must be sufficient to allow it to be drawn with ease to the middle of the window, where it comfortably meets its fellow without being pulled askew. If the side drapes are stationary they are cut the width that looks well without being too full or too skimpy. Usually, in materials about the weight of cretonne, the width is thirty-six inches.

Side drapes are always hung over the window trim and wall, no matter how deeply recessed the window and glass curtain may be, for the very good reason that the window proper should not be cluttered with overmuch drapery or there might as well be no window there. In the case of those old-fashioned windows with sills deep enough for seats and no trim on the turn of the plaster as it rounds out into the room, a satisfactory arrangement is found in the hanging of side drapes and Dutch valance on the wall surrounding the aperture, while the glass curtains are way in against the pane. The drapes and the valance should not cumber the opening any more than is necessary, just so they leave no visible gap of wall between themselves and the inner glass curtains. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and occasionally one might hang the Dutch valance and drapes

(Continued on Page 144)



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Bebe Daniels in
"A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
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William S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
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Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
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Gloria Swanson in
"The Husband's Tragedy"
By Clara Beranger

Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
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A Realart Production

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walkers"
By Aubrey Stauffer
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Jack Holt in
"While Satan Sleeps"
From the novel
"The Parson of Panamint"
By Peter B. Kyne

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas Meighan in
"If You Believe It, It's So"
By Perley Poore Sheehan



The French Twins Go Exploring

(A story to be read in connection with the French Twin paper dolls on page 37 of this issue)

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Illustrated by
the Author



ONE glorious summer morning before the close of the Great War, Pierre and Pierrette Meraut climbed down from their beds in the haymow, to the floor of the stable where they lived, and creeping quietly by the stalls where their father and mother and grandparents were still sleeping ran out into the golden sunshine.

At the door they put on their wooden shoes, Pierre seized a pair of oars which were leaning against the wall and lifted them to his shoulders, Pierrette took the basket of provisions which their mother had filled for them the night before, and the two children set off at a brisk pace down the path which led to the river.

The shadows were still long and pointing toward the west, the dew was sparkling like diamonds on the grass and the birds were singing. "Oh," cried Pierrette, skipping for joy, "just think, Pierre, here we are going off exploring all by ourselves without being afraid! When we were in Rheims it was just like being a mouse with the cat after us every minute."

"Yes," said Pierre; "now there is nothing to be afraid of, unless a German airplane should fly over and drop a bomb; but they usually come at night, anyway, and there hasn't been one even at night for ever so long."

"I didn't think mother would let us go," said Pierrette.

"Well, I must say it took a good deal of coaxing," admitted Pierre; "but I told her we just had to find out what there is beyond Fontanelle, and we're going farther behind the lines, anyway, so we're safer and safer all the time."

"It seems just as safe as heaven itself after Rheims," said Pierrette.

She shuddered as she remembered the months they had spent under bombardment in the doomed city, and their escape in a rowboat with their mother and their wounded father. It was a happy day when at last they had reached the little village of Fontanelle in their flight, and had found shelter with their grandparents and other refugees in the stable and outhouses of a ruined château.

"WE AREN'T going very far," said Pierrette, "and besides, I reminded mother that we are ten years old now, and about the commandant at the camp saying what good soldiers we are, and she said, when she kissed us good night, that she knew she could trust us. I'm sure nothing but nice things will happen to us to-day."

"A thousand thunders!" said Pierre—he had learned to say that at camp and was very proud of it—"I guess we can take care of ourselves. We aren't babies any more."

The lazy little river which flowed through Fontanelle was only about half a mile from the château, and hidden in a clump of bushes on the bank was "The Ark," the boat in which the Meraut family had escaped from Rheims. When they came in sight of it, the children broke into a run and slid down the little embankment to the water's edge. Here they untied the boat, pushed it out of its hiding place, shipped the oars and scrambled aboard. Their long journey from Rheims had given them good training in rowing, and with each of them plying an oar "The Ark" was soon skimming along over the shallow water toward the west, leaving a path of glistening ripples in its wake.

For some time they rowed steadily against the sluggish current without saying a word; then they rounded a bend in the river, the gray walls of the château on the hill disappeared in the distance, and they were in a part of the country which they had never seen before. On each side of the river green fields dotted with clumps of trees and groups of farm buildings rolled away toward distant blue hills. There was nothing to remind them of the war except an occasional shell hole or the blackened ruin of some building wrecked by a bomb from a German airplane. On and on they rowed, and there was no sound except the regular splash of the oars, the ripple of the water against the boat and the rustling of the leaves stirred by the gentle breeze. Then from far away came the sound of a horn.

"There's the call to mess at the camp already," said Pierre. "And I am as hungry as a whole regiment myself. Let's go ashore and eat."

"All right," said Pierrette, who was as hungry as her brother. "We'll land under that clump of trees yonder. It looks like a good camping spot."

A FEW strokes of the oars brought them to a curve in the shore line, where willow boughs hung down almost to the surface of the water.

They shot the boat under the trailing branches and were surprised to find themselves hidden in a cool, green bower. There was a tiny strip of sandy beach at the shore line and leading from it an overgrown path which ran from the water's edge back to a tangle of shrubs and wild grape vines, where it mysteriously disappeared.

"Oh, what a darling little secret place!" cried Pierrette. "You'd never guess it was here at all until you're right in it."

"I wonder where that path goes," said Pierre. "Let's get out and explore."

They climbed out of the boat, tied it to a willow tree and forgetting their basket of provisions in the excitement of discovery, ran up the overgrown path to the place where it lost itself in the undergrowth. Pierre led the way, nosing about in the shrubbery like a dog on the trail of a rabbit.



"That path doesn't go anywhere at all. It just stops," he said at last. "It certainly looks queer and I'm going to find out what there is beyond it, if I have to go on all fours."

He broke branches and tore away vines and soon had a hole large enough to crawl through.

"There's a wall and a tumbledown gate all wound tight with grape vines," he announced when a few moments later he backed out of the tangle again, "and I see a bit of thatched roof beyond the wall. Somebody must live here."

"It's just like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty," whispered Pierrette, "all buried, as if everyone had been asleep for a hundred years."

"Let's wake 'em up then," said Pierre boldly.

"Oh, dear, maybe they keep a dog," quavered Pierrette. They stood silent for a moment clutching each other's hands, but there was no sound of life anywhere about.

"It's dreadfully still," whispered Pierrette, beginning to tremble. "Maybe an airplane—" she shuddered. "Oh, let's go back to the boat!"

"You're a great explorer," said Pierre loftily. "Come along"; and, tearing aside the vines, he forced open the gate and pulled his sister through it after him.

They found themselves standing in the courtyard of a little deserted house.

"It was an airplane!" whispered Pierrette, gazing at the tumbledown chimney and the wreckage of one corner of the house wall. "Oh, I'm afraid!"

"What if we are scared!" said Pierre. "Come along!"

With hearts beating like drums they crossed the court and peered fearfully through the house door, which was open and hanging from one hinge.

IT WAS a sad sight that met their eyes. There was the desolate room where once a happy family had lived. The floor was covered with stones from the broken house wall and the wind had blown straw from the thatch and ashes from the fireplace over everything. In one corner there was a cupboard which still held a few dishes, though many were broken. There were two chairs covered with dust, and a table that was tipped over, with its four legs sticking up in the air.

The children tremblingly crossed the threshold and made their way over the wreckage to the door of a room beyond. There was a bed with the clothes thrown about as if some one had only just leaped out of it. Beside it was a cradle with the print of a tiny head still on the pillow.

The children gazed about them for a few moments and then tiptoed quietly out of the house.

"Anyway, nobody was killed here," said Pierre, heaving a great sigh of relief as they came out-of-doors into the sunshine once more. "The bomb must have fallen just outside and they were scared and ran away as fast as they could go and didn't come back."

"There must have been a mother," said Pierrette, "because there was a baby."

"And the father was away fighting," added Pierre.

"It's a darling little house," said Pierrette. "See the rose bush over the door. There was a geranium in the window; but it's dead now. The house looks dead too. Oh, don't you wish we could bring it to life?"

"Well," said Pierre, laughing, "you might try a kiss. It worked with the Sleeping Beauty."

Pierrette frowned at him. "You can't kiss a house," she said severely. And then suddenly she laughed, too, and clapped her hands.

"I have an idea!" she cried. "We can't kiss it, but we can love it and tidy it up and make it look alive again, and then when the mother and baby come back, if they ever do, how glad they will be! They will think the fairies did it."

There must have been magic in the very thought, for suddenly the silence no longer terrified them. They ran all

about the place, exclaiming over the beehives they found in the garden and the apples not yet ripe on the trees in the little orchard.

"I just wish we could live in it ourselves," said Pierrette. "It's so much nicer than a stable."

The children had been so thrilled by their discovery that they had both forgotten about breakfast, but now Pierre's faithful stomach warned him that they had not had anything to eat. He ran to the boat and brought back the basket, and the two sat down on the doorstep to eat their rolls and drink their milk.

"There's a pail of soup in the basket for our lunch," said Pierrette, "and mother said we might build a fire to heat it if we'd be sure to put it out afterwards. She's put in some matches and I tell you what we'll do! We'll clean everything up and build a fire on the hearth and set the table and play keep house all by ourselves!"

They hurried through their simple breakfast, and then began in earnest their task of "bringing the house to life."

They carried out the fallen stones and piled them roughly into the broken wall. They swept up the ashes and put the straw bloom from the thatch into the fireplace and started a blaze upon the cold hearth. Pierre brought broken branches to feed it and water from the well to fill the kettle, and soon Pierrette was able to heat water to wash the dishes and to scrub the table and chairs and make everything tidy.

By noon, in spite of the hole in the wall, the kitchen looked almost as if nothing had ever happened to it. A bright fire was crackling on the hearth, the soup was bubbling in the pot sending out an appetizing odor, and two bowls of it were steaming on the table.

Pierre and Pierrette, like two Goldilocks in the house of the bears, were just about to sit down to eat their lunch when suddenly there was a sound of footsteps in the courtyard.

"A thousand thunders!" said Pierre under his breath. "What's that?"

Pierrette said nothing at all. She simply stood still as if she had taken root in the floor.

The steps came nearer and nearer.

And then there in the open door stood a woman with a baby in her arms! Her face was pale and thin, and she seemed almost too weak to stand.

FOR an instant she and the children gazed at one another without speaking. Then she gasped: "What are you doing in my house?"

"We're Pierre and Pierrette Meraut," said Pierrette modestly, finding her tongue before her brother; "and we have just cleaned up your house for you a little, so it wouldn't look so lonesome when you came back to it. We thought maybe you'd think it was fairies that had done it, and that would be a good joke, because it wasn't, you see. It was only us!"

The woman's dark eyes grew larger than ever with astonishment, then filled with tears. She began to laugh and cry at the same time, and Pierrette, seeing how weak she was, led her to the table, dumped the baby into Pierre's lap, and setting her own bowl of soup before the woman, begged her to eat.

"You blessed infants," sobbed the woman, "how did you ever think of it, and how did you know anything about me, anyway?"

"We didn't," said Pierre, quite innocently. "We just found the house, and knew you must be somebody, and that you had a baby, and that, of course, your husband must be away fighting."

"But it is not to believe!" cried the woman. "Surely the good God put the thought into your hearts!"

Then she told them how her husband had been called to the colors just after they had come to live in the little house; and how a few nights after he had gone, leaving her alone with her baby, the bomb had fallen and she had snatched her child from the cradle and rushed away with it into the night: of long months spent in the hospital while the nurse took care of her child.

"Just as soon as I was able to walk, I made up my mind to come back no matter how lonely I should be, so that Jacques would be sure to find us when the war is over," she finished, smiling bravely.

"You won't be lonesome any more," said Pierrette, patting her hand comfortingly, "because you see there's mother and father and grandpère and grandmère and, of course, there's us! We'll all come to see you, and I'd just love to take care of the baby sometimes."

THE woman laughed and hugged her; and she would have hugged Pierre, too, only she couldn't reach him, and besides the baby was pulling his nose just at that moment. Pierrette took the baby from him, to his great relief, and when he and the woman ate their soup she put the baby to sleep and tucked it away in its own little cradle once more.

It was a weary and happy pair of twins that came drifting home with the current in the late afternoon, and as "The Ark" rounded the bend of the river and the gray walls of the château came into view, Pierrette said: "After this, I shall say an extra prayer every day."



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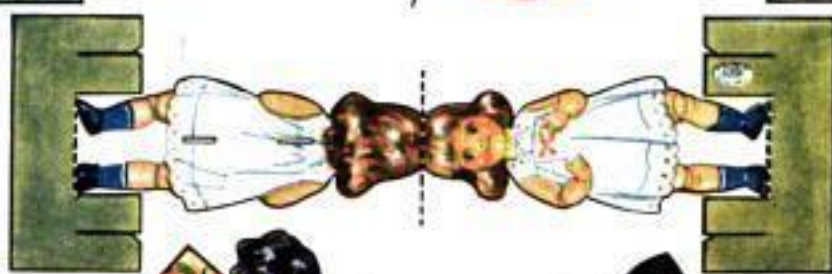
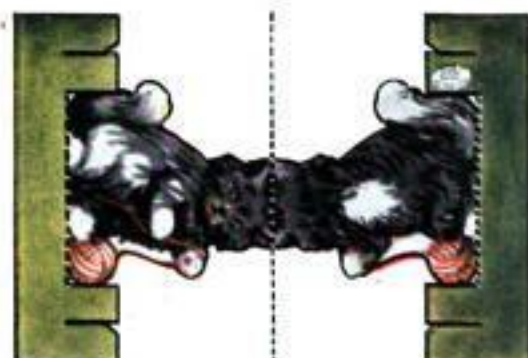
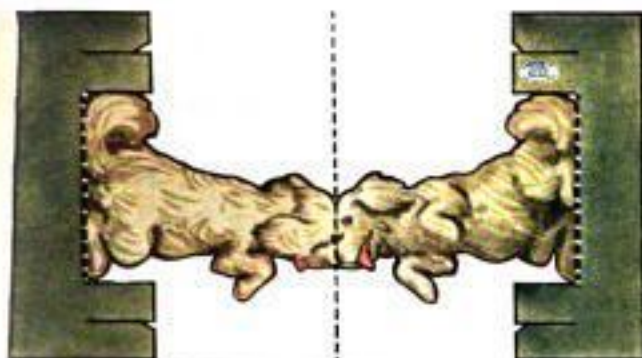
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The French Twins

By
LUCY FITCH PERKINS

(The story of the Twins is on page 34.)

Fold-A-Way Dolls Designed by Jessie Louise Taylor



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FOLD-A-WAY DOLLS

Mount doll on old magazine cover or letterhead. When thoroughly dry cut out all around dark outline and cut into lines or bases to make the locks; also cut slots in body into which the dress tabs fit. Fold over directly on the dotted lines at the top of the head and the dotted lines at the feet, but in opposite directions, as shown on the little figures. Bring bases together and slide locks from one side into the slots on the opposite side. Doll will then stand alone. The clothes need not be mounted, but will last longer if mounted on a light paper before cutting out. Cut into the slots and fold directly on the dotted lines. The hats should be tipped with paste on the inside, just below the slit only.



JESSIE LOUISE TAYLOR

"Twice in the months that followed I tried to run away, to return to the convent; but the servants whom I had counted my friends deceived me, and I was brought back to a beating, brought back strapped to his stirrup iron as I might have been a Nubian slave. Long since he had ceased loving me; that lasted such a little while. He called me Madonna, as though it were a term of shame, and cursed me for coldness and my nunnery ways. He was only happy when he read in my face the fear I held him in. And I was always afraid."

"Afraid!" echoed the man. "Until to-night I was never afraid."

"And then my baby came, and I was not afraid any more, but contented all through. I carried him always in my arms by day and night. So pink and little and with a smile that warmed like sunshine." She paused and added plaintively: "It's hard to remember when one was alive. My hands, my arms have forgotten the feel of him."

"I wish," said the man, "I'd had a second opinion. It might have frightened her though. Oh, heaven, how much longer! Don't mind me, little lady. You're helping no end. You were speaking of baby. Yes!"

"HE KILLED my baby," said the little Madonna, "because he had killed my fear of him. Then being done with me, he threw me out in the streets alone. I thought to end it that night, because my arms were empty and nothing could be good again. But I could not believe the baby was indeed gone; I thought if I searched I would find him in the course of time. Therefore I searched the city from end to end and spoke with mothers and peeped into nurseries and knocked at many doors. And one day a door was opened by a man with great eyes and bronze hair swept back from his brow—a good man. He wore a loose smock over his doublet, smeared with many colors, and in his left hand he held a palette and brushes. When he saw me he fell back a pace and his mouth opened. 'Mother of mercy!' he breathed. 'A real Madonna at last!' His name was Andrea del Sarto, and he was a painter."

"I am a painter too," said the young man, forgetting his absorption at the mention of a great name.

"He brought me into his room, which was bright with windows and a fire. He bade me tell my story, and while I spoke never once did his eyes desert me. When I had ended he rose and walked up and down. Then he took from a chest a cloak of blue and gold and draped it round me. 'Stand upon that throne, Madonna,' said he, 'and I will put an infant in your arms that shall live down all the ages.' And he painted me. So with the child at my breast, I myself had passed into the picture and found contentment there."

"When it was finished the great ones of many cities came to look upon it, and the story of how I came to be painted went from mouth to mouth. Among those who were there was he who had taken me from the nunnery, and, seeing me in perfect happiness, a fury was born in him."

"I was hidden behind a hanging and watched the blackanger rising up and knotting his brow into ugly lines. He bough the canvas, and his servants carried it away. But since the child was in my arms for all time it mattered little to me."

"Then one night two men came to my lodging and without question took me across the city and led me into the palace where I had lived with him. And he came forward to meet me in the great hall. There was a mocking smile on his lips and he pointed to a wall upon which a curtain was hanging."

"I took away that child," he said, "because you valued it higher than the love of man. Look now." At a gesture a servant threw back the hanging and revealed the picture. The babe was gone and my arms crooked to cradle him were empty with the palms upturned.

"I died then—to the sound of his laughter I died, and, looking down from the canvas, I watched them carry me away. And long into the night the man who twice had robbed me of my child sat at the long table staring out before him, drinking great draughts and sometimes beating the boards with his bare fists. As dawn broke he clapped his hands and a servant entered. 'He pointed at me with a shaking hand. 'Take it away,' he cried. 'To a cellar, and let masons brick up the door.' He was weeping as they carried me down to the dark beneath the house."

"WHAT a strange being you are!" said the young man. "You speak as though these were real memories. What happened to the picture then?"

"I lay in the dark for so long—hundreds of years, I think—and there was nowhere I might look. Afterward I was found and packed in a box and presently put upon the wall in the sad room, where everything is so old that I shall not find him there. This is the furthest I have dared to look. Help me find him, please! Won't you help me find him?"

"Why, little lady," he answered soothingly, "how shall I help? That's a woman's burden that heaven isn't merciful enough to let a man share." He stopped abruptly and threw up his head. "Did you hear that—there?"

Through the still, early morning air came a faint, reedy cry. The young man was upon his feet, fiercely fitting a key into the lock.

The little Madonna had risen, too, and her eyes were luminous, like glowworms in the dark.

"He's calling me," she cried. "He's calling."

"Mine," said the young man.

She turned to follow, but the door closed between them.

To the firm of Messrs. Ridgewell, Ridgewell, Hitchcock and Plum was given the task of disposing of the furniture and effects of the late Sabina Prestwich, spinster, of 22a Cambridge Avenue, Hyde Park, W.

Empty Arms

(Continued from Page 11)

As Mr. Ridgewell, Junior, remarked to Mr. Plum while engaged in compiling the sale list and supplying appropriate encomiums to describe an upright grand by Rubenthal, Berlin: "Victorian muck! Lucky if we clean up two-fifty on the lot."

Mr. Plum was disposed to agree. "Though I must say," he added, "it wouldn't surprise me if that picture was worth a bit. Half a mind to let old Kineagle have a squint at it."

"Please yourself," responded Mr. Ridgewell, Junior, "but to my mind it's ten guineas for nix."

It was the chance discovery of an old document amongst a litter of receipts and papers that persuaded them to engage an expert opinion. The document stated that the picture had been discovered bricked up in a Florentine cellar some fifty years before and had been successfully smuggled out of Italy. But the man who found it died, and it passed with a few other unvalued possessions to Sabina Prestwich, now deceased.

The result of Eden Kineagle's visit to the house in Cambridge Avenue was the immediate transference of the canvas to Sotheby's Sale Rooms, a concerted rush on the part of every European and American connoisseur, a threatening letter from the Italian Foreign Office, some extravagant bidding and the ultimate purchase of the picture for the nation, after a heated debate on the part of twenty-two Royal Academicians and five painters of the new school, who would have accepted death rather than the letters, R. A., after their names. Extensive correspondence appeared in the leading papers; persons wrote expressing the opinion that the picture had never been painted by Del Sarto, that it was the finest example of his work, that the price paid was a further example of government waste, and that the money would have been better employed repairing the main road between Croydon town hall and Sydenham High Street, the condition of which constituted a menace to motorcyclists.

FOR nearly ten days scarcely a single publication appeared that failed to reproduce a comment or criticism upon the subject; but, strangely enough, no single leader writer or casual contributor remarked upon the oddness of the composition or the absence of the Infant from the Madonna's arms. In the course of time—that is to say, on the eleventh day—the matter passed from the public mind, a circumstance explainable perhaps by the decent interment of the canvas in the National Gallery, where it affected no one save those mysterious folk who look at pictures for their pleasure and the umbrellaless refugee who is driven to take shelter from the fierceness of storms.

The little Madonna was placed upon a south wall, whence she could look out upon a brave company. And sometimes people would pause to gaze at her and then shake their heads. And once a girl said, "How sad she looks! I wonder why."

Sanctified

By LILLIAN GARD

WHEN Baby came

A guardian angel bent his shielding wings
About the house, and shut out sordid things.

The race for wealth, position, place and fame
Seemed such a paltry thing—when Baby came.

We longed to set some standard, sweetly wise,
Of life before those innocent blue eyes.

We aimed at leading toddling feet through fair
And holy lands—the angel helped us there.

And somehow every little meaner place
Within our souls took on a higher grace;
Our spirit music thrilled with grander sound;
Our feet climbed Godwards in the daily round
When Baby came.

And once a little old lady with industrious hands set up an easel before her and squeezed little twists of color upon a palette, then thought a long time and pursed her lips, and puzzled her brow and finally murmured, "I could never copy it. It's so—so changing." And she, too, went away.

The little Madonna did not dare to step from her frame at night, for other mothers were at hand cradling their babes and the sound of her footfalls might have awakened them. But it was hard to stay still and alone in that happy nursery. She could see through an archway to the right a picture Rubens had painted, and it was all aglow with babies like roses clustered at a porch—fat, dimpled babies that rolled and laughed in aerial garlands. It would have been

nice to pick one and carry it back with her. Yet perhaps they were not really mothers' children, but sprites and jays that had not learned the way to nestle. Had it been otherwise surely the very call of her spirit must have brought her leaping to her arms.

And then one day came a man and girl, who stopped before her. The girl was half child, half woman, and the man gray and bearded, but with brave blue eyes. It was seventeen years since the night she had stolen across the way and talked with this man in his hour of terror, but time did not cloud the little Madonna's memory with the dust of forgetfulness.

"That's the new Del Sarto," said the girl, who was reading from a small blue book. "See, daddy?"

Then the man turned and looked at her, fell back a step, came forward again, passed a hand across his mouth and gasped. "What is it?" asked the girl.

He did not answer at once, then: "The night you were born—" he said. "I'm certain. . . . It's—it's the Sarto too! And the poor empty arms. Just how she looked, and I closed the door on her."

"DADDY, what are you saying?" There was a frightened tone in the girl's voice.

"It's all right, dear, don't mind me. I must find the keeper of the gallery. Poor little lady! Run back home, tell your mother I may be late."

"But, daddy—"

"There are more things in heaven and earth," he began, but did not finish. It seemed as though the Madonna's eyes were pleading to him, and it seemed as if he could not hear her say "Help me find him, please!"

He told his story to the Committee of the National Gallery, and, to do them credit, it was received with the utmost courtesy.

They did not require him to leave them while their decision was made. This was arrived at by a mere exchange of glances, a nod answered by a tilt of the head, a wave of the hand, a kindly smile; and the thing was done.

As the chairman remarked: "We must not forget that the gentleman was living at the time opposite to the house in which the picture was hanging, and it is possible that a light had been left burning in the room that contained it."

"Those of us who are fathers—and I regret for my own part that I cannot claim the distinction—will bear me out that the condition of a man's mind during the painful period of waiting for news as to his wife's progress is apt to depart from the normal and make room for imaginings that in sane moments he must dismiss as absurd. There has been a great deal of discussion and not a little criticism on the part of the public as to the committee's wisdom in purchasing this picture, and I am confident you will all agree with me that we could be responsible for no greater folly than to work upon the canvas with various removers on the bare hypothesis unsupported by surface suggestion, that the Madonna's arms actually contain a child painted in the first intention. For my own part, I am well assured that at no period of its being has the picture been tampered with, and it is a matter of small surprise to me, sir, that an artist of your undoubted quality and achievement should hold a contrary opinion. We are greatly obliged for the courtesy of your visit and trust that you will feel after this liberal discussion that your conscience is free from further responsibility in the matter. Good day."

That was the end of the interview. Once again the door was slammed in the little Madonna's face.

THAT night the man told his wife all about it. "See you see," he concluded, "there is nothing more we can do."

But she lay awake and puzzled and yearned long after he had fallen asleep. And once she rose and peeped into the room that used to be the nursery. I was a changed room now, for the child had grown up and where once pigs and chickens and huntsmen had jostled in happy, farmyard disorder upon the walls now there were likenesses of Owen Nares and Bert Ainsley, obligingly autographed.

But for her the spirit prevailed, the kindly bars still ribbed the windows and the sense of sleeping children still haunted the air.

And she it was who told the man what he must do and although it scared him a great deal he agreed, for in the end all good husbands obey their wives.

It felt very eerie to be alone in the National Gallery in the dead of night with a tiny electric lamp in one buttonhole and a sponge of alcohol and turpentine in one's hand. While he worked the little Madonna's eyes rested upon him and it could hardly have been mere fancy that made him believe they were full of gratitude and trust. At the end of an hour the outline of a child, faint and misty, appeared in her arms, its head, circled by a tiny white halo, snuggling against the curve of her little breast.

Then the man stepped back and gave a shout of joy and, remembering the words the painter had used, cried out, "I will put an infant in your arms that shall live down all the ages."

He had thought perhaps there would come an answer of gladness from the Madonna herself and looked into her face to find it. And truly enough it was there. Her eyes, who for centuries had looked questingly forth from the canvas now drooped and rested upon the baby. Her mouth, sadly down turned at the corners, had sweetened to a smile perfect and serene content.

But the men will not believe he washed away the sinness of her looks with alcohol and turpentine. "I didn't touch the head. I am certain I did not," he repeated.

"Then how can you explain—"

"Oh, heaven!" he answered. "Put a child in a woman's arms."



MAE MURRAY

CORINNE GRIFFITH

RUBY DE REMER

MARION DAVIES

ALICE LAKE

How Famous Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

What any woman can do to make her hair improve her looks



BETTY COMPSON

These stars were among the first to discover that shampooing with Mulsified makes and keeps the hair beautiful—hence the vogue of Mulsified in the Movies.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair; and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



3 When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



4 When the hair is dry, always give it a good, thorough brushing.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Rose-colored lights are always popular and effective, as is proved by their use in this dining room, featuring the knife-boxes with the Heppelwhite sideboard. There are plenty of blue notes in the color scheme of the room, though the rose lights augment the scheme charmingly, with the result that the room is very much more attractive than if it were entirely rose-hued to match the lights.



In these electric wall brackets the finish is of first importance: one considers the advantages of antique gold, colonial brass, polished old silver, polychrome, enamels of various colors, old bronze, weathered old brass and colonial pewter. The newest offerings are old silver and enamels, it seems, and there is a distinct trend toward the use of mirrors and small drop crystals.



Dining-Room Lights

By Ethel Davis Seal: Drawings by Marion Dismant



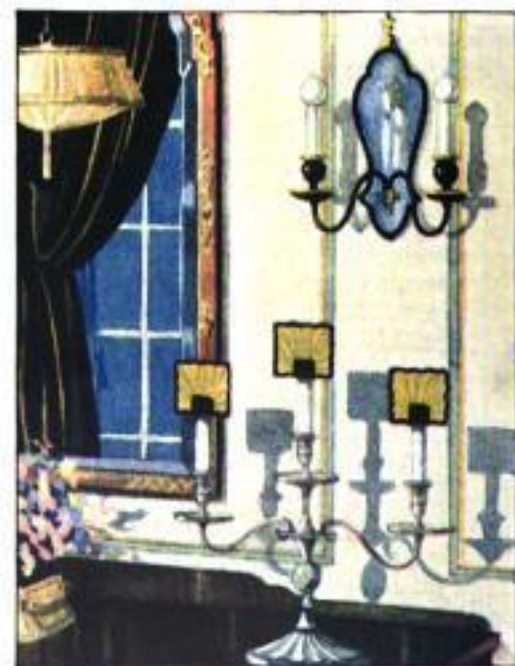
SOME years ago, when hanging domes were doing their merriest worst to the appearance of nine out of every ten dining rooms, I spent an hour or so in as charming a domeless dining room as I have ever seen, a room that was indeed much ahead of the times. Wainscoted for nearly six feet in paneled wood painted a flat putty color, one was unprepared for the pure joy of the colorful black-grounded chintz that was hung as paper is hung on the rather narrow strip of upper wall that ran between the wainscot and the grayish-cream ceiling. Gleaning on this dark expanse were lighting fixtures of pewter-colored metal that must surely have been forerunners of many of the sconces and fixtures that are within the reach of many of us to-day; and, used in this room, spaced at proper intervals on the dark-flowered background, the effect of them was arresting, each holding its ivory candle case that delicately led to the small satin-finished bulb of electricity at the tip. Providing just that necessary finish of detail to the scheme of lighting there were tall silver candlesticks set on the oblong walnut table, with its richly carved edge, its wide runner of Italian lace and

linen, very beautiful against the background of black and creamy tones, dusky walnut, and the deeply vivid rose of the curtains. Truly charming and quite dependent on its lights for the measure of beauty achieved: in proof of which I ask you to image the effect here of a multicolored glass dome swung neatly above the linen and lace of the dining table, with ruination in every multicolored ray!

We have only to cast our eyes backward to remember the horrors of toned red, green or yellow opaque glass four-sided or circular domes finished in bead fringe that dominated more past dining rooms—if I may be allowed the apt coinage—than present-day owners of silver-colored fixtures care to admit. Perhaps at some time or other in our past we have all had a dome. But since the advent of indirect lighting and the popularity of alabaster and near-alabaster the domes are frankly inverted and inoffensively white, so that even the least expensive of modern apartments and houses are spared much of the fantastic horror of the lighting fixtures of yore. However, the frailties that every fad is heir to manifest themselves in this case in assemblages of drooping and frilly bulbs, pendants upon clanking chains, hanging from the central light. And the upper middle area of many otherwise promising rooms contains a thousand-legged of

a light that absolutely ruins any chance the room might otherwise have of being beautiful. We wish to observe restraint in all things, so why is it that upon the immediate accomplishment of cheapness things always begin to show ridiculous elaboration? In consequence, the alabaster bowls that were such an improvement on the glaring domes are in grave danger of being cast from our homes into the outer darkness. At any rate, the opaque translucence of alabaster is no longer the magic watchword at the door of who's who in dining-room lights. We now invariably take our lights silk-coated or vellum-dressed, when we do not demand the friendly presence of tall unshaded candles on our tables and on our walls. In this new era of proper lighting fixtures a soft but adequate glow, rose-colored or golden, permeates to the farthest corner; one is seen, and sees others, under the most flattering conditions; and one partakes of dainty dinners with a sense of well-being and delight entirely lacking in the garish crudity of a room that is wrongly lighted.

(Continued on Page 198)



The type of light, the color and type of shades, if these are used, the sort of candlesticks—the choice of these is laid down by the general rules of good taste, though there will be found infinite variety within the pale.

ARMOUR'S
ROLLED WHITE
OATS
COOK PERFECTLY
IN 10 TO 15 MINUTES
MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY THE
ARMOUR GRAIN COMPANY
CHICAGO

**“No Question About It—
Breakfast Will Be Ready *On Time*”**

She serves her family Armour's Oats, steaming hot, delicious and satisfying! Breakfast is always easy to get when you know

ARMOUR'S OATS
Cook Perfectly in 10 to 15 Minutes

Put them on to cook when you start the coffee. They'll both be done at the same time. And you'll find that the wonderful oat flavor has not been impaired by long cooking. Once the exclusive advantages of Armour's Oats become known, they're naturally given a prominent place on the pantry shelf. Ask your grocer for them.

Manufactured by
ARMOUR GRAIN COMPANY, Chicago
*Manufacturers of Armour's Guaranteed Cereals—Oats,
Corn Flakes, Pancake Flour, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles*

Boys and Girls—Send a 2-cent stamp with your name and address for a cut-out train. You can have lots of fun with the Armour Cereal Line. Address Armour Grain Company, Chicago

AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST

just completed by one of
America's great Scientists

*Ideal health maintained on
diet with Fleischmann's Yeast*

*White rats chosen because
they eat and thrive on the
same kind of food as man*

ACTUAL feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women—1 out of every 5 you meet—who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

Immediately recovered on fresh yeast

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to the white rats' diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet and capsule form, as well as with other yeast products now on the market.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and in size.

Findings on white rats hold good for people—our health and strength depend on what we eat

In scientific research white rats are chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat

cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

Many of the meals that we eat every day lack this necessary vitamin. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance to disease. Digestive troubles, the constant need for laxatives, and lack of energy are the first symptoms.

Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of diseases that come normally only with old age.

Fresh yeast is in itself a food and supplies in our diet the vitamin which we must have in order to preserve normal vigor and health. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is doing for people what medicine cannot do naturally or permanently—keeping them vigorously healthy, protecting them from unnecessary disease and premature old age.

Men and women subjects fed especially selected meals—yet no need for laxatives

A nourishing but very concentrated diet was given to men and women subjects who underwent a feeding experiment to observe the value of yeast in replacing laxatives. They ate eggs, milk and cheese, all foods the opposite of laxative in effect. The only corrective food they had was Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily.

In the period of one month during which this diet was maintained, none of the subjects showed any need for laxatives. When they ate this diet without Fleischmann's Yeast all the subjects immediately felt the need of laxatives.

Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet. Eat 2 or 3 cakes daily before or between meals. Your grocer will deliver it to you fresh daily.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 103, 701 Washington St., New York.



FLEISCHMANN'S

YEAST is a food—not a medicine

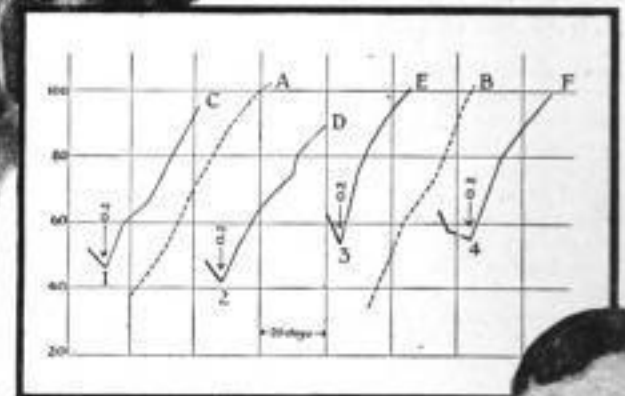
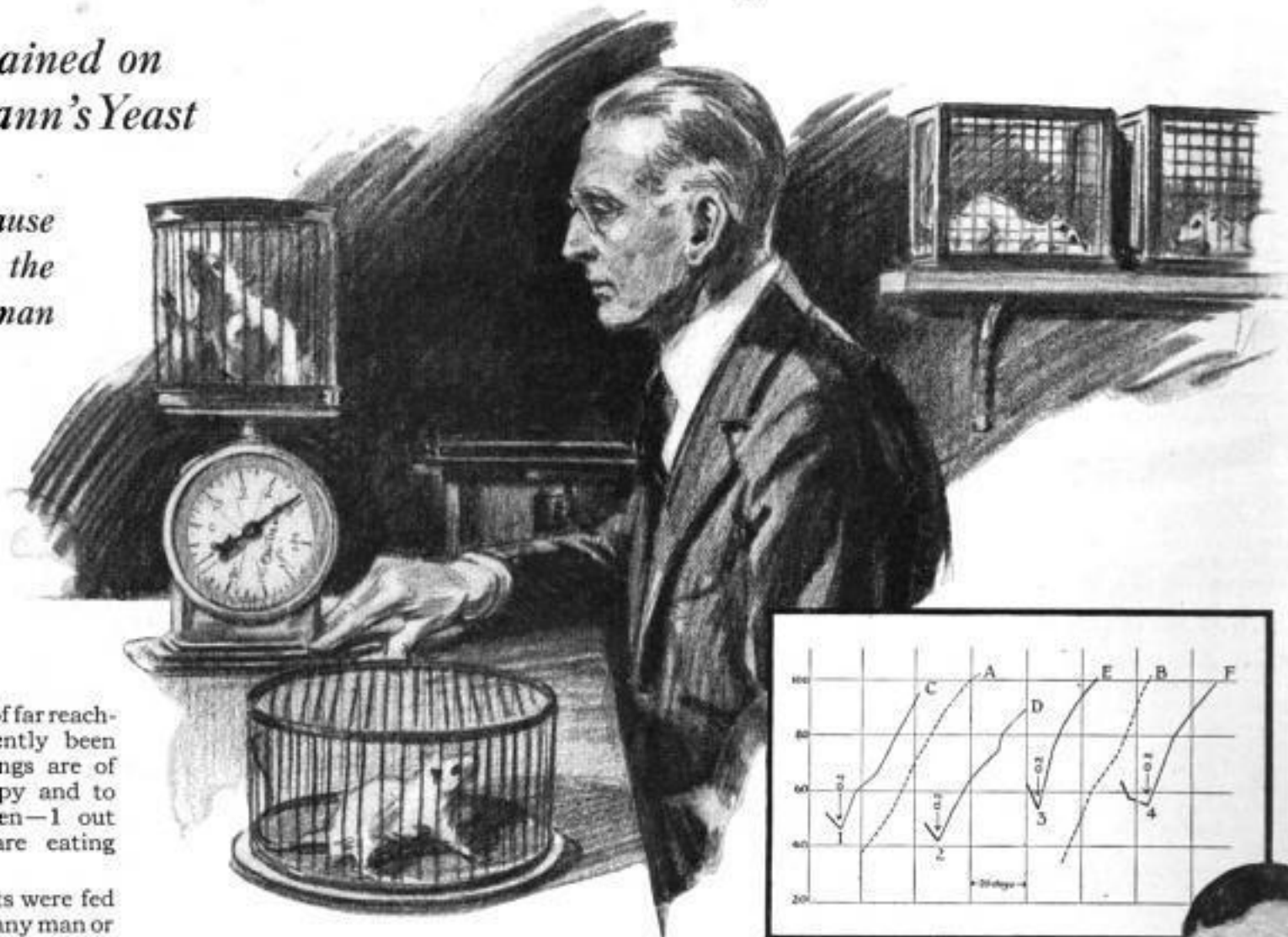


Diagram showing how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats

Dotted lines A and B—Represent ideal growth.
1, 2, 3 and 4—The low points which white rats reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of Fleischmann's Yeast began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-C, 2-D, 3-E and 4-F—Show the growth of white rats after being fed .2 gram Fleischmann's Yeast. Note that they follow closely the dotted lines A and B which represent the ideal growth of white rats.

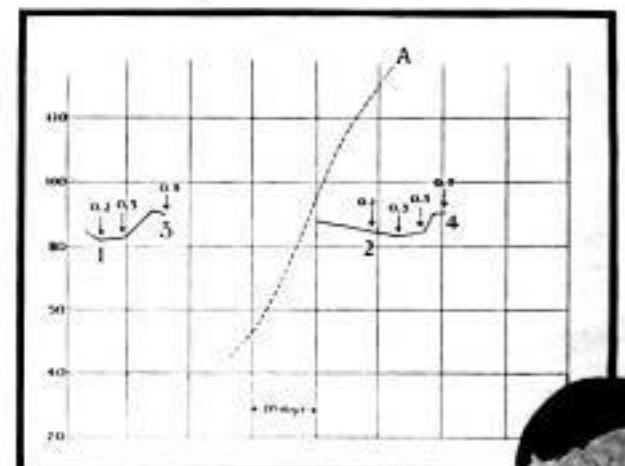


Diagram showing how tablet preparations failed to bring health

Dotted line A—Represents ideal growth.
1 and 2—Low points reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of tablet preparations began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-3 and 2-4—Show subnormal condition of white rats though being fed 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 times the normal dose. Note how they fail to follow the dotted line A which represents the ideal growth of white rats.

Unnecessary Diseases of Childhood

(Continued from Page 30)

of germs in the body. Everyone is reasonably familiar with the vaccine used for the prevention of smallpox. We know that the great plagues which swept over Europe a hundred years ago are now things of the past, and that cases of smallpox are now so few and far between that when one occurs it attracts a great deal of attention. We also know that for a number of years we have had an antitoxin for the prevention and cure of diphtheria. Thousands of children's lives have been saved through the use of this diphtheria antitoxin. The difficulty with this, however, has been that it is unlike the vaccination against smallpox in that its value in preventing diphtheria lasts for so short a time. If a child is given antitoxin to prevent an attack of diphtheria, it makes the child safe in that regard for a period of about three weeks. However, as a curative measure, antitoxin is of enormous value and should always be used as soon as we are sure that a case is actually one of diphtheria.

In 1913 Dr. Bela Schick of Vienna made a most remarkable discovery. He found that by injecting into the skin, usually just above the elbow, a very minute quantity of what is called the "toxin" or poison of diphtheria, a small reddish spot would appear within twenty-four hours if the person who had been injected was liable to take diphtheria at any time. If no reddish spot appeared it meant that the person was "immune" to diphtheria and would never take the disease.

None Safe Unless All are Safe

THIS discovery of Doctor Schick's led to further work by a large number of scientists and finally to the discovery of what is known as diphtheria toxin-antitoxin, which is given to children in just the way that the ordinary diphtheria antitoxin is given, but it has much more far-reaching effects. Nowadays the use of the Schick test to see whether a child is susceptible or likely to get diphtheria, followed by the injection of toxin-antitoxin, if the child is found not to be immune, has opened the way for the protection of all children in the country. There is no danger, and practically no discomfort, either in making the Schick test or in injecting toxin-antitoxin. In fact, any reaction that the child may have is usually hardly noticeable. The results, however, are of the greatest importance, as we know now that with the use of this toxin-antitoxin we can protect everyone from diphtheria just as easily as we can protect everyone from smallpox by the use of the ordinary vaccination.

In the other diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox and measles, we have no such sure method of vaccination or serum treatment which gives absolute protection against the disease. Some advances have been made in securing a vaccine for the prevention or treatment of whooping cough, but experience has not yet shown that the use of this vaccine will absolutely prevent the disease or cure it if it has occurred. These treatments by means of vaccines and serums have been mentioned because they are of immense importance, but it must not be thought that the spread of contagious diseases cannot be controlled in other ways. As a matter of fact, we know that with our present knowledge we can prevent the spread of infection almost entirely and make any community safe for children if we follow the plans and methods that are outlined in this article.

The control of contagious diseases in children is essentially a community problem. No child in any community is safe from infection unless every other child is safe. This is one of the reasons why parents' associations and the teachers in our schools should make every effort to apply the few simple rules that are necessary to keep the schools and the town free from these devastating epidemics. The procedure is not a difficult one. Moreover, the rules that I am going to give have been tried and found to be effective, so that they can be used with the certainty of being well worth while, provided the whole

community is in earnest about the matter, and the rules are universally followed, not simply obeyed in certain parts of the town and disregarded in others.

The part of the school in this program is an important one. Classrooms should be well ventilated with open windows. They should not be overheated, the temperature never being allowed to rise above sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Desks should be far enough apart so that there is at least a two-foot space between the seats of the children. The use of the common towel and the common drinking cup should be absolutely prohibited. The children should be observed to see that each one brings his own pocket handkerchief and that it is never used by another child. Pencils should be kept by each child in his own desk and never used by anyone else. In fact, any article that can be put into the mouth should be the individual possession of the child in question, and never passed around. Children should be taught to hold the handkerchief in front of the mouth whenever coughing or sneezing. This should be an absolute rule. At the beginning of each morning session the teacher should observe each child in the classroom. If any one shows evidence of any of the following symptoms, the teacher should send him home at once—it is always better to exclude a child from school attendance on suspicion; if the child is not ill the loss of one day's schooling cannot be measured in harm against the possible loss that would result if the child had been ill and had had an opportunity to infect others.

The symptoms that should be generally looked for are those of extreme flushing of the face or unusual paleness, evidence of any rash or swelling, a condition of extreme apathy or fatigue where the child seems unable to make any effort, discharge from the eyes or nose, cough or evidence of sore throat. These are all reasons for sending a child home at once. A good general rule for the teacher to observe is that no child who is ill should ever be allowed to remain in school, no matter what the cause of the illness may be. When the child is sent home a note should be sent to the parent, calling attention to the fact that the child does not seem well and asking that he be taken to the family physician at once.

A Germ's Requirements

AT HOME the mother must learn that the child should live in the most healthful surroundings possible. He should be as much as possible in the fresh air, both day and night, outdoors and indoors. He should not be kept in overheated rooms, nor should he be overclothed. Indoors, the kind of clothing that is advisable is the same type that is worn in the summer. For outdoors, a heavier coat, mittens and cap can be used. A cool sponge bath every morning is one of the surest preventives of colds we have, and it is also one of the finest tonics. At least eight hours' sleep every night for every child is necessary. Nervous excitement should be avoided, meals should be simple and should consist always of nourishing and easily digested food. Good wholesome play is necessary.

As all infections enter the body through the nose or mouth, particular care must be taken to see that these are kept in good condition. Germs require four things for their

development: warmth, moisture, darkness and food. There is no better place for germs to develop than in the mouth that has one or more decayed teeth. Every element that is necessary is present, therefore one of the most certain ways to avoid contracting contagious disease is to see that the mouth receives regular attention, that the teeth are cared for and that they are brushed at least twice a day, night and morning.

One of the commonest ways in which contagious diseases are acquired is, first, through the mouth and, next, through the tonsils. This is particularly true of tonsils that are very large or in a diseased condition. If the child shows any evidence of obstruction in his throat, if he is subject to frequent sore throat or colds, the throat should be examined as soon as these symptoms develop. In any event, the child should have a complete physical examination, including examination of nose and throat, before he goes to school for the first time, and every effort should be made to see that physical defects are corrected and that the child is put in sound bodily condition.

Health Rules for Boys and Girls

A MOTHER should never allow her child to go to school if any symptom of illness is shown.

Finally, there are rules that the child must observe for himself. The first thing to do is to get the child interested in carrying out a regular health routine. It must be remembered that children have no concern whatever with health for the mere sake of health. The only thing that is important to them is the thing that is happening at the moment. To-morrow is not their concern, therefore health habits must make an immediate appeal. A boy will not usually brush his teeth or go to the dentist because he wishes his teeth to look white or because he is afraid he may have a toothache some time next month, yet he will brush his teeth and go to the dentist when necessary if neglect of these simple habits will mean that he cannot chew his food properly and so becomes ill-nourished, and as a result is not strong enough to play on the baseball or football team. I have seen many boys go of their own accord to have adenoids or enlarged tonsils removed simply because their inability to breathe properly kept them out of games which involve running or other strenuous physical exercise.

The main thing to be remembered is to determine the thing the child wants most to do and try to adjust it as closely as one can with the health idea. All children are ambitious. All children love power, and the health idea should be put forth to them not by a threat of being sick but rather with the promise that they will be stronger and better able to do everything other children do if they follow the simple rules that are given. It is quite permissible to think of other rewards such as special treats and permission to have some coveted thing or to go to some desired place. There are innumerable things that every child wants to do. Sometimes it seems easier to say "no" than "yes," but if the "yes" can be made dependent upon the child's taking an interest in his own well-being, then it is a perfectly permissible reward to use.

The rules that ought to be hung up in the room of every boy and girl and that ought to be followed regularly, day by day, are as follows:

1. Brush the teeth night and morning.
2. Wash the hands before each meal and after going to the toilet. See that the finger nails are kept clean.
3. Use a clean handkerchief every day. Never lend it to anyone or borrow anyone else's.
4. Use your own pencil.
5. Never put into your mouth anything that has been handled by anyone else.
6. Stand erect.
7. Breathe deeply.
8. Eat slowly.
9. Sleep at least eight hours every night.
10. See that you have a bowel movement every day.



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Mrs. Hayes surveyed her younger daughter quizzically. She was a woman of vast sympathy for the difficult age of adolescence and some skill in handling it. "I don't know but you're right," she agreed. "And when Virginia's married you'll be Miss Hayes too. I suppose we ought to begin to call you Margaret. Babe is—rather intimate."

"It's silly," insisted Babe defiantly, yet softened a little by her mother's acquiescence.

The last big party was to be at the Hayes home on the night before the wedding, an entertainment for all the maids and ushers and just a few more of Virginia's friends—a dinner, a dance, a late supper, all planned for lavish gaiety.

BABE dressed for it alone a little wearily. Everyone was over across the hall, revolving excitedly about Virginia, and the younger sister seemed to be forgotten. So Babe put on the frock among her new frocks that she liked the best, a silver-and-white, vague little affair that accorded with her mood, and hooked it up herself, feeling forlorn and lonely. It had taken her a good while to do her hair, because she found it hard to make her erstwhile docile braids "stay put" in the modes and manners of a grown-up coiffure; but even so, she was early. She slipped down the stairs like a scrap of moonshine and at the foot of them ran plump into Doctor Ted.

He put out eager hands. "Babe—by all that's lucky. I was just wondering if I could get a quiet word with you before the show begins. Come into the parlor."

They went together into the flower-garlanded parlor, now cleared for dancing, the lights still low. She did not look at him; but her eyes widened with romantic expectations. Perhaps—perhaps he was going to tell her that now, even at the last minute, he had found out the mistake of his heart, and that she, Babe, was his real love. And she would say: "It is too late"—and leave him!

But he was speaking. "Say, Babe, you know I promised you a bully nice usher? Well, I meant you to have my cousin, Tenney Abell, for he's just about the best friend I have. And didn't I get a wire late this afternoon that he's gone and smashed an ankle in an automobile accident and will be laid up for a month or two? So he's sending his young brother, Ross, to take his place, and I just wanted to tell you how awfully disappointed I am and to ask you to be as nice as you can to Ross. I haven't seen him since he was a youngster, but Tenney says he's a good scout and will do his best. He's almost through college, I think; I'm not quite sure; it's so hard to keep track of a lot of young cousins. But—but you'll be nice to him and see that he has a good time, won't you? And you understand that I really meant you to have Tenney?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me," said Babe coldly. "I'll be nice to him of course."

"OH, LOOK here, Babe!" protested Doctor Ted. "I wish you'd get over your grouch on me and—like me again. It's been the one blight on our engagement, the way you've felt about it. You know, honey, I've always been awfully fond of you, and even if you do feel that I'm not any great shakes and not nearly good enough for Virginia, honestly, I'm not bad enough to get such a hate on. Aren't you ever going to forgive me and be my little pal again? Come on, kiss and make friends."

She raised her eyes and gave him a level look. His little pal! Of all the fatuous words! But she would be noble, she would be generous at all cost. "I forgive you," she said. "I'm sorry I've been such a pig. I couldn't help it," she said and slipped away even as Virginia appeared.

"I've made it up with Babe," said Doctor Ted with satisfaction. "And I've told her about Tenney and asked her to be nice to Ross, and she says she will. Darling, you look like a dream and an angel and a magazine-cover girl, all mixed up together."

"I wonder," said Virginia, rewarding the compliment by putting her cheek against his shoulder,

Babe Groves Up

(Continued from Page 13)

"if we oughtn't to turn Ross over to one of the older girls? Sometimes the kids resent being herded together."

"Too late now," said Doctor Ted. "But if we see they're unhappy we'll form a rescue party and save them. Of course Babe may not fancy Ross either."

It was just before they went out to dinner that Doctor Ted brought Ross Abell to her. Babe was surprised at his appearance. Doctor Ted had somehow implied that Ross was young. To Babe he seemed perfectly mature, a tall, dark, rather gloomy stripling, impeccably correct in every detail of his dress.

"I hope it won't be dull for you to-night, with so many strangers," she offered hospitably as they sat down at the table. Then added, from an unaccountable impulse: "It's rather dull for me. My sister goes with the older set, you know. All of these are her friends, not mine. And I'm not very keen on this sort of thing anyway. So trivial." Her little wave of the hand dismissed the laughing, chattering throng as unworthy.

THE gloomy brow of Ross unbent a little and a tiny flame of interest lit his eyes. "I know," he sympathized. "Just dancin' round and makin' a lot of noise. Seems as if whenever anybody gets married they're bound to do it. I'm not keen on it either."

"What do you like?"

"Oh, well—a fellow can't exactly talk about it, but you see, nowadays, when there's so much work to do in the world, and everything's in such a frightful mess, seems as though we oughtn't to waste any time, that we all ought to be digging in every minute. Reconstruction, Americanization, you know—politics too."

"Oh-h." Babe breathed a sigh of rapture. "I think that's wonderful. Oh, how I'd like to do something. Something awfully big."

They found a great deal to say to each other along these lines. By the time dinner was over the frown had left Ross' brow and much of his grand air had departed. Music could now be heard from the parlor. "Look here, must you go dance?" he asked. "I wish we could sit around and talk more."

Babe hesitated. She loved to dance. "Oh, but, you see, being Virginia's sister, I suppose I must for a while, anyway."

"That's so. Come on, then, give me the first one."

He was a marvelous dancer, in spite of his preference for talk. And it is a fact to be noted that Babe's heavy heart had not affected the lightness of her feet. They danced together twice, then Babe gave two more dances to other claimants, and at the end of the last one Ross cut in determinedly.

"Let's go sit out a bit now," he said in a tone that admitted of no argument.

They took a vantage point outside, where they could look in on the colorful, changing crowd.

"Old Ted seems frightfully keen on your sister," commented Ross as the Doctor and Virginia swung by.

"He's crazy about her," said Babe and was moved to cynical comment. "But what does it all amount to? They'll settle down to the dull atmosphere of domesticity. I can tell you, I'm never going to marry."



Ross surveyed her with approval. "I like your spirit. You know, I've determined that I'll never marry either. A man can't get on and do his work with a family hanging round his neck. 'Member what Kipling says, 'He travels the fastest who travels alone.' I believe in that. I made up my mind long ago that was going to be my motto."

This was a delightful idea. "Oh, do you love Kipling too?"

"Crazy about him. Greatest poet we ever had, living or dead, I say, bar none. No Wordsworth and Milton truck for me. Give me a man that's got something to say and says it."

"I FEEL just exactly the same way about him. But I do love some of Mrs. Browning's sonnets. And then there's that Rossetti poem, 'Sister Helen,' about the girl who loved a man and he scorned her, and she put a wax image of him before the fire and melted it, and as it dripped away he died. I think that was great."

"I don't care for love poetry," said Ross loftily. "It's all a part of the game to get a man tangled up with some nice girl, and the next thing he knows he's paying rent for an apartment and buying near-Colonial furniture on the installment plan. No, a man who wants to do anything must stay single."

"It's just as true for women. A woman who wants a great career mustn't ever think of marrying. That was why I made up my mind I wouldn't."

"What line are you going to take?" asked Ross respectfully. Great Scott! This girl's got sense, was his inner comment.

"I think not an art," said Babe musingly, "not an art, for there's no use going in for music or painting or anything like that unless you've got special gifts, and I haven't. But perhaps the stage or—or some service to humanity, where devotion and ability would count"—the words came from a circular letter addressed to her mother on behalf of a local charity, but of course there was no use mentioning that to her listener.

THEY talked more of Kipling, and he told her some stories about the fellows he knew, and how unusual it was to meet a girl with such understanding and sound ideas, and how he'd been boning law all summer because he was going to enter the law school this fall, and a lot more of the life-is-real-life-is-earnest stuff, although of course he assured her that he realized that certain recreations were necessary, and had she seen Ina Claire in *The Gold Diggers*?

And she replied with stories of boarding school, with a description of all the responsibilities that had rested on her shoulders concerning this wedding, with more of her hopes and fears for her career; and yes, she had seen Ina Claire, and didn't care much for her, but had he seen Lionel Atwill in *Deburau*?

This exchange of views was sandwiched in with more dancing not only with each other, but duty dances with the rest of the party. But they always returned for more talk, more and more and more.

Doctor Ted called Virginia's attention to it. "Ross and Babe are going fine," he said. "Hasn't he grown into a nice-looking, tall boy?"

"He's a dear," said Virginia. "But he seemed so in awe of me when he danced with me. I could hardly get a word out of him. Maybe he's shy."

She did not know the youth's comment to Babe. "Your sister's a mighty sweet girl, but just like a thousand others. She's the marrying type too. I'll bet she never thought of anything else. She and old Ted will get along fine—clinging-vine stuff and all that. Stupid prospect for them!"

And without a pang at her treachery to herself and her hopeless affection for Doctor Ted, Babe answered blithely: "Dull as dish-water." They did not have much chance to see each other the next day, but Babe found it

(Continued on Page 47)

Canned Foods Week
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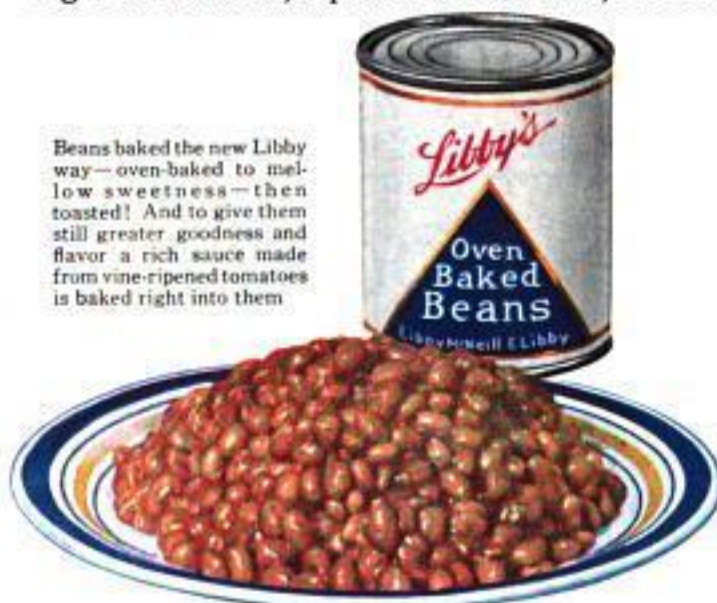
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Babe Grows Up

(Continued from Page 44)

exceedingly pleasant when, in the golden glory of her bridesmaid's apparel, she took her appointed place in the procession, to find him beside her and to hear his quick whisper: "You look a peach."

Also, listening to the ceremony that gave Doctor Ted forever to Virginia was less an ordeal than she had anticipated. She even found time to exchange quietly amused glances with Ross as Doctor Ted stuttered through his vows, glances that clearly indicated how absurd they found this archaic business of marrying and being given in marriage. And when the minister demanded that any possible objector should speak Babe had not the slightest inclination to shriek a desperate protest. And how white Virginia was, and how long and shiny Doctor Ted's shoe soles looked as he knelt in prayer! And why did her mother cry, when she'd been so pleased all along? Ross looked even handsomer and more impressive in his dress clothes. She hoped Mary and Clare could see that he was the usher who had walked with her. He was certainly preferable in every way to the others, especially that fat little Grueby Moore. Why Ted had ever asked him—

She recalled herself with a start. The minister was kissing Virginia and shaking hands with Doctor Ted. The wedding march was resounding triumphantly. She turned and paced sedately by Ross's side down the long aisle.

"Well, it's over," he said. "They're tied to each other for life. Isn't it fearful?"

"Frightful," she replied. He said no more, but he was very masterful in finding her place in one of the waiting cars. "See you later," he called as they drove away.

THE reception was in full swing when he appeared again. With the other maids she was in the line and could only smile at him. Crowds of people were coming, too, and it was the duty of the ushers to find chairs for old ladies, to run briskly about with plates of salad and ice cream, cups of coffee, glasses of punch.

At the very height of it Virginia slipped away, and so did Doctor Ted.

Ross managed to win to Babe's side with two well-laden plates. "Here," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

"Let's go out into the hall," she acquiesced, "so's we'll be there when Virginia comes down in her traveling dress. I suppose I ought to be up there helping her, really."

"Well, you're not going. You must be tired to death glad-handing the maddening throng. What did I save all these eats for, if you desert me now? Come on."

The hall was just as crowded as the other rooms, but they found a corner and fell upon their food with healthy young appetites.

"Some salad, I'll say," remarked young Mr. Abell appreciatively. "Wish I had got another roll."

"Have a piece of mine," offered Babe, "it's such a big one."

They were at the last crumb when Virginia appeared, slender and tall, at the head of the stairs, dressed in her dark traveling cloak, out her great bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley a moon of shining loveliness against the shadows.

"Look out, girls—I'm going to throw it. The next to be married will get it," she called, and the bridesmaids pressed laughingly around the foot of the stairs.

ONLY Babe hung back; it didn't matter; she wasn't ever going to marry, so why worry about the bouquet. Perhaps it was because she did hang back that Virginia's brow, a little wild and uncertain, went over the heads of the others and came straight to Babe.

She could not help putting out her hands—that else could she do?—and the mass of fragrant flowers crushed into them; the trailing white ribbons flew around her.

"Oh, Babe!" everyone cried, and crowded about, laughing and teasing.

She righted her catch and straightened the tangled ribbons. As Virginia and the Doctor came down attention turned to them, away from her, and she laid the bouquet back on the little telephone table, out of sight. "Mother'll want to keep it," she explained to Ross.

Then she, too, ran forward to kiss Virginia good-by and join the mass of hilarious confetti throwers surrounding the car. They whirled away, Doctor Ted and Virginia, and Babe waved as gayly as any until they were out of sight. She came in to stand by her mother and say good-by to the guests.

Among the last was Ross. He stooped confidentially. Somehow he seemed embarrassed. "You know," he said, "I've been thinking over what we said last night, and—and I don't know but we—might be wrong. I don't see but that two really serious-minded people, people who were in earnest, I mean, could go on and have great careers, even—even though they did get married."

Both of 'em, I mean, of course—to—to each other. I—I've heard of such things. Look here—will you—will you write to me and let me know what you think about it? I've got to hop to catch my train, but—look—here's a card with my address and everything and—let me know right away what you think about it, will you? As I said, I really can't see why marriage should be so dull—with the right people and—interested in the really vital things. You will let me know, won't you? Of course, the man wouldn't hamper the woman in having her career, not a bit—"

HE WAS swept inexorably on, and with a last clutching handshake he was gone. A few old friends prepared to sit down and have a quiet chat with Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. Maids brought hot coffee, remnants of the feast. Clearly Babe was not needed here.

"Mother," she asked, "shall I stay down?"

"No dear," said Mrs. Hayes. "Run on to bed." She kissed her younger daughter tenderly. "You've been the greatest possible help and comfort, though I hardly know my Babe with her hair up and that frock on. Run on, dear, I know you're tired."

Babe kissed her father, smiled good night to the others and went upstairs.

It was over—it was over! Doctor Ted was forever Virginia's. Funny she couldn't manage to keep her mind on it at all. She kept thinking and thinking—of what Ross had said. It was a big thing when a man like Ross changed his views, a very big thing.

Perhaps—perhaps he was right. Perhaps two serious-minded people might marry and yet have great careers. She could see that there was something to be said for such a situation—oh, decidedly.

She took the card with his address out of her sash and in putting it carefully on her pincushion she knocked over Doctor Ted's picture and did not bother to pick it up. Phrases of a letter began to form in her mind as she undressed.

PRESENTLY she slipped drowsily into bed. Yes, she believed Ross was right, and that they had been foolish to condemn marriage altogether. To-morrow she would begin that letter.

But suddenly across her determination came a swift lance of memory. Why, she had a broken heart! She had expected to spend to-night weeping and reading poetry.

A broken heart! Tears! Poetry! Oh, shucks!

Babe gave a delicious little giggle, yawned, snuggled down against the pillow and slipped away into twenty fathoms of slumber with her lips and her lashes still smiling at the joke on herself.

She did not know it, but now she was really grown up. And only the people who break their hearts and laugh at it are.



GIFTS THAT LAST

All Ready, Mother!

Father's pardonable pride in the appropriate anniversary gift is joyously reflected in Mother's beaming smile.

For the anniversary of wedding or birth, or the spontaneous expression of affection, so dear to the heart of every wife or mother—what gift can compare with silver from the House of Holmes & Edwards?

The chaste simplicity and enduring beauty of the Jamestown Pattern, illustrated, will endear it to all true lovers of artistic design and fine craftsmanship.

Silver-Inlaid, solid silver where it wears
Super-Plate, protected against wear
At the Better Dealers in Silverware

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor
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Manufactured in Canada by
STANDARD SILVER CO.
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The JAMESTOWN Jelly Server

For Serving Jellies, Jams and Marmalades

The House of HOLMES & EDWARDS

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



The picture at the top shows little Miss Juanita at the age of six months—inclined to view life seriously, perhaps, but vigorous and sturdy from her Eagle Brand diet. Anyway, smiles will triumph with continued good health, as the picture at the right, taken ten months later, shows!

Juanita is the daughter of Mrs. Bennie Lunsford, Macon, Missouri.



All through childhood

Constant good health for her child
is the mother's goal

CHILDHOOD is the time when the foundations for life-long health are laid. Mrs. Bennie Lunsford of Macon, Missouri, is one of those mothers who can look with pride on her baby's sturdy physique and splendid health, sure that little Juanita is beginning life without a handicap.

Juanita has been fed on Eagle Brand nearly all of her life. She thrived on it from the beginning, and continues to thrive, as the two pictures on this page testify. "She is certainly doing fine and always has," says Mrs. Lunsford. And Juanita's doctor says she is the finest baby in town or country that he ever saw.

Though the intelligent advice of her doctor and her mother's constant care have been partly responsible for Juanita's fine development, Mrs. Lunsford says Eagle Brand deserves the credit. Certainly children fed on Eagle Brand usually continue to thrive,

as thousands of other mothers besides Mrs. Lunsford have testified. Doctors recommend it for babies who are thin, undernourished, underweight—for it is very easily digested.

If for any reason you cannot nurse your baby don't experiment with his feeding. Eagle Brand has proved the successful food with countless babies for three generations. It is not really a "special food" at all, but pure milk—milk and sugar—the natural food if mother's milk is not available.

Wherever you go you can depend on Eagle Brand. It is always pure, uniform, and on sale everywhere.

Do you want a beautiful little record book, "The Best Baby," in which to keep your baby's record? We will gladly send it to you, free, with instructions and feeding chart for Eagle Brand.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building New York



**Borden's
EAGLE
BRAND
Condensed Milk**

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 5)

the story, and finally laid the magazine down with suspicious quietness, to sit staring into the fire without a comment.

Her brother, now smoking a well-colored brierwood pipe, while he put in order a mass of papers at his desk, looked up at the slight creak of the old rocker in which Harriet sat. "Well?" he demanded.

Harriet hesitated. Then she temporized: "I thought the description of Californian scenery—the atmosphere and coloring and all—was realistic."

"It was."

"The story is certainly charming and unusual," defended Harriet, with the obstinacy her brother particularly enjoyed in her. "I can never get over admiring Mary's use of words. She flings them about so recklessly; she uses up so many striking phrases; and yet she never seems to run out or say the same thing in the same way. It's all so fresh and facile. It's —"

"Keep on," encouraged her brother grimly. "Say it all; it's all true. But that's precisely the trouble."

"What's precisely the trouble?"

"THAT she has so many tools in her workshop, that they're all sharpened to so fine an edge—all so fitted to her hand, and that she keeps on making with them nothing but pretty toys."

"Oh, Mark! Think of her war work."

"That was mighty good, certainly," he admitted. "It could hardly be otherwise. She was writing fact, not fiction, and she was keyed up to do her best work. There was nothing distinctly creative about it; she was only a reporter of a very high order. In a way, the experience did injury to her creative faculty. This very story—the first, I judge, she's written since she came back—shows a poverty of conception, a reversion to the old type of gay and clever and perfectly meaningless tale-telling for an idle hour which—well, it gives me such a sense of disappointment that I can't get over it."

"I see you can't. Miss Graham's probably right; Mary's tired. And she wanted the money, so she wrote this story and got it—the easiest way. Her prices must be enormous by now. What she earned by that alone will bring her here and pay expenses till she can rest and go at the work she really plans to do—and is capable of doing." Though it was not yet time to do it by twenty-four hours, Harriet now wound the clock with firmness and decision.

Mark, relaxing from his critical attitude, laughed and came across to pat her shoulder as she said good night. "You're a great little champion of the downtrodden author with a yearly income which makes yours and mine put together look like the widow's mite. And I hope you're right. Anyhow, it will be interesting to see what success—in the ordinary acceptance of the term—has done for the girl we used to know so well."

LEFT alone by the smoldering fire Mark absently picked up the magazine and absently turned the pages till he came to "And, Behold" again. Then, by no means absently, he reread the closing paragraphs, and with a sudden gesture of distaste flung the unoffending copy of "The Centrepiece" into the fire.

Then, as he watched the flames slowly surround the bulky pages, he all at once remembered something which he was destroying along with Mary's despised work. He snatched the magazine from the fire, with some difficulty extinguished the smoldering singe along the edges, and finding the page which bore the reproduction of Mary's photograph, carefully tore it out. The remains of the magazine went back into the fire, but the picture received a second thorough scrutiny. Finally, the sheet which bore it went into Mark's lowest desk drawer.

One might resolve to do one's whole duty, as a man and a brother, by a young woman

who looked like that, but one needn't necessarily destroy so striking an image of her. The picture, as Harriet had said, was really very lovely, and didn't in the least, like the story, deserve burning.

II

"FRANKLY," said John Kirkwood, irritation in his voice, "I don't like it."

"I'm very sorry to lose her," agreed Miss Alexandra Warren heartily. "But I don't see that there's anything we can do about it. When Mary makes up her mind it's not I who can unmake it. Neither—with all honor to your powers of persuasion, Mr. Kirkwood—can you, I'm thinking."

"In my opinion," continued Mr. Kirkwood, editor of a deservedly popular magazine and very much accustomed to having his own way, "she will be making the mistake of her life at a critical moment when she can least afford to make it. It's absurd, preposterous, that she should go off and bury herself in the country for a year with the idea of producing anything worth while."

"Of course it isn't quite the country," objected Miss Warren. "And it's a college town —"

"What college?"

"Newcomb, I believe."

"Who ever heard of it?" demanded Kirkwood.

"I asked Mary that," admitted Mary's friend. "She gave me a long list of distinguished names, all graduates."

"They became distinguished in spite of their college, not because of it, then," declared the editor. His lean jaw stiffened, the frown between his eyes deepened. "This is the place for her to do her work, unless of course she intends to write a history of Newfane—what is it?—Newcomb College."

"I don't think she has the least idea what it is she wants to write."

"She won't get her great idea walking along a country road or at a village tea party or anywhere except here, in the midst of life, where the big things happen, where the stimulating contacts are possible, where —"

THE telephone bell in the pleasant little apartment rang almost in the speaker's ear. "Perhaps that's Mary," Miss Warren came over to the desk, from which Kirkwood removed his elbow to give her room. She sat down, a graceful figure, and listened with a smiling face to a rapid explanation which seemed to leave no room for expostulation. "I see. . . . Yes, he's here. . . . I'll tell him. . . . Do you want to speak with him? . . . Wait a minute. . . . No—wait a minute, dear, please."

Miss Warren covered the transmitter with one hand while she said softly: "She's been detained downtown, can't get home for dinner, wants me to tell you she would be sorry, if she had time to be anything except horribly rushed. She hasn't time to talk with you —"

Kirkwood seized the instrument from Miss Warren's hands, with a sort of growl by way of apology. "Mary," he began, "if you have to stay downtown—though why in the world . . . I beg your pardon, I know it's no affair of mine. . . . But if you are downtown, won't you let me come and take you to dinner? Please!"

Miss Warren sat back, much amused, as she watched the editor pass rapidly through the various stages of confidence, uneasiness, loss of hope and final despair which were readily indicated by his spasmodic utterances into the telephone. When he at last hung up the receiver with an exasperated jerk she had no need to have him tell her that Mary Fletcher was probably the most unreasonable and impossible young woman in the whole city this night.

"You can hardly blame her," she reminded him, "for wanting to get away, if

(Continued on Page 50)



STARTING OFF CLEAN



The White
Spirit of Purity
lives in
FAIRY SOAP

ALERT, progressive Americans find joy in a clean start. Appearances go for much in business and social life. To be clean is the first imperative demand of every busy day.

But *more* than mere "cleanliness" has become the rule of an increasing number of people to whom the soap-and-water habit is a natural part of life. People of discernment are learning the value of *white* cleanliness; they are choosing their soap for *whiteness*, the sign of purity—assurance of all that is best in soap and most essential to bath and toilet comfort.

For this reason, Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*, is making new converts to the *white cleanliness* habit everywhere, every day.

It is to be found in homes of refinement, in the foremost men's clubs and Turkish baths, and wherever else the utmost in soap quality is appreciated.

Fairy Soap smooths and soothes the skin. It lathers readily and abundantly in any water. It rinses off instantly and thoroughly. It leaves no annoying odor in its wake. It invigorates as well as cleanses. And, of course, it floats.

For the finer laundering, and for every particular cleansing use about the house, Fairy soap is just as efficient and dependable as for toilet and bath. You cannot get a soap *whiter* than *whitest*, or purer than pure—Fairy.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

PURE



FLOATING



WHITE





For 30 Cents

Think what you get in extra-flavory oats

The large Quaker Oats package—family size—costs 30 cents, save in distant localities.

It makes 60 large dishes.

It supplies 6221 calories of nutriment.

The flakes are not ordinary oat flakes.

They are made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

The small, insipid grains are discarded, so we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

That is why Quaker Oats dominate.

They have won oat lovers all the world over by that delicious flavor.

You want your children to love oats.

That is their food of foods—rich in 16 needed elements—almost the ideal food.

Then serve them the Quaker Oats quality.

Quaker Oats

With that world-famed flavor

Try these delicious Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover 3680

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 48)

she's going at all, as quickly as she can. I never saw her so tired. She did work desperately hard over there, and now, to get away, she must do all this shopping —"

"Shopping—to go to the country?" Alexandra Warren laughed. "Why not? Though she snatched up a few pretty things in Paris, she's really dependent on her tailor and her dressmaker here to put her in shape to go anywhere. That's where she is to-night, getting a last fitting on a brown tweed suit that is positively the prettiest —"

"You don't expect me to believe," Kirkwood interrupted, "she's getting a fitting from any New York tailor at this hour."

"Even so. Mary can wheedle anybody into doing anything. She says the tailor came from the country originally, and is in great sympathy with her going back there." She laughed at Kirkwood's face.

HE GOT up, his tall figure unfolding itself not quite erectly, for his shoulders showed the effect of prolonged desk work. He glowered down at Alexandra Warren as she looked up at him, a capable woman in the middle thirties, a librarian in one of the great city libraries, well dressed, alert, charming in a way which didn't especially interest him. He knew her principally as Mary Fletcher's friend, who lived with her in this rather luxurious small apartment and made it possible for him to come here now and then, when Mary would permit it, to "talk shop."

"Well," he said, "if it's the clothes question which is chiefly absorbing our young friend, perhaps I needn't fear she'll take her visit to the country too seriously. You say she means to stay a year. I'll give her three months—no, I'll give her six, since spring and summer are pretty decent up that way. But let fall come, with the theaters and the concerts beginning, and she'll come back, like a homing pigeon. Mark my words, by October she'll come back. And in November she'll begin the new book—in New York, the book she couldn't get in the country." He picked up his hat, his odd, half-cynical smile showing in the corners of his well-cut lips. "I don't believe in that tailor at all; I don't think she's been near one—not at this hour. One excuse will do as well as another. We quarreled violently the other evening over this plan of hers; she didn't even tell me when she's going. Perhaps you'll let me know that? I might at least have the satisfaction of sending her some flowers and magazines for the journey."

"WHY, of course. She would want you to know. She goes to-morrow night on the ten-five," Alexandra responded, and saw him depart with a sense of pity for him.

Ten minutes after the editor had gone the door opened again, and was closed with a decided bang behind the subject of the last hour's discussion.

"Why, Mary!"

"Yes, I know. I met him—at the Subway entrance. Such hard luck! Now I'm going

to dinner and a play with him, to keep the peace. Why didn't you get him off sooner?"

"My dear, you said you were staying downtown. But of course I might have known —"

"That I'd do the erratic thing? If I didn't you'd almost be disappointed, wouldn't you, Sandy?"

She looked like that—she looked exactly like that, Alexandra Warren thought—as if she would do the erratic thing. Just what it was about her that kept one watching her, as her friend watched her now, it was difficult to tell. The fact was that one did

watch her, study her, enjoy her, even when she was most trying to one's sense of responsibility and judgment.

SHE stood for a minute on the hearth rug, before one of those gas grates which pass for fireplaces in such apartments, resting her arms upon the chimney piece and looking down at the play of small orange-and-blue flames. She had thrown a wide cape of brown beaver upon a chair, and stood, a slim figure in brown tailored suit, a tight little brown hat edged with beaver pulled down over her hair. She was all brown, was Mary Fletcher, from her bronze-

brown hair to her slim, high-arched feet. Even her face held tints of brown in its pallor, and the pallor was new. Before Mary went to France exquisite soft hues of rose had mingled with the slight duskiness of her brunette coloring; they were all gone now.

"He said the tailor was a myth," said Alexandra Warren. "I begin to think he is myself."

"No myth at all. I've just come from the fitting. I bribed him heavily to get in two in one day and finish the suit by noon to-morrow. Oh—I don't want to go out with John Kirkwood to-night! But when I met him my ridiculous heart failed me, he looked so miserable. Well, he'll be back in an hour."

ALEXANDRA followed her friend into Mary's own room, went on into the tiny bathroom where she drew a full tub, and then, with the soft sound of splashing in her ears, got out the one evening gown left provisionally out of the early packing and laid it, with its underlying accessories, on the bed. She was rewarded presently by the feel of two cool, satiny arms about her neck, a fresh and fragrant cheek against her own face, and a low, revived voice in her ear.

"Oh, what doesn't a bath do for one? I'm all made over new—temporarily. If you'd just be angel enough to do my hair—"

Alexandra combed and brushed the heavy brown locks with care and skill.

"Thank you, Sandy dear, that's perfect. I don't let you maid me very often, do I? But it is a comfort to-night, I'm so fagged."

The apartment bell rang; Miss Warren answered. She came back with a square florist's box, at which Mary threw a kiss.

"The sinner! He means to get under my guard to-night—with his orchids and his dinners and plays."

(Continued on Page 53)

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

The basis of the color scheme for this group of rooms is the Brown Jaspé Linoleum, installed as a permanent floor when the house was built.



There is a New Kind of Linoleum

LINOLEUM today is as different from the linoleum of ten years ago as the automobile of today is different from the automobile of ten years ago.

This modern linoleum is not tacked down as a floor covering, but installed as the floor itself throughout the house.

These floors of linoleum are smooth, solid, substantial. Fabric rugs are laid on them just as on any other floor. They are waxed occasionally to keep them in perfect condition. They are easy to clean. They are not expensive.

Architects are specifying linoleum floors for up-to-date homes—not just for kitchens and pantries, but for living-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, sun porches.

The linoleum is cemented down over a layer of builders' deadening felt—the

most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

If your home needs new floors, or if you expect to build, go to a first-class store and ask to see the new Jaspé linoleum, brown, gray, green, or blue. Also plain color effects, carpet designs, matting designs and tile inlaid.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service. All Armstrong's Linoleum is fully guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
927 Mary St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania



730



690

Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
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the linoleum



8364

If one of these Armstrong patterns is more suitable for your home than No. 11, in the illustration, order (by number) from your linoleum merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of pleasing and artistic designs.



Lord and Lady Baltimore Cakes—make them for your next party. One takes the egg whites, the other the yolks.

Lady Baltimore

(White Cake)

1 cupful sugar 2½ cupfuls flour
¾ cupful Crisco 2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ cupful cold water ½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract 6 whites of eggs

For the Filling

1 cupful sugar Pinch cream of tartar
½ cupful boiling water ½ cupful chopped candied cherries
2 whites of eggs ½ cupful chopped candied pineapple
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

For cake. Cream Crisco and sugar together. Sift together three times dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add vanilla, beat mixture well, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide into two Criscoed and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

For filling. Put sugar and water into sauce pan, stir till boiling, add cream of tartar, then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F., pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pouring in a steady stream and very slowly, adding, while beating, vanilla, cherries, and pineapple, beat till thick and divide between and on top of cake.

Sufficient for one large layer cake.

Lord Baltimore

(Yellow Cake)

Exactly the same as "Lady Baltimore" except that you use the six egg yolks in the batter, and use ½ cupful chopped raisins, same of chopped nut meats, and 5 chopped figs instead of the cherries and pineapple in the frosting. Confectioners' sugar icing may be used instead of boiled frosting if desired.

Do you know the right way to cool a cake?

Learn the correct way, and all the other little knacks of making perfect cakes, from the big Crisco cookbook, "The Calendar of Dinners", in which Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", gives the cooking knowledge that made her famous. Tells how to judge meats, fish, game, fowl, and vegetables; what to do and what not to do in baking, broiling, roasting, and frying all kinds of food; gives 615 exclusive, useful recipes and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. 211 pages. Illustrated. Clothbound. Send us 10 cents in stamps, today, and we'll mail you one copy, postpaid. (Only one copy to an address, as each book costs us almost 50 cents.) Write to Section D-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



What is safe economy in making fine cakes?

THE expert cook knows that when she attempts to economize by reducing the number of eggs in a fine cake recipe, she forfeits the fine, feathery, moist texture of the perfect cake. She knows that bread flour, instead of pastry flour, tends to make the cake coarse-grained and bread-like.

In the choice of shortening, however, it is possible to economize and still have the richest and most delicately flavored cake that can be made. You are sure of the utmost in texture and flavor, but your cake costs less, when you use Crisco.

Crisco makes cakes as rich as can be because it is all richness itself, free from salt and moisture, both of which are

found in the best butter. It is tasteless, like unsalted butter; therefore only the addition of salt to the batter is needed to produce a delicious butter-like flavor. It is so white and delicate that it is ideal for the finest white cakes. Being strictly vegetable and of a solid cream-like appetizing appearance, the very knowledge that it has been used in a cake appeals to all who are particular about the food they eat.

Any woman who ever has used Crisco for fine cake-baking will tell you that it is an unnecessary expense to use butter. Try it yourself. Get a can from your grocer—use it for cake-baking, pastry-making, and frying—and see how much better everything tastes.

Crisco always comes in sanitary, sealed cans, 1, 3, 6 and 9 pounds, net weight; never in bulk. Costs less per pound in the larger sizes.

Made and sold in Canada

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making



Foursquare

(Continued from Page 50)

She pinned on the delicate cluster, gave a last touch with a powder puff to throat and chin, thrust a scarf of tulle about her neck, and let Alexandra lay a fur-lined wrap about her shoulders. She left the lightest of caresses on her friend's cheek when she went down a few minutes later in answer to a summons from the hall boy.

It was quite another John Kirkwood than the one who had given vent to such bitter complaining an hour before who drove away with Mary Fletcher in the taxi over the wintry streets. He had worked faster than she to accomplish it all and find time to dress as well, and he was exultant, though he tried not to show it overmuch.

He saw with triumph, as the evening advanced, that his skillful work was telling, as, knowing Mary Fletcher pretty well, he had been sure it was bound to do. Throughout the dinner his companion had shown indications of courteously disguised indifference to the wiles at work, in spite of the care with which he had chosen the place and ordered the appetizing food.

BUT later, at the end of the second act of a brilliant play, one he had counted upon to absorb and thrill her with the perfection of its art, both literary and histrionic, he looked down at her and saw more than a touch of that which he had hoped to bring to her expressive face. She hadn't been able to resist it; it had taken her off her feet.

"Oh, what craftsmanship!" she said. "That dialogue—was there ever anything so clever? And yet, it's all so simple, so without strain for effect. That climax—what could be quieter?"

"Nothing. Nor more tremendous." "Oh, yes—tremendous; there's no other word. And of course the acting is perfect. What a joy it must be to have such lines to speak!"

"Do you know," he began, looking down at his program and turning its pages lightly, as if the moment hadn't come for which he had been playing and as if he weren't thinking very carefully how he should put the thing he wanted to say, "there have been places all along in this play, in the turn of a phrase here and there, the sudden, unexpected force of a word, which reminded me inevitably of—you?"

"No!" She glanced at him skeptically. "Oh, no; of course not."

"Yes," he spoke thoughtfully and gravely, as if the idea had only just occurred to him and he were turning it over and looking at it on both sides. "I didn't recognize it at first, the play of wit and wisdom was so swift I was left breathless. But after a time I began to wonder why there was something so familiar here and there in the use of words, in the way of putting things. And then it came to me—it is Mary Fletcher, with the strokes a little heavier, the lines drawn with a bit of extra finish. Why shouldn't it be so? He's a master; you're not even a pupil of his. But you might be; you have all the marks."

She was silent. He waited. He thought her breath came a trifle more rapidly than before.

AFTER a minute he did venture to add one more touch to his effort to reach her: "I think—if you will let me say so—that you have the genius too. And—may I remind you?—I've never said just that to you before."

A little laugh came then and a quick thrust back. "Oh, Mr. John Kirkwood, you're the genius, to put such a thought into my head. It's absolutely untrue, but of course you know it will work and work in my brain, and be my undoing."

"It should be your making," he looked at her gravely, refusing to answer her comprehending smile. She had seen through him; he realized that. Yet the strange thing about flattery is that it seldom fails of its mark, though it may seem to glance off quickly enough thereafter. "To have your ability shine so clearly that the type of it, the class, the amazingly high class is instantly recognized by one who knows your work as I do—that should be a magnificent stimulus, and an absolutely justifiable one."

"You know perfectly that I could no more touch such work than I could—reach that electrolier above us."

"Not yet perhaps, though I'm not so sure. And the current that makes that electrolier blaze so brilliantly is precisely the same sort as that which lights these small side lights over here. Run that current anywhere, it's bound to produce light. In your case I don't think you half realize how high the voltage is."

"You shouldn't try to raise it—you might burn out the fuse," she said gayly, to hide the real stirring of the thing in her brain which it was impossible not to recognize when the stimulus was applied.

"Ah, I knew you'd shy away from such a suggestion," he said in a disappointed tone. "I never knew anybody who so persistently refused to be rated where she belongs. Never mind. When you bring out your first real book, then you will capture the audience I covet for you. The thing I'm anxious about now," he went on rapidly, lest at any moment he should catch the wink of the orchestra's signal light which would mean the raising of the curtain on the last act, "is to put into your mind the thought that when you come to plan the book, even though you do it a long way from here, you can't quite leave John Kirkwood out of it. I think it's helped you in the past to talk things over with me. Won't you promise me that when you begin to think out your new scheme for work you'll at least let me know? I can't tell you quite how unhappy I shall be if you won't."

SHE did not answer at once, and while she waited the signal he was dreading did come, the curtain rose, and instantly she was lost to him in the magic spell put upon her by the scene across the footlights.

The curtain fell. He put her fur-lined cloak upon her, got into his coat, and they moved up the aisle without speaking. He was somewhat baffled by her silence; she had kept her head turned away from him to the very door. He glanced again and again at that turned-away profile as they made their slow progress from the theater door to their car, which was far down the line and had to be waited for.



He thought, as he had thought many times before in such places, that among all the women about them, their attractions enhanced by every trick of dress and adornment, Mary Fletcher possessed something which set her apart from them. Far more beautiful women elbowed her on either side, priceless furs and costly wraps of all sorts made her more simple evening attire insignificant by contrast, her slender figure was dwarfed by many a gorgeous, towering creature who looked down upon her with

supercilious eyes—yet—yes, there was something about her which made him supremely content to be there by her side, and to try as best he might to protect her from the pressure of the crowd, eager to be away.

They were in their cab at last, and out of the block which always impedes traffic at a playhouse door. Then John Kirkwood, aware of the flying moments, put a question which could wait no longer. "Well, would you mind putting a poor editor and beseeching friend out of his misery?"

She spoke without looking at him. Her eyes were upon the flying lights outside the cab windows, but her voice was kind. "Just what do you want me to say?"

"That the line holds. That's all I'll ask for; that is, I'll try to be satisfied with that."

"I don't throw over my friends for a misunderstanding, John Kirkwood. Of course the line holds."

THERE was a moment's silence, then Kirkwood laughed—a rather bitter little laugh. "Man is never satisfied, but I'll try to be. I'd hoped that the evening and the play would —"

"I know," she said evenly. "You expected it to take me where I'm weakest, get hold of my imagination, and make me sorry that I'm going. Well, you may be content. It has taken hold of my imagination—that terribly dangerous imagination of mine that has such control of me. I went as mad over that wonderful play as you could hope I would, was as crazy to do something like it—afar off, in my line as I could compass. I'm just as much afire with a perfectly futile longing to do a big, splendid thing that would take everybody off his feet as I ever was in my life. The only difference is —"

He thought she was never going to find the ending to that sentence. "Yes?" he prompted her at last, with a glance at the number of the street they were passing. "The only difference is —"

"It's that for the first time in my history I've—lost confidence in myself. I'm going away to find it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Instantly he was his old insistent, professional self. "Why, you were never so equipped to do the big thing. You're merely tired; you're overworked. I'm really glad myself you're to have a rest. As soon as you've had it you'll be yourself again. Then the fires will burn. And then—I want to be at hand to pour on the oil."

She looked round at him at last. There was only one block more to pass. Her eyes were dark with unhappiness, but she smiled at him like her old self, as far as friendliness was concerned. "When I find I need the oil that you so well know how to pour, I'll send for you. I'm quite willing to admit I may find it hard to do without you. You've given me so much; I haven't been half grateful enough. Thank you for a delightful evening; I'm so glad I gave in and let you take me."

HE HELD the hand she offered him close for a moment; then as she drew it away he said slowly: "I'm going to believe that generous speech makes it all right between us. Please don't mind my saying that I never dreamed anything could be so hard as it is to let you go. I'd counted more than you know on the winter—with you here."

"I may come back sometime," she said without turning her head toward him.

"I pray you will. If I didn't count on that —" He let the sentence end there with a suppressed breath she couldn't fail to hear.

After that there were only a few words of leave-taking at the door of the elevator in the apartment-house lobby. As Mary Fletcher was borne upward she leaned against the side of the car, her head drooping like the flowers below her breast. Inside her own door she laid her head for a moment upon the shoulder Alexandra Warren presented when she saw the trouble in her friend's eyes.

"Sandy," Mary said with some difficulty. "I know now how the Lord felt when the

(Continued on Page 55)



Regence Pattern

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Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat puffed to bubbles—forms the utmost in a food

No Foods Like These in taste and texture, or in dietetic value

Puffed Grains are now known to millions as the greatest cereal foods in existence.

Each grain is a tantalizing morsel in its texture and its taste. Each is a bubble grain, flimsy and crisp. Each has a nut-like flavor.

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Since Puffed Grains came, children get more whole-grain diet. And that is what they need.

A grain of wheat, when eaten whole, contains 16 needed elements. Children need them all. Since Puffed Wheat made the whole grain tempting, more children get those elements in plenty.

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Another way to serve. It also makes a food confection for hungry children after school.



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Toasted grains, thin and crisp, ever ready for your soups.

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The grains are puffed to 8 times normal size. The walls—thin, crisp and toasted—are ready to crush at a touch.

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Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat, steam exploded

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 53)

devil led Him up to the top of the mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the earth. The only difference between Him and me is that He refused them knowing He could have them, and I refuse them only because I can't get them!

"And so I'm going to bed. At least, when one can't have the kingdoms of her earth, she can always go to bed. And just possibly she'll sleep. I'm only afraid she can't."

III

"I THINK, Bates," said Miss Graham, anxiously leaning forward to reach her driver on the front seat of the surrey, "we shall need to make a little haste."

"Yes, ma'am," Bates responded, touching his fur cap. "That train's liable to be late, though, Miss Graham."

Nevertheless, he sent the two well-groomed fat horses along at what was for them quite a spanking pace. They were not taken out often enough during the winter to keep them in condition for rushing to trains and, since the last of the March snow was just off the streets, this was the first time they had drawn the surrey in many months. Miss Graham had never cared to exchange her beloved chestnut horses for a motor car, nor her faithful man-of-all-work, gray though he was getting to be with years, for a smart young chauffeur. The well-kept equipage had none the less a certain distinction upon the streets of the college town, since it was known to come from "the old Graham place" with its tall white pillars and its air of old-time hospitality.

The surrey swung round into the station driveway and came to a standstill behind the building.

Miss Graham alighted promptly. "I will go myself to meet her, Bates," she said. "I think the horses may be a little restive when the train comes in."

"Yes, ma'am, they may be, not having been to train much all winter. Miss Mary can hold 'em while I get her luggage; she'll be liking to, I'm thinking, if she's not changed."

"We shall find her much the same in such ways, I imagine, Bates. Indeed, she spoke of you and the horses in her last letter."

BATES glowed with pleasure. He had been meeting Mary at this same station since she was a small girl, when the fat old horses had been the shyest of lively young colts, and even then she had been wild to "hold them"—and could do it, too, after a little of Bates' delighted training.

Miss Graham paced the station platform until the train came in. Her sensitive face, beneath the soft gray plumes of her becoming hat, was pink with delicate color; her small form, wrapped in rich gray furs, was carried very erect. When the train arrived, Bates, though his hands were busy with his horses, had one eye for the station platform and presently saw a slim figure in brown run along it up to Miss Graham, saw a vivid, laughing face he well remembered, and shifting the reins into one hand touched his cap in answer to a happy hail as Mary Fletcher came close.

"Oh, Bates!" A firm gloved hand gave his big gauntleted one a friendly grip. "I'm so glad to see you. And here are Billy and Tom, looking as young as ever."

"I'm glad to see you looking so well, Miss Mary," grinned Bates. "Want to hold the horses, while I get your things in?"

"Of course I want to." She was up in the front seat at the word, kept the horses in order, and when Bates came back with the small leather trunk, a typewriter in a pig-skin case, and a big hamper of fruit from a

city market, helped him stow them, making merry comment all the while and causing him to chuckle with amusement.

All the way up the village street her eager eyes were scanning the familiar landmarks, and when they passed the "green" upon which stood a certain white church with a tall spire, she leaned to look back at it till it was out of sight. Miss Graham understood. In that church Mary's father and mother had been married, and from it they had been borne to their burial.

When they were well past and were proceeding more slowly up the long hill, half-way up which lay the Graham house, and upon whose summit stood the group of college buildings which overlooked the town, Mary's hand came upon her aunt's with a close pressure. "I didn't know how I loved it all till I came back to it this time," she said in a low, moved tone. "It's really more like home to me now than any other place in the world. Oh, and there's the house! How dear—how dear it looks!—just as it always did."

"WE PUT on a coat of white paint each spring," said Miss Graham, "but it always seems to look a little dingy before the year comes round."

"It doesn't look a bit dingy to me," Mary insisted as the carriage turned in at the graveled drive between two tall posts.

The place was surrounded by a thick hedge, never allowed to grow high enough to shut it in. The house stood well back from the street. Bates was sending the horses along smartly now; it was his special pride to have the carriage sweep around the curve to the end of the long porch and stop with a hint of a flourish. Dusk was descending, and several windows showed lights.

The big front door swung open as Mary ran down the porch, and a stout figure in a black dress and white apron stood beaming in the doorway.

"Oh, Eliza, bless your heart!" Mary had both the housekeeper's hands in hers. "How good it is to see you! I didn't think everything could seem just the same. But it does, even to you. Why, you haven't a gray hair."

"Indeed I have, Miss Mary. But you're looking just the same. I could think you were just the girl that used to come here and ask for cookies before you got inside the door."

"You'll see I'm not—by many years, Eliza, though I like cookies just the same. Oh, this beautiful old hall! Aunt Sara," as Miss Graham with Bates and the luggage came in, "there never was another hall quite like this."

SHE was all over the house in the next fifteen minutes, ending by standing in the doorway of the upstairs room which had always been hers on all her visits and looking in at it with happy eyes. Miss Graham had followed her about, enjoying her pleasure in the familiar scenes.

"It's all exactly the same," Mary exclaimed—"the old mahogany pieces, the white matting on the floor and the blue rugs and hangings, the desk-bookcase, with, I'll wager, the very same books."

Miss Graham nodded.

"And the lovely old blue-and-white English jugs and bowls on the washstand. Oh, but the lamp is new! How pretty it is. Why, it's electric. Have you wired the house then?"

"Yes, I had to come to it," Miss Graham explained, smiling. "I was sorry for a while, but now I am glad, for it permits me to use several table lights in places where I could not before. Do you like this one then? It seemed to me to fit the room—and you."

(Continued on Page 56)



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This offers a test of a new way of teeth cleaning which means much to you and yours.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show what really clean teeth mean.

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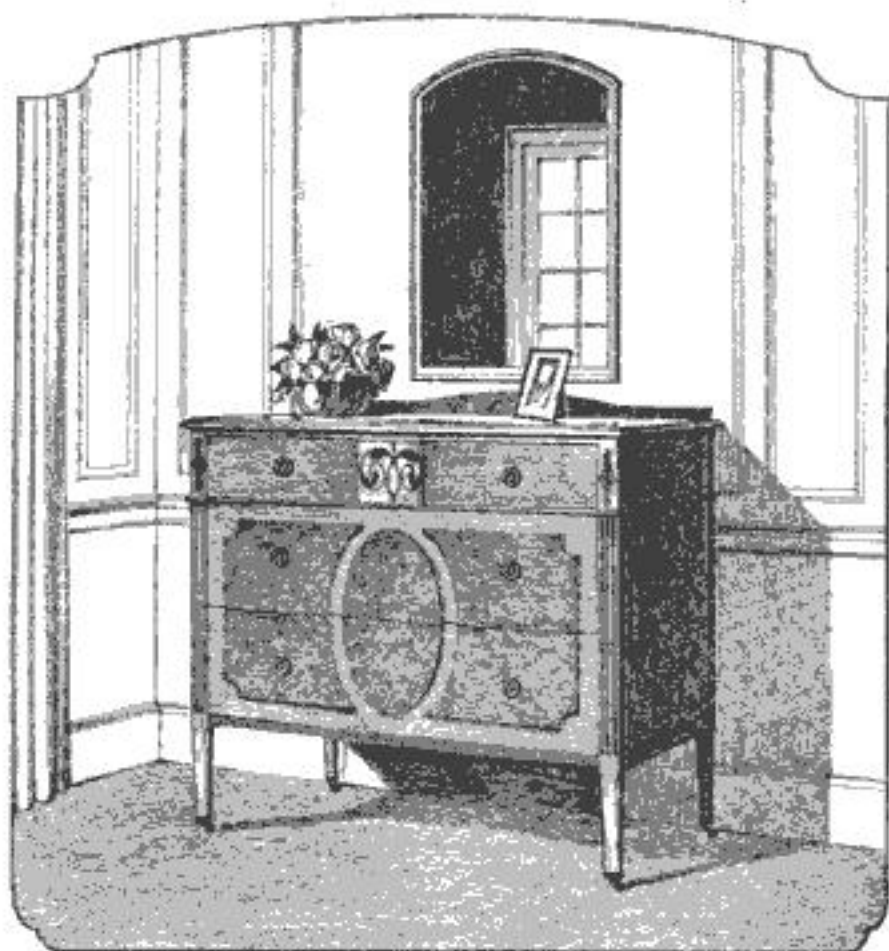
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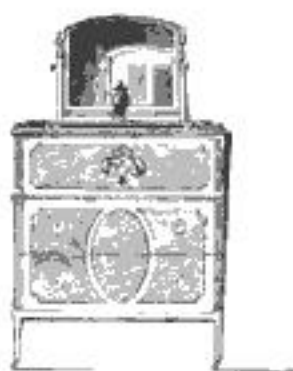
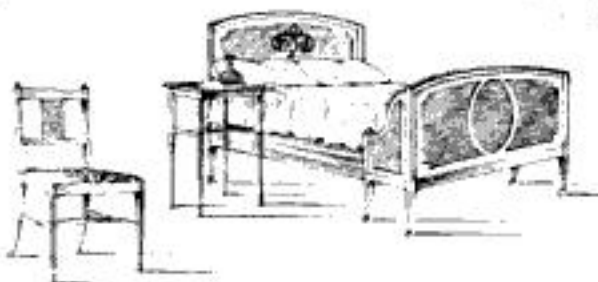
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This trademark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after.

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 55)

"It's perfect, and the touch of rose gives just what was needed with all the blue and white. Yes, in here, Bates, please, with all the things," and Mary had her key in the lock of the traveled-looking small leather trunk by the time it was fairly in place.

For the following hour she was busy with the unpacking. So Miss Graham, sitting in a chintz-covered armchair by the big square table in the corner between two windows, found herself in a maze of interests. The most of Mary's belongings had preceded her, and this trunk had been devoted to the books, pictures and special articles which she had wanted to keep with her till the last.

"They make home for me anywhere, so how can they help but make a superhome here?" Mary demanded, as she placed blue-pottery book ends on the table and filled them in with a long, crowded row of books.

SHE hung several choice small prints on the white walls between the tiny blue-and-green stripes of quaint paper, using glass-tipped pins which did not mar; set up photographs on the white chimney piece, beneath which glowed a small bedroom fire, and spread bureau silver and crystal jars upon the chaste white linen of the dressing table.

"I always did love this long mirror, with the Mount Vernon picture in the upper panel," she said, pausing to look into it with a smile, which changed to the suggestion of a frown as she added: "And how I've changed since I used to sit and admire my brown curls! Aunt Sara, do you realize that I'm twenty-seven years old, all but a month? No girl any more!"

"My dear, you don't look twenty-one," Miss Graham exclaimed.

"Yes, but I do, begging your kind pardon. I did keep rather fresh for a long time, but I'm jaded now, no doubt about it."

"Child, you are tired. I've known it all along. You worked too hard over there. Just as soon as you are rested —"

But Mary had already left the painful subject of her years, and was burrowing in the trunk again, toward the bottom. In a moment she came to place two framed photographs on the table before Miss Graham, without speaking. The elder woman looked and looked again.

"How fortunate—how fortunate you are, dear, to have such pictures of them. I never saw these; I didn't know they existed."

"I found them among some snapshots I took of them myself, hunted out the films and had them enlarged. They're so much more satisfying than any portraits, don't you think?"

"Much more."

ONE of the pictures, of a goodly size, was of a middle-aged man of fine face and distinguished bearing, standing before a vine-clad wall, apparently absorbed in looking at some object not within range of the camera. One hand was thrust into his pocket, his eyes were intent, his mouth evidently ready to break into a smile.

"In the snap," explained Mary, "one of the boys was facing him, talking excitedly; his expression was absurd, with his mouth open, so I didn't like to leave him in. But father looks so exactly as he always did when he was giving the other fellow a chance to explain, but meant to come back at him with some keen speech which would show him where he stood. I thought it was by far the most typical moment that has been preserved. It makes a wonderful picture, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It's better of him than this of your mother, though this is really lovely. But it doesn't show her full face, and that disappoints me."

"I know; yet can't you see how the next instant she will look up and say some sparkling thing that will make you delight in her? Mother's sense of humor was one

of the most delicious things about her, wasn't it? Oh, how beautiful she —" Mary's voice failed her for an instant, and she turned quickly away to hide it.

She dove into the trunk again and brought up a long silk scarf of blended hues of violet and blue and, dropping it in Miss Graham's lap, gently took away the photographs. "That's the prettiest scarf to be found in Paris," she said triumphantly. "It looked so like you I pounced on it and all but took it away from a woman who was hesitating over it. In my very best manner I managed to convey to her a subtle suggestion that the pink-and-amber one she was also considering was by far the more becoming to her youth and beauty."

The unpacking and bestowing was all done after a time, and the trunk sent away. Then came dinner and a long, quiet evening by the fire in the drawing-room of which Mary had written so longingly. She had slipped into a little frock of dull blue, in which, Miss Graham thought, she looked a picture, with the firelight bringing back the old warm color into her cheeks. It seemed just the Mary of five years ago who told her stories of French life, with many a sparkling comment of her own, or, when the tale was a pathetic one, giving to the telling that touch of the dramatic which was Mary's own.

WHEN the grandfather's clock in the hall struck ten, however, she stood up and saluted snappily with a clear "Yes, sir!" like one of the soldiers of whom she had been speaking. Then she proposed something so foreign to all Miss Graham's habits that it quite startled the small person in the wing chair.

"Aunt Sara, let's put on some big boots over our slippers and go out for a little walk. Will you? It's a nice night, and the fresh air will make us sleep. Besides, I want to see how the hill looks in the dark."

Quite as of old, Miss Graham found herself submitting to her niece's will, though she entered one small protest. "How can you walk in those high-heeled slippers, dear?"

Mary laughed, bent and inspected Miss Graham's heels and shook her head. "Those are very nice little black satin pumps, Aunt Sara, but the heels certainly are outrageous."

"Why, I had them altered —"

"I see you did. They must be all of an inch high now. Never mind; I was so afraid you might have begun to wear those wide, flat, elderly things women succumb to, and these are really very smart, if you did have a bit too much taken off. As for the rest, you are perfectly adorable. I don't know who your dressmaker is, but she certainly understands what you should wear."

Miss Graham flushed with pleasure. "It is quite a little trouble to have all one's things made so far away, but I really do like to feel properly dressed."

"You're perfect. And I love that fur-lined cape of yours; it's so dignified and becoming. I'll run and get it, and we'll go for just a bit of a freshening, shall we?"



IT WAS indeed pleasant to get out of doors in the evening, Miss Graham was thinking happily, as she walked down the graveled driveway with Mary's arm linked in hers and

Mary's voice in her ear. The night was mild; a thin crescent moon hung in the west; there was more than a suggestion of coming spring in the air.

"I shall see the lilacs come out," exulted Mary, straining her eyes down the dark lawn toward a thick row of small trees near the hedge. "I never saw lilacs anywhere like yours."

"I have a new blue one, a very rare species; and there is one which is almost pink."

Mary was looking now toward certain lighted windows just beyond the hedge.

(Continued on Page 59)

The real naphtha odor means sweet clean clothes



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Foursquare

(Continued from Page 56)

farther down the hill, where the driveway swept close.

"The Fenns live there still, of course?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, I'm very glad to say. I should hardly know how to live with any other neighbors in that house."

"Still teaching—Harriet in the high school and Mark in the college?"

"Just the same. They are very fine people and the best of neighbors. There is nobody in town whom I enjoy seeing more. They could hardly help being what they are, with Matthew Fenn for their father. Do you remember how fond your own father was of him?"

"Of course I remember. They were so different, so exactly opposite in type, one would hardly have thought they would have found so much to like in each other. Is that lighted front room below still the old study, crammed with books?"

"Yes; one can hardly turn about in it now, there are so many. And still Mark comes home with fresh armfuls. Harriet says it is his one dissipation."

"It seems a harmless one." The pair had turned into the street and were walking slowly past the Fenn house down the hill. Mary's eyes were still scanning the windows, through whose red curtains below the partly lowered shades the light glowed ruddily. "But he'll slowly fossilize among his books. Don't he and Harriet ever get away to the city, see a play or hear some music? Or do they just attend educational conferences and address meetings on sober subjects?"

MISS GRAHAM found herself resenting a little the mocking tone, even though it came from lips so beloved. "Mark Fenn will never become a fossil," she said quickly. "One feels, in contact with him, that he is alive, that he is thinking things through. I know he is considered, in the college, one of the most able of the younger men. President Wing told me personally, not long ago, that his courses are leading all the rest in the matter of interest and accomplishment."

In the dim light Mary was smiling, understanding that she had touched a sensitive spot in her aunt's consciousness and delighting in the little lady's warm defense. "Good!" she said warmly. "I'm mighty glad to hear it. Of course, you know, I shouldn't doubt for a moment that Mark would be a splendid teacher. It just seemed to me that he was still rather young to make books his only dissipation. Perhaps you didn't mean that literally. Just tell me that he and Harriet do go in town and riot a bit, now and then, and I shall be quite satisfied."

"We all went in"—the nearest city was fifty miles away, but Newcomb's inhabitants all claimed it as their own—"only a fortnight ago, to a musical convention which lasted three days. It was a very great treat."

"Did Mark take some girl, at least part of the time? Do tell me he did."

"He and Harriet and I went together," explained Miss Graham.

SHE couldn't see her niece's expressive face, but she could feel that Mary was laughing. "Oh, that was a riot! Forgive me, dearest, but it's going to take me a few days to adjust myself. I've been living in such a rush of engagements, you know. Don't fear; I shan't be sighing for New York. I can't tell you how I love walking along this quiet street, looking at all the lights in the houses and thinking that inside are homes, real homes. Sometimes it has seemed as if there weren't any real homes in New York. I suppose there are, but the sense of them is lost somehow. Here—why, each house looks like a family. You don't know how I've missed that, nor how glad I am to get back to it. Hark, what is that? Oh!"—she breathed it into Miss

Graham's ear—"how long it is since I've heard college boys sing in the night."

Coming back up the hill, by and by, when they had walked across the village green at the foot, past the white church, and so around a course of nearly a mile, they saw the door of the small brown house just below the large white-pillared one open and close. As they came nearer they discovered a figure tramping up and down the path from porch to street, hands clasped behind its back. The fragrance of tobacco smoke reached them as they came abreast, and as the figure turned at the porch again and came back down the path Miss Graham spoke softly:

"Good evening, Mark. Can you guess who is here with me?"

THE slow pacing turned at once into a rapid advance. A pipe had its glowing ashes knocked out of it on a lifted heel, and a voice said with a certain crisp inflection Mary Fletcher remembered well the minute she heard it again: "I certainly can. Only one guest could make you sound like that. How do you do, Mary Fletcher? Welcome back to Newcomb!"

"Thank you, Mark Fenn. It's perfectly splendid to be here."

"I'm glad to hear that." His hand closed over hers sturdily. "We knew you came to-day, but didn't venture to make any sign. Harriet reported—through the window curtains—that you didn't even glance toward the little brown house as you drove in. So she thought you'd forgotten the people who live there."

"Shame on Harriet! She should have opened the window and waved at me. I hope twenty-four hours more won't go by before you both come over."

"They shall not. I'll brush my best coat, Harriet will put on her white gloves, and we will come formally to call on the distinguished author. I wish I could see how you're looking. But your voice sounds like the voice of Mary, and I can guess that you're smiling."

"I surely am. And I'm so happy to be here. I had to drag Aunt Sara out to look at the town with me. It's so beautifully the same I could have wept for joy."

"You didn't want to find it grown out of recognition then?"

"Not a bit. I couldn't bear to hear that some new people live in the old Townsend house on the green. How dared they come in!"

"Up on the campus, however, we really have one fine new building. The architect cleverly planned it in keeping with the old-timers, and you'll find it doesn't destroy the general harmony."

"EVERYTHING'S all right then," admitted Mary. "It's the general harmony, the old-time atmosphere I want preserved, whatever else goes."

"Yes, I understand that authors are always looking for atmosphere. I hope you'll find it—quite as musty as you want it."

Genial though it was, Mary thought she recognized a certain dryness in his tone, which she remembered of old. Mark had always had a way of making her realize that she had been a trifle condescending.

"I'm no author now; I'm just a girl again, looking for the old landmarks in my beloved town," she hastened to assure him.

"Well, here's one before you, you see—or can't see. And like all landmarks, I'm a trifle weather-beaten, as you'll discover tomorrow night. But I think you'll find Harriet precisely the same person, in spite of her six years of teaching."

"Dear Harriet! Give her my love and tell her I shall shout at her from

(Continued on Page 60)



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The New Shoe for Women

IMAGINE : : a shoe with moccasin comfort and metropolitan smartness.

IMAGINE : : a shoe with all the beauty which fashion demands and every requirement which the most exacting medical and surgical authority can suggest.

IMAGINE : : a shoe which satisfies your pride and makes your feet and ankles slender and shapely.

IMAGINE : : a shoe worn all day long, which leaves your feet rested and ready for dainty and elegant evening slippers—such as *Sorosis*.

There you have THE A. E. LITTLE SHOE The New Shoe for Women

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a shoe was introduced that found immediate favor in this country and in Europe. It was the first shoe to be branded with the manufacturer's trade-mark, as proof of his confidence in his product. Because of its popularity, imitations appeared. The courts soon decided that the name *Sorosis* on a shoe was for the protection of the public, and any name resembling it could not be used.

Because the A. E. Little Company—makers of *Sorosis* Shoes—were the only shoe manufacturers who maintained an experimental laboratory and made their own lasts, America's most eminent surgeons requested this company to collaborate with them in designing a shoe for suffering feet. Their united efforts resulted in the development of the *Sorosis Orthopedic*. Twenty-two thousand prescriptions for this shoe were written by New York physicians and filled at the New York store, alone, in a period of less than two years.

The orthopedic *Sorosis* is not beautiful, as are the other *Sorosis* shoes and slippers. It has taken the manufacturers ten years to create a work-and-play shoe—beautiful, and at the same time one that the most conscientious surgeon would prescribe.

With the purpose of bestowing the greatest good among the greatest number, the sale of the A. E. Little Shoe will not be limited to *Sorosis* stores or departments, but will be opened to all shoe merchants who will carry a full range of sizes and widths to insure proper fitting; and the price is only \$12.50. Consult your dealer or send for information direct to us.

NOTE ONE : : Although A. E. Little Shoes are made from all kinds of leathers, we recommend for many reasons our carefully selected and specially tanned and finished thoroughbred calf for the upper. Its soft velvety texture takes a wonderful polish and always looks well.

NOTE TWO : : Look in your local newspaper for the advertisements of merchants who carry the A. E. Little Shoe.

Catalog upon request

A. E. LITTLE CO.

Makers of

Sorosis Shoes for Men, Women and Children

Lynn, Mass.

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Foursquare

(Continued from Page 59)

my bedroom window when she goes down the walk to start for school in the morning, just as I always did."

When they had reached the house Mary said she should be much interested to see the Fenns by a revealing light, and Miss Graham replied that they were worth looking at by any light.

"Mark must be about thirty-five by now," Mary considered; "no great age. And his voice is rather nice, but I'm afraid he's pretty staid. Harriet's my age; but she's probably staid too. There's something about the professorial attitude, the habit of instructing and disciplining, that gets left over after office hours. My blessed father was one of the few men who managed never to acquire it. Aunt Sara, do you remember his laugh?"

"Yes, dear; no one could forget it."

WHEN she was ready for bed, more than an hour later, Mary put out her light, raised her shades and laid her hand upon her windows to open them. Before she did so, however, she stood for a minute looking across to the small brown house beyond the hedge. From the lower front windows she could still see the ruddy light shining out upon the porch floor and posts where dead vines hung, though the rest of the house was dark.

When the next evening came she found herself making rather careful preparation for the expected guests, glibly while at herself that already in the new and quiet life the visit of two village teachers could be an event to be looked forward to. The Mary of the old days had from season to season, beginning in her childhood, been accustomed to dash in and out of the brown house next door. In the later years, however, she had seen less and less of them in her briefer and briefer stays with Aunt Sara. The last time she had been here she had only a distant and tragic recognition of Mark Fenn in black gloves acting as pallbearer for Dr. Arthur Fletcher's casket as it was carried out of the white church on the green, and afterwards of his bending over her to say a few grave words of sympathy and farewell. It was really at least seven years since she had seen either of the Fenns for more than a word of greeting.

She put on the dull blue frock again, and the high-heeled slippers and stockings which matched it, oversaw the making of a small silver potful of chocolate and some tiny thin sandwiches, and arranged the lighting in the drawing-room to suit herself—an important matter. She found herself wishing for flowers, but there were no desirable flowers to be had, though she telephoned the small village greenhouse.

THEN the Fenns arrived, and she forgot everything else in the interest of renewing old acquaintance. Harriet, with her smooth, fair hair and pleasant, fresh-colored face full of character, seemed to Mary just what she had expected, the type of an energetic and successful village teacher. She was becomingly if somewhat austere dressed, and her quiet, assured manner was much as Mary remembered it. Her deep blue eyes looked straight into Mary's, her firm hand took hold with almost the grip of a man's. Capable, clear-brained, independent, trustworthy—this was Harriet Fenn. Though she was younger by a year than Mary herself, she would have given any stranger the impression of being considerably older.

As for Mark, the instant Mary felt her hand in his and looked into his strong-featured, decidedly interesting face, with its clear gray observant eyes, she understood that here undoubtedly was a man whom she couldn't remember or classify and dispose of quite as she had expected to do. One thing was certain—her quite natural impression, carried over from the days when she had been a mere girl while he had reached young

manhood, that he was already old and "staid," as she had characterized both the Fenns, was a mistake. In spite of a certain gravity of face, broken rather rarely by an extremely winning smile showing splendid white teeth, he had, as Miss Graham had said, the look of being very much alive and to be reckoned with.

MARY herself, this night, by the sheer suggestion of opposites might have been taken for no creature less imaginative than a poet. She was a study in coloring, in voice and manner, in the whole appeal of her personality. If she had been one of her own imaginary heroines she could hardly have filled the eye more satisfyingly. From the first moment of the encounter with the Fenns, she was on her mettle. Just what it was which suddenly rose up in her and made her eager to surprise and captivate afresh these two people who had known her so long she couldn't have told herself. Perhaps it was because her two quiet days and nights in the old house had already refreshed her; perhaps also it was because, to one for whom every hour had been full, those two quiet days had already begun to make her long for diversion. Certain it was that throughout that evening Mary sparkled as only Mary could when she was in the mood.

Sitting close by the fire, on that little mahogany-armed, cross-stitch-embroidered footstool of which she had written to Miss Graham, she held all eyes. Now deliciously gay and piquant, now sobering to thoughtfulness as some subject came uppermost which demanded serious consideration, again seeming to listen with an eager concentration to the remarks of others, whatever she did or said—or however silent she was—all through it she was delightful to watch. And every now and then she made some brilliantly clever little speech which set everybody's pulses tingling with pleasure and appreciation.

ALTOGETHER, Mary Fletcher that evening was the Mary Fletcher who, when in the same fettle, was accustomed to pour into her work the peculiar quality of enchantment which brought her back the enthusiastic approval of her editors and her public. Perhaps there is no better way to indicate the charm of her actual presence in such an hour than to say that it reminded one irresistibly of that other and allied charm of her work, whose market value had risen to such a high figure. Mary's own personal market value, to put it in sordid terms, was quite as high as that of her work; one found her companionship quite as entertaining and absorbing as any tale she had ever put upon paper.

Conversation and chocolate, firelight and Mary Fletcher—the evening passed swiftly for the guests. Just before it was over a clasp of the knocker sent Mary herself to the door. Miss Graham required no service from any member of her quiet household in the evening. A huge florist's box with a special-delivery tag upon it had been sent from the post office. Mary brought it in for the rest of them to see. She knew well enough from whom it must have come.

"Flowers!" exclaimed Harriet. Her tone was eloquent of past denial.

Great masses of yellow jonquils, pink tulips and blue forget-me-nots were disclosed, hardly

touched in their careful packing by hint of fatigue after their journey. With swift fingers Mary sorted them, laying all that both hands could hold in Harriet's lap.

To Mark she held out one small cluster of jonquils. "Would you deign to soften the austerity of your scholarly desk with these?" she asked.

"Do you think the giver would be pleased to have any austerity of mine softened by

(Continued on Page 62)



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Glassware, glasses, windows, mirrors cleaned *clean* until they sparkle with a wonderful lasting brilliancy—one tablespoonful of 20 Mule Team Borax to a gallon of warm water. (If water is hard, use larger quantity.) It can't scratch or mar, it's nature's greatest *solvent*. 20 Mule Team Borax is the universal household antiseptic cleanser for everything in the house—a water softener for washing clothes, a solvent for pots and pans—and it makes the skin white and smooth. 20 Mule Team Borax is in all clean kitchens and bathrooms. Is it in yours? *At ALL Grocers'*. Send for Magic Crystal Booklet giving 100 uses for 20 Mule Team Borax.

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The trimming is of soutache braid, designs for which may be easily obtained in any art needlework department. Your collar may be the youthful Peter Pan or if worn with fur neckpiece the collarless suit is good.

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"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

his gift?" he replied, with that somewhat rare smile which she hadn't been able to bring to his lips as often that evening as she had expected. She had remembered that Mark Fenn wasn't a smiling man; there always had to be a real reason for his laughter, though when it was fairly won it was apt to be of the heartiest. Only once or twice throughout the evening, though he had watched her closely, had she heard that really delightful laugh of his ring out. Its absence had slightly piqued her.

"Oh, he's a generous person," she answered. "It's one of my editors. He's so sure I'm going to find it unbearably dismal up here in the country, as he calls it, he feels it his duty to enliven the scene for me. If his flowers can enliven my friends also, he will indirectly accomplish his object. So isn't it logical that I should give some to you, since I myself can't do it alone?"

"Can't do what, please? Enliven us?"

"YOU in particular. Harriet gives me back smiles for all my little jests; you alarm me by your grave looks. Did you disapprove of 'And, Behold' so seriously, Professor Mark?"

"How do you know I've read it?"

She laughed. "Guessed it, by the way you've avoided the subject all evening. In my early days you used to be so ready to encourage me. Don't you think I need encouragement now?"

"Not along those lines."

"No? Why not?"

"You don't think so yourself."

"Oh, indeed! Why, I thought it great stuff." Her tone was the mocking one she often used with much effectiveness. Her eyes were sending shafts of challenge into his.

"No—pardon me—you didn't. But do you think we'd better discuss it? I should probably say something rude, and that would be a poor way to begin to be neighborly. You've gone beyond my tutoring these days, you know; you're a law unto yourself. I'm merely a backwoods teacher; no critic worth your considering."

"Oh, what humility! The only difference between days past and these is that I used to be dreadfully afraid of you and your opinion. And now—while I still care what you think of my work—I'm no longer afraid of you. So instead of listening in meekness to your words of wisdom, as I used to do, I should now probably—"

"You would probably come back with a line of defense that would make me wish I'd taken no shots at you."

"I'm not sure I should make any defense. What I should do would be, more likely, to attack."

"Would you? On what ground?"

"I'll tell you some day. As you say, we mustn't begin by being rude to each other to-night. But if you've something against me for being guilty of 'And, Behold,' I've something against you for—no, I will not tell you to-night. Mark Fenn; but it's a real count. Some day we'll have it out, I promise you."

IV

"AUNT SARA, I'm going to work." "So soon, dear? I thought you meant to do nothing but rest for the first three months at least."

"It's no use. The more I do nothing the less fit I am. The only thing for me is to

get at something. It's always been so; it always will be."

"Have you a plan for your work?" Miss Graham asked. She sat at her desk, writing letters, a pleasant figure to look at.

"Not a shadow of a plan," Mary responded cheerfully. Her kilted brown-and-white-striped skirt, her rakish little brown hat pulled well down over her hair, proclaimed her intent to go for a long tramp. "But I'll get one. Not to-day probably, or to-morrow. But there's no way to begin except to begin. Unless one's a genius, which I'm not, one can wait till doomsday for the thing that's called inspiration; it'll never come. I've got to go out after it, looking up every crossroad behind every tree, chasing up every rabbit track, till at last I see a vague form emerging from somewhere in the dim distance. I'll dash after it, shouting madly to it to stop. But it won't stop; it'll go trailing away through the woods, only showing me a glimpse of itself from time to time, while I follow along, getting tired and more out of breath all the way. This will keep up for days, more than likely. Finally, some wonderful hour I'll be plodding along, almost out of hope ever to see the thing I'm following, when suddenly the figure will turn, stop, wait, and I'll rush up to it, panting. I'll see it growing clearer and clearer as I come near—a form, a face, an outstretched hand—"

Miss Graham was watching her niece in wonder. Mary's attitude, the expression on her face, spoke eloquently of something of which the elder woman knew nothing.

"She will be very, very beautiful," said Mary softly. "Even yet she won't show me more than the mere outlines of herself, and before I've done more than to fling myself at her to embrace her, crying 'Here you

my brain somehow is the power to—to make that vision real. Oh, there'll be days when I'll almost think I've lost her again, forgotten even how she looked; but just when I'm most despairing, she'll appear to me once more, and she'll have grown so big and splendid that I can only fall on my face before her, crying 'Oh, I'm not fit to try to tell them about you. I never, never can do it. But it's the joy of my life to try.'" Mary slid down off the table, laughing and pulling the little brown hat farther over her eyes, as if in shame.

"I SOUND like a tipsy fool, don't I?" she said raggedly. "And all about some silly tale like 'And, Behold'! I'll admit there was nothing in that. The vision I had wasn't so big as I thought it. The work I did in France was ten times better. But I'm going to do something now that will redeem me in your eyes—and certain other people's. So I'm off on the beginning of the hunt. I've asked Eliza to put up some sandwiches for me, and I won't be back for lunch."

She left an airy kiss on Miss Graham's cheek, slipped out through the kitchen where she picked up her sandwiches, stowing them in a leather bag with a strap like a lawyer's brief case, which she slung over her shoulder—it already held notebook and fountain pen—and swung away down the drive.

It was just a week after, a week each morning of which saw Mary setting forth again upon her quest, each afternoon returning with a sober face which smiled when it met Miss Graham's questioning look. The morning mail of that eighth day, heavy as it always was with letters from both friends and strangers, brought one letter which Mary read twice over on her way along the road.

Dear Mary Fletcher: Two months have gone by and I have kept my promise. Not a word from me has broken in upon the solitude with which it was your purpose to surround yourself. What other sounds may have reached you from that bothersome outer world which you have forsworn I know not, but certain it is that no shoutings from my sanctum can be branded as intruders. Have I earned at least your tolerance for this first sign of my continued existence?

You told me of your purpose to rest for fully two months before so much as turning your thoughts toward work. But somehow I know that already you are of a will to break this vow. The tea parties have begun to pull, the weekly—I had all but written weakly—college lectures to which the general public are invited have lost their zest—if they ever had any; the quiet of the place is beginning to get upon your nerves—those delicately strung nerves upon which your whole future depends. In a word, you long to be at it.

Have you a theme? I wonder. In your walks up and down the lanes and between the hedges, have you encountered the thing you seek, the Great Idea, the Big Motive? Not yet, you answer impatiently. What is the man thinking of that he asks that question so soon? Of course you haven't!

Well, June must be coming on gloriously up your way. Must I keep away indefinitely? This is the question which disturbs my peace of mind. If I come with no hint about me of wishing to speed up your processes of thought, only as a friend who misses you very much and would be glad to set eyes upon you again—how about it? I rather like June in the country myself. May I have a glimpse of it—in your company?

(Continued in the April Home Journal)

Your House of Happiness

By B. Y. WILLIAMS

TAKE what God gives, O heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness.
Perchance some have been given more;
But many have been given less.
The treasure lying at your feet,
Whose value you but faintly guess,
Another builder, looking on,
Would barter heaven to possess.

Have you found work that you can do?
Is there a heart that loves you best?
Is there a spot somewhere called home
Where, spent and worn, your soul may rest?
A friendly tree? A book? A song?
A dog that loves your hand's caress?
A store of health to meet life's needs?
Oh, build your house of happiness!

Trust not to-morrow's dawn to bring
The dreamed-of joy for which you wait;
You have enough of pleasant things
To house your soul in goodly state;
To-morrow Time's relentless stream
May bear what now you have away;
Take what God gives, O heart, and build
Your house of happiness to-day!

are! I knew I'd find you!" she'll be gone again behind the trees. But I'll have seen her! And from that moment, I'll know I can find her again if only I'm willing to trudge and drudge and toil. And from that moment I'll be glad I'm alive, and that in

processes of thought, only as a friend who misses you very much and would be glad to set eyes upon you again—how about it? I rather like June in the country myself. May I have a glimpse of it—in your company?

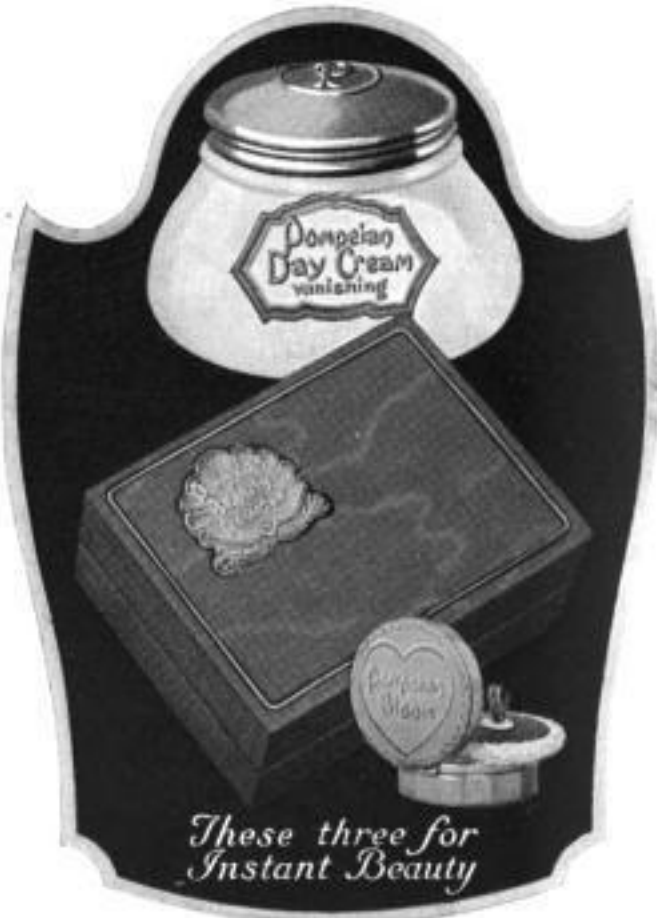
"Don't Envy Beauty — Use Pompeian"

You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring, if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists', 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM—light, dark, medium. Pompeian MAS-SAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.



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have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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The Right Kind of Public School Teachers Needed

(Continued from Page 8)

a normal school and that every high-school teacher should be a college graduate.

It is simpler to begin with the technical phase of the situation, and the point of departure there is that of the seven hundred thousand teachers in the country only one-fifth are adequately trained. That fact was emphasized in two previous articles in this series on public schools. It is one thing upon which there is agreement between Commissioner Tigert, of the United States Bureau of Education, and the National Educational Association. The teachers themselves admit lack of training and knowledge. Parents and taxpayers very slowly are beginning to wake up to the significance of it.

The situation was bad prior to 1917, although it attracted little attention. It is far worse now in 1922 than before the war, in spite of school salary increases and the work which has been done in the last two years. At the beginning of the present school year Commissioner Tigert intimated that the teacher shortage was over. The National Educational Association does not agree with him on that point. It finds the need for good teachers more grave and urgent than ever, and it deplors the effect which may come from any mistaken assurance on the part of the Government.

"The false cry that there is no teacher shortage must not go unchallenged," says the Journal of the National Educational Association. The business of school-teaching was shot to pieces by the war, like every other undertaking of peace, and has not recovered. Its losses in personnel were enormous and, as a rule, the teachers who left the schools were the best. They left to enter war service or because the increased cost of living made maintenance on teacher wages too difficult. Experienced women who stayed on in the lower schools received less money than the eighth-grade boys who quit school to do unskilled labor in war activities.

Plus the exodus from the trained teaching ranks there was, for a period of two years, almost complete cessation in the recruiting of good new stock. For that same period the vacancies all through the country were filled with makeshift candidates, untrained and unfitted in every way for school work. Thousands of these makeshifts are still in the schools. Thousands of good teachers who left in 1917 and 1918 have not returned. It is estimated that in the city of Washington alone there are to-day ten thousand former women school-teachers working in government departments. They were among the best who left the schools. But now they are taking stenographic notes for bureau chiefs and spending their days in fingering the cards of index boxes instead of working with the children who need them.

The Hope of the Future

THE hope of the future is not chiefly in the return of old teachers, nor in the possibility of improving the poor personnel that came into the service in the emergency of war. The hope is in the splendid nucleus of experienced, worthwhile teachers still in the service in each state, in the recruiting of the next five years, in raising of standards and in the weeding-out process. The very kernel of the hope is in the possibility that in the new stock there may be found everywhere an increasing number of the sort of young women who used to take to teaching as a matter of course, but who have been turning away from it for the last two generations. Realization of that hope would remedy both the defects of the situation attributable to the recent war and those of the preceding years. The schools need many thousands of educated teachers whose parents and grandparents were educated or wanted to be. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said, a man's education should begin with his grandfather.

A place on the teachers' salary list should not be given to a girl primarily to enable her to make a living or to please her father, who may have some influence in local politics. Mere desire to help the young woman to earn something, which might justify her employment in shop, store or factory, regardless of qualifications, is not sufficient in the matter of selecting a teacher. For every teacher thus selected thirty children have their right to receive proper instruction violated. It is not necessary to put up a warning against snobbishness. No snobs will enter the profession of teaching until it is far more fashionable than it is to-day.

There is no college president nor normal-school principal nor chairman of a board of education in the older American states on the Atlantic seaboard who will not tell you that there has been deterioration in the quality and personality of the stock from which teachers are drawn.

President J. A. C. Chandler, of William and Mary College, who has had to do with the training and selection of teachers all his professional life, admits this for the South. "After the Civil War," he told me, "when our families were impoverished, the women of those families, married and unmarried, were driven to

teaching to make a living. They were not trained for the work, but they were cultivated women, women of education and breeding and loyalty to the work into which circumstances had forced them. And they had an inspiring and civilizing influence on the children of the public schools which was of great cultural value. Now women of their sort have for the most part disappeared from the schools. In their places we have many sincere, ambitious young women who are much better qualified for the work so far as technical training is concerned, but into that training we must learn to put the indispensable something which will bring back to our teaching force the cultural background."

Always the Question of Pay

IN THE Middle Atlantic and the New England States the story is substantially the same. Critics of the West put it a little differently.

As to the solution of this great teacher difficulty and the allied problems, there is agreement that much more money must be expended on schools in backward states; that the rich states, acting indirectly through the medium of the Federal Government, must help the states that cannot do enough for themselves. There is earnest effort everywhere to devise more effective methods for selling school bonds. Everybody admits that the teacher's pay and tenure of work must be put on a decent and safe basis. There is increasing and healthful vigor in the lasting controversy as to the methods of training.

The college advocates denounce the normal schools as teaching how to teach, but giving nothing to teach. The normal-school adherents, on the other hand, declare that we have gone far beyond the theory that anybody can teach what he or she has learned, without knowing a standardized method for imparting it. The controversy is now spreading beyond the professional groups who began it and attracting the attention of those who are interested primarily in results on twenty-five million boys and girls, rather than in methods. The dispute is far more useful than apathy, regardless of the merits of the case. In the meantime normal-school enrollment is increasing in nearly all states. A few states have abandoned or are contemplating the abandonment of their normal schools, which are to be replaced with teachers' colleges or

(Continued on Page 66)

The Diary of a Lonesome Girl



Dear Diary:

September 12

I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would usually pay. Do you think I could learn, too, Diary? I'm going to find out, anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it! While I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

November 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Diary, I'm actually learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice

pretty things. My dance card was filled in five minutes. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

May 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me \$10 and Mrs. Perry \$5.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people! Mother says I'm going to earn \$30 a week soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had. Because I'm going to make it all myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me, and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy that he thought he would take up dress-making himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Gladys Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Good-bye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dress-making or millinery profession.

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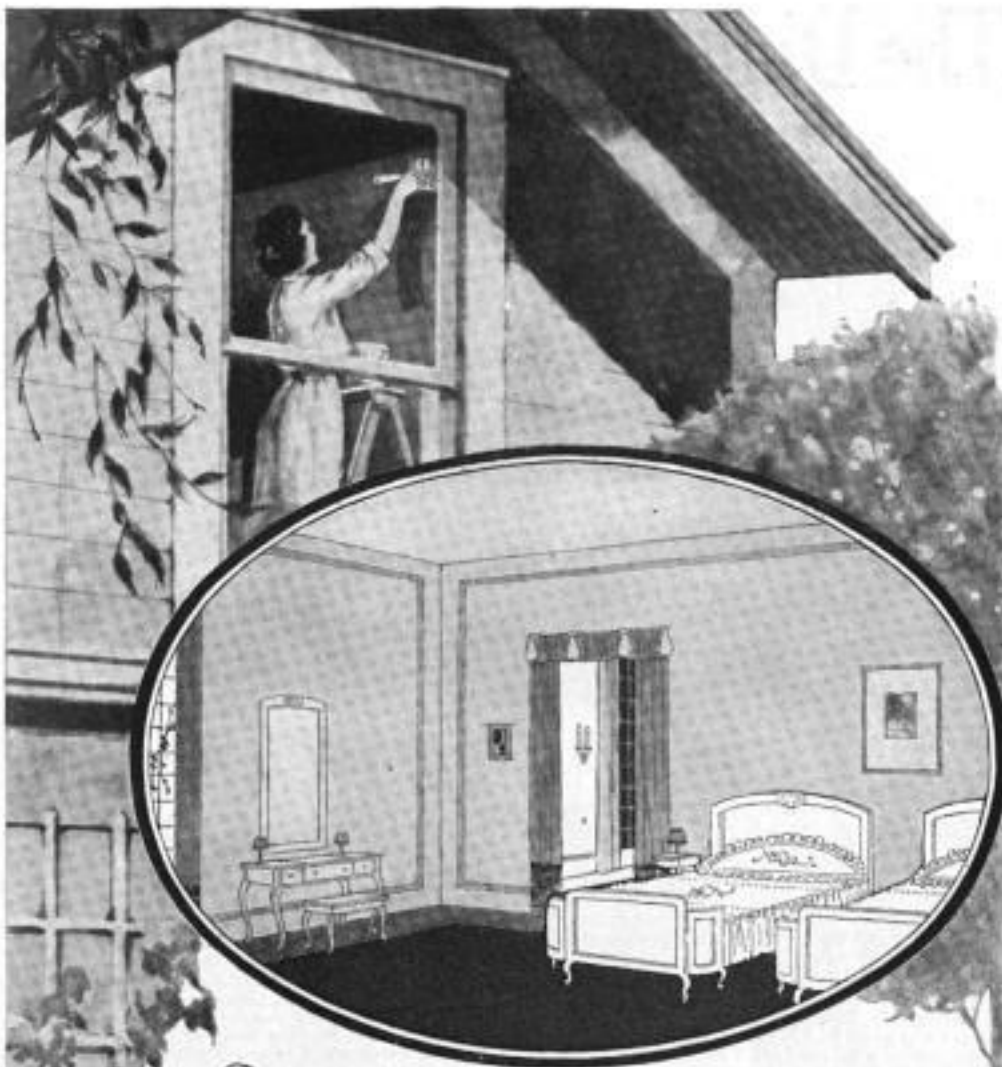
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The Right Kind of Public School Teachers Needed

(Continued from Page 65)

teacher-training courses in universities and colleges already established.

The main thing for parents to know, and upon which they may base their hope with considerable assurance, is that there is a very deep movement now on to give this country more schools and more and better teachers. We lack both numbers and quality. This movement is deep rather than widespread. The parents must take hold everywhere to give it the support and the sympathy without which it cannot succeed.

Two great agencies which need and are worthy of their support, which already are in the thick of the fight and have been for several years, are the National Educational Association and the Parents-Teachers Association. The aims and spirit of these organizations cannot be overestimated, but too much may be expected of them unless parents, teachers, taxpayers, all men and women interested in the welfare of children help their work by participating in it. For the entire country the membership of the Parents-Teachers Association is about three hundred thousand. The affiliated membership of the National Education Association, through subsidiary bodies, is about four hundred thousand. But there should be millions of names on the rolls of these two associations. Remember, there are twenty-five million school children in America.

It is through the National Education Association that the teachers are creating for themselves a lofty standard of ethics and striving to put their calling on a plane which the public will admit is that of the highest profession. For example, the eighth article of the code of ethics of the Michigan Teachers is this: "It is unprofessional for the teacher to measure his duties and responsibilities to the pupils, to the school or the community in terms of financial rewards." Teachers of Pennsylvania in their enumeration of principles state: "Our purpose is the public good, the welfare of the child; not the personal interests of our members."

In every state the National Association is working for legislation that will make the teacher's place worthy of the best men and women in the country, and that will require that every teacher be worthy of the place. "The call to service," says Miss Charl Ormond Williams, president of the Association, "has never been clearer than now. There are important tasks ahead—big, challenging tasks that call for the best effort of the organized teachers of the nation. The call is to educators of all classes and ranks. Adequate elementary education must be provided for every American child, which means that there must be enormous improvement, particularly in rural education. Secondary education must eventually be made a vital, universal opportunity for every boy and girl."

Oh, for an Awakening!

THE work of the Parents-Teachers Association is an intimate, personal thing. It strives to give to every teacher the place in the social life of the community which belongs to her by right of the nature of her calling and it means to have her personality fit the calling. On the other hand it serves to give the parents an opportunity to know the work of the school and to participate actively in its improvement.

But in addition to all that such voluntary associations can do, in addition to all the state and local governments can do to improve conditions and raise standards and salaries, there still must be that something else which cannot come from school legislation but which the country must have if it is to raise the next generation of young men and women, equipped with something in addition to and fully as important as textbook school-workshop efficiency.

It is a large order. The element in the American population best fitted to fill it is that of the young men and women, particularly the young women of this generation who have much to give, but do not know that they have it and do not know how

much it is needed. There would be no hesitation if these girls could be made to realize the far-reaching national value of the service they might render if they would. They would repeat the women's war record of 1917, one of the most splendid things in American history. There would be a few at first, here and there; and then a wave of interest and determination over the whole country, a new enthusiasm for teaching for the sake of teaching, if only the awakening could come, if the women already enrolled in the work could make more of those outside realize what an opportunity for true patriotism and service they are missing.

Miss Florence Purington, dean of Mount Holyoke College, asks every girl who enters the freshman class what work she hopes to do in the world after graduation. A majority of them, the dean told me, reply that they want to go into some sort of social-welfare service.

"When I tell them," continued Miss Purington, "that the greatest social service they can render is teaching school their faces fall. They are disappointed and lose interest. They don't know exactly what they mean when they say they want social service, but they have vague, pleasant ideas that it is something picturesque and romantic, something new, only recently discovered. They see no glamour in school teaching. It is prosaic, old fashioned, nothing that they could be keen and eager for, nothing that would give them pride and excitement. The girls are not wholly to blame. In many cases their parents are prejudiced against teaching, especially teaching in the grade schools, where the service of educated and cultivated young women is most needed."

America Needs its Young Women

NO DOUBT the dean of every other women's college in the country could tell the same story. It does not indicate the spirit of 1917. Once more service and sacrifice are demanded as when, five years ago, tens of thousands of American women were serving overseas and in the war work at home.

Again they should volunteer by the tens of thousands. Every graduating class of every women's college should send its quota into the service. These volunteers should become a great American sisterhood of teaching and learning, working from coast to coast, imbued with the spirit of sacrifice that all the children of America may have a chance to grow up with capacity for appreciation and understanding of the joy of living as well as with certainty that they must earn a living. It would mean sacrifice of course. But it's the only way. Why should it not be demanded of those who have to give?

There would be ample reward. There is not much difference between war service and school service when measured in the terms of obstacles and hardships and endurance, and these are the things that enter into both.

Suppose for a moment that there never before had been any rural or country schools in the United States, no attempt to educate anybody except the children of the rich in cities by private tutoring, and that suddenly there began a great crusade for teaching of children in every nook and corner of the country. There would be no lack of volunteers and missionaries. It would be again as in the war of 1917.

The present need is almost as urgent as if we had not tried all these years, after a fashion, to have schools everywhere.

The logic of the thing is simple. Those thousands of women who served in the war did so because they were convinced that their help was needed to save this nation. But it has been an American axiom from the beginning that the hope of this nation is in the schools of its children, the heart and soul of this nation is in the character and intelligence and education of the citizenship, the foundation for which must be laid in those schools. So to-day it is for the task of maintaining its hope of the future and in safeguarding its very soul that America needs the service of its young women.



A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

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Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

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It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

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Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face. If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

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would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

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The World's Needs Cry for Women's Work in Lent

DURING the Lenten season—the six weeks preceding Easter—many of the women's organizations of our churches combine with their devotional duties the greatest possible amount of service to others. In the past much good work has been done during this time. This year we must do even more, for a large part of the world is looking for help to the church women of America.

From the American Red Cross comes news of a special Lenten opportunity to obtain clothing for the children of Russia. During the winter hundreds of thousands of starving children in that great and terrible famine district of the Volga Valley have been fed by the American Relief Administration and clothed by the American Friends Service Committee—Quakers—the pioneers in this relief work. The part which the American Red Cross has taken in this combined program has been to provide medical aid. Now the Red Cross, through its chapters, is planning also to work with the American Friends Service Committee in providing clothing for the Russian children.

To comprehend at all the horrible conditions that exist in Russia and the vital need for outside help, it would be necessary to travel through the Volga Valley, formerly the overflowing granary for the whole country, but last summer a barren waste from the unprecedented drought and heat; to talk with the peasants who have lived through the winter on horse flesh and bread made from dried grasses; to visit the homes for abandoned children in Samara, the heart of the famine area, where the death rate among the babies is over 90 per cent.

We cannot fully realize these facts simply by reading them, but our imagination can be stirred and our sympathy quickened. There can be no cessation in the work of relief until such new crops as the peasants were able to plant last fall have been harvested, and, since the need for clothing is second only to that for food, no better Lenten activity could be undertaken than cooperation with the Red Cross in making the necessary garments.

WHETHER the sewing you do is for Russian children or for a local hospital or children's home, there are the same ways of securing the best results in the space of time allotted. As many new workers as possible should be recruited, the women of the community appealed to for left-over pieces of new material and odds and ends of no longer fashionable goods bought at reduced prices.

Have all plans completed before the first meeting. It is a good idea to have a preliminary meeting to cut out and make ready the material; then at the first regular meeting make a special effort for full attendance and have an interesting speaker to explain the cause for which you are working and what you hope to accomplish during the next six weeks. When practicable arrange both afternoon and evening meetings, that none may be debarred because of an inconvenient hour, and so far as is possible let each woman choose the work for which she feels herself best suited.

Short lengths of material, which are apt to be more numerous than long ones among your donations, can be put to splendid use in making children's clothes. Two yards of woolen material is enough for a child's coat, and odd lengths of a yard or more will make little slip-over sweaters that are warm and comfortable. Even half a yard of material will make a cap, and two twelve-inch circles of heavy cloth can be sewn together

to form a practical and attractive tam-o'-shanter. Warm underwear, woolen mittens and mufflers also can be made from odds and ends.

Before starting this work in your church or clubs get in touch with your local Red Cross organization and see what they are planning to do. Many of them will be able and glad to give you advice and assistance. They will also advise you about packing and shipping the garments when completed.

To arouse interest in a call from India for surgical dressings, the women's organization of one church arranged an exhibition which could easily be adapted to the dramatizing of almost any appeal. On the night of the regular midweek service, when an attendance of more than a hundred could be counted upon, the floor of the social room of the church was covered with sheets pinned to the carpet, a small white bed with immaculate sheets and pillow cases was placed in the room and upon it was a man dummy borrowed from a local tailor to play the rôle of patient. A doctor and nurse, in uniform, both members of the church, explained the various surgical dressings, samples of which had been prepared, and told of the need for them in this mission hospital in India. When the evening was over seven bolts of muslin had been pledged and a large number of women had volunteered to make dressings.

THE young girls and the children of the church will prove among its best workers, once their interest and enthusiasm are aroused. Let the girls make dolls, for the many children in our hospitals and orphan asylums. A quaint, inexpensive and very attractive homemade rag doll has a body of discarded silk or lisle stockings stuffed with cotton, a smiling face painted on a white muslin head and a tight-fitting cap. Her clothes may be as simple or as elaborate as her maker wishes.

Children's hospitals are always clamoring for toys that are easy to handle. Cut-out puzzles are fine for children propped up in bed, since they are light in weight and will entertain for hours at a time. Take two pictures of the same size, choosing simple subjects that a child will understand and enjoy, and paste one on each side of a piece of cardboard. After applying the pictures to the board go over it with a wooden rolling-pin to prevent the existence of air spaces. Leave the covered board under a weight for twenty-four hours. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut the picture into oddly shaped pieces, place in a manila envelope and write the names of the two pictures on the outside. Scrapbooks, paper dolls, doll houses made by pasting in a blank book furniture, pictures, food, and so on, cut from advertisements, and paper menageries are other toys that little boys and girls can make for less fortunate children.

EVEN more than any gifts that could be made to them, the old people in any near-by institution will appreciate a visit from the children themselves. A nice plan is to let the children raise potted bulbs, either as a group at the church or in their own homes, and take the blooms on the Saturday before Easter to these lonely old folks.

As for the confirmed invalids and shut-ins of the neighborhood, those at least who are able to use their hands should be visited, not in a spirit of sympathetic but obvious pity, but to ask their help in carrying out your work. There will be easy bits of sewing for them to do, faces to paint on the rag dolls—a hundred and one ways in which they can be of use and, through service to others, forget for a time their own helplessness.

WE ARE likely to think of yeast-made products as uninteresting. But, besides bread, all the wonderful glazed and embellished Danish pastry; gorgeously sticky cinnamon buns; sugarcoated and almond-garnished tea rings; and raisin and nut loaves, are products of the yeast cake. The recipes for these and for other simply made cakes and rolls are given below.



Good Things Made from Yeast

RUSKS. A cupful of light dough is reserved from your ordinary bread mixture, and one well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of softened butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar are added, with perhaps a very little more flour, to enable you to knead it easily. Make the sweetened dough into a ball, place in a greased bowl and let rise, pushing it down with the finger tips when it becomes very light. An hour before the rusks are needed make the dough into balls the size of large marbles, place in greased pans, and when very light bake about ten minutes. After the rusks are finished and before they become sufficiently brown, brush them over with a mixture of one tablespoonful of sugar, one of cream or rich milk and a few drops of vanilla; then return them to the oven to glaze.

COFFEE RINGS are made from a dough that is slightly richer than that used for rusks. To a heaping cupful of light dough add two well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a cupful of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, with whatever flour may be required for kneading. After this has become very light and puffy it is divided into equal parts and pulled into narrow strips no larger than a lead pencil. Then the strips are cut into pieces five or six inches long and plaited in three strands, the plaits afterward being formed into rings. Moisten the ends of the dough slightly before making the rings, then press them together firmly and they will adhere nicely. Place the rings two inches apart in a greased baking pan or on a baking sheet, and when light bake them a delicate brown, which will require about twenty minutes. Brush them over with the glaze described for rusks and, while still moist, sprinkle them with finely chopped almonds. If for a party, they may be iced with a confectioners' icing, in white or pink.

This icing is made by mixing smoothly three tablespoonfuls of four-X confectioners' sugar with one of cold or warm water and adding a few drops of vanilla, lemon or almond extract. Apply it to the rings and let them dry before serving. Pink-tinted icing is made of the fine confectioners' sugar mixed with fresh or canned strawberry or raspberry juice, or the white icing may be tinted a pale rose with a vegetable coloring and flavored with almond. Chopped pistachio nuts make a good finish to a pink-iced ring, but chopped almonds or pecans are quite as delicious.

BUTTER BUNS. Use at least half the bread dough for them. Make the mixture for rusks or, if for holiday occasions, that for cinnamon buns, and, when light for the last time, make it into balls the size of large walnuts; let them rise well, then in the center of each press a cube of sugar and a piece of butter about half the size of the sugar. Bake the buns ten to fifteen minutes, and brush them over with the glaze described for rusks.

DANISH PASTRY. The dough as prepared for the coffee rings previously described will make a fine imitation of the original at less expense of time and toil, for the usual

manner of making Danish pastry is rather fussy and troublesome. Prepare the dough as usual, with butter, sugar and eggs, and when light knead it well and roll it out one-quarter of an inch thick. Then spread it plentifully with bits of butter. Fold it over so that the butter is all securely inclosed and roll it again; now fold it in three, and stand it in the refrigerator for several hours to chill, taking care, however, that the cold is not so intense as to kill the yeast plants.

When the chilling process is complete, place the dough on the molding board and roll it out once more. It is then ready to be made into any desired form.

RINGS are made by cutting the dough into strips an inch wide and five long, then twisting the ends of the strips in opposite directions and fastening together. Place in a greased pan to rise. Bowknots are also made of the twisted pastry; figure eights are popular favorites; crescents, braids and other forms are all made of the chilled, yeast-risen dough, and baked quickly when light.

The cakes are partly cooled and ornamented in a variety of ways. A glaze of melted jelly makes a delicious finish. The jelly, which may be any desired variety, is placed over the fire in hot water and stirred occasionally until it becomes liquid; then it is brushed over the cakes, which, while moist and sticky, are dipped in chopped nuts.

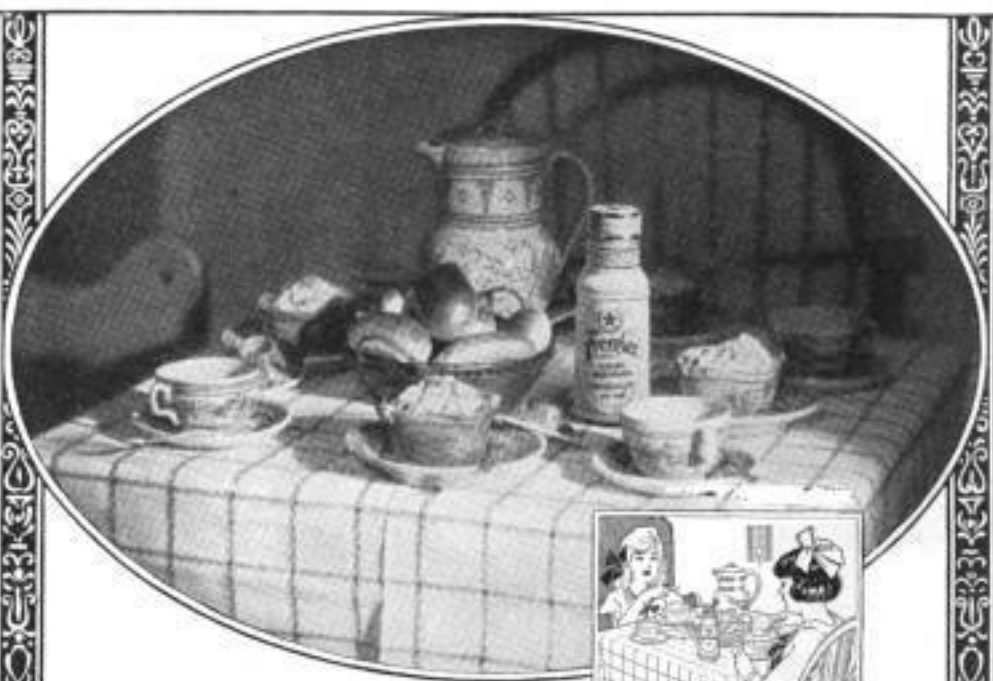
Confectioners' icing is sometimes spread over the cakes, and shredded almonds pressed into it before the icing is dry. Lemon honey, candied cherries, angelica, citron, raisins, and so on, are employed in fanciful ways to make these delicious things still more enticing.

CARAMEL BUNS are made from the rusk dough. Knead and let rise once or twice as directed, then roll the dough out one-quarter of an inch thick and cut it into strips six to eight inches long; meantime, cook together till well blended one tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of brown sugar; cool slightly and spread thinly on the strips of dough; roll these strips round and round, snail fashion, and place them in greased muffin pans; let rise till quite puffy and light, then bake ten to fifteen minutes. When finished, brush with a glaze of brown sugar and milk; sprinkle with chopped nuts and return to a cool oven until dry.

BELGIUM CAKE requires six or seven cupfuls of flour, half a pint of lukewarm milk, four egg yolks, half a yeast cake, a cupful of melted butter, half a pound of seeded and slightly chopped raisins, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and chopped; also a few bits of candied orange peel.

Dissolve the yeast in a little tepid water and add all but one dessertspoonful to the milk; then stir in a portion of the flour, add the salt, beat well, and let rise in a warm place. Whip the egg yolks and sugar together and add them with the melted butter to the light dough; beat in the chopped almonds and the peel, together with the yeast which was reserved, and the remainder of the flour. Set the dough aside to rise again, then mold into a long narrow loaf and, after it has become light, bake about forty-five minutes.

When finished, cover with a glaze or confectioners' icing and decorate with cherries or pistachio nuts.



MOTHER can take her day off and turn this recipe and the kitchen over to the children. And she can rest assured that they will enjoy themselves—and enjoy their meal:

Scalloped Fish—Melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Add 2 tablespoonfuls flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Mix well and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk. Bring to boiling point, stir-

ring constantly. Remove from heat, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flaked cooked fish and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Premier Salad Dressing. Pour into greased ramekins, cover with crumbs, and dot with small pieces of butter. Bake until crumbs are brown and mixture is hot.

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The Sins of the Parents

(Continued from Page 28)

authorities of the school upon her father's business stationery, forged her father's signature, asking to be excused from her school attendance for the rest of the school year on account of illness.

This letter was accepted as a genuine document, and Olga stayed out of school four months without the parents' knowledge, leaving the house at the customary half past eight each morning and returning at the customary four in the afternoon. At the beginning of the new year Olga came to her father telling him she had failed in two subjects and therefore had to make up that work before she could enter the second year. This did not sound altogether clear to the father, and he decided to find out from the school direct the facts regarding his daughter's situation.

Only then did he learn of his daughter's absence from school, and only then did the school learn of the forgery. There was a tremendous scene, which has nothing to do with the point I wish to make; it is sufficient to state that the father was furious and dumfounded, and that the school, seeing only the crime which Olga had committed and refusing to see its cause, refused to take her back under any circumstances at any time.

The case has this bit of brightness to it. The crisis which the forgery led to opened the eyes of the parents to the truth. Pride is conquered, and they understand Olga's case; and at last, at eighteen, she is beginning to receive the treatment she should have had all these eighteen years.

Parents and Teachers at Fault

IT MAY be of value to any parents whose children are in any way sources of embarrassment to know that Olga is fundamentally of a fine nature. In contrast to her reprehensible conduct at school, she is naturally honorable, sensitive, thoughtful and delightfully sympathetic. What Olga had needed was as much attention to the care of her mental and emotional life as had been given to her physical life. If the parents had really considered Olga and not themselves, they would have known that this child at the age of six, looking twice her age, should not have been a member of a large class where she was always the center of the children's stares, the subject of their talk and the object of twitting torment. Even her teachers did not always remember that, though large, she was as young in age as the others; as a result they expected more of her than of the other children. All these irritations and demands of her school environment, plus her developed shame at her great size, served to make her abnormally self-conscious, sensitive, suspicious; she saw everyone as against her or ready to make fun of her. These unsympathetic circumstances forced her to center her entire mind upon herself, and she had no mind left to concentrate upon her studies. Olga is making rapid progress under the special training she now receives, but the effects of the years of suffering and retardation can never be wholly eradicated, and the years she has lost can never be restored to her.

We parents cannot bear to have our children criticized by others, to hear that they are in any sense imperfect. The result too frequently is that we, by covering our child's errors, defending his misdeeds and explaining away his shortcomings, are guilty of cultivating and nourishing our child's faults. We feel that this attitude in resenting unpleasant truths about our children is prompted by our love for them. As a parent I know this is only a small part of the truth. We defend, explain, gloss over our child's faults because of our own personal pride, because of our deep-rooted vanity. Our child's faults, if they are admitted, reflect our faults; we therefore plainly don't like them to be seen. We do not perceive that what we mean to be a kindness from our heart to serve and shield our child is more than likely to turn out to be deforming treatment of him. Thus unknowingly we practice vices, and in the end our child must pay the penalty, sometimes a heartbreaking penalty.

Our business as parents should be honestly to face the truth that our little child is not a completed human being, but a human being in the making. We must recognize with utter frankness that the human being at birth has only primitive instincts, ready to be the unthinking instrument of the most powerful of them all, the desire for having his own way to serve his own end. These primitive instincts were doubtless essential in the early history of man when civilized society did not exist to restrain these instincts and render them unnecessary, when neighbors were few and far between, when one's livelihood was the chief concern of life, when selfishness for the individual or the group was almost imperative, and when the ethics of existence were based on the survival of the fittest.

In our modern society where our neighbors must be considered, where we fare best



when all are faring well, we no longer can claim any need of our primitive instincts for the purpose of seizing property, of killing and conquering. But we must recognize that the young child does possess many of these qualities that belonged to the human race in its youth. We must so discipline, cultivate and develop our children's primitive instincts that they may serve the child without interfering with the rights of others; more than that, so that they may also become forces for greater service to others. Unless these primitive instincts and forces are controlled and directed into constructive channels, they degenerate into perverted habits.

But there are many instances where the parents do not recognize this truth; or who still believe in encouraging these selfish instincts that may have had a real use in that far time when the race was young. Such attitudes are consciously or unconsciously vicious; and sooner or later the child pays the penalty for his parents' vices, and more than likely the parents suffer from their own wrong ideas and deeds.

Robbers of Experience

PARENTS are vices when they force their adult sense of pleasure of an experience, or their idea of what is good for a child, upon the young child without giving him a chance to test that pleasure through his own experience. The result of such an act might turn what could have been a joyous experience in the child's life into a nightmare, an agony. The parent, for example, who forcibly submerges a little one in the water at a beach instead of allowing him or her gradually to learn that the big open space of water is safe and cool, is in my opinion guilty of a criminal offense. "Throw a child in the water and he'll swim out." That too widely accepted maxim is an untruth. Few children learn to swim from such a method, and learn mighty few other more important activities from this method.

Parents are vices when they have one set of manners for their servants or for home life and another for company. I know a little girl, a perfect lady with me, a perfect little devil in the kitchen. She behaves in

miniature like the lady of the house. It is just this double code of manners which leads to deception and hypocrisy in children. Good manners, like good health, come from practicing good habits daily.

Parents are vices when they are impatient over their child's slow performances. Rather than allow a few minutes longer for the little one's tiny fingers to perform a task and thus acquire skill and swiftness, mothers will snatch the task out of the children's hands, do it for them quickly, admonish them for their slowness, and these very parents complain and wonder why Mary and John, when grown, cannot do things for themselves and have no desire to do so.

Parents are vices when they chide, speak lightly of, poke fun at the attraction of the opposite sex among little children. Just such parents are responsible for sowing the first pernicious seed of sex relationship. It should be the most normal and natural thing in the world for boys and girls of all ages to play together. The life force which motivates every act in the adult is behind the child's life as well. Nothing is of greater importance than to recognize that the little child from the earliest day of his existence has an emotional life and that it is our business, our supreme obligation, to provide natural, normal, joyous outlets for him. Every child from his earliest days should be given an opportunity to work in color, to hear music and to have variety in his experiences. All these provide adventure for the little child. Here is the beginning of constructive outlets for the little child's emotional force, and there is no chance of its becoming an inverted and perverted expression.

Information Before Correction

BEFORE we try to correct our child's faults we must try to understand what is behind the faults: irritability, nervousness, restlessness may be merely symptoms of a deep-rooted trouble in our child. We must guard against palliating the symptom instead of curing the disease. In correcting a child we parents must not make too many criticisms. Make one correction at a time, and that at the psychological moment when the little child is ready to receive it.

If we parents wish to keep from being vices we must not make an unalterable mold of our method of handling our child, no matter how splendid the method is. We must at all times remember that the child is not a fixed substance; that he, like ourselves, is an ever-changing, ever-growing organism and we must make the method fit his needs.

In conclusion, I wish to say that we parents have the greatest chance in the world to serve our children and, by serving our children, to build a better and stronger human race. There is no work in the world that is more exacting, more demanding, than the work of being successful parents. If we would not be vices, would not be unconscious forces for the hampering or suppressing of our children's mental and spiritual growth, then we parents must realize that to be equal to meeting our obligations we must be equipped for them physically, mentally and spiritually.

Our first business as parents should be to realize that our love must be fortified with knowledge of the nature of our child before our love can contribute toward his development. From the earliest days of our child's life we must learn to study and observe him before we begin to mold him; and one of our first tasks is to learn to sit back and watch our child in action, give him a chance to experiment before we lay down the law as to what he can do and what he cannot do. Let us study the nature of our child: Is he shy? Is he responsive? Does he offer resistance? We must try to learn who is this new spirit that lives within the figure of our child. We must take our child's troubles and joys seriously. We must at all times be honest and direct and simple with our children, and always open-minded and humble.

NOTE—In the next article in Mrs. Scott's series, in an early issue of the Home Journal, she will discuss the question *Why Children Lie*.

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Baked Custard—2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups water, 7/8 cup Carnation Milk, 1/4 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. sugar, 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Beat eggs slightly; add sugar, salt, milk and flavoring. Pour into custard cups; sprinkle top with grated nutmeg, set in pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. This recipe serves six people.

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COLUMBIA YARNS



In Strange Company

(Continued from Page 14)

him misjudge time or distance and he must be crushed to a pulp or ripped to ribbons.

Wherefore the master brought his rifle to his shoulder and his finger curled about the trigger. But it was no easy thing by that dim light to aim with any accuracy. Nor was there the slightest assurance that Lad, dancing in and out and everywhere and nowhere at once, might not come in line with the bullet. Thus, from a tolerable knowledge of bears and of their comparative mildness in the plump season of the year, he shouted at the top of his lungs and at the same time fired into the air.

The bluff sufficed. Even as Lad jumped back from close quarters and whirled about at sound of the voice and the shot, the bear dropped to all fours with ridiculous haste and shambled off at very creditable speed into the tangle of undergrowth.

ON THE day before camp was broken the mistress had spied from the eerie heights of the knoll a grim line of haze far to southward, and a lesser smoke smear to the west. And the night sky on two horizons had been faintly lurid. The usual autumn crop of forest fires was blooming through the drought-parched mountains.

"It's as well we're lighting out for civilization," said the master as he superintended the loading of the truck. "The woods are as dry as tinder. And if the wind should change and grow a bit fresher, the blaze over near Wildcat Mountain might come in this direction. If ever it does it'll travel faster than any gang of fire fighters can block it. This region is dead ripe for such a thing. Not a drop of rain in a month. No, no, Laddie," he broke off as the collie sought to leap aboard the truck in the wake of a roll of bedding; "you're going with us in the car."

Long usage and an uncanny intelligence had given Lad a more than tolerable understanding of the English language's simpler phrases. The term "You're going with us in the car" was as comprehensible to him as to any child. He had heard it spoken, with few variations, a thousand times in the past nine years. At once, on hearing the master's command, he jumped down from the truck; trotted off to the car, a hundred yards distant, and sprang into his wonted place in the luggage-cluttered tonneau.

HE CHANCED to jump aboard from one side just as the guide's hobbled boy son was hoisting a heavy and cumbersome portmanteau into the tonneau from the other. Lad's eighty pounds of nervous energy smote the portmanteau amidships as the boy was balancing it high in air preparatory to setting it down between two other bags. As a result, boy and portmanteau rolled backward in a tangled embrace, across several yards of stony ground.

Lad, who had not meant to cause any such catastrophe, stood looking down in keen enjoyment at the lively spectacle. But as the boy came to a halt against a sharp-pointed rock and sat up sniveling with pain, the great dog's aspect changed.

Seemingly to realize he was somehow to blame, he jumped lightly down from the car and went over to offer to the sufferer such comfort as patting forepaw and friendly licking tongue could afford.

"Here, you," called the guide, who had seen but a cross section of the collision, "take that collie over to the truck and ask his boss to look after him and to see he don't pester us while we're a-workin'. On the way back stop at the lean-to and catch me that bag of cookin' things I left there. The's just room for 'em under the seat. Chase!"

Woefully the boy limped off, his hand clinched in the fur of Lad's ruff. The dog ordinarily would have resented such familiarity. But, still seeking to comfort the victim's manifest unhappiness, he suffered himself to be led along. Which was Lad's way. The sight of sorrow or of pain always made him ridiculously gentle and sympathetic.

The boy's bruises hurt cruelly. The distance to the truck was a full hundred yards. The distance to the lean-to—a permanent shed, back of the camp site—was about the same, and in almost the opposite direction. The prospect of the double journey was not alluring. The youth hit on a scheme to shorten it. First glancing back to see that his father was not looking, he climbed the bare stony hillock toward the lean-to, Lad pacing courteously along beside him.

Arrived at the shed, he took from a nail a stout rope length, tied it around Lad's neck, fastened the dog to one of the uprights, shouldered the cooking-utensil bag and started back toward the car.

He had thus saved himself a longer walk and had obeyed his father's orders to take Lad away. He was certain the master or one of the others, missing the dog, would see him standing forlornly there just outside the lean-to's corner, or that another errand would bring some of the party to the shed to release him. At best the boy was sore of heart and of body at his own rough treatment and he had scant interest in anything else.

TWENTY minutes later the truck chugged bumpily off upon its trip down the hazardous mountain track. The guide's boy rode in triumph on the seat beside the truckman, a position of honor and of excitement.

"Where's Lad?" asked the mistress a minute afterward as she and the master and the guide made ready to get into the car and follow.

"Aboard the truck," responded Barret in entire good faith. "Him and my boy got a skylarkin' here. So I sent Bud over to the truck with him."

"That's queer," mused the mistress; "Laddie never condescends to play—or 'skylark,' as you call it—with anyone except my husband or myself!"

Her first question, when they reached the Place, was for Lad. Terror seized upon the guide's boy as he remembered where he had left the dog. He glanced obliquely at the truckman, who had unloaded and who was cranking.

"Now"—said the scared youth glibly, avoiding his father's unsuspecting eye, "now—now, Lad he was settin' 'twixt Simmons and me. And he hops down and runs off around the house towards—towards the lake soon as we stopped here. Most likely he was thirsty-like."

WHEN ten o'clock came and no Lad sought the shelter of his "cave" under the music-room piano for the night, there was real worry. The mistress went out on the veranda and sounded long and shrilly upon the silver whistle which hung from her belt.

There was no glad scurry of feet in reply. The mistress went back into the house, genuinely worried. Acting on a sudden idea she called up the Place's superintendent at the gate lodge.

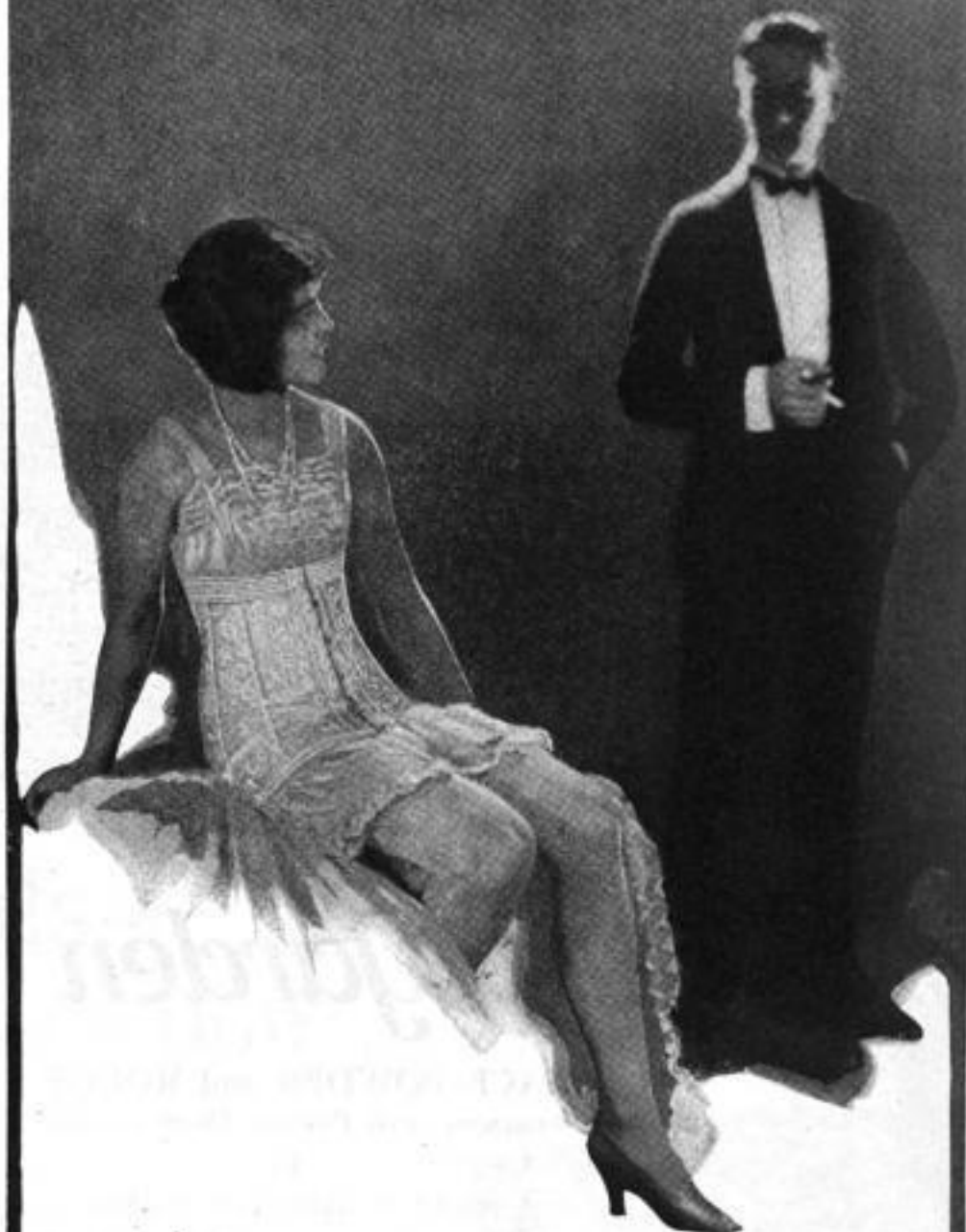
"You were down here when the truck came to the house this afternoon, weren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I was waiting for it. Jim and I helped Simmons to unload."

"Did you see which way Lad went when he jumped out of the truck?" pursued the

(Continued on Page 74)

Your Husband is Right



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In Strange Company

(Continued from Page 73)

mistress. "Or have any of you seen him since then?"

"Why, no, ma'am," came the puzzled answer. "I haven't seen him at all. I supposed he was in the car with you, and that maybe he'd been in the house ever since. He wasn't on the truck; that's one sure thing. I saw it stop and I stayed till they finished emptying it. Lad wasn't there."

There was a moment's pause. Then the mistress spoke again. Her voice slightly muffled, she said: "Please find out if there is plenty of gas in my car; enough to take it, say, forty miles. Thank you."

"What on earth—" began the master as his wife left the telephone and picked up an ulster.

"Laddie didn't come home on the truck," she made tremulous reply.

"HE IS up there," insisted the mistress, "and he can't get back. I know him well enough to be sure he'd have overtaken us when we stopped all those times to fix the tires, if he had been left behind. And I know something else: When we started on after that first puncture, we were about half a mile below the knoll. And as we went around the bend there was a gap in the trees. I was looking back. For a second I could see the lean-to, outlined ever so clearly against the sky. And alongside of it was standing some animal. It was so far away and we passed out of sight so suddenly that I couldn't see what it was, except that it was large and dark. And it seemed to be struggling to move. I was going to speak to you about it—I supposed it was that black bear of Laddie's—when we had the next puncture. And that made me forget all about it till now. Of course, it never occurred to me it could be Lad, because Barret had said he was in the truck. But—but oh, it was Laddie! He—he was fastened or caught in some way. I know he was. Why, I could see him struggle to —"

"Come on!" broke in the master, hustling into his mackinaw. "Unless you'll stay here while I —"

"No," she protested, "I'm going. And I'm going because I'm thinking of the same thing that's troubling you. I'm thinking of those forest fires and of what you said about the wind changing and —"

"Come on!" repeated the master, starting for the garage.

LAD had watched the preparations for departure with increasing worry. The abnormally sensitive old fellow was wretchedly unhappy. Then, to his dismay, truck and car had made off down the mountainside and he had been left alone in his imprisonment. Except for a single, unheard bark of protest, Lad made no effort to call back the departing humans. Never before had they forsaken him, and he had full trust that they would come back in a few minutes and set him free.

When the car halted a half mile below, Lad felt certain his faith was about to be justified. Then as it moved on again he sprang to the end of his short rope and tried to break free and follow. Then came the dying away of the chugging motor's echoes, and silence rolled up and engulfed the wilderness hilltop.

Lad was alone. They had gone off and left him. They had gone with never a word of good-by or a friendly command to watch camp until their return.

Yet it did not occur to him to seek freedom and to follow his gods to the home he loved. He had been tied here, presumably by their order, certainly with their knowledge. And it behooved him to wait until they could come to release him. He knew they would come back soon or late. They were his gods, his chums, his playmates. They would

no more desert him than he would have deserted them. It was all right somehow. Only—the waiting was tedious!

The haze that had hovered over the farther hilltops and valleys was thickening, and it was creeping nearer. The breath of morning breeze was stiffening into a steady wind, a wind that blew strong from the west and carried on it the smell of forest fire.

Lad did not enjoy the ever stronger smoke scent. But he gave only half heed to it. His main attention was centered on that winding wagon track, whence the car and the truck had vanished into the lowlands. And through the solemnly silent hours he lay forlornly watching it.

But after sunset the smoke became too pervasive to be ignored longer. It was not only stinging his throat and lungs but it was making his eyes smart. And it had cut off the view of all save the nearer mountain peaks.

Lad got to his feet, whining softly under his breath. Ancestral instinct was fairly shouting to his brain that here was terrible peril. He strained at his thick rope and looked imploringly down the wagon road.

Then from out a screen of hazel and witch-elm, almost directly in front of the place where the truck that morning had been loaded, crashed a hideous object. By sight and by scent Lad knew the creature for his olden foe, the giant black bear.

GROWLING, squealing, a dozen stinging fiery sparks sizzling through his bushy coat, the bear tore his way from the hedge of thicket and out into the open. The fire had roused him from his snug lair and had driven him ahead of it with a myriad hornets of flame in a crazed search for safety.

At sight of the formidable monster Lad realized for the first time the full extent of his own helplessness. Tethered to a rope which gave him scarce twenty-five inches of leeway, he was in no fit condition to fend off the giant's assault. He wasted no time in futile struggles. All his race's uncanny powers of resource came rushing to his aid.

Without an instant's pause he wheeled about and drove his keen teeth into the rope that bound him to the post. He did not chew aimlessly at the thick tether nor throw away one ounce of useless energy. Seizing the hempen strands, he ground his teeth deeply and with scientific skill into their fraying recesses. Thus does a dog, addicted to cutting his leash, attack the bonds which hold him. But the task was not one to be achieved in a handful of seconds.

Fear did not enter the big dog's soul. Yet he grieved that the death battle should find him so pitifully ill prepared. Straight up the hillock the bear charged toward the lean-to. Abandoning the work of self-release, Lad flung himself ragingly at the advancing bear.

Then two things happened, two things on neither of which the dog could have counted:

The bear was within a handbreadth of him and was still charging headlong. But, looking neither to right nor to left, seemingly ignorant of Lad's presence, the huge brute tore past him, almost grazing the collie in his insane rush, and sped straight on toward the lake beyond.

THAT was one of the two unforeseen happenings. The other was the snapping of the rotted rope under the wrench of Lad's furious leap.

Free, and with the severed rope's loop still dangling uselessly from around his shaggy throat, the dog stood staring blankly after his former adversary. He saw the bear reach the margin of the icy lake and plunge nose deep into its sheltering waters.

(Continued on Page 76)





Keep Growing Children in Ruddy Health.
Look to their iron supply.

Stew the Raisins

—and spread over dry cereals. Mix in with oatmeal, cream of wheat and other cooked foods. Note the new charm and zest that children find in breakfast foods so much improved.



To Give Cereals An Almost Magical Attraction

for children, who should eat them every day

WE ask you to *try a new way* to make children like good cereals—a way to make them *ask* for foods which they now may push away.

A way to *add* more healthfulness to these body-building dishes, while giving them a new and almost magical appeal.

The Lure of Sweets

The way is through delicious raisins—a rare health-food in themselves, *but regarded by the little folks like sweetmeats.*

The raisins change the entire dish—from a *duty* to a treat.

Try it on your children. See how quickly they observe a new, delightful difference in that food.

Raisins should go with cereals for more than merely flavor.

Rich in *food-iron*, raisins help to form red corpuscles for the blood—to maintain vitality, and guard against disease. A child needs but a tiny bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital* to real health.

Food-Iron and Mild Laxative Effect

Being mainly pure fruit-sugar, in practically predigested form, raisins place no burden on digestion. Their mildly laxative effect still further improves each dish.

So, in choosing your foods for children, don't forget these benefits.

Above all, the *vital iron* value of the raisin.

Raisins can save you the burden of the daily "forcing" of some foods—and greatly benefit the child.

How to Stew the Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.



A Dainty Luncheon

Hot fruited toast—delicious toasted raisin bread—is a dainty and nutritious food for tea or luncheon.



For His Dessert

Rice pudding with raisins is an almost universal favorite of the men. Let your men folks get their iron in this tasty dish.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest California table grapes, dried in the sun.

Packed in a great, modern, glass-walled, sanitary plant in California. Clean, sweet, wholesome—the kind you know are good.

Seeded, Blue package (*seeds removed*), best for pies and bread; Seedless, Red package (*grown without seeds*), best for

stewing; Clusters (*on the stem*), an ever ready dessert.

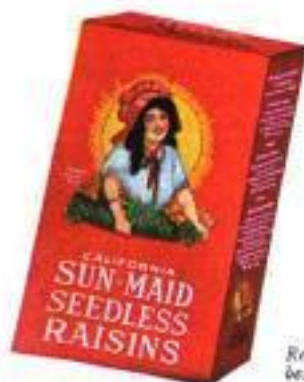
Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

100 Recipes Sent Free

Mail coupon for valuable free book containing 100 recipes for luscious raisin foods. Send for your copy now.

California Associated Raisin Company

Membership 13,000 Growers
DEPT. A-103, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



Red package, Seedless Raisins,
best for stewing

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

California Associated Raisin Co.

Dept. A-103, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

You'd be surprised how many women don't know this

WOULD you believe that we still have to tell and to prove to some women that the blue flame of kerosene gas is smokeless and odorless?

When this is proved to their satisfaction they are quick to see the convenience and desirability of a Florence Oil Cook Stove.

We don't have to tell them how *nice* it is to light a fire or put it out by the turn of a lever.

They know this means a cool kitchen and economy of fuel.

They are usually surprised, however, at the attractive appearance of the Florence, and are delighted to learn that it will bake and roast, boil and fry even better than a coal or wood range.

You see, the heat can be regulated perfectly by turning the lever. You can get any degree from an intense heat to a mere simmering temperature.

And the last doubt disappears when they see with their own eyes how easy it is to keep the Florence Oil Cook Stove clean and how simple it is to use.

Any store where Florence Oil Cook Stoves are sold has one filled with oil which you may light and operate yourself. Such an examination will convince you that the privilege of a cool kitchen is yours.

More
Heat
Less
Care



Note how the heat reaches up and is directed close up under the cooking by the powerful burner.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.

386 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners),
Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Tank
Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by **McClary's**, London, Canada

FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES



Florence National Demonstration Week
April 17 to April 22
Watch for Your Dealer's Announcement

In Strange Company

(Continued from Page 74)

Lad turned again toward the slope. He was free now to follow the wagon track to the main road, and so homeward, guided perhaps by memory, perhaps by scent, most probably guided by the mystic sixth sense which has more than once enabled collies to find their way over hundreds of miles of strange territory back to their homes.

But in the last few minutes the fire's serpentlike course had taken a new twist. It had flung volleys of sparks across the upper reach of granite rock wall and had ignited dry wood and brier on the right-hand side of the track—this far up the mountain, almost at the very foot of the rock hillock.

The way to home was barred by a three-foot-high crackling fence of red-gold flame, a flame which nosed angrily against the barren rocks of the knoll foot, as if seeking in ravenous hunger the fuel their bare surfaces denied it.

And now the side of the hillock showed other signs of forest life. Up the steep slope thundered a six-point buck. Far more slowly, but with every tired muscle astrain, a fat porcupine was mounting the hill, its claws digging frantically for foothold among the slippery stones. It seemed to flow rather than to run. And as it hurried on it chuckled and scolded, like some idiot child.

ABEVY of squirrels scampered past it. A long snake, roused from its stony winter lair, writhed eerily up the slope, heedless of its fellow travelers' existence. A raccoon was breasting the steep from another angle. And behind it came clawing a round-paunched opossum, grinning from the pain of sparks that were stinging it to a hated activity.

Lad scarce saw or noted any of his companions. The road to home was barred. And again ancestral instinct and his own alert wit came to his aid. Turning about, and with no hint of fright in his gait or in the steady, dark eyes, he trotted toward the lake.

There, stooping not fifty feet away from bruin, he lapped thirstily until he had at last drunk his fill. Then, looking back once in the direction of the fire line, he lay down, very daintily indeed, in shallow water and prepared to enjoy his liberty. Scourged by none of the hideous fear which had goaded his fellow fugitives, he watched with grave interest the arrival of one after another of the refugees as they came scurrying wildly down to the water.

AN ODD rock formation had kept the wagon track clear up to the twist where it bore to leftward at the base of the knoll. And the mistress and the master were able to guide their car in safety up the trail from the main road far below. The set of the wind prevented them from being blinded or confused by smoke. Apart from a smarting of the eyes and a recurrent series of heat waves, they made the climb with no great discomfort until the final turn brought them to an abrupt halt at the spot where a wide swath of red coals and flaming ashes marked the burning of the hillock-foot bushes.

The master jumped to earth and stood confronting the lurid stretch of ash and ember with here and there a bush stump still crackling merrily. It was not a safe barrier to cross, this twenty-foot-wide, fiery stretch. Nor for many rods in either direction was there any way around it.

"There's one comfort," the master was saying as he began to explore for an opening in the red scarf of coals. "The fire hasn't got up to the camp site. He —"

"But the smoke has," said the mistress, who had been peering vainly through the haze curtain toward the summit. "And so has the heat. If only —"

She broke off with a catch in her voice. And, scarce realizing what she did, she put the silver whistle to her lips and blew a piercingly loud blast.

"What's that for?" asked the master crankily, worry over his beloved dog making his nerves raw. "If Lad's alive he's fastened there. You say you saw him struggling to get loose. He can't come when he hears that whistle. There's no sense in —"

"Hush!" begged the mistress, breaking in on his monologue. "Listen!"

OUT of the darkness beyond the knoll top came the sound of a bark, the clear, trumpeting welcome bark which Lad reserved for the mistress and the master alone on their return from any absence. Through the night it echoed gayly, defiantly again and again, ringing out above the hiss and crackle and roar of the forest fire. And at every repetition it was nearer and nearer the dumfounded listeners at the knoll foot.

"It's—it's Laddie! Look!" cried the mistress, pointing to the hither side of the knoll, lividly bright in the ember glow.

Down the steep was galloping at break-neck speed a great, tawny shape. Barking rapturously, even as he had barked when first the whistle's blast had roused him from his lazy repose in the lakeside shallows, Lad came whizzing toward the two humans who watched so incredulously his wild approach.

The master belatedly saw that the dog could not avoid crashing into the spread of embers, and he opened his mouth to order Lad back. But there was no time.

For once the wise dog took no heed of even the simplest caution. His lost and adored deities had called him and were awaiting him. That was all Lad knew or cared. They had come back for him. His horrible vigil and loneliness and his deadly peril were ended.

TOO insanely happy to note where he was treading, he sprang into the very center of the belt of smoldering coals. His tiny white forefeet did not remain among them long enough to feel pain. In two more bounds he had cleared the barrier and was dancing in crazy excitement around the mistress and the master, patting at them with his scorched feet, licking their eagerly caressing hands, "talking" in

a dozen different keys of rapture—his whimpers and growls and gurgles running the entire gamut of long-pent-up emotions.

His coat and his feet had for hours been immersed in the cold water of the lake. And he had fled through the embers at express-train speed. Scarce a blister marked the hazardous passage. But Lad would not have cared for all the blisters and burns on earth. His dear gods had come back to him, even as he had known they would. Once more, and for the thousandth time, they had justified his faith in them. Nothing else mattered.





Elusive Charm

It is charm—elusive, captivating—that is the truest form of beauty. A charming woman commands admiration and lasting popularity, while a merely pretty face is soon forgotten.

Specially is this true when natural charm is delicately enhanced by just a touch of harmonizing perfume—such as Day Dream—a fleeting breath of luring sweetness, scarcely perceived but lingering in the memory.

Day Dream is the imprisoned fragrance of flowers from many lands. It has the rare of the Orient, the sweetness of the power fields of France, the exotic tang of rare plants from the Tropics.

Fourteen countries have contributed to the deliciously tantalizing perfume that is Day Dream. Yet the result is a distinctively American perfume, skillfully designed to blend with and subtly augment the charm of American women—so different from the charm of women of other lands.

The fragrance of Day Dream Perfume is also combined with skin-soothing powders of airy lightness to make Day Dream Face Powder—the final touch in a charming woman's toilette.

To you who may never have enjoyed the subtle sweetness of Day Dream we offer the Day Dream "Acquaintance Box," which contains a generous amount of Day Dream Perfume, Day Dream Soap and Day Dream Face Powder. Through the "Acquaintance Box" you can learn to know Day Dream and to appreciate its delicate charm. Send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin for one of these dainty packages.

Day Dream Boudoir Creations (Perfume, Face Powder, Talc, Poudre Creme, Soap and many others) are offered wherever good perfumes are sold.

The next time you visit a drug store or a shop where toilet goods are offered, ask for Day Dream.

STEARNS, PERFUMER
Detroit

Day Dream



TO satisfy yourself of the exquisite charm of Day Dream, send for the Day Dream "Acquaintance Box." This dainty packet contains Day Dream Perfume, Day Dream Soap and Day Dream Face Powder in miniature—a supply of each that will last for many happy days. Address an envelope to "Stearns, Perfumer, Detroit," write a brief note saying that you would like to get the "Acquaintance Box" and enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or coin. You can expect the "Acquaintance Box" as quickly as the mails can get it to you.





QUICK MAYONNAISE

1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful dry mustard
 1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
 2 cupfuls Wesson Oil

Break the whole egg in a bowl. Put in the dry ingredients. Add the lemon juice or vinegar. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater and add a small amount of Wesson Oil. Beat until the dressing begins to thicken. Then add the oil in larger amounts until the dressing is of the desired stiffness.

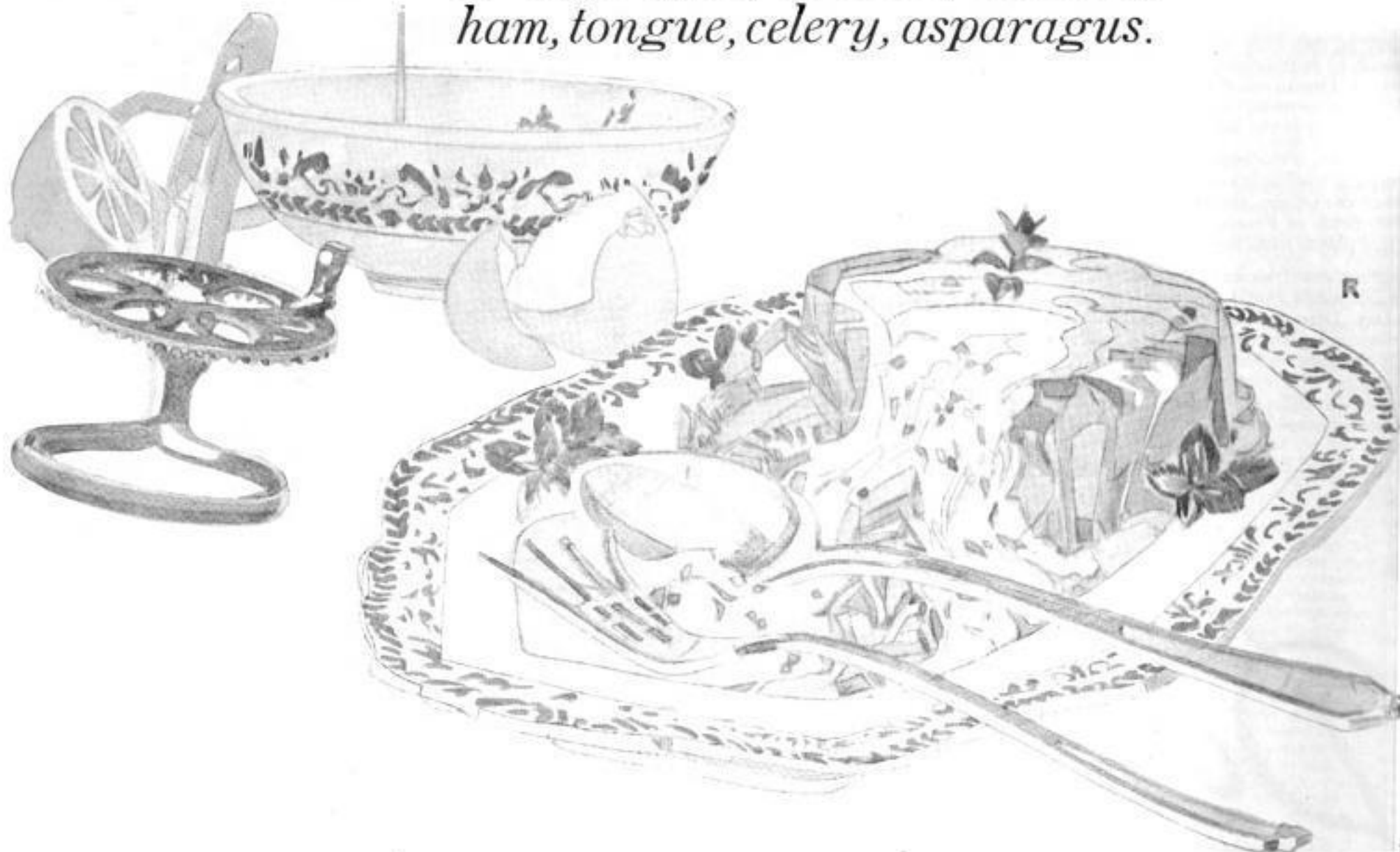
With mayonnaise on hand
 it is easy to make many
 delicious fancy dressings.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 cupful mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chili sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful whipped cream
 2 tablespoonfuls chopped, sour & sweet
 pickles, or chow chow
 1 chopped pimento

Combine the ingredients in the order given and serve at once.

*Delicious with any green salad
 or with eggs, salmon, chicken,
 ham, tongue, celery, asparagus.*



Let's Have Lamb for Dinner

By CAROLINE B. KING

ALTHOUGH it has been possible to buy spring lamb for the last two months, the real season for that delectable dinner, "spring lamb, green peas and mint sauce," does not begin for most of us until Easter, when it is as typical of the day and the time of the year as turkey at Thanksgiving or mince pie at Christmas. But lamb, delicious, wholesome, nourishing lamb, although not exactly of the kind we regard as spring lamb, is to be had at most every season of the year, and should be more popular with the housewife than it is, for it is highly recommended by physicians, dietitians and students of nutrition, and, in addition, is economical in every sense of the word.

I find, however, that many persons have a distinct distaste for lamb because, they say, it has a peculiar flavor, a "woolly" taste, as they express it, which is unpleasant. There really is no reason why this taste should exist, for it is due entirely to a portion of the meat which not only is easily removed but which should never be permitted to remain on any piece of lamb or mutton a moment after it is made ready for cooking. This portion is that reddish skin or membrane which covers the surface of the meat and is known as the caul, or fell, according to the section of the country. It is rather tough and oily, and will invariably cause a strong flavor to permeate the meat if it is permitted to remain on it during the process of cooking.

Usually the butcher sees to the removal of this membrane, but the housewife should examine the meat carefully when it is brought into her kitchen and remove every part of it that may cling to the roast, and all superfluous fat as well; for the fat also is responsible, though not in so large a degree, for the strong flavor. If the fell is entirely removed and the meat trimmed so that only a sufficient amount of fat to insure its being well roasted remains, the lamb will prove as tender and sweet and juicy as the most staid member of the household could desire.

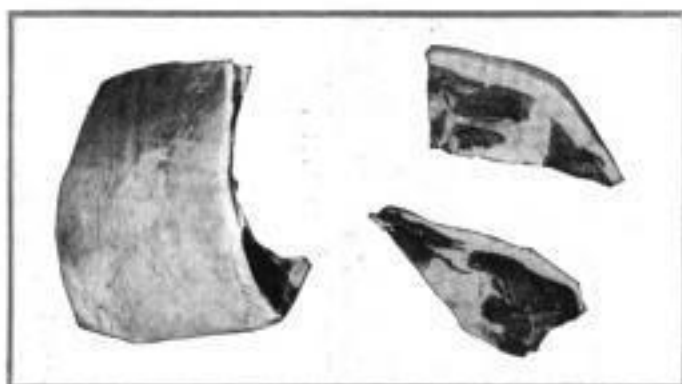
A lamb, whether it be only two or three months old or a yearling, is divided in the same way. The carcass is first split through the center, then each side is again divided into fore and hind quarters, each weighing from ten pounds upward, according to the size and age of the lamb. The hindquarter, which is considered the choicer section, perhaps because it is more costly, is so cut that the leg may be used whole as a roast; or it may be divided into a roast and a few thick steaks. These steaks are very tender and juicy.

Selecting Meat in the Shop

THE loin, which is located next to the leg and along the back of the lamb, is sometimes cut from the lamb carcass before it is split; it is then called a saddle and is used as a roast. It is quite an aristocratic dish when so prepared and is suitable for a large dinner. This same loin, cut from a side of lamb, is only half the size of the saddle in breadth and makes a delicious roast also. Or it may be cut into chops if desired. These loin chops are more highly prized by Europeans than are our rib chops, especially if they are cut with bit of the kidney attached. When selecting a piece of loin for roasting remember there is a good end and a poor end, which are priced accordingly. The first is better for an oven roast, while the poor end, sometimes called the chump end, will do very well for a pot roast, but will require careful cooking to make it tender and delicate.

Next to the loin come the ribs, and below them the breast; the ribs furnish the rather expensive rib chops, with their little eye of tender, juicy meat. The breast is good for many purposes; it is rich in juices and streaked with delicate, fine-textured fat. The breast of a fair-sized lamb may be cut into fifteen to seventeen pieces for stewing, or it may be rolled into a compact piece suitable for a pot roast or for braising. Rich, fine broth, too, may be made from this portion, but it is well to reserve meat as useful as this for more important dishes, for the foreleg, or shank, will prove just the thing for either broth or soup stock.

Now we arrive at the shoulder, adjoining the neck and the rib section, and called by many the chuck of lamb. It also is a good piece of meat and when nicely and tastily cooked is almost as desirable as the leg. In fact it has a better flavor than any other cut of lamb, and as there is very little bone in it it is an economical piece to purchase. Shoulder of lamb, roasted to delicate brown and served with brown gravy and string beans or peas, is as tempting a dinner as one could wish. If desired the shoulder may be boned, when it will be suitable for stuffing, or cut whole, as seems preferable.



At the left above are the ribs, before being divided into rib chops. Between the ribs and the leg lies the loin; this is cut into the loin or kidney chops, shown at the right, which are highly prized by Europeans.



Leg of lamb, sold whole for boiling or roasting, appears above as it does in the butcher shop.

The neck of lamb might at first glance seem rather a hopeless piece of meat; indeed, some cookbooks refer to it as the scrag; but it is astonishing what a good meal it may furnish when nicely prepared. As a pot roast it is savory and good, or, cut into slices, it will form the foundation for a number of appetizing casserole dinners. Croquettes from the neck meat are also good, and so are meat cakes, patties and several other delicate little luncheon dishes.

The foreleg, or shank, of lamb will make the most excellent foundation for broth and soup stock. Scotch broth, that very tasty dish which is almost a meal in itself, is at its best when made from this same cheap piece of meat.

In selecting lamb the color of the meat should be regarded as the first consideration. Young lamb is of rather a pale-pink tint, with bones that are tinged with red, and very white fat. A yearling will be of a deeper shade of pink, and its bones will be much paler in hue, but still far from white, while in mutton, as meat from the sheep is termed when it is past a year old, the flesh is so deep a pink as to be almost red, though not the bright red of beef; the bones will be quite white, and the fat much whiter than that of beef.

When the weather is cold enough to warrant it, and the family includes several members, it is advisable from an economic standpoint to purchase lamb by the hind or fore quarter, for it will keep perfectly in cool weather and will cut to excellent advantage; besides, it is far cheaper to purchase in this way than by such small amounts as are usually ordered from the butcher, for one benefits by the price averaged for the whole carcass. The housewife herself with the aid of a meat saw and a sharp knife will find it an easy matter to divide the quarter into the sections I have named. The hind-quarter will not require a great deal of cutting after the loin is separated from the leg, except perhaps the removal of a few chops or steaks from the thick end of the leg.

It will be a somewhat more complex matter to divide the forequarter into sections, but by referring to the cuts on this page even this problem may be readily solved. Of course there are some elaborate cuts, such as a crown roast, or English lamb chop, or lamb chops Frenched, which will be too difficult for the home butcher; but these, being unusual and out of the ordinary, may well be left to the butcher in the market, whose business it is to cut any desired piece or portion exactly right.

A crown roast is so handsome and imposing a dish that one would scarcely believe it to be merely a section of the loin and ribs, which it is. In ordering such a roast ask the butcher to cut it from both loins rather than from a whole loin, as it will then be more attractive in appearance. After scraping the

flesh from between the bones the butcher will shape each piece of loin in a half circle, with the ribs on the outside. Then he will fasten the two sections together, making a circle or crown. The ends of the bones he will trim neatly and evenly, and on each will place a cube of fat salt pork. This pork will not only protect the ends of the bones from burning during the roasting, but will add their juices to those of the lamb and so improve the flavor of the latter. Usually the center of the roast is filled with the trimmings, finely ground and decorated with strips of salt pork. It may, however, be left unfilled, a small cup being pressed into the center before cooking in order to keep it in shape. Rub the skin side of the roast with salt, then sprinkle it with flour and

cook it like a leg of lamb, basting it frequently if a covered roaster is not used. Do not add water to the pan unless the meat seems dry, and even then it would be well to substitute in part the drippings from beef or pork. When finished, if a well in the center has been left, it may be filled with cooked green peas nicely seasoned, or sautéed mushrooms or chestnuts. Serve this roast with browned potatoes or candied sweet potatoes, baked stuffed tomatoes or macaroni with tomato sauce; diced turnips in Hollandaise sauce also make a tempting accompaniment to this roast.



The breast and neck piece is one of the cheapest cuts. It is used for broth, stew or fricassee, and is most savory as a pot roast or en casserole.

Frenched lamb chops are merely the rib chops with the bone shortened and scraped clean, almost down to the lean meat, leaving only a mouthful, to be sure, but a very tempting morsel, nevertheless. English chops have the bone removed before cutting; then the meat is

rolled with a few strips of bacon inside and fastened securely; the chops are then cut, an inch and a half thick usually, each one resembling a miniature rolled roast of beef.

New Ways With Familiar Cuts

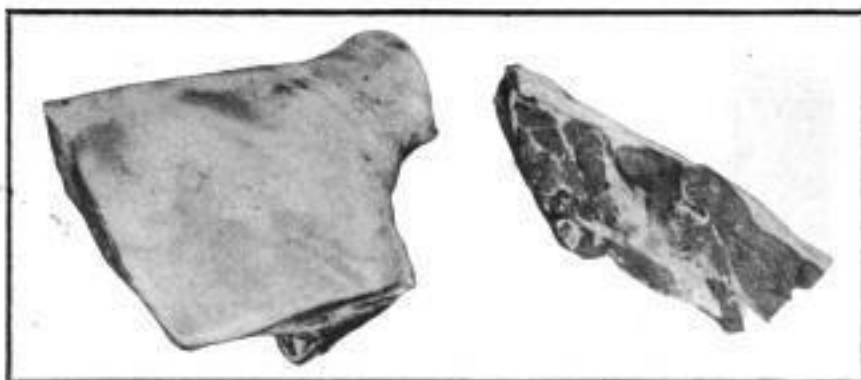
LAMB is usually preferred well done, though mutton is sometimes liked quite rare. There are reasons for this, as the immature meat is far more digestible if well cooked. Mutton is easily digested, whether well done or rare. As in cooking beef and pork, lamb should be subjected to intense heat when first put over the fire or in the oven to cook; and when the albumen on the outside of the meat has had an opportunity to coagulate well and there is little fear of the juices escaping, the temperature may be slightly lowered and kept stationary until the meat is done.

In making broth, when it is desirable to flavor the liquid rather than to keep the juices in the meat, quite a different method of procedure is followed. The meat is put into cold water, salt is added and the kettle is left to heat gradually to the boiling point. Then it is kept at the simmering stage for several hours, or until all of the juices have become a part of the broth. The meat will be tasteless and stringy, of course, but the broth will be rich and tempting, which is the result desired.

In making a stew a middle course must be followed, for here it is desirable to obtain both a fine, well-flavored gravy and to keep the meat juicy and delicate at the same time. To accomplish this the meat should be browned first, as when cooking a roast, to develop the flavor; then it must be covered with hot water and permitted to cook very slowly. In this way a delicious brown gravy will be obtained, but not at the expense of the meat, which will be as finely textured and savory as a chop or roast.

LAMB STEW. The neck and breast are portions best adapted to its making, a pound and a half of lean meat being sufficient for five persons, with perhaps a bit left over for luncheon the next day. The meat should be cut in pieces for serving, then dipped lightly in flour and browned in hot dripping. Two small onions finely chopped should also be browned with the lamb; then a pint of hot water is poured over meat and onions, and a sprig of parsley, one clove, a very small piece of bay leaf, and salt and pepper to taste should be added, then the kettle closed tightly and the contents permitted to simmer for an hour.

At the end of this time one large carrot cut in cubes, six button onions and a white turnip diced should be dropped into the kettle with additional water, if necessary, and the cooking continued for another hour; then the juice from half a Number Two can of tomatoes, with a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet or sharp table



The shoulder of lamb, at left above, may be boned, stuffed, rolled and roasted, or may make excellent stews, ragouts, braised dishes, or become a pot roast. It is better adapted for slow moist cooking, though shoulder chops, cut from the rib end, are very good when broiled or made into cutlets. A shoulder chop appears at the right.

(Continued on Page 85)



“Personalized Style”

—the art of choosing lines
that best become your figure

OUT of Paris every season come fresh fashions and new modes. Poiret, Callot, Paquin, Jenny, artist with cloth and silk, create modes to make fair women fairer still. But these great French designers never yet have said, “Here is a beautiful new costume. Let all women wear it who court style in dress.”

For though it may have beauty and richness and may observe the newest features of the mode, real Style cannot have unless it suits the individual figure.

You may happily possess a figure of average proportions—a figure that presents no special problem of size and contour. But even so, some styles become you more than others; certain lines set off your figure at its best.

Every figure has its possibilities and true style is merely playing up your possibilities. The French say “Style is style only when it suits the wearer.”

Designing for the type—the Printz technique of “Personalized Style”

This principle has been developed into a technique of design for the American woman—“Personalized Style.”

Printz designers have long recognized that different figures known as average have different needs. Thousands of figures have been studied and the possibilities of each figure type skillfully worked out. So among the many Printz models you will find a variety of interesting suits and coats which in line, proportion and fabric are becoming to your figure.

In this style conception, the extreme has no place. Dignity, beauty of line and fabric, perfection of tailoring detail—these are the groundwork of Printz designs.

Lines make the figure—and true style consists in wearing only that which is becoming to your own type and figure





The new Spring models for varying figure types

All that is beautiful, all that is chic in Spring and Summer designs will be found embodied in one form or another in Printz coats and suits for spring. They have that style leadership which goes with the ability to adapt the best that Paris gives to the needs of the American woman.

But further, in Printz coats and suits, the season's accepted styles have been adapted to widely varying figure types, that the individual silhouette may have correct and becoming lines.

The Printz shop in your city is prepared to help you apply the Printz technique of style in choosing the suit or coat best adapted to your individual requirements of type and figure.

You will find there a selection of charming models in many fabrics adapted for both street and sports wear. Particularly interesting are those developed in Trelaine—the new fabric which has enjoyed a remarkable New York premiere. Coats, suits, dresses, capes and knickers of Trelaine—exclusive Printz designs—are found only in Printz shops.

Printz models are on display in New York exclusively at James McCreery & Co., and by one leading store in practically every city. If you do not know which is the Printz shop in your city, write to us and we will send you the name together with a copy of the new Spring Style Book, featuring the Printz conception of "designing for the type".

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY
Paris · CLEVELAND, O. · New York

The models illustrated here are actual Printz models for spring and may be seen, together with many other Printz designs, at the Printz shop in your city



How to Select the Powder Your Skin Requires



This secret and many other helpful hints await you in this little booklet—write for it



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WHAT is it that you put in your dishes that makes them taste so different from English or American food? What is it that gives just the little delicate flavor which makes all the difference between the work of a French cook and that of one of any other nationality? This question came to me from overseas.

Naturally I asked Colette. And Colette laughed. "How am I going to answer a question like that? Sometimes it is one thing, sometimes it is another, according to the nature of the dish."

"Of course. But tell me, for instance, how it is that when I go to stay in England the greens taste of nothing but water, while your greens have all sorts of delicious little flavors?"

"Because the English drown their vegetables instead of cooking them. *Tiens!* I will give you a few standard French ways of doing things."

FRENCH SPICED CABBAGE. Wash the cabbage and boil it in the usual way, in plenty of salt and water. Drain it. Chop it well in the colander or, if you prefer, put it through the food chopper. Measure it, and return it to the pan. To each cupful of cabbage add a level saltspoonful of mixed spice, a level dessertspoonful of butter and a level teaspoonful of flour. Stir over the fire till the mixture has boiled for three minutes. Then taste it, and add salt as required, with the tiniest possible pinch of pepper. If the butter is salted, you will probably need no more salt. Go lightly on the pepper, as the spice has already a slightly heating taste. You will find that the flavor of the cabbage comes out to the full, and that it has nothing of that "greens water" taste which so many people dislike.

"There are those who don't care for spice," explains Colette, "and for them I should use a good pinch of grated nutmeg—about as much as would lie on my thumb nail to each cupful of cabbage."

SPROUTS AND SPRING GREENS. Prepare them and boil them in the usual way in salt and water. Drain them well. Leave the sprouts whole, but mash greens through the colander or chop them thoroughly with a knife. Cut an onion and rub your frying pan with it round and round, pressing rather hard so that you squeeze out a good part of the onion juice into the pan. Then add a large tablespoonful of butter or good dripping, heat it, and toss the greens in it till they are well buttered. Sprinkle them with salt before serving—not while they are in the frying pan, as salt makes the fat fly all about and your stove is spoiled. No one will be able to say that the greens exactly taste of onions; but they will know that something has been added which has made the sprouts taste warm and rich instead of thin and watery.

THE POTATO TASTE. When the potatoes are coming to the end of their season and are no longer very nice, you can make them quite delicious if you rub the pan in which they are to be boiled with a bead of garlic, and then cook a sprig of mint with them. Take the mint out before you send them to table. You will find that they are quite without that peculiarly heavy, stuffy sort of taste that old potatoes sometimes get.

CARROTS AT THEIR BEST. Lots of people don't like carrots, because they taste "faded." They are vegetables that can't stand alone; they need something to help them out. Here are two ways to prepare them: First, add a spoonful of vinegar and a spoonful of sugar to the water in which they are boiled. The vinegar serves to "tang" the carrots out of their faded taste, while the sugar softens down the vinegar and prevents it from being too noticeable. Second, boil them plain in salt and water and drain them well. Then melt a lump of butter or dripping in a frying pan, slice in an onion, and let it fry to a nice brown. The slices of onion are cut so thick that they don't go to



The French Flavor

By MARIE JACQUES

pieces in the fat, and it is easy to take them out with a spoon before putting in the carrots and tossing them. It would not do to leave the pieces of onion; that would be too much; it is only just a hint of the flavor that is wanted to help out the carrots.

THE SPINACH SECRET. French spinach, dandelion greens and sorrel are never bitter and harsh, as they are in other countries. We always boil lettuce with them, one good handful of lettuce to each four handfuls of the other green. The outside leaves of lettuce will do quite well, while the hearts can be kept for salad. The one vegetable softens down the other, and then the addition of a little cream to the purée finishes the business. If you can't get cream, stir up a dessertspoonful of fresh butter in a teacupful of warm milk, and the result will be about the same.

SALAD SEASONINGS. When you make salad in America, I wonder if you use all the following seasonings. Every one of them is delicious.

1. Rub a dozen mint leaves in your fingers, to bruise them, and then soak them in four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. At the end of the hour, drain off the vinegar and use it for the dressing of an ordinary lettuce salad, with olive oil, salt, pepper and the tiniest possible touch of sugar.

2. Take green, freshly formed seeds of nasturtiums, chop them fine and use them for sprinkling the surface of a pale-colored salad, on which they will show up well. They have a hot, clean, mustard taste.

3. Do you put a little sugar into your mayonnaise, always? It is so important, and there are some people who forget it. The right amounts are a mustard spoonful each of sugar and mustard to one egg.

4. Do you know what a good plan it is to pick a bunch of mixed herbs—thyme, mint, sage, laurel and parsley—tie them up in a bit of muslin with two cloves, and simmer them gently in one pint of vinegar for an hour. Keep the lid on the pan. At the end of the hour strain the vinegar and bottle it for use. It is splendid for salads of any kind.

SOME MEAT SEASONINGS. Lard a piece of beef with slivers of cut onion, pour two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and the same amount of water into the baking tin and baste the beef often with this liquid during the time of roasting. The result is a flavor not unlike that of venison, but more delicate.

Beat a steak. Sprinkle it thickly with pepper, salt and chopped mint. Pour over it enough vinegar to soak it, and let it lie for one hour. Then drain it, shake off the herbs, and grill or stew it in the usual way. It will look just like an ordinary steak, but will taste different and much better.

As soon as a chicken or rabbit has been emptied, tie together a little bunch of sage, thyme, mint and parsley. Dip this bunch first in water and then in salt and pepper. Put it into the inside of the carcass and let it remain till the cooking is finished. The meat

will be deliciously scented and fragrant, without having anything that could definitely be called a herb flavor.

When you are making a stew with onions, or a hash or anything of that kind, try the effect of first frying the onions and then sprinkling them with a pinch of powdered sugar before you mix them with the meat. This treatment takes away all their rather strong, coarse taste, and makes them the most delicate and delicious seasoning that any one could find.

When you cook a rabbit or hare, do you always take care to use a little fresh fat pork with it? English cooks generally put bacon with a hare, but the result is not at all the same. What you want is the taste of the fresh pig, and no amount of salt bacon will give that.

When you are making a mince of rather dry old meat or tinned meat—indeed, when you are doing hash, rissoles, cottage pie or anything of

that sort—a very small piece of fresh liver is a most excellent addition. You don't need much; an ounce or two to one pound of other meat is quite sufficient; but it serves to make the whole dish taste fresh instead of cooked up.

If you are not using liver, you will find a good pinch of mixed spice an excellent thing to put into a hash. Use pepper and salt in the ordinary quantities and the spice in addition.

Colette is fond of putting it into cold pâtés and things of that sort. A cold mince with a little spice in it does not taste flat and dead, as a plain mince is apt to do.

Do you grate about half a bead of garlic into two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and then paint a roast of veal over with it just when the skin is beginning to turn brown? It's an excellent thing to do, for the oil turns the skin a crisp bright gold, while the garlic almost cooks away to nothing, remaining only as the faintest possible savor when the joint is done.

You cook apples with your pork in America, I know. But do you ever stuff it with apples and chestnuts mixed? Boil the chestnuts, skin them and pass them through a sieve. Peel and core the apples and put them through the food chopper. Use sour apples; sweet ones won't do. Mix both together with just a touch of pepper and salt, and stuff the pork for roasting. The fat of the rather greasy joint goes into the dry chestnuts, with the result that when it is done your stuffing is good beyond all words.

SUGAR WITH EGGS. Nearly all delicate egg dishes, such as poached eggs, eggs *sur le plat*, eggs baked in milk, plain, unseasoned omelettes and scrambled eggs are improved by a very small pinch of sugar in addition to the pepper and salt. You must put so little sugar that there is no appreciable sweetness to be tasted. Its only object is to give to the egg a sort of nutty flavor, the taste which is sometimes to be found, by nature, in very rich brown eggs laid by hens who have a most liberal diet.

You know how you sometimes eat a boiled egg and say: "What a rich egg this is!" The same effect is produced on an ordinary specimen by the addition of that tiny pinch of sugar.

MINT IN THE SOUP. When you make a clear soup of mutton bones or lamb bones boil a couple of sprigs of mint with the meat. Strain the stock in the usual way, reboil it with the addition of Italian paste, tapioca or whatever other thickening you wish to use, and then add pepper, salt, a wee pinch of sugar and what we call "a thread" of vinegar—the merest possible thread; if you get too much, folks will say that your soup has gone sour. The best way to do the seasoning is to get the pepper and salt right first; then add alternately a wee pinch of sugar and a drop of vinegar, tasting each time. Don't let the soup boil again afterwards, or the quality of the flavor may alter a little. It is good! Try it once, and you will believe me.



COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Cream 5 tablespoons shortening; add 1 cup sugar and 2 beaten egg yolks; add 1 teaspoon each lemon juice and vanilla; mix well; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and 1 cup flour. Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour sifted with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, mixing well. Bake in 3 greased layer tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling and Icing—Boil 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water until syrup spins a thread; add 5 marshmallows cut into small pieces but do not stir into syrup. Pour slowly over beaten whites of 2 eggs, stirring constantly; add 1 teaspoon lemon juice; beat until smooth and thick. Spread between layers and sprinkle

(Continued under Biscuits)



BISCUITS

Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; add 2 tablespoons shortening and rub in very lightly; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk or half milk and half water slowly and with as little mixing as possible.

Roll or pat out lightly on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter or Royal tin cover. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Cocoanut Marshmallow Cake

(Continued)

with cocoanut and pieces of marshmallow. Cover cake with icing sprinkled with cocoanut; and pieces of marshmallow. It will take 1 cup cocoanut.



MAPLE LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar; add 2 egg yolks and 1 teaspoon vanilla; mix well. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk slowly, stirring until smooth. Sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt together; add half to mixture, then half of 2 beaten egg whites; then remainder of flour (stirring after each addition); stir in balance of whites.

Bake in 2 greased layer tins, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ batter in bowl. To this add 1 oz. melted chocolate for middle layer. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Put together with icing made by boiling 1 cup maple syrup without stirring until it spins a thread, then adding slowly to stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Beat with wire whip, preferably on platter, until stiff enough to spread.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



CALIFORNIA NUT LAYER CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening well and add 1 cup sugar. Sift together $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups flour, and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and add this alternately, a little at a time, with 1 cup milk. Add 1 cup nuts (walnuts and almonds) chopped fine.

Bake in three greased and floured layer tins in hot oven about 15 minutes. Cover top and sides of cake with the following filling and icing:—Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 2 cups confectioner's sugar; add 1 tablespoon cocoa and 3 tablespoons strong coffee and stir until smooth.



LUNCHEON CAKES

(with Chocolate Sauce)

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar gradually until well blended. Add 1 egg yolk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, then 1 cup flour. Mix well; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour sifted with 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Fold in 1 beaten egg white and 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon or vanilla. Bake in greased small tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Serve hot with following sauce, topped with whipped cream:—Melt 1 ounce unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons butter and when mixed pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water on slowly, stirring constantly; then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes without stirring; add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla and few grains salt. Serve hot.



FEATHER COCOANUT CAKE

Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Add 4 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh grated cocoanut and 1 beaten egg to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and add to dry ingredients. Mix well and bake in small greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, or ice with white icing as follows:—

Put 1 unbeaten egg white into shallow dish. Add a little at a time $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups confectioner's sugar, beating with wire whip until right consistency to spread. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on cake. Sprinkle with cocoanut.

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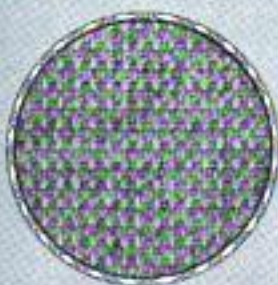


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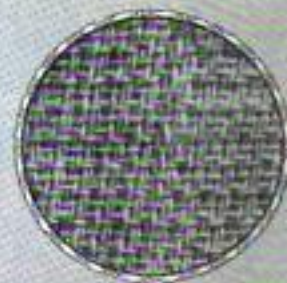
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Magnified underweave of Martex Towel. A firm, close-knit fabric that wears well and costs least in the long run. Compare with circle at right.



Why Martex Towels Do Wear Longer

Equally magnified underweave of a "cheap" Turkish towel. Note the loose, coarse, weak weave. Wears out fast. Compare this with circle at left.

Let's Have Lamb for Dinner

(Continued from Page 79)

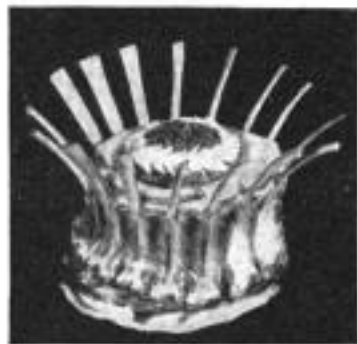
sauce may be added to the stew and, if desired, four potatoes cut in halves. Simmer again until the potatoes are tender or, if they have not been added, for fifteen minutes. Then remove meat and vegetables to a hot platter, thicken the gravy and season it if necessary, strain and pour over them, garnish with a border of peas cooked till tender and nicely seasoned, or if dumplings or noodles are liked they may be cooked in the gravy and served with the stew, omitting the peas.

LAMB HAMBURG STEAKS. The neck is used for them also, and should be ground like ordinary Hamburg steak. A pound and a half will be ample for serving five or six persons. To the finely ground meat add a tablespoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, salt and pepper to taste and add a dash of paprika and mace. Form into balls lightly and deftly, so that the cakes will not become hard and compact; cook in hot drippings till well done. Make a brown gravy of the fat in the pan, and serve baked potatoes and string beans or lettuce salad with the lamb Hamburg. For variety, a tomato sauce may be liked with the meat cakes, and French-fried potatoes may also accompany them occasionally.

LAMB STEAKS WITH APPLES afford another method of making use of the neck of lamb. Cut the steaks neatly and flour each well, then sauté them in hot fat till nicely browned. Place them in a covered baking dish or casserole, season well and cover with sliced tart apples. Cover the dish and bake slowly for an hour. If a braised dish is preferred omit the apples and add a cupful of hot water, a teaspoonful of catchup or kitchen bouquet and a sliced onion; then bake as in the previous recipe and serve with peas. The shoulder of lamb, as already remarked, is one of the most valuable cuts in the whole lamb. Shoulder chops are very good, and as they contain more meat to the pound than either the loin or rib chops they are of course the most economical for the housewife to purchase.

ROAST SHOULDER OF LAMB is the dinner *par excellence*, and here are several ways of preparing it. Simply cooked without boning and served with brown gravy and mint sauce, it is delicious. To cook a shoulder of lamb perfectly, rub the skin with salt—never the flesh, for the salt would invariably draw out the juices—and shake enough flour over it to coat it well, then place it on a rack in a dripping pan and put it in a hot oven to become thoroughly seared. Never add water at first, and always be sure that the oven temperature is at least four hundred and fifty to five hundred degrees. After ten minutes turn the meat over and lower the temperature of the oven to three hundred and fifty to four hundred degrees; continue cooking until the meat is done. Eighteen to twenty minutes to the pound is the correct time to allow for the cooking of lamb, though a few minutes more will not harm the roast.

Ten minutes before serving, season the meat and turn it once more. Basting is necessary unless one has a covered roaster, which is self-basting. A six-pound roast will require basting four times. Potatoes browned with the meat are popular with lamb and are easily prepared. Parboil them first, then arrange them about the lamb.



Crown roast is a majestic dish, suitable for large dinners. Both loins with ribs are fastened together, the center being filled with dressing or vegetables.

MINT SAUCE, so important an accessory to roast lamb, is made by chopping enough fresh mint to make one tablespoonful, then adding a tablespoonful of sugar and two of vinegar or, if the latter is very strong, one of vinegar and one of water. Stir till the sugar is dissolved and serve in a small sauce boat.

STUFFED SHOULDER OF LAMB is fine also, especially if the savory stuffing is composed partly of nuts. The butcher will remove the bone and prepare the lamb for the filling; but be quite sure that he sends the bones home with the meat, for they may be used in making stock for the gravy or as the foundation for a few cupfuls of luncheon broth. Spread the stuffing, made in your favorite way, over the meat, then roll it up and tie it securely. Dredge with flour and cook in a hot oven according to directions for roasting a shoulder, allowing twenty minutes to the pound because of the compactness of the roll.

LAMB STEAKS, cut from the leg, deserve special mention. Trim each slice neatly and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Scatter a little chopped onion over each slice and roll up closely, wrap a slice of bacon about the roll and fasten with a toothpick. Dip in flour and brown in hot drippings. Then place in a casserole or baking pan and pour a little hot water about the rolls. Bake in a hot oven half an hour, basting twice. Serve with brown gravy made from the drippings.

COLD LAMB is really a delicious and tempting dish if it is sliced very thin and served with a green salad and baked or creamed potatoes; but there are persons who despise cold meat of any kind. So here is a hot dish, a simple one, but it dresses up the lamb left-overs most attractively:

BROILED LAMB SLICES. Cut the lamb in rather thick slices and marinate them for an hour in a dressing made of a tablespoonful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar and salt and pepper to season highly. Dip the marinated slices in fine bread crumbs and pan broil them a delicate brown. Serve with currant jelly or tartare sauce.

A word about the uses and treatment of lamb or mutton fat, for these important factors must be managed carefully, owing to the fact that they are likely to have the objectionable "woolly" taste. But they are useful and should never be wasted or disregarded. Measure the fat and add to it half its quantity of sweet milk, then place it over a slow fire and simmer gently until it is entirely melted. Set aside to cool; skim the cake of fat from the liquid and place it over the fire with cold water. Repeat the melting, cooling and skimming, and you will have a most excellent frying or shortening material which retains none of the taste of the meat whatever. Savory fats for frying are excellent when made of lamb or mutton fats. Mix the fat with an equal quantity of beef

drippings or suet and cover with cold water. When melted add a sliced sour apple and half a teaspoonful each of marjoram and thyme, tied in muslin, to it and simmer half an hour. Then strain, cook and skim the fat from the water, and it will be most deliciously flavored, excellent for frying potatoes, fish or tomatoes.



The rolled roast above is an excellent means of using shapeless pieces, such as the shank, breast or neck, or a shoulder or leg may be boned, rolled and tied.



THE NEW WILLARD, in Washington, receives thousands of foreign representatives who visit our shores. It caters to the widely different tastes of every nation and pleases them all. The recipe on the right comes from its chef.



DROMEDARY COCOANUT COOKIES

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add 1 well beaten egg and 1 cup Dromedary Cocoanut. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, sifted together. Mix well. Chill thoroughly. Drop on greased pans in small balls. Press with fork to $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thickness. Bake in moderate oven.

How do they get surprises in their menus?

EVERY day as mealtime approaches, thousands of women in utter hopelessness ask themselves:

"What can I serve today that is different?"

The old family dishes are all so familiar, so outworn and tiresome.

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Read the letters from these two companies. They tell many interesting things about washing and why, as a result of these tests, they are eager to have their customers wash silks in Lux.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-3, Cambridge, Mass.



McCallum Hosiery Co. Northampton, Mass.

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We had street stockings in black, brown and grey, and evening stockings in carise, emerald, and pale blue washed in Lux, following very closely the directions given, being especially careful to cool the Lux solution.

It is important to wash colored silk stockings in lukewarm water. Very hot water may cause the color to bleed.

Each pair of stockings was given the number of laundings the average stockings receive.

The stockings were still in excellent condition at the end of the washings. The color changes were not noticeable and the silk was in good condition, strong, springy, and with no frayed or broken threads such as appear when rubbing is necessary or when a harsh soap is used.

Many people do not know that a strong soap not only fades silk, but it weakens it and destroys the lustre.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux were due only in part to the fact that it does away with rubbing; the main factor in our minds is its mildness and purity. If silk hose are washed, following the directions, with Lux after each wearing they will give longer service.

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President.

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We attribute our success with Lux especially to its purity. A very harsh soap or soap flake is ruinous to silk. The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,
Benjamin Raalte
The Van Raalte Co.



LUX

Won't injure anything
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To Save You Two Dollars or More at House-Cleaning Time

DO YOU want to finish an old soft-wood floor, to which no finish of any kind has ever been applied, so that rugs may be used instead of carpets? It can be done at little expense, if your family will pool its talents for the job.

First, have the man of the house make the floor as tight, level and smooth as possible, planing or sandpapering if necessary. Draw all tacks or drive them far below the surface with a nail set. Then scrub the wood clean with hot soapsuds, rinse with clear water and dry thoroughly. If there are any bad stains they may be bleached out in many cases with a solution made by dissolving one teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a cupful of hot water. This liquid, which is poisonous and must be carefully handled, is spread on the wood and allowed to remain overnight. In the morning all traces of the acid must be removed by scrubbing.

When the floor is thoroughly dry it may be stained and varnished, oiled or painted, as though it were new. After the first coat of finish has been allowed to dry, cracks and holes should be filled with crack filler, mixed with coloring to match the floor.

There are several good crack fillers on the market, but a simple and satisfactory one may be made of genuine whiting and linseed-oil putty, into which is thoroughly worked about ten per cent of dry white lead and coloring matter to match the floor. Another good filler may be made of cabinet glue melted with a little water in a double boiler, thickened with fine sawdust, and colored to match the wood. This must be used while hot, and worked smoothly into cracks with a small knife.

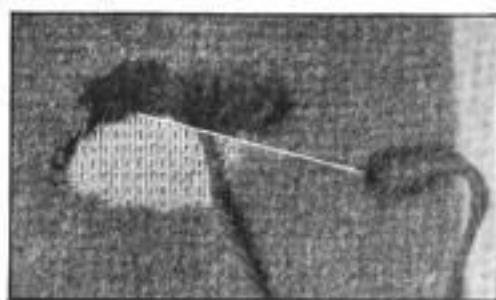
To Renovate Rugs

SMALL rugs will last longer if, when cleaned, they are placed right side down on dry grass or snow, beaten with a flat carpet beater, swept, turned over and swept again. Hanging rugs over a line while they are being cleaned, or shaking them by the corners, strains them badly; it may break the threads and cause the ends to ravel.

Practically all rugs, after thorough beating, may be cleaned with soap and water. Rag rugs may, of course, be washed in the machine, hung on a line and rinsed by means of the hose. Other rugs can be placed on a table and scrubbed with a brush and mild soapsuds; as each section is cleaned it should be rinsed thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clear water. If Oriental rugs are cleaned in this way care should be taken to have them dry quickly, for if moisture remains long in the depth of the pile it may rot the threads.

After cleaning, a machine-made rug sometimes loses its shape or curls up, because the sizing has come off. You will find resizing will add much to its life and appearance. This can be done by a carpet dealer or at home.

The rug should be stretched tight and true, and tacked at frequent intervals face down upon some floor, where it can be left undisturbed. It should then be sprinkled generously with a solution made by dissolving one-quarter of a pound of flake glue in half a gallon of water, in a double boiler or a pail surrounded with hot water. If the rug is light weight, a smaller quantity of



To mend a pile carpet, as illustrated above, choose matching worsted yarn, run the needle under the proper number of backing threads and pull up, forming loops. These are then sheared off evenly with the pile.

glue must be used, so that none penetrates to the right side. It should be allowed to dry for at least twenty-four hours.

Don't throw away the rug or carpet with worn spots or moth holes, for with a little care you can mend it so that it will look like new.

First, examine the rug carefully to see whether warp or filling threads, or both, need renewing, and choose materials for mending that match the old ones in color and texture as nearly as possible. If colors cannot be matched, neutral shades corresponding in tone may be used.

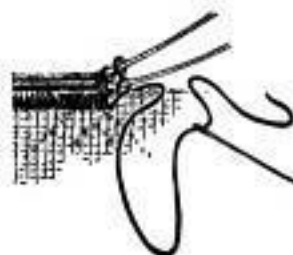
Mending a Carpet

FOR ingrain carpet the ordinary darning stitch that is used on stockings is correct, and the pattern may be worked in afterward. The pile carpetings, however, require more complicated treatment. The backing is first darned in, and then the pile is made with loops of colored worsted yarn, one against another, clipped or left uncut, according to the type of carpet. If you pull out a thread or two of the pile close to the hole you will see just how many threads of the backing to pass your needle under in making a loop. In the photograph the needle was passed under two each time, because the pile thread in the original weaving was applied in this way. Always be sure to anchor your stitch firmly. Designs can be reproduced so skillfully that mended places defy detection.

Seams in carpets are made on the wrong side, overhanding the two edges firmly together with strong linen thread. In commercial establishments the seam is sewn over a thick pole, to make it even. Special carpet needles, No. 00, may be bought.

The sewing machine may well be used in reinforcing small rugs with braid, binding rugs and carpets, and sewing on fringes. A selvage, much like that used on Oriental rugs, can be made by laying two or three rather heavy cords along the edge and darning them to the rug with over-and-under stitches set so close together that the cords are entirely covered, and a flat, narrow strip is formed. Black or neutral-colored wool and a strong needle with a large eye should be used. If the edge is very ragged, first reinforce by overcasting or whipping braid to underside.

If it is necessary to run an electric cord through a rug or carpet—in order, for instance, to connect a library-table lamp with a floor plug, or to bring within reach the push button of a dining-room buzzer—don't cut a hole in the rug. Don't even rip the rug on a seam, if there happens to be one. With a marlin spike, if you happen to have one, or a single-pointed ice pick, if you don't—a marlin spike is a sailor's implement made of iron, six or eight inches long, sharp pointed at one end and used in splicing rope and in disciplining a mutinous crew—carefully separate the heavy threads in the back of your rug at the place where the wire must go through. The sharp point will soon make a small hole, which may be enlarged as much as needed without breaking or cutting or tearing a single thread in the rug. The threads will close round your wire as long as it is in use, and when you eventually unhitch the combination of rug and wire you have only to rub the rug in your fingers to bring the weave back to its original condition.



For renewing selvages of rugs, two or three rather heavy cords are laid along the edge and darned to the rug with heavy yarn, completely covering the cords.



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Salt Fish and Smoked Fish

Give Variety to Lenten Menus

By MARY WARREN



WHEN you have tasted a Sunday night supper dish of finnan haddie, prepared in some delectable manner, or a breakfast of codfish fritters, or a luncheon or dinner of scrambled eggs with smoked roe, or a mackerel prepared in true Maine style, you will not require to be told of the peculiar delights of smoked and salted fish. But if, on the other hand, fish to you means nothing more than a bit of fresh weakfish or butterfish or shad, you will need to be told something about the many delightful, appetizing dishes which are to be made only from those splendid products which the fishermen on our coasts are busy preparing for us all through the hot months of summer.

When we are informed by excellent authorities that most varieties of salt and smoked fish are of greater value as food products than they are when fresh, and that, salted or smoked, these same fish sell for a much lower sum than they would as fresh fish, the idea begins to look really interesting. It is quite true; for the curing extracts most of the water from the fish, leaving only the edible flesh. Statistics show that dry salt cod contains 22 per cent of protein as against 16 per cent when the same fish is fresh. The same is true of mackerel and of almost every other salt or smoked variety. Therefore, when one takes into consideration the fact that the fresh fish is at least 30 per cent higher in price than the smoked, the question of smoked and salt fish seems one well worth the housewife's attention.

The variety available in this class of food is large and pleasing. In addition to the salt mackerel and salmon, with which we are all familiar, there are also to be had in the dry salt state cod, pollack, haddock, whiting and several others less often shipped, because the demand for them is poor. Herring, mackerel and salmon may be purchased packed in brine in pails of several sizes and may be prepared in any number of ways.

Preparation for Cooking

OF THE smoked fish there is even greater variety. Halibut, finnan haddie, salmon, whitefish, sturgeon, bloaters and herring are just a few of the wonderful assortment of these good, economical foods. Smoked roe, either the sturgeon, mackerel or cod, will sometimes be found too.

Salt fish, if it is to be thoroughly satisfactory, must be carefully freshened before it is cooked. A casual soaking of twenty minutes or so will not answer; it must be given from twenty-four to forty-eight hours or it will be briny when served. Salmon in brine will require fully forty-eight hours soaking, and the water should be changed several times during that period. If possible this freshening should be followed by an additional five or six hours' soaking in milk and water, which will not only remove the superfluous salt but will give an added tenderness and delicacy to the flesh of the fish.

In soaking salt fish place it in a pan sufficiently large to hold it, and fill the pan with water, so that the fish will be fully immersed in it. Place the fish, meat side down, in the water with a rack beneath it to prevent its sinking to the bottom of the pan. If the fish is to be broiled it should be permitted a

longer time in its cold water bath than if it is to be creamed or prepared with milk in some other fashion. When, as will sometimes happen, it is necessary to hasten the process of freshening, the meat of the fish may be cut deeply in several places before it is put to soak; then the water will permeate it more readily and the salt will be washed away.

The dry salt fish will also require freshening, but not for so long a period. Twelve hours should suffice for it, and often it will not require more than half that time. I have some few recipes of which I am rather fond, in which the salt fish is not soaked at all.

New Ways With Fish

FRESHENING or previous preparation of any kind, except in a few dishes, is entirely unnecessary with smoked fish; in fact, this style of preserved fish may be served even without heating, if it is so desired. And sliced in wafer-thin bits or cut in neat cubes, it is very good so eaten. But the fish is so tasty when it is prepared in some tempting fashion that most persons with whom it is popular prefer to cook it. In recipes calling for a period of soaking I have often found it possible to obtain the same results by placing the fish over the fire in cold water, permitting it to come slowly to boiling, and finally draining and rinsing it with fresh water.

BROILED MACKEREL. In selecting mackerel for broiling, choose the larger fish, as they are so meaty and juicy when cooked; their flavor, too, is better and more delicate than that of the small fish. After freshening according to the directions, wipe the mackerel thoroughly, for if water is present when it is cooked it will cause the fish to stew rather than to take on that deliciously crisp, brown appearance which is so desirable.

Heat the broiler and rub the bars with butter, margarine or bacon fat. Then lay the fish, flesh side down, on the broiler and place it under the flame of the gas range or over hot coals to cook to a nice, tempting brown. Then turn the broiler and brown the other side of the fish lightly. Serve on a hot platter and brush over with melted butter. Garnish the dish with a lemon cut lengthwise, or broiled bacon, with bits of curled parsley; serve very hot. This recipe may be used also in cooking smoked sturgeon, salmon, whitefish, finnan haddie or herring.

BOILED MACKEREL, with drawn butter, makes a good dinner dish, which potatoes in parsley butter should accompany, with some good sauce to spice and savor everything. Freshen the fish as usual, then place it in cold water and put it on the fire to simmer for twenty minutes; hard boiling will cause it to break. Drain the fish and serve it on a folded napkin, garnished with hard-boiled egg.

MACKEREL IN MAINE STYLE is delicious. The fish, after freshening, is wiped until every drop of water is removed; then it is placed in a large pan, skin side down, covered with cold milk, which is permitted to come only to the boiling point. Then the mackerel is drained and placed on a hot, buttered broiler and cooked a delicate brown. Slip it onto a warm platter spread generously with butter, and place it in the oven until the butter is melted. Serve with rashers of bacon and sliced lemon.

CUBAN MACKEREL. The fish should be soaked and dried well, then placed in a baking pan with one large onion chopped fine, one green pepper freed from seeds and also chopped, a canned pimiento cut in pieces and the liquid from a Number Two can of tomatoes, strained through a sieve; dot the fish with butter or margarine and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Season the gravy to taste and, when the fish is arranged on a warm platter, pour this gravy around and over it. Garnish with strips of toast and serve with baked potatoes.

SALT SALMON SALAD may be served as the *piece de resistance* at a supper or luncheon and yet act the part of the salad as well. Soak the salmon forty-eight hours and place it over the fire in fresh cold water, bringing it merely to the boiling point. Then drain and rinse with cold water and wipe dry. Broil on a buttered gridiron, basting with a little melted butter occasionally; then cool it and break into pieces. Marinate for two hours with a French dressing made rather tart with lemon juice; then drain and arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with a good cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise.

SALT HERRING prepared in almost any one of the ways described for mackerel or salmon will add a new note to the menu.

The dry salt codfish, which is to be had in blocks weighing from one to two pounds each, is a well-known commodity, but new and attractive ways for preparing it are less familiar. Usually it is creamed or made into fish balls, the latter frequently leaving much to be desired.

CODFISH FRITTERS, prepared in the manner I am about to describe, are much more delicate and tempting and are also far easier to make than fish balls. Flake the fish without soaking it, but remove all hard, scaly or bony pieces. Measure one large cupful of the flaked fish and add to it two cupfuls of raw potatoes pared and cut into small pieces. Place fish and potatoes together in a saucepanful of cold water and cook till the potatoes are very tender; then drain and mash them with the fish till smooth. Add a tablespoonful of melted margarine or butter, a dash or two of paprika and pepper and one well-beaten egg. Now drop by spoonfuls into boiling-hot deep fat and cook to a golden brown, like crullers. Drain on paper and serve piping hot in a wreath of curly parsley, with chili sauce or catchup.

CODFISH HASH WITH BEETS is an old-time New England dinner. Cook the fish as for the fritters, with the potatoes, but chop them when the latter are tender instead of mashing them. Then mix with one-quarter cupful of salt-pork cubes diced and fried brown, and one-quarter cupful of pickled beets finely chopped. Place in a frying pan with the fat from the pork, press down firmly and cook slowly to permit the hash to brown. Turn with a spatula or fold like an omelet, and serve on a hot dish with catchup or chili sauce.

CODFISH SOUFFLÉ is made of the shredded or finely desiccated codfish; the ordinary variety may be used if it is soaked well and picked into fine shreds. The desiccated or shredded kind need be soaked only a few moments, and should then be squeezed very dry. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and stir in the same quantity of flour, cook till smooth, then add a cupful of cold milk and continue cooking till thick. Stir in the codfish, with paprika and pepper to taste, and whip in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Remove from the fire and fold in the egg whites, beaten to a smooth, dry froth. Pour into a buttered baking dish or ramekins, and bake ten minutes, if the small dishes have been selected; twenty will be required for the large. Serve at once, for a soufflé will not bear waiting.

FINNAN HADDIE À LA KING is a favorite dish wherever it is served. For a dish to serve six persons select a smoked haddock weighing from a pound and a half to two pounds and soak it in cold water for an hour. Then cover it with fresh water and bring to the

boiling point. Drain, rinse and remove skin and bone. Flake into pieces of a convenient size to serve and set aside while the sauce is being prepared. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and add two tablespoonfuls of flour, cooking them together till smooth and thick, then add two cupfuls of cold milk and simmer till the sauce is well thickened. Now add one pimiento cut in pieces, one green pepper freed from its seeds and cut in small pieces, then sauté in a little margarine, and one hard-boiled egg cut in rings. Add the fish and let it simmer in the sauce gently for ten minutes; season to taste and serve on toast. If an especially nice dish is desired a few canned or fresh mushrooms sautéed in margarine or butter may be substituted for the hard-boiled eggs, but the finnan haddie will be good whichever embellishment is selected. Garnish with stuffed olives and parsley.

SMOKED HERRINGS, ENGLISH FASHION. Skin and bone three large-sized herrings and soak them twenty minutes in warm milk mixed with an equal quantity of water. Wipe dry and marinate in a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the yolk of one egg well beaten, and a teaspoonful each of finely chopped parsley and onion. Then sauté brown in hot margarine. Drain and place on a hot platter. Add a tablespoonful of flour to the liquid and brown it well, then add a cupful of water and simmer till smooth. Season highly and pour over the fish.

THE LITTLE BONELESS HERRINGS, which come in glass jars, make delectable sandwiches. They should be soaked for a moment or two in hot water, then drained well and dried. After being brushed with melted butter they should next be toasted. Meantime make a sufficient number of pieces of fresh toast, trim nicely, butter, and on each piece place a crisp lettuce leaf dipped in French dressing, arrange the toasted fish on the lettuce and top with a bit of tartar sauce.

CANAPÉS OF SMOKED STURGEON are also nice for late suppers, or they make delicious *hors d'œuvres*. From very thin slices of rather stale rye or wheat bread cut small rounds or squares. Toast a nice brown and butter. On each piece of toast place a waferlike bit of fish and dot with butter; then tuck the pan in the oven till butter has melted. Garnish with parsley and quartered lemon slices.

FROZEN FISH are also economical and good at this season of the year, for, like the smoked and salt fish, they are caught in the summer when exceedingly plentiful and frozen at once, then stored in a perfectly sanitary way for use when fishing is out of the question. No especial recipes are required for preparing frozen fish successfully, but some directions as to the treatment of it before it is cooked may be acceptable. Never soak frozen fish to thaw it, nor permit it to stand in a warm place. Keep it in the refrigerator or in some other cold spot where the thermometer does not register freezing and it will thaw slowly and correctly, as it should. Perhaps it may require several hours to come to the proper condition for cooking, but a frozen fish will taste very nearly like a fresh fish when this method is pursued.

TUNA FISH À LA MADRID. To a pound can of the fish cook together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, add two cupfuls of strained tomato juice and one onion chopped fine. Cook till smooth, then add the fish flaked in large pieces, and simmer ten minutes. Serve in a border of boiled macaroni, over which a little grated cheese is sprinkled.

BAKED TUNA CROQUETTES are almost equal to chicken croquettes and perhaps more wholesome because they are cooked in the oven. Make a white sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and a cupful and a half of milk; add a pound can of tuna flaked in small pieces, and season to taste, adding a pinch of mace. Spread out in a flat dish to cool, then make into croquettes, roll in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs, and place in a greased pan. Bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. Serve with a white or tomato sauce, or with peas.



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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 16)

Father gave me an odd look. Then he asked me a lot of things about this last year; about my parties and the men I knew and what I did all day long. You know, all the other girls used to think I was lucky because my father never made a fuss about the dances that ended with breakfast, and some of the other things we did. But honestly, father never knew about them; and Adele was amused.

It wasn't until I was nearly asleep that I thought of Doctor Gordon's funny little pause while he was talking with father about the hospitals in France and how they needed nurses and his finishing his sentence with: "But they bring up our girls so strangely these days. You'd think they'd tried to wreck their brains instead of build them. It shows in nursing or in anything that needs endurance or initiative."

I haven't any name for that voice. Perhaps it isn't the voice. Perhaps it's the way his eyes get luminous, for he doesn't talk much. But even when he says simple things, it's as if they came hot from the forge of his innermost self. The other day I wore a thin blue dress to the hospital. It was really no dress to wear there, but with Anna sick, nothing I had was pressed and I was walked to last year's seashore things. As we redressed down the hall the doctor kept looking at me.

"YOU are the very heart of all the blue flowers in the world," he said suddenly. "There aren't very many," I answered. "There are forget-me-nots and blue violets."

It's so singular to hear a man's voice crisp and clear when he is giving orders; quiet and grave with sick people; and then in a little sentence like this, sweet with a touch of dignity, as a woman's voice could never be.

I never wore a dark dress to the hospital again; and I found myself waiting for that thing, whatever it was, I had had a glimpse of as we walked down the corridor. For if he thought of these things as he went about his work, I thought of what he had said, thought of it night and day; and the other things that happened to me didn't matter in the least compared with it.

I don't know exactly how such things work, but if two people are both wanting to see each other, it comes about more easily than if only one wants it, and the reasons don't seem to matter much. There was hardly an inexpensive quarter in New York where I didn't take home convalescent patients. The little children worried me most.

"Can't you let them stay longer?" "We try. But the cases pass out of our hands and unless we make a definite effort we rarely hear of them again. I've got one case now that if I could get six dollars a week board for him, it would make a whole life over." "Why, I'll give you that. Father gives me all the money I want."

HE GAVE me a queer look, but all he said was: "Then you hold the power of life and death in your hands."

It was bargain time in New York. Every shop in town was almost giving things away and, because I didn't seem to manage my clothes right with Anna not there to look after them, I thought I wouldn't try to fix them up; I'd get new ones. And father gave me a couple of hundred dollars to get them. I was going out next day on an orgy of shopping. I was going to make that two hundred buy me five dresses instead of one. But all I thought of as I looked in the shop windows was that faintly mournful voice of one who was so sorry he could not hold such power, saying so simply: "You hold the power of life and death."

The cost of a few dresses in bargain time would make the difference in somebody's health for life. Such things are true, only one never knows. I came on home and went down to the laundry and got Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to press my clothes; and then I gave



the two hundred dollars to the doctor. I had to do it; I never would have worn those dresses if I had bought them. I would always have thought of them as the price of somebody's life.

The doctor's look, when I gave him the money, made the tears come into my eyes. And then he insisted that I see the way the money was spent and watch its results; so we drove, one Sunday afternoon, to a little sunny beach on Long Island where I saw three little white-faced boys who were living in a band-box of a cottage on a boardwalk; not much in the cottage, the doctor said, just long enough to drink lots of milk and eat and sleep.

THE next Sunday we went in the morning, because the doctor had to work that afternoon. The doctor was whiter-faced than the boys from staying up all night several nights in succession. The boys were changed so in one week you wouldn't believe it could happen.

"Why," I cried excitedly, "I can get you plenty of money for this kind of thing. It's great. This is working with living material, isn't it?"

"Yes, Forget-me-not," he answered. "You do that all the time, don't you? But you don't get excited about it as I do?" "Oh, yes, I do; that and more. It's my work, you know."

"How you say that! Your work! Is a man's work so much to him, then?"

He didn't even smile. He just looked at me gravely. "Yes, it is that much to him," he said simply. "If he cares for it, it is him; and no matter what he may say, he never forgives the one who hurts it. And he never forgets the one who helps it. There are only two other things that are so much the man himself: The things he wants to do, even if they are too hard or too high or too great to do, and the things he feels, the woman he loves."

I looked away at the three children making sand banks and cutting canals for the sea water to flow into. These children, getting rosy, might well be the moving spirit of a man. I could understand that; but the rest, the way he felt, the woman he loved. . . .

Then I heard him say: "If I see you day after day like this, the time will come when I must tell you that you are becoming me—myself—a very part of the thing that is truly me. And I haven't one thing for you, Leila, not one; not even a home to take you to or money to buy you blue ruffles and cream lace."

WHEN I could get my breath—for my heart pounded so—I whispered: "What do homes and ruffles matter?"

He stood quite still, looking a little whiter than before. After a while he said: "Do they matter so little to you, dear—you with so much, you with your great opportunities and your power of life and death?"

"They mean nothing at all," I said.

"Oh, my dear, it is because you do not know what it means to have those you love die for lack of a sunshiny beach and a few hundred dollars, to be so tired you cannot rest because you have to work with your own hands to cook food and keep clean."

I smiled. If I hadn't known before, I knew now that these things were nothing, nothing at all compared with the thing that was pounding in my heart; nothing compared with the thing that was in his eyes as they looked at me; a thing so sweet, so priceless I would have worked night and day at any work just for the sight of it.

He put his hands lightly on my shoulders. "Yet I would try to work with you. Every breath I drew should be for you and our love and our work. It might not be hard for you, if you cared enough."

"If I cared enough —" I seemed to be pleading for my own life, for the very heart of my life, for something I must have, it did not matter at what cost or by what labor,

(Continued on Page 92)



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BUT you know that you must satisfy his hungry appetite with food that means his health and happiness and future well-being.

We, as makers of foods, share your responsibility for the health of your youngsters. It is a sobering responsibility. It makes purity and goodness a matter of principle to us.

Every one of our loyal workers feels in honor bound to prepare Heinz foods just as carefully as you prepare things in your own kitchen for your own children to eat.

H. J. Heinz Company



Not a few people have been curious about the brand "Allen A." They know Black Cat so well in hosiery, that they wonder why the name "Allen A" was added to it.

You agree with us, we believe, that in these times the manufacturer should stand squarely behind every piece of goods he makes.

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As a brand or trade mark, it doubly identifies the genuine Black Cat Hosiery.

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On every piece of Allen A Black Cat Hosiery, it says, in effect: "This is our personal pledge of Hosiery always full size, always full length, always the best of style, always money's worth beyond comparison."

Silk, Lisle, Wool, Cotton—for Men, Women and Children.

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For Children

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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 90)

a thing that, if I lost it, meant the loss of what I lived for. "What if it is hard?" I whispered. "What are hard things but things to work with? Isn't it better to make your hard things easy than to have nothing to work with in your life? Perhaps things have been too easy for me. Perhaps I ought to work."

His eyes got deeper. I put out my hand to steady myself, put it on his breast.

He let it stay there an instant, then very gravely he lifted it to his face. "I love you," he said.

II

IT IS a strange experience to have your whole world turning in a circle so full of joy that you can scarcely believe it, to find yourself so happy you couldn't hurt a living soul, and to want to fling this happiness all about you, and then to find yourself facing a cloud of misunderstanding and mistrust that threatens to turn all your happiness gray and to creep in and choke the breath you draw.

I did so much want father to feel it as I did. I wanted my lover to go to him with confidence in his friendship; I wanted—oh, I wanted to talk to him of all these lovely things I had not dreamed were in the world; I wanted it so! And I think if we had had only a day or two longer together I could have made father see.

I do not know if somebody else wrote Adele or if she divined something dangerous to her own supremacy in father's letters. But she came home unexpectedly the very hour that my doctor had appointed to ask my father if he might marry me in a little while. Ellen had come upstairs to tell me Doctor Gordon had come and that he was in father's study with him.

Ellen looked so queer, I asked her what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing at all, Miss Leila. But you've been so busy up here, maybe you don't know that Mrs. Laughlin has come."

"Mrs. Laughlin? Why I thought—"

"Yes'm. She's in the study too."

"Oh!" I was shockingly disappointed, out of all proportion to the simple fact of Adele's return. I knew instantly that I must hurry down to the study. And I had wanted father to have a nice long talk—

As I came in I heard Adele say: "But we do not even know your first name, Mr.—or are you a doctor?—Doctor Gordon." And the voice clouded the room with its mistrust.

HE LOOKED quite at ease, my nice young doctor. He must have been used to all kinds of queer people. He merely said "Of course." And he bent over the blotter on the desk before him and wrote, reading aloud as he wrote on the little prescription pad he carries: "MacNeal Gordon, son of Frances MacNeal and Alexander Gordon."

Adele spoke to father: "But, Franklin, he cannot possibly be serious in this matter. No medical student without a practice could be engaged to a girl like Leila. You haven't even started yet, Doctor Gordon, and you want— Well, of course, I don't believe you really want anything definite or serious."

"Mrs. Laughlin, I am asking permission to marry Mr. Laughlin's daughter. Of course I will wait as long as her father thinks I ought to, to make her comfortable in marriage. But perhaps I can persuade both of you that she will be happy with less than you now think she needs."

"Leila cannot keep her own room orderly, let alone a house," said Adele. "She can't boil an egg or make a cup of coffee."

They were looking so intently at each other that they did not see me come in. Neal now turned from father to Adele.

His voice was light, as if what Adele said was not to be taken seriously because she herself was not offering it seriously. "Cannot any intelligent girl, with a good cook book, learn to cook? We manage it out in the open with fires built among the rocks. It has never seemed to me it ought to be hard in a modern kitchen for a clever girl."

Apparently Adele was not won by this optimism. "Oh, a clever girl!" said Adele. "You must first find an intelligent girl, is it not so? And even cook books cost money."

Father interfered at once. "My wife only means, Doctor Gordon, that Leila is young yet and knows little about homemaking. If you need to take more time to provide for a wife, Leila needs to take more time to prepare herself to be a useful wife. A useless wife is a heavy burden for any man."

I came forward. Deep in my mind and heart was that other scene in this same study where father had seemed to have let go of me entirely that he might the better hold Adele. I wondered if it was so different now.

"Ah, Leila," said Adele, and her look at me was not changed after these years, "you have about proved what I said before I left about the folly of leaving you here. I only ran down for the week-end, and I'll take you back with me this time. So, Doctor Gordon, shall we not leave the settling of these little questions for another time? You see I have just arrived after quite an absence and there are so many things I want to talk to my husband about."

WHEN Neal had gone I went upstairs and sat in mother's big chair and tried to think what she would have liked me to do.

Late in the afternoon I went to see Anna. "Is it so hard, Anna," I asked, "to learn to run a house?"

She did not answer me for a moment. Then she said: "There's so much in the way one learns, Miss Leila. Some ways are easy and some hard. All that worries me about you is the way. It's harder than you think; for you—well, you'd have to learn so much in a lump. Learning it as you go along is easier."

"Why does everybody worry over a thing because it's hard to do? It must be far more interesting if it is hard."

Anna was pretty thin and white, but she got a little color in her face as she said shyly: "Miss Leila, when you work as I do, in somebody else's home, watchful of all the little things, you get so you know a good many more things about the people you are working for than they imagine you know. Miss Leila, do you care for him—much?"

"Care for him! Why, caring is just the beginning, isn't it, Anna? Anna, did you ever—love a man?"

She got white again, and a look came into her face that I had not seen before in any face except father's after mother died. It was a look of hunger. "Yes," said Anna, and was still for a long time. Then she added: "He married—after a while." She looked at me again with that bright, hungry look. "Miss Leila, if you really love him, and he is right, as a man, then don't let the little things get in the way. To miss love—real love with the right man—because he hasn't much money or because you can't keep a room orderly or cook a dinner is—oh, Miss Leila, it is a dreadful thing to do."

NEAL came in then. "Leila, when does Mrs. Laughlin go back to Lake Placid?"

"She says as soon as she can get me ready to go with her, Neal."

"As long a stay here as that?" Neal's gray eyes were whimsical. "I want to keep Anna here until after she goes, but I hadn't counted on its being that long. I thought Anna might go home with you in a few days."

"Maybe it will get hot; then not even her interest in me will keep Adele here."

But it stayed cool and all I could say was "Adele, I don't see how I can leave now." I couldn't quarrel with her.

She came into my room next day. "What a mess," she said, looking about. "You've no more sense of order than your father."

"He runs a pretty orderly business."

"That's system, not order."

"Maybe I have that."



(Continued on Page 95)



"One afternoon I told the secret of my transformation to some friends who had dropped in. Within three weeks one of them removed twenty pounds the same way, and another has made an enthusiastic start," says Mrs. Horchler, who is seen standing in the above photograph

PLAYING OFF POUNDS

THE AMAZING STORY OF A WOMAN WHO GOT THIN TO MUSIC

If—

—you had for years been bulky of body and heavy of heart.

—weighing 234 pounds and compelled to play spectator to life's activities and pleasures.

—then, in four months were reduced to 164 pounds with a good figure and energies equal to the most strenuous day—

IF that happened to you, would you feel you should tell the world what caused it? Grace Horchler did and this is her story.

I HOPE readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will overlook my lack of literary ability in view of the important facts my stout sisters will find in what I say. If anyone had said four short months ago I would look and feel as I do today, I would have called it a wild dream of the imagination. Because I was terribly stout. I wasn't "obese" or "fleshy"—I was uncompromisingly, humorously fat. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, and I weighed 234 pounds.

THE snapshot is a fair idea of how I used to be. There is no diet I didn't try. I lived on milk a whole month—and gained eleven pounds. I tried walking enormous distances, until my feet called a halt. Still I remained heavy; it was really a task just to get around. Then—

I READ an account of Wallace's course. The novelty of it appealed to me, for he used phonograph records. But it was probably the fact he did not make people starve that decided me to try his way. My husband jokingly called his records "reducing wafers" and we had a lot of fun the first week. I must have been a sight doing as the voice commanded, but the music gave it all such a thrill—I felt as if I was in a play, and must do my part as directed. At the end of a week we stopped laughing, for I had lost nine pounds! The second week I lost eight pounds more. From then on it was slower. But I steadily lost, week after week. The day a

scales told me I had removed fifty whole pounds, I danced for joy—and by that time I could dance! Finally, after four months, I was down to 164 lbs.

ONE afternoon, I told the secret of my transformation to some friends who dropped in for tea. Within three weeks, one of them (she is Mrs. Wossner, at the left in the group picture) removed twenty pounds the same way, and another has made an enthusiastic start. I have told my friends all this many times. Why should I hesitate to tell it where perhaps thousands of

women burdened with flesh will benefit? Credit for my new figure and new lease on life is due Wallace, whose reducing records have done so much for my appearance, physical condition and altogether new interest in living.

MRS. HORCHLER resides in Chicago, at 4625 Indiana Avenue, but the great change which her two small pictures show was accomplished solely by mail. The Wallace course on phonograph records—set to music—has succeeded in a hundred similar instances; while loss of fifteen, twenty, or thirty pounds is mere play; innumerable women have reported reductions of these amounts. Wallace methods are sure, because founded on the discovery that food does not cause fat. His system lets you eat, but causes all of what you do eat to be used for blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left for making fat.*

YOU may test this remarkable method of reducing without paying a penny. You don't have to send any money, nor promise to take his course. He will send postpaid, plainly wrapped, a full-sized regular reducing record and instructions. All he asks is for you to try it for five days. It will then be very easy to decide whether you wish to receive the remaining lessons in this fascinating course which really reduces people to normal weight. Use the convenient coupon below.


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Yes—all this and more: it is because prunes are a *natural corrective*—a healthful laxative made in Nature's own pharmacy. The oftener you use them the better your household-health will be. Our new Sunsweet Recipe Packet shows you how and why—and it's free. California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., 390 Market Street, San Jose, California.

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prunes

This way:

PRUNES STEWED OR BAKED—Wash and cover Sunsweet Prunes with warm water; soak over night. To stew, heat slowly in same water keeping under boiling point. Cook until tender. Slow cooking develops flavor and the natural fruit sugars so that little if any sugar is needed. A fireless cooker is excellent for cooking prunes. To bake, pour soaked prunes and water in which they were soaked in an earthen bean pot. Bake in a slow oven until tender. Serve baked with custard sauce or whipped cream.

—or this way:

PRUNE JUICE—Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water; soak over night. Heat slowly (in water in which they were soaked) to simmering point; cook until fruit is tender and somewhat broken. Keep under boiling point during entire cooking period; no sugar required. When cooked, pour off juice, strain through a fine sieve. The prunes remaining can be pitted and used for prune desserts requiring prune pulp, such as prune whip, prune custard, prune soufflé pie, steamed prune pudding, etc.

—or this way:

MASHED STEWED PRUNES [with or without cereal] Cover Sunsweet Prunes with warm water; soak over night. Heat slowly in same water, keeping under boiling point. Cook until tender. No sugar required. Cool, drain, pit and rub through a coarse sieve. Allow 1 tablespoon of mashed prunes to each bowl of cereal. With buttered graham toast, milk or chocolate, it makes a wholesome, well-balanced breakfast for children. Or serve plain, with cream, top milk or custard sauce. Makes a novel sandwich-filler, too!

Send for the complete Sunsweet Recipe Packet—it's free! California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc., 390 Market Street, San Jose, California—11,000 grower-members

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 92)

"Nonsense! Your clothes are a mess. You have to be dressed properly at Lake Placid. You'll have to get more money from your father."

"I don't believe he'll give me more for a while. He gave me two hundred dollars two weeks ago and a hundred last week."

"You certainly didn't spend it on these rags. What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I spent it."

"You spent it," she repeated. "I asked you on what." When I did not answer she went straight to the drawer of my desk where I keep my check book, so straight that it looked as if she had done it before, and ran over the stubs of my check book. "Two hundred dollars to MacNeal Gordon. Forty-eight dollars to MacNeal G. Fifty dollars to MacNeal G.; no date. Who is MacNeal Gordon?"

I tried not to be angry. "Adele, help yourself to my private affairs, but don't expect me to help you. Maybe you'll find a diary there."

I left her at my desk and went straight to the hospital. It wasn't difficult to make Neal understand about Adele. All that he said was: "I'll telephone your father about the checks. He'll understand."

BUT Neal hadn't reckoned with Adele. She had already telephoned father, and he would not speak to Neal over the telephone.

You wouldn't have known father when he came home to dinner. "Leila," he said, and his voice sounded as if he meant to hurt, "have you been giving money to that young medical student?" He looked across the dinner table at Adele, and he said in a tone I had never heard him use to her before: "I told you you ought not to leave her here alone."

"I left her with you, Franklin. She was no more alone than when I married you."

Ordinarily I never had the courage to interfere between father and Adele. But this was different. "What can be in your minds about that money," I asked. "Do you think a man like MacNeal Gordon would take money from a woman for himself?"

"What do you know about him?" asked Adele.

"Father knows more about him than about any of the men I saw all winter."

"Well, what did you do with the money, Leila?" said father.

"I sent three sick children to the seashore with some of it, and the rest is keeping two crippled soldiers from starving until the Government can look after them."

"That's a likely story," said Adele.

I said hotly: "Father, you gave me this money, didn't you? It was mine, not Adele's or yours?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, if I spent it this way, why do you mind?"

"Especially," said Adele, "when you haven't a rag to wear and your father will have to give you more money to fit you to go away with me. That's what comes of hanging around hospitals. What's the use of talking to her, Franklin? You'd better talk to the young man. Perhaps you can recover some of the money."

"Father," I cried, "you don't seem like my father these days. I am going to marry Doctor Gordon."

THERE was a brief silence. Then Adele said: "How can you marry him? He has no money."

"He can earn a living."

Adele laughed. "For you? Your quarterly allowance is more than he could make in a year with good luck and hard work."

I saw father look at Adele with a worried look. She saw it too. She smiled across the table at him, and her voice was quite soft as she said: "Oh, what's the use of prolonging this? You get the three hundred back, Franklin, and I'll take Leila to Lake Placid to-morrow. She can go without new clothes."

"I'm afraid I can't move so quickly, Adele," I answered, and I left them to finish their dinner.

As I closed the door I heard father tell Adele that Neal had a little money saved; he had said so—enough to furnish a house for us and to get started. And Adele answered that in that case he could recover the three hundred dollars and that, if he didn't care to attend to it, she'd have their lawyer do it.

Adele never lets anything go. It was when I found that she really had spoken to father's lawyer that I told father that was the end.

Adele and father had some kind of a quarrel, and she went down to the Long Island house for the Horse Show. And that afternoon Neal brought Anna home, and I promised to marry him in three days. Ellen and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy pressed my clothes and mended them.

"TAKE everything, Miss Leila," said Ellen; "all your old shoes and hats. They'll look new where you're going. There's girls who'd give their eyes for clothes like these. Take your furs and your winter clothes, Miss Leila. What do you care how many trunks it takes? The attic is full of trunks. Sure you can send them by freight. Just get them out of the house now, that's a lamb."

"I say, Ellen," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "she'd ought to have some linens; no bride from the Laughlin family ought to go away without linens. Have ye not the key to the guest-linen closet?"

"I'll run to the top floor and ask Anna." For Anna was not allowed to take the stairs. "Anna says," said Ellen later, "that the guest-room linen cupboard is full of linens that belonged to Miss Leila's own mother, and down at the bottom of the cupboard is Miss Leila's white lace coming-out gown and her mother's wedding veil."

"Miss Leila, dear," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "you go out with your young man, and we'll pack your linen trunk and your own blankets and eiderdowns. There'll be no talk about it at all. Herself won't know they've gone. And, Miss Leila, dear, you'll be married in a veil, won't you—in your mother's veil? Sure, she'd like it that way, and it's your only chance of being married in white. It's the lonely house it will be without you, Miss Leila."

"Miss Leila," said Ellen, "let me and Anna call up some of your friends. What's the use of going to church alone? There's enough of them near that, if we telephone them to-day, could get here. Anna knows who they are."

IT WAS the gayest little wedding. Anna asked thirty people for a wedding breakfast after my noon wedding in our own church. Lots more than that were at the church; all Neal's hospital friends, the nurses and the other doctors and internes. They said the whole hospital was celebrating.

Anna ordered the wedding breakfast from the caterer we always used. She even thought of flowers for the church and the house. And our party wasn't at all like the stupid ones where I've been bridesmaid so often, where the bride looked white and the bridegroom half asleep from his bachelor dinner of the night before. I wasn't white. I dressed in mother's room and talked to her just as if she was there, after Anna had pinned on my veil and left me there alone. I told her that I was gorgeously happy, and that I was sure she would like Neal, and that I would expect her to come to my wedding.

When I opened the door I heard Anna telephoning father that I had never looked more like my mother than I did in her wedding veil, and I suppose that was the reason father came to the wedding at the church, though he didn't come to the house. Anna was glad he didn't. She wanted nothing but

(Continued on Page 96)



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SPINACH WITH ROAST LAMB—Roast a crown of lamb and when done remove to a hot platter. Garnish with strips of pineapple and heap the center with hot well-seasoned DEL MONTE spinach to which one tablespoon of lemon juice and a little nutmeg have been added. Arrange brown potatoes around the roast and garnish ends of platter with lettuce or parsley.

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Address Department A
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California



The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 95)

gay young people, and she certainly had them. I cut the cake with the sword Gordon City had given Neal when he went to the war. He didn't use the sword, of course, but they gave him one, and his best man unearthed it from his army trunk.

We got away just in time. It was three o'clock when I threw my bouquet over the banister and ran up to change my clothes. And it was four when Adele came home. She slipped on the rice going up the steps. Anna wrote me.

III

I SUPPOSE there is scarcely a girl who hasn't begun to plan a wedding trip when she first began to think of the bridegroom. I had a perfectly charming two weeks; and so near New York you couldn't have believed it would seem as different to me as if I had gone abroad. Neal planned it overnight. He had to be near New York to bring to a conclusion all the details of his hospital work that his hurried marriage had interrupted.

So, of all places in the world, we went to West Point, and down over the pages of my honeymoon whirled the girls dancing with cadets whose pictures in a school catalogue had first tempted me to leave father alone and go away to school.

"Leila," said Neal one night, "I've saved only a thousand dollars. I count on its getting us to Gordon City and starting us. It's a pretty small margin for a beginner, and I don't know whether I ought to spend five hundred on Mason's car or not. I think you and I can drive to Michigan in it and save a hundred that way, even counting in gasoline and tires; but if I didn't buy it, you might have a girl to do the cooking."

I had a funny feeling in my brain. "Neal," I said, "I never cooked a thing in my life. I even let the other girls cook the fudge at school. But if I'm to learn myself to cook, why do I need a cook?"

"I think maybe I'll need her more than you," Neal grinned.

The result of his hesitation about the car was that Captain Mason, who honestly wanted to sell it because he was ordered to the Philippines, took another hundred off the price; and Neal bought it, and we drove to Gordon City for only fifty dollars.

We reached Gordon City late at night and went to the funniest little hotel, with long verandas overlooking the street and corridors of unused rooms full of old-fashioned walnut beds and bureaus. The clerk knew Neal and the men in the office knew him, and in about five minutes we were one big sensation. Next morning we were in the papers, and our telephone rang every half hour.

"THEY were wonderful when we came home from the war," Neal said. "They could not do enough for us."

"Will they employ you, Neal, when they get sick?"

"I don't know, dear. I'm just a boy to many of them; and there are some good doctors here, men who go all over the country on every kind of case, sometimes driving miles to operate with no conveniences and no help, driving through rain and snow and staying up all night. A doctor's practice in a place like this is quite different from his work in a big city. My father and grandfather were doctors here."

"Will your father's patients engage his son?"

"My father died many years ago, dear, in a diphtheria epidemic, before we had antitoxin, and my mother died two days after him. But the place is full of their friends, who will want to be nice to us. Don't fear. You have come home."

Indeed, it was so full of friends, young friends of Neal and older ones of his father and mother, that it was days before we had time to look for a house. Our callers rocked with us on the veranda or sat in the hotel drawing-room, with its flowered carpet and its long mirrors, and they gave us little afternoon teas and larger evening parties. The first tea was at the Country Club, high up on a hill, with the golf links, like Rome, spread out over seven hills. Mrs. McIntyre gave it "to meet the new bride." She was a friend of Neal's mother.

Her daughter Sally grabbed Neal by the shoulders and shook him with: "Why, you darling old thing you! What do you mean by coming home with a bride this way and plunging into despair thirty girls who have been waiting for you for years?"

Neal's manner with my girl friends had been perfection. With the nurses at the hospital it had been pleasant and companionable. But he was quite different with Sally McIntyre. His voice got as merry as his eyes. It wasn't the look he gave me, but it was an arresting look. "Sally," he said, "it was always a grief to me that you weren't one of that thirty."

"You conceited old thing! You know the reason you're so fond of me is that I'm not one of them. You never did like a sure thing. All the same I thought you were going abroad to study. We all thought so. And all you do is to get married."

We looked and looked for a house. There were hardly any for rent, and the few there were cost too much. Gordon City is on Traverse Bay, and there are a lot of summer places just out of town on the great stretch of beach ribbed with rocky peninsulas that extends several miles beyond the city, lovely places set in groves of evergreens, with the lake almost at their doors. The city is a little one, with level streets shaded by old trees with long lawns stretching to pleasant porches; and among them all not a place for us.

THE days stretched into weeks, while our hotel bill mounted and Neal ran the risk of losing the chance to use his social popularity, because he had no settled place of residence, not even an office. He wanted his office in his house. He said it was the thing to do in a small city.

One morning, almost two weeks after Mrs. McIntyre's tea, Neal and I were breakfasting. Our trunks had not come yet, and I was looking downright mussy. I was wondering what I could do about it, when in came Sally in the loveliest fresh organdie frock, with a pink hat that made her gold hair glow like a morning cloud.

I saw Neal's eyes lighten. "Hello, Pink-Rose," he said; "why so breathless?"



"Oh, Mac, a boy has just been dragged out of the water at the Symmes place, and they can't get a doctor. I drove for you, while one of the men went to the fire department for a pulmotor. No, you can't wait for your car. Hurry up."

Neal didn't wait for anything. They drove off like mad. I did the waiting. I waited all morning, and it wasn't until it looked as if I might have to wait the rest of the day that it occurred to me to ask where the Symmes place was.

"It's on the shore, Mrs. Gordon, just on the edge of the town on the road that goes to the Country Club, a big white frame house with pillars," said the clerk at the desk. "But it's all boarded up. Mr. Symmes hasn't used it since his wife died. He lives over here in town near his factory with Tommy. Tommy's his boy."

At the edge of the town I took a path along the sandy road. The house was easy to find. Sally's car was in the drive and the front door open. I strolled in. There wasn't a sound. The sun was shining on Lake Michigan with a noonday glare, and so it was a moment before I could see after I had stepped inside the dim hall.

In that moment I heard Sally's voice upstairs. "Oh, Mac, it's the very thing for you, a house like this. It's dignified and not too far out for your city patients and just far enough for your country ones. Everybody you know goes by here on their way to the club. Even the Yacht Club is near."

"Sally, you goose, my practice isn't going to begin among these country estates, but among the workmen at the factory end of the town."

"WHO put that notion in your head? Somebody who knew nothing about a small town. You know better than that yourself. You know you've got to make your start right where you want to stay, among your own kind."

I heard Neal laugh. "That wouldn't be a start, Pink-Rose—staying right where I started."

"Oh, don't be so Irish; I'm serious about this. If you take a house like this everybody in town will stop in for tea as they come back from the links."

He laughed again. "Since when has Gordon City taken to tea? It used to be a six-o'clock supper town, with dinner in the middle of the day."

"We are changing since the lack of cooks makes it unnecessary for us to hurry our dinners on their account. Think how you can entertain here, Mac."

"Why, you little organizer, don't you know Leila and I are poor? We can't afford to give the town tea even to build a practice."

"Poor! Why, the New York papers I sent for speak of Leila Laughlin as one of the wealthy marriageable girls. Her father could buy you this house."

"Well, he won't. No father shall buy me my house, and I do assure you, Leila is not a marriageable girl, wealthy or otherwise."

"Oh, Mac, you are just the same! I never could do anything with you."

"You never tried."

"You never gave me a chance. All the same, your success is of importance to me. Here's a house offered to you free of charge for a year by an old friend of your father's who wants it kept open; a man whose son's life you have just saved."

"This would be a good deal to ask Leila to take on as a first attempt."

"Oh, pshaw, what's the matter with your Leila, if she couldn't run a place like this with only two people in it?"

They were coming down the stairs as she said this, and I saw Neal turn sharply to look at Sally.

"How impatient you are with other people's differences, Sally. You've run a house for five years; but it's new to Leila."

I SUPPOSE I was in the shadow and I know I was angry, all the more angry because I had no reason for it, and I didn't want to say anything. So I just stood still, looking at them. And Sally turned her head a moment, caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure, and let out the worst scream I ever heard. Running a house may be new to me, but I don't have hysterics in an emergency. Sally grabbed at Neal and fell back against him.

"Steady, Sally," he said in the voice he uses for his patients. Then he looked over her head at me. "Leila!" he said. "Why didn't you call out to us?"

"I didn't want to interrupt your discussion."

They had reached the foot of the stairs, and Sally, who was no fool, had recovered. "Heavens, Mrs. Gordon, you gave me a start. I thought the house was haunted. You've no idea what an exciting morning we've had. Your bridegroom has been advertised all over the city. There were hundreds here before we finished."

"We!" was all I could find to say.

(Continued on Page 99)



If you will follow these simple directions you will not have "too much light". On the contrary, you will have, at low cost, a light that is agreeable in color, brightness and evenness, and that will very definitely make your work *faster* and *easier*! More complete directions, if desired, will be mailed on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 313 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



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What best authorities say about homemade bread



Home baking does pay! When you are cooking it is but little extra trouble to bake your own bread.

By baking bread at home housewives should be able to reduce expenditures for food.—*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Homemade bread has a flavor and nourishment all its own.—*Good House-keeping.*

If your children do not possess a very keen appetite for baker's bread try homemade bread and note the sudden increase in the youngsters' bread consumption.—*Dr. Philip B. Hawk.*



Every ten-year-old girl should learn how to make good bread. It should be the starting point in her home cookery training.



An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People do not eat Yeast Foam. They need it, however, they create it—help you to eat better. Thousands are benefiting from the energy making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamins.

Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health"

Did you ever notice the expression of eager delight when homemade bread is served?

12,000,000 families bake all or part of their bread

Because no bread equals the flavor of the home loaf

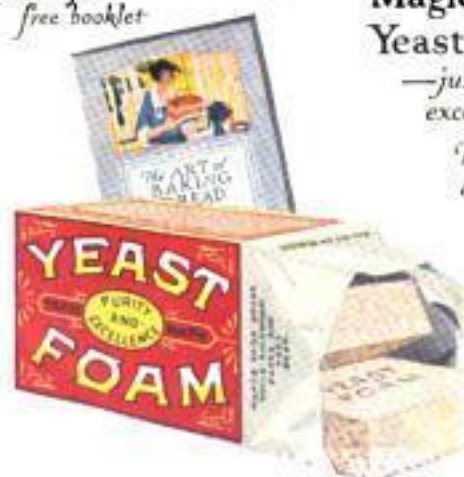
What is the secret of the rich nutty flavor that the home loaf alone possesses? First, it is made from only the best flour and yeast, plenty of rich shortening, and often milk—every woman knows that better ingredients make better bread. Next, like the homemade cake, the homemade, home-kneaded dough seems to yield its exquisite flavor generously to the home loaf.

Northwestern Yeast Co., 1751 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago



"Aw, gimme some homemade bread!"

Send for free booklet



Magic Yeast Yeast Foam

—just the same except in name

Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10¢

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 96)

She laughed, her excitement still holding her. "Well, I was head nurse. It was little Tommy Symmes, and he's all his father has left. While we thought Tommy was dying his father needed help, too, and all the neighbors kept up a moaning chorus. You never heard anything so dreadful; and Mac kept right on. He wouldn't give up working long after even Mr. Symmes thought it was hopeless. Somebody opened the house and we got blankets, and Mac pulled him through. He's with his father now, alive and kicking. You never saw such an ovation as Mac got."

"I am so glad, Neal," I said simply.

"Listen to her!" Sally's excitement kept her talking. "Her husband is the hero of the hour, and all she can find to say is that she is 'so glad.' Mr. Symmes came back, Mrs. Gordon, after he had Tommy in bed at his other house, to thank Mac. And he said he heard Mac was hunting for a house and wouldn't this one do? It was going to pieces being shut up so close to the water. It's all furnished, Mrs. Gordon. Mac couldn't see it at all. I have tried to get him to like it. I kept wishing you were here."

"Here I am," I said.

"Do you like the place, Mrs. Gordon?"

"The outside is most pleasant. I haven't seen the inside."

"Oh, you must look. Mac won't need me now. I'll leave you both to look around."

"I'll put you in your car, Sally. You have been a great help to me." Presently he came back and stood looking at me silently.

"Well," I said, "shall we go?"

"Don't you want to see the house? It is a solution."

"I thought you and Sally had decided the matter."

HE SMILED down on me softly. "Dear," he said, "if I hadn't taken myself out on the porch in perfect misery one night at West Point, when every man in the place wanted to dance with you and did it, I wouldn't know what was the matter with you now; and I wouldn't know its cure." He took me in his arms.

He opened some of the shutters, and I went with him, holding the corner of his coat. It was a pleasant place. There was a funny formal reception room on one side of the center hall; and a library on the other side opening with French windows on a terrace, with the lake shining beyond the road and a shield of spruce trees between. Upstairs there were four bedrooms and two baths.

"Is it really too far out for you, Neal?"

"No; but it is a large proposition for you."

It didn't seem like a very large house to me. It would have gone into a corner of father's Long Island house.

"We needn't use what we don't want of it. Will Mr. Symmes really lend it to you?"

"He will. But I told him I'd rather pay rent, and he asked me to send him a bill for the morning's service to Tommy that would amount to a year's rent. It has everything except the linen and silver."

"I have linen," I said. "And we can buy plated silver with the money you will save, having a garage of your own."

IV

I DON'T know what I did to Sally McIntyre the day I frightened her. I thought I was just natural, but maybe you can be that with some people and get away with it. The day we moved in Mr. Symmes' house Neal and I went to the country club for dinner. We hadn't any food in the house, and I was almost dead getting the place ready to sleep in. All the McIntyres were at the club, and they asked us to dine at their table. You could tell by Sally's voice that something was the matter with her.

"So you took the big house," she said.

"Why, it doesn't seem so big! I'm afraid I hate being cramped."

She gave me a queer look. I believe she would have liked it better if I had refused to undertake the house.

"You'll think it larger when you have to mop all the floors," said Sally.

"Maybe I'll get to be a champion mopper," I answered.

"Maybe she'll get someone to mop for her, Sarah," said Sally's father. He was a canny Scotchman and they called him judge.

"She'll have to take her away from Mr. Symmes' factory then. He gets all the girls. Can you cook, Mrs. Gordon?"

I saw Neal give me a quick look. I don't think he wanted me to give away my uselessness. "I can cook for Neal," I said.

"Surely, MacNeal," said Mrs. McIntyre, "you can get a cook."

"Give me time, dear lady. I only got a wife a couple of months ago, and I only got a house to-day. I may need a longer time to get a cook."

"He has to get patients, too," grinned Judge McIntyre.

"He has already begun," said Sally. "One held him up at the station to-day when he was seeing about his trunks. Mac took her in the waiting room and then went to the drug store across the street for medicine, all before the Wequetonsing train came in." "Where did you see so much, Sally?" asked her mother. And I was glad she asked it, because it was all news to me.

"Oh, I was hanging around. I had taken the patient to the train. It was Susy Landis, and she was going to meet Stephen and go on up to Wequet for a week-end party. Susy always gets train-sick, and Stephen hates that kind of thing. I told her this was her chance. I guess Mac fixed her up. Stephen is Susy's brother, Mrs. Gordon, and he lives at Grand Rapids, not here."

IF HE'D fixed up Stephen instead of Susy," said the judge, "we'd all pay his bill. Don't forget to send Mrs. Landis a bill, MacNeal."

"I don't see how I could charge for that, judge," said Neal.

The Scotch in the judge protested. "If you do this with every girl who wants to talk to you in this town, they'll all be coming with some ailment or other."

Sally went off into a gale of laughter over Neal's flush.

"Just wait, Mrs. Gordon, until your telephone is put in!"

"Charge them, MacNeal," boomed the judge. "If they call you up, charge them for an office visit."

"How about me, father? Will you pay the bill if I talk to Mac by phone?"

"I will not. You're a well woman."

"And that's the way, judge," said Neal, "all the other fathers would feel."

"Do you mean," said the judge, "that a doctor has to stand that kind of thing and get no pay for it?"

"Isn't that the advertising side of his business?" I offered. It was one of the things I had heard father talk about. He charged the week-ends at Washington to the advertising side of his business.

THE judge looked at me with interest. "Well, if MacNeal is the whole works, he oughtn't to have to attend to the advertising."

"Sometimes my friends help," said Neal. "Look at Sally! She came after me when Tommy Symmes was fished out of the lake, and was the architect of my fortune."

"Of your house, anyhow," laughed Sally with a touch of triumph.

I'm ashamed to tell you how it irritated me. As we went back home I said to Neal: "You didn't tell me about Susy Landis and Sally this morning."

"I forgot all about it, dear. Sue Landis has a leaking heart valve: it helps make her train-sick."

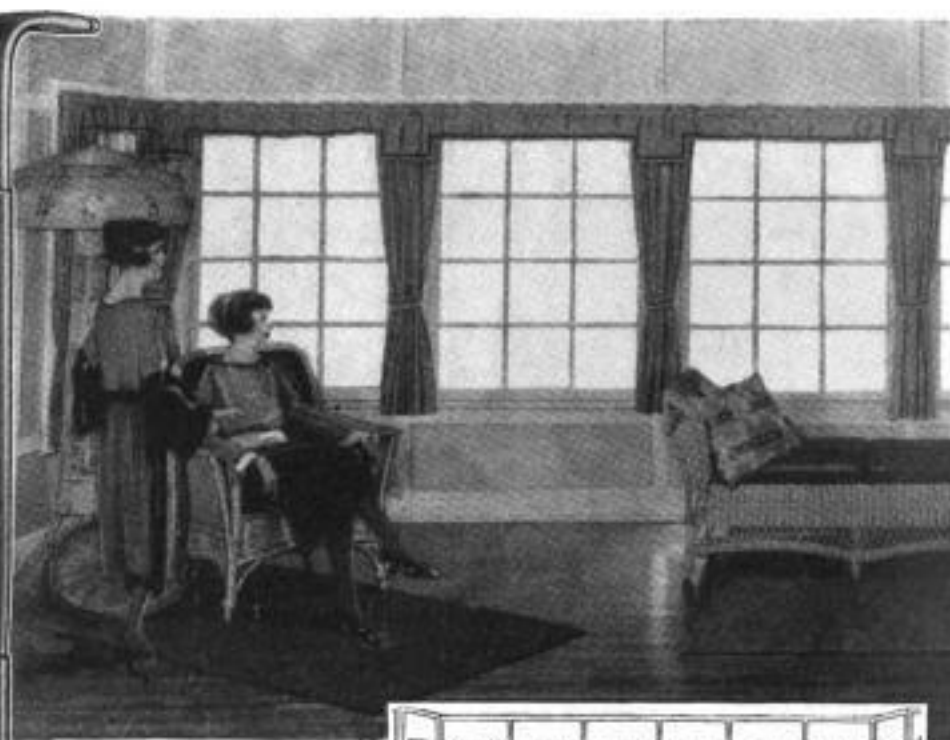
"Did you tell her?"

"Certainly not. She's not the kind you could tell such a thing to."

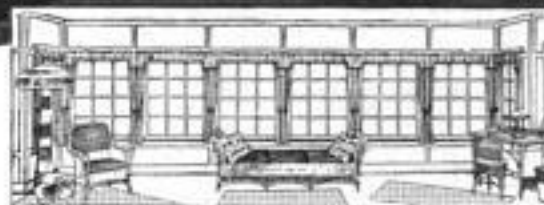
"Why don't you tell her mother?"

"You don't know her mother. They have employed Doctor Garland for years. I'd have to tell her socially and not professionally, if I did tell her."

(Continued on Page 100)



"Yes, the one rod extends the entire width of the window. Isn't the effect wonderful?"



Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

Simplify the draping of elaborate windows

Dignify the most simple window

The Kirsch FLAT construction makes Kirsch Curtain Rods artistic and graceful, yet strong and durable. They bring out every charm of your curtains and drapes, holding them smoothly and neatly, with headings erect. The curving ends permit draping to casings, shutting out side glare.

Flat in shape—no sag, rust, tarnish

The beautiful finish—in white or velvet brass—stays like new for years. Kirsch Flat Rods come single, double, or triple; fit any window, give any effect. Extension style or cut-to-fit. Sold by better dealers everywhere.



Why Don't You Let Us Send This Book?

WRITE NOW—it devotes a few pages to Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods and other Kirsch Products, but mostly it's a book of pictures of window drapings for every room, with detailed suggestions as to materials, color schemes, etc. Free for the asking.

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110 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
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The patented Kirsch bracket is simple and strong. Rod easily attached by tilting. Can't come off accidentally.



Illustrated above are bracket and end of the double rod for curtain and valance—for curtains and side drapes, or for side drapes and valance.



Above illustrates bracket and end of triple rod for curtains, side drapes and valance.

Remember to ask for Kirsch The Original Flat Curtain Rod



ONE TASTE of your home-made cake—or cookies, erul-ers, quick breads—made the Rumford-way, will convince you and every member of your family how satisfactory in every way is home-made food.

Even the children know the difference in goodness—the difference in health soon shows in rosier cheeks and brighter eyes, speaking volumes!

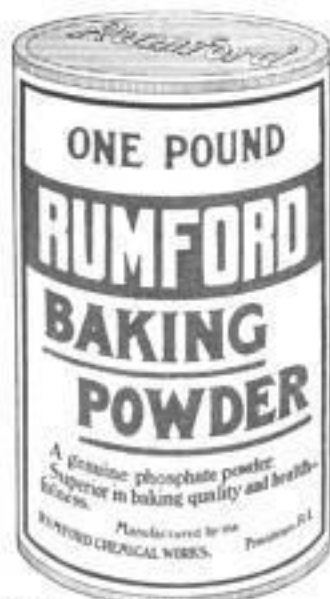
Which shall it be for your family?

There is good reason why home-made food is more delicious and wholesome.

Your materials are fresh and pure—leavened with Rumford, the good things you bake are always light, moist, even-textured, easy to digest and made more wholesome with Rumford phosphates.

Try a RUMFORD LAYER CAKE:—½ cup butter; 1½ cups sugar; 3 eggs; 2 cups flour; 2 level teaspoons Rumford Baking Powder; ¾ cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar. Add well beaten egg yolks. Add flour in which baking powder has been sifted. Add milk. Stir until smooth. Flavor and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 layers in quick oven and put together with boiled frosting. Sliced cherries and marshmallows may be added to frosting between layers. Many other helpful suggestions are contained in our new book, "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—sent free.

RUMFORD COMPANY
Dept. 22
Providence, R. I.



The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 99)

"More advertising? If it's social, Neal, why don't you turn it over to me? Let me attend to the social advertising of your business."

He was unlocking our front door. He turned and patted my face. "A doctor isn't supposed to talk to his wife about his patients."

"This isn't a patient, but a girl who held you up for free advice in a railroad station. Why not divide things this way: Turn this kind over to me—the people who talk just to be talking—and keep the patients to yourself? I'll bet I could tell your Mrs. Landis about Susy. The worst she could say would be that I was an intruder."

He stared at me with quite a new look. "All right, you can try it."

It's a funny thing, but I wanted an immediate place in Neal's work. I thought it was Sally at the time, until I found out that it was not wanting him to have such a big part of his life that did not include me.

The things I had to do next day! It sounds silly, but I didn't know one thing about a gas stove. I didn't even know the gas wasn't turned on in the house until I had burned up a half box of matches and turned every bolt in the stove. The electricity was turned on. I couldn't help knowing that. So I turned the electric iron upside down and made tea and boiled eggs for breakfast. Then I worked like a dog, cleaning.

THE man who brought our trunks wouldn't take them upstairs. So there they were in the downstairs hall, and of course they got mused up in no time. If you haven't the time to unpack your trunks and yet have to have things out of them, what else can you do? There were piles of linen on chairs and my hats on top of my wardrobe trunk; and my shoes, where I'd taken them from the shoe division, were on the stairs.

"Leila, we must do something about this," said Neal. He had been out, seeing about a sign, when the trunks came. "Somebody may come in."

"You mean patients?"

I saw his face flush a little. "No, I mean callers. There are a lot of people who will think they must come at once now that we are in a house."

"Why, they've all called by this time, while we were in the hotel."

"Not on your life! There's a bunch of them yet."

I laughed. "You didn't tell me about this social prominence when we were in New York. What do you want me to do with these things, Belle of Gordon City?"

"I'll carry the trays upstairs and you bring up the things piled on the chairs, and we'll close up the trunks until we can unpack them."

It certainly did look better in the downstairs hall when we had done this, but it didn't look any better in the upstairs hall, and of course that was where Sally McIntyre had to go when she came in about five o'clock, with Mrs. Landis and Susy. Sally had left her driving gloves somewhere about the house and asked if she might look for them upstairs. When she started upstairs I thought it would be a good time to talk to Mrs. Landis about Susy, so I told her to look on the hall bench under the linen and Susy went along to help her. I knew that would take them both some time.

"Was Susy all right after her week-end at Weque?" I asked her mother.

"OH, YES, why not?" Mrs. Landis was what Adele would call "a large, fine-looking woman." She had prominent eyes and a way of holding back her head that would have fitted a lorgnette perfectly.

"Why, Neal hoped she wouldn't swim or dance much."

"She didn't because she was too tired; but how did Doctor Gordon know?"

"Why, he said it was her heart, Mrs. Landis, that made her train-sick."

Mrs. Landis leaned forward, her prominent eyes snapping. "Her heart!" By the

tone of her voice you would have thought I had just told a whopping big lie.

I took a long breath and remembered that I was a doctor's wife, attending to the advertising end of his business. "Maybe I've said more than I should, Mrs. Landis. You know doctors won't tell their wives a thing about their patients. You see Susy is not a regular patient of Neal's. She just got a prescription from him because he is a friend of hers. I get train-sick myself. So I asked Neal what he gave her. But he said it wouldn't do for me, as my heart was all right."

MRS. LANDIS thought this over. "I'm quite sure Doctor Garland knows nothing about it. Is your husband here now?"

"No, he isn't, Mrs. Landis. Would you like him to make you a professional visit?"

She hesitated a moment over the form of the request.

I don't think it was what she wanted, but just then she heard Susy coming down the stairs.

"Yes, I suppose I had better see him, Mrs. Gordon."

Something gave me the sense to get a pencil and put down the engagement. "This afternoon

at five-thirty, Mrs. Landis? Neal is at the candy factory now."

"Yes; we'll be home by then. I don't want Susy frightened. I'd rather have your husband stop in as if it were a friendly call, though, of course, I will regard it as professional. Is Mr. Symmes going to have Doctor Gordon look after his factory men?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Landis. He tells me so very little."

The two girls came in then. Sally was laughing. "You ought to see that hall. You'd think an earthquake had struck it. Mrs. Symmes herself couldn't have left it as bad."

"Mrs. Symmes?" I asked politely.

"Mrs. Symmes didn't like housekeeping," Sally explained. "Did you find the ice chest with year-old food in it?"

"I haven't seen the ice chest yet. I don't know where it is."

"Well, what have you eaten," asked Mrs. Landis—"not to need an ice chest?"

"We got breakfast on the electric iron Anna packed in my trunk the last thing. It was the first to fall out of the trunk."

"Anna?"

"Anna was my maid."

"Oh—your maid; your housemaid?"

"No, just my maid. I shared her with Adele, my stepmother; but she was such a good maid she managed to look after both of us."

The girls exchanged a look. "You'll miss her by the looks of the hall."

SALLY had a musical laugh, and I began to see that she got away with a good deal, putting words to that music. But I didn't see what it was in Sally's life that those trunks had just come that morning and that my hands were already blistered and my back aching from what I had done, and that I didn't intend to unpack them until I was rested.

"Are you coming to the club again for dinner?" asked Sally.

I knew exactly what she meant, and I wouldn't have gone there for anything. "No, if the gas gets turned on, I'm getting dinner here myself."

I was so dead tired when they had gone I could hardly stand up, but the telephone had been put in that day and my first call on it was to Mr. Symmes' private office, to see if I could catch Neal. I certainly liked that man. He had the nicest voice; you would have told him anything. I did.

"Mr. Symmes, it's Neal's first professional call. Won't you try to get him?"

"Yes, I will, Mrs. Gordon. Shall I send him home, or will you leave the call?"

"Oh, send him home, please. I want to tell him about it."

"Fine! I hope you'll have so many to tell him it will soon be no novelty."

(Continued on Page 101)

The Remarkable Story of "Eva Dean"



NOTE—This is a story of "Eva Dean." In its brief way it presents the story of hundreds of other women who, in the fascinating way described, have been able to provide themselves with the extra money which slender incomes so often cannot afford. If it shall have shown the way to happiness to but one woman, instead of hundreds who will respond, it will have served its purpose.

How One Woman Solved the Money Problem

Was this Eva Dean? I could scarcely believe my eyes. A miracle had happened in only a few short months. The prosperous looking, handsomely gowned woman before me was indeed my friend, Eva Dean. But what a transformation!

I knew that she had been very hard up and with only her husband's limited earnings on which to depend. Then, too, I had heard about some serious financial trouble the Deans had while I was away. Yet, here she was, at a time when work was scarce and wages getting lower and lower, well dressed, happy as a lark, and with a smile of contentment on a face which showed not a trace of the hardship I knew she had endured.

She must have read the question in my eyes and, as we entered her beautifully furnished home, she told me the whole story.

"This is it," she said with pride, "the Gearhart Knitter which has helped me out of my trouble and made me one of the happiest women on earth. Every day I devote a little of my time to knitting the Famous Allwear Standard Hosiery."

You know my circumstances a few months back. I was almost desperate. I thought of sewing, washing, working out—anything to overcome that terrible need for money. Finally I learned that the Gearhart Company of Clearfield, Pa., wanted women to do machine knitting at home. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of Standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I promptly decided to send the moderate amount required to secure the knitter and start in making money.

It has proved a really delightful and restful occupation for me. It has turned my spare moments into golden hours. You see for yourself what I have gained, happiness at home, new clothes, things for the children, and money in the bank.

The Gearhart Knitter and the wool to make the hosiery came together and I got busy right away. After a little practice I found nothing difficult about it. In fact, my husband learned to operate it, and he and the children often help me.

Let me tell you, those checks from the Gearhart people came in mighty handy—and, one after another they arrived, as fast as I could send them the beautiful knitted Allwear Hosiery."

The story of Eva Dean was finished, and then I was treated to the surprise of my life. With a few simple movements she had the Gearhart Knitter started, and at the bottom there appeared a lovely knitted sock of wonderful quality.

No wonder the Gearhart Knitter is said by many to be the standard knitter, the fastest, most complete and reliable knitter made! No wonder the Gearhart home industry has so many happy, contented women!

My heart goes out to the woman struggling to make ends meet and to her I say, "Write to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company of Clearfield, Pa., right away. Get a Gearhart Knitter, knit all the Allwear Hosiery you have time for and accept the liberal pay checks which they will send you for the pleasantest, nicest home work imaginable."

\$1000 PROFIT GUIDE FREE

Free Booklet

Particulars of the Gearhart Knitting Company's Allwear Hosiery Home Industry Plan will be sent on request. Write for their Profit Guide Book and samples of Knitting free.

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE CO.
Home Dept. E, Clearfield, Pa.

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Speaking of Prunes—

LET me tell you of an interesting table talk that I recently had at a club meeting. One of our members told me how each Monday she planned her menus for the following week. Then from her original ideas, cook books and magazine recipes she studied how to make and serve many old familiar dishes in entirely new and different ways, saying that my cook books had been most helpful in teaching her new ways of serving rice, fresh and canned fruits, left-over meats and vegetables, etc., which naturally was pleasing to me.

She gave me her original recipe for serving the old standby—Prunes—in a whip, by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It is so good that I am giving the recipe below.

PRUNE WHIP

3/4 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup sugar
1 cup prune pulp Whites of two eggs
2 tablespoons lemon juice 1 doz. chopped nuts

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put prune pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Send for My Recipe Book

In my booklet "Dainty Desserts" you will find other prune recipes such as "Oriental Cream," "Prune Jelly" and numberless other recipes that are easy and economical to make—yet each with some individual touch that makes it different and new. There are also recipes for meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts of all kinds, candies and invalid dishes. Write to me for it. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

113 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine—think of KNOX."



The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 100)

Neal came in ten minutes. I know now why the Symmes factory makes money. He laughed when I told him about Mrs. Landis, but he packed his stethoscope in his bag while he laughed.

"Neal, I'm going to convert that reception room into an office to-morrow. There's a lavatory, and a side porch for people who don't want to use the front door. All it needs is initialed towels and some comfortable chairs."

"We have them both, Day Dreamer." He kissed me merrily and went to Susy's.

I confronted the matter of dinner. The gas man had not come, and there wasn't any food in the house. There was a tiny grocery store five squares away, but I hadn't any money and I had forgotten to ask Neal what he wanted me to do about buying food. So I went into the library and read a good novel. It was the longest time before Neal got back, and he didn't look hungry.

"Well," he said, "I put the fear of destruction into the whole Landis family. I imagine Susy's had this trouble ever since her last year's tonsillitis."

BUT I was starving, and neither Susy's tonsils nor heart interested me. "Listen, Neal, the gas man hasn't come and —"

"Why, you poor thing," he said condescendingly, "you haven't had any dinner!"

"Have you?"
"Why, yes, dinner was being served just as I finished with Susy, and they insisted on my having coffee that wasn't made on an electric iron. You know how that ended. They heaped up a whole plate for me, and there I was."

"And there I wasn't," I said ruefully.
"Well, I'll take you right out to the club and feed you, Dryad."

"You will not. Your kind friends are all waiting for me to fall down on dinner tonight and come out there."

"Well, what will you do?"
"You'll go to the nearest grocery and get me some boiled ham. Honestly, Neal, I'd learn to cook for no other reason than never to see boiled ham again."

"The groceries are all closed now, honey. Can I take you to a hotel?"

"No, you can't. I won't be seen dining out to-night."

"Nobody would see you."
"Won't they! They see everything here. They saw our upstairs hall to-day."

"Well, I'll run down and buy you a sandwich at one of the hand-me-out places."

"Don't you bring me a ham sandwich."

When he left me I sat in my colonial house, all alone, with the lake pounding upon the shore with a lonely swish, and the wind in the pines making a lonely moan, and two hundred strange noises all through the house; and I wondered where Adele was eating mushrooms under glass, and what kind of music was being played for her dancing. I fell asleep in my chair, as I was saying to myself that if I was going to be a doctor's wife I'd better not begin being afraid of the dark.

THE next morning we breakfasted on the sandwiches Neal had brought home the night before, and it affected Neal so that he went to town himself to see why the gas man hadn't come. Some of the girls came for me before I had time to open the downstairs windows. It was a morning party at the church, and I told them to go on ahead and I'd come as soon as I had the house opened up.

The church is in a big yard, and if you go in the side door to the Sunday-school room there is a little hall that was built in long after the church was built and is only canvas covered with wall paper.

As I stopped inside the hall I heard Sally McIntyre's voice. "Well, I know I saw Mac coming out of a bum restaurant last night with a package of food. So you know what he's keeping soul and body together with. And their house! Honestly girls, I don't see how Mac stands it. You know he's an orderly man. You can hardly move about without stepping on a towel or a hat, and you're lucky when you sit down if you don't land on a shoe. Poor Mac has a wife that's about as much use to him as a tin ear."

"Well," said Marian Bellows, "why didn't Mac pick out our Sally, who is the best housekeeper in Michigan and whom he has known from babyhood?"

ONE of the young matrons laughed in a way that would rile Sally. "That's why," she said. "Give your successful opponent time to clean up, Sally."

"Time! It'll be the same next week, I'll bet."

"I'll take that bet," said Marian Bellows.

"How'll you decide it?" asked Susy.

"We'll go and see her next week."

"You can't see the upstairs."

"Oh, yes, we can. We'll have something the matter and have to lie down."

I turned around and left the place softly, and something hurt me inside pretty badly. Somehow I wasn't making a success in this new community. They might have waited. They might have suspended their judgment for a few days. I didn't know then that people never do wait when a stranger invades their circle.

I stopped in my drive and looked at my charming white house so nice and orderly on the outside, and I thought of those unkind voices that had driven me away. Then I laughed softly to myself. "All right," I said, "if they get something the matter with them and have to go upstairs, I'll get Neal to look after them and see that a bill is sent."

I went upstairs and tried to look at the muss there with Sally McIntyre's eyes. I did not know where to begin first. At home when my room was a sight I went out and Anna fixed it up for me.

I hunted up a closet in the hall, but I found it so full of things I locked it up again. There was an old mahogany chiffonier in the back hall that was nearly empty, and I put my linen in that—all that would go there. The rest I piled on top.

RIGHT in the midst of this a woman came in with a baby and Neal called me. He said she had come from one of the cottages on the lake a little way down the road, and would I hold the baby while he looked after her. He had finished with the baby and found nothing the matter with it. So the baby and I sat on the kitchen floor until the mother came out with Neal, and when they went Neal proudly displayed a greenback that had every appearance of being real money.

"She has a maid," he told me, "but the maid is ill. She's afraid it's measles. That's why she brought the baby, and I'm to see the maid in an hour."

"Why not at once?"
He smiled gayly. "Maybe she had to clean up the house before I came."

I knew just how she felt, and it came to me that it was a brand-new knowledge.

"Neal," I said, "what about lunch?"

"Well," he laughed, "what about it?"

"Say, Neal Gordon, do you think food hops over from the grocery store onto the stove and then onto the table without anybody taking any trouble about it? I used to think it did that, but I've found it doesn't. We'll have to make some plan about this

(Continued on Page 102)

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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 101)

food business, if we can't both leave the house at once."

"Why don't you buy it while I'm in the office?"

"What if you need me to take care of a baby or to answer the door bell?"

"That's true. I'm afraid you'll have to use the telephone if you can get what you want that way."

But you don't get what you want that way, especially if you don't know what you want. The little grocery, five squares away, was glad to telephone me and so was the big meat shop on the main street, but the moment I heard either of their voices over the telephone my mind went absolutely blank about food and I had no more idea what to eat than if I was getting modified milk every two hours.

THE butcher said he was the only man in town who had Chicago meat, and when I asked Neal what difference that made he laughed and said: "It made a difference of several cents a pound." But since they charged it I didn't even ask how much difference it made. Only when I told them to send me some kind of meat I wouldn't have to cook for luncheon and they sent me boiled ham, I knew telephoning my meat order would never do for me permanently.

"Neal," I said over the luncheon table, "if you miss every sick call in Gordon City, I am going downtown to the butcher shop and the grocery and buy myself some chops and some vegetables and the best cookbook in the world."

"For heaven's sake, Leila, get some lettuce and some spinach and some apples. I feel like a bear who has been hibernating."

I got a new novel with my cookbook, and I was certainly glad to have it after the dishes, for they sent for Neal for the sick maid at the cottage down the road and I had to sit all alone again at night, with all those thousand noises squeaking about me. I had forgotten to get any soap and I had to wash my dishes with a perfumed soap from my satchel, which was one blessing, for you'd never guess I had been dishwashing.

Neal came in as tired as could be. "I've had to be nurse as well as doctor. They have no conveniences in those cottages at all. They look pretentious, but they are just shells without even bathrooms. I've got to telegraph for some serum for the baby's mother. The maid has typhoid, though there are no rose spots yet. She hasn't had much care."

"How could she if she's the maid and the mother has to look after that baby? Can't you send her home?"

"SHE doesn't come from Grand Rapids; she comes from some place around here, but I can't send her any place. If I moved her she might die of it—not right away; but she might. It's serious. I don't know what I'll do about it."

I forgot all about it and about all the other sick people in the world in the excitement of my next day's housekeeping. I actually cooked eggs and bacon for breakfast, though the eggs certainly fried blacker than I ever saw eggs before. Neal said it was the bacon grease I used, but they tasted all right. They were better than the coffee. I used up all the eggs for frying and only had a little bit of yolk left to clear the coffee, and I didn't put that in until after the coffee began to boil. Besides, we had no cream. Nobody had notified any milkman that we wanted any. The little grocery sent us some milk, but coffee is one thing that needs cream.

Neal went to see the maid after breakfast, and I ran to the grocery for bread for luncheon after they had said they couldn't send it. I couldn't help if somebody did call Neal up while I was gone. We had to have bread. If the grocery man hadn't suggested butter I'd have forgotten it and had to go again.

"Say," he said, "why don't you write out what you want? Make a list."

"If I knew what I wanted I wouldn't have to write it," I retorted; "and if I could find a paper and a pencil in my house it would probably be upstairs in the bedroom and not downstairs by the telephone, and I wouldn't think of what I wanted at the same time that I had the paper and the pencil."

He looked at me as if I were some new kind of animal with a fur that needed brushing. But I had found something that I thought would help. It was a pile of cutie little red-bordered slates that he kept for the school children.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll tie a string to that slate and hang it by the telephone, and I'll put another string on the pencil; no, not a wooden pencil—the point would be broken just when I had a thought; haven't you a slate pencil?"

"It will sure keep you from running out of things at meal time."

"Listen," I said; "you ought to have some little slates made with a hole in them and a book to hang them on and your name and telephone number painted on the wooded frame. It would be a fine advertisement."

He stared at me a moment. "Well, you've said a mouthful. I can get little slates with wood frames for seventy-five cents a dozen."

"You ought to give me this slate in exchange for my idea."

"I'll give you one of the new ones. You'll like writing down what you want."

WHEN I came back with my slate in my hand I found Sally and Susy Landis had been there. Sally wrote it in the dust of the hall table. If she wanted Neal to see it she got left, for I wiped it off with my petticoat as soon as I had read it.

Lunch was better than breakfast, for the grocer had suggested wienerwurst, that I could boil when I told him I wasn't keen on frying, and rye bread and Saratoga chips. Neal filled up on the rye bread, and I filled up on the chips. But it's funny about Saratoga chips; if you eat enough of them you can't eat anything else, but you don't seem to be full. I told Neal some of the people I was meeting were like that. And Neal said they were picnic food—all right for an occasion, but not for a steady diet.

"Neal," I said, "let's have a picnic, just you and me. You get the stuff yourself, so that I don't know what it is. Let's drive to some place on the lake I don't know about."

"Right. We'll do it to-night. I'll make a fire and we'll boil coffee."

I had intended, after Sally's writing in the dust, to dust the whole house; but I couldn't find a rag. Besides, I'd stood on my feet from seven that morning until two, and they hurt like everything. So I got into the hammock on the front terrace and read my novel while Neal sat in his office—or I read it as well as I could for watching every automobile that came down the road, hoping it would be a patient for Neal.

I must have fallen asleep in the hammock, for I didn't hear anybody coming up the drive until a whole bevy of the girls, who had been at the church the morning I had been driven away, trooped onto the terrace.

"Oh," I said, "I thought everybody was at the tournament to-day."

"WE'RE on our way, Mrs. Gordon. But Marian Bellows' face looks so spotted. May she run upstairs and plaster some powder on it so it won't look so bad when she gets to the club?" Marian evidently didn't have the nerve to make the speech herself.

"There's powder in the lavatory in the doctor's office," I said. "I hope you haven't ivy poisoning on your face, Marian. It makes it swell up so. Neal's in the office. He'll look at it for you."

I ushered the girls in and closed the door after them. Neal would not have waited for

(Continued on Page 105)



Orange Shortcake

Orange Shortcake
The Year-round Shortcake

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift the dry materials until well blended. Rub in the shortening, using a fork. Cut in just enough milk to make a soft dough. Put in greased cake pan, press with back of hand to shape of pan and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in hot oven.

Filling

6 Sunkist oranges
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Wash the oranges, remove the skin, cutting off all white membrane. Cut the orange in half and cut in cubes of uniform size. Sprinkle with sugar, then spread between the prepared crusts. Serve with a sauce made with the juice of two oranges and three-fourths cup sugar.

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Marmalades and Preserves
Jellied Fruits
Ginger Ale

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 102)

patients in vain that afternoon. I could see their heads together as they left, and I got ready for my picnic with a grin. Neal himself was quite gay as we set out.

"But I've got to stop in, Leila, and see my typhoid girl. She's sick enough for some of her own people to be sent for, if she'll only tell me who they are."

As he got out of the car at the cottage a man who seemed to have been waiting accosted him. "Are you the doctor in there?"

"I'm Gordon, yes."

"I'm Adam Fleming. I'm that girl's husband in there, and I've come to take her home."

"WHERE do you live? You run a dairy, don't you?"

"Two miles farther down the road. I have a farm. I sell milk too."

"Have you anybody to take care of her?"

"I'll take care of her."

"All right. But she can't be moved now."

"Why not? She's not so sick as all that."

"She has typhoid fever. I'd have moved her to the hospital if she could have stood it. She can't be moved."

"Well, I'm going to take her home. She's no business here, leaving home to go to work. You doctors don't know everything."

"You'd better see if you can't help take care of her where she is. Haven't you any women in your family who could come and help?"

"They'll help at our own house."

"But you can't move her. She wouldn't live two days if you did."

"She's gotta come home. I won't hurt her moving her."

"If you take her away in this condition, and she dies, I'll have you arrested for manslaughter."

The man's right hand shot out like lightning; I don't know how Neal kept it from smashing his face. But Neal seemed to catch the man's wrist somehow and wring it. Then he said: "I'll give you just five minutes to clear out of here, and I'll sit here and watch you do it."

The man halted with a volley of oaths.

"Get on," said Neal. "My wife can go in and telephone for a policeman while I wait."

The man looked at the cottage and then at Neal. "You'll have to do some waiting." He walked down the road to a milk wagon there and drove away.

"I'll see how Mrs. Fleming is and tell them she must not be moved," said Neal to me. "It won't take me long. Then it's time we got our coffee to boiling."

We found the loveliest place. Neal made a fire between two boulders out of little twigs he cut with his knife; then he put bigger ones on it and finally little branches. He didn't let me know what was in his packages, but when I smelled sausage meat cooking and when the coffee came out of that pot as clear as it used to be on our table at home, I wondered why I hadn't received Neal's patients while he did the cooking.

When our dinner was done Neal cleaned up and burned all the papers. "No decent camper leaves a mess," he said.

AND I looked out at the lake and thought about my upstairs hall and wondered what kind of a camper I was.

"This is our dining room," Neal continued. "Our library is over there on that bluff. Let's have our after-dinner coffee there. I'll read to you."

He hadn't any book with him, but he found me a seat among the pine needles and pretended to read to me. Until that moment I had not even known he liked poetry:

*Arc upon arc, from shade to shine,
The World went thundering free;
And what was his errand but hers and mine,
The lords of him, I and she?
Oh, it's die we must, but it's live we can,
And the marvel of earth and sun
Is all for the joy of woman and man,
And the longing that makes them one.*

The moon on the water, when you are watching it with the man you love, shines in a very different way from what it does when you are alone. I never liked the moon on the water before; it had always seemed to

me full of the wasted, lonely romance of the world.

"Sometimes," said Neal as we strolled back to the car, "in your elfin moods you are like that path of silver dancing off to the horizon, only you are not a dusk-elf, but the elf of the dawn."

As we drove down the sandy road on the edge of the lake, the moonlight made a fairy-land of the evergreens and the jagged rocks, and it seemed a pity that there should be anything in the world except beauty and happiness. I was glad I had come to live in the little city where there was moonlight and a silver lake and trees where I could steal away with the one I loved most. I tried to find words to tell him so and gave it up, slipping my hand underneath his arm as he drove instead. And as I did so I felt his arm quiver and he brought the automobile to a stop.

"What's the matter, Neal?" I looked on ahead and saw a yellow milk wagon moving slowly toward us with a man walking beside it.

"SIT here," said Neal, and sprang out of the car.

The wagon turned up a drive and began to climb a hill toward a dark brick house at the top. It stopped when Neal caught up with it, and I heard the sound of sharp, angry voices. I heard Neal say: "You won't get another doctor in time. I'll stay right here with her." Then he called to me: "Leila, drive the car slowly after me."

The man who had quarreled with Neal out in the road before we started on our picnic got out of the wagon, staggering under his burden. Even so, he was able to push Neal aside, while the other man helped him. But inside the door as he paused for breath he caught sight of his wife's face, and his strength seemed to seep out of him. He looked at Neal with a strange look. I heard Neal curse under his breath.

"Here!" he said sharply. "Here, on this sofa. Get a hot blanket. . . . Do? There is nothing further to do. She is dying."

The two men stood watching Neal with sullen, unbelieving eyes. Presently he looked up at them. "Have you no women in the family?" he said.

Fleming backed away. "Get Elsa," he said thickly to the other man.

The thin, white face on the pillow, with its look of a girl's face, took on a strange, strained look. Her breath was coming with short, gasping sounds that jerked her head from her shoulders.

"Oh, Neal," I sobbed, "can't we do something?"

"THERE'S nothing we can do now, Leila. In a hospital, fifteen minutes ago, we might have done something. Take hold of her hand, in case she has a moment's consciousness."

I had never seen anybody die. I don't know how doctors and nurses can bear it. And a needless death seems such a terrible thing.

"Neal!" I gasped as that dreadful breathing grew slower and finally quieted.

Very slowly all the pain and anguish in the drawn face seemed to slip out of it. It lay very quiet and peaceful, as if she slept. Neal drew my hand away and stood looking at the face for some seconds. Then he took me out into the hall, leaving her with her husband.

As we stood there, the other man returned with a young girl, a girl with great, mournful, dark eyes that rested on Neal with a dread that was like a sharp pain. Involuntarily Neal put out a hand toward her. Her face whitened. She gave Neal another look and then slipped by him into the room we had left.

Neal stood still, looking at the man. "Who are you?" he said at length.

"I am Jim Fleming."

"I'll send Doctor Poyntz out," Neal's voice was curt.

"It's no case for Sam Poyntz," said Fleming.

"It's a case for the Grand Jury," said Neal.

(Continued in the April Home Journal)



Cashmere Bouquet

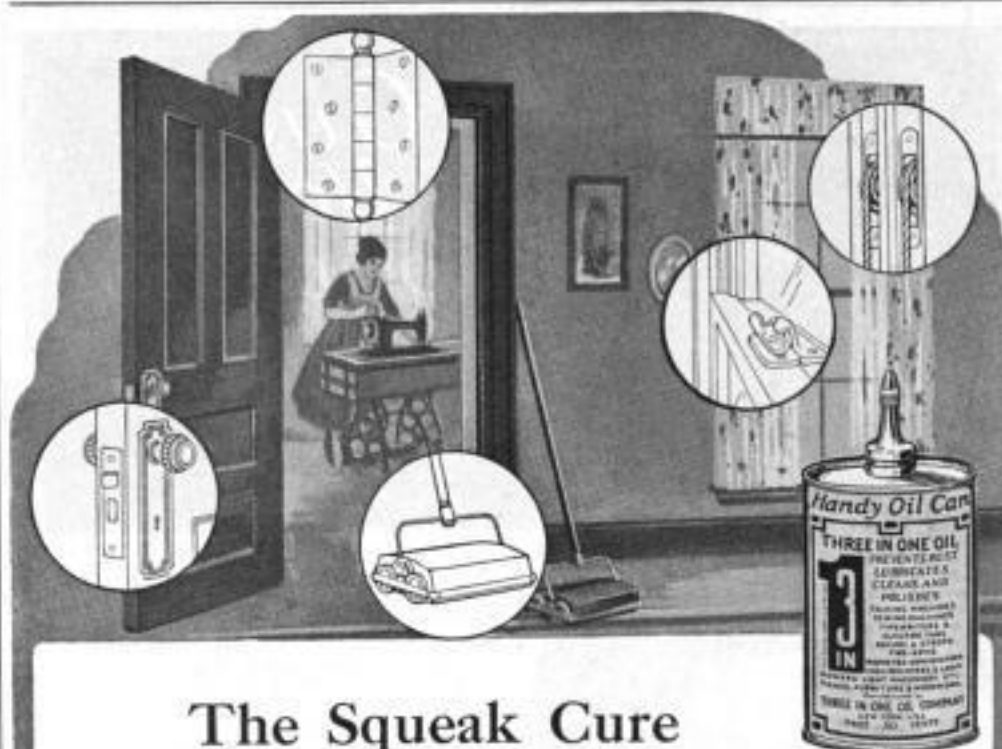
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Your Garden in 1922

By J. HORACE MCFARLAND



AS THE March winds blow and winter weakens its grip on the soil the garden comes to mind. What is yours to be in 1922—a haphazard, incidental, random sort of affair, or a carefully planned attempt to get the most of health, food and pleasure out of your bit of land? You will decide this question, either with a definite determination to have a good garden, or with the procrastinating lack of planning which almost assures a poor reward. Just now I want to propose planning for the 1922 garden, however small it may be. Plant it first on paper, have it grow now in your imagination, and the possibilities as well as the pleasures will be at the least doubled.

Flowers, vegetables, fruits, these three; but the best of these is—whatever you prefer, or can have and will work for. So the first item in the planning, after you have made to scale a little map of the garden with which to plan intelligently, is to decide which of the three, or what portion of ground for each, you prefer.

About the map, the plan, upon which to develop the geography of the garden, let me suggest a simple means of production. A scale of one inch of plan to each four feet of garden will do nicely for a small place, though it will look larger on paper and feel smaller on the land if a scale of a half inch to a foot is used. Measure the garden space carefully, noting complications of walks, trees, fences, walls, hydrants, ash barrels, outhouses, garages, and so on. Note also the compass indications, for it makes much difference to have a north or a south exposure for some things, and there are plants that will agreeably adorn a shady corner but merely exist in full sun.

Flowers, Fruits or Vegetables?

NEXT consider your possibilities and your preferences. Is your greatest liking for flowers? Are the charms of homemade peas and radishes and beets, or lettuce and cabbage and corn and tomatoes dominant? Do you dream of your own grapevine, of strawberries picked before breakfast, of currants and raspberries on bushes and not in boxes? I know a woman in Washington who has a back yard eighteen by twenty-four feet, from which she gathers Niagara grapes, enjoys lettuce and Lima beans, chard and carrots, tomatoes and parsley, while a fine lilac scents the air in early spring, followed by an even finer Radiance rose and by other roses.

I know another woman in Springfield, Massachusetts, who has two city back lots, with a total of about sixty by seventy feet of open ground. She has no vegetables because she prefers flowers and ferns and rare plants, and as a result of her skill and love and work, this little space is a miniature botanical garden of the utmost interest and of rare beauty.

Fortunately, even if unconventionally, all three garden objects may be combined. A grapevine will climb to shade the kitchen porch, and its clusters of fruit hang attractively overhead. Current bushes are thoroughly ornamental, and I find the strawberry patch in my own west garden at Breeze Hill pleases visitors. A division line of Lima beans on six-foot poles connected by twine loops is good to look at, and a more pleasing border plant than the carrot is hard to find. With large enough area, so that corn, the most beautiful of native American plants, grown in its Golden Bantam form, may be in blocks rather than in thin rows, there is opportunity for rare moments on summer nights.

I have found a row of "cat" peas in bloom as beautiful as sweet peas, and when on Thanksgiving day the family exclaimed over the delightful Blue Bantam peas which had been cold packed against the turkey festival, the satisfaction was more than doubled. With planning, the home garden may have a sane combination of fruits, flowers and vegetables that will be well worth while.

A main point to consider in this preliminary planning is the actual needs of the family. All too often there is too much of a good

thing, and waste results. I have been literally tired of cherries and fed up on peas and satiated with beans, because I have too many cherry trees and because the ease of planting has made the rows of vegetables too long. Better far have enough than too much, for scanty planting may mean more room for other things and a steady supply the season through. I hope, as these notes continue, to suggest details in this respect, as, for example, a unit of five feet of row for each adult in the family in planning for peas and beans.

Then another reason for thoughtful gardening on paper in March is the opportunity afforded, in both the flower garden and the vegetable garden, to have two complete crops in each season. My place had a riotous glory of Shirley poppies along a border which carried zinnias and African marigolds from the end of poppy time right to the frost shut-off. Celery follows early peas, and late beans and spinach take the land vacated by the sweet corn we have in rich perfection in July. The long-season crops are placed properly, in a planned garden, so that Lima beans stay where they will look and do best, and salsify and chicory have time to grow. The land is always improving, if it is being used and worked and enriched; at Breeze Hill we even sow sweet clover in latest fall to get a "ground cover" over winter, and to add humus and nitrogen without cost.

The Catalogue Crop Ripens Early

SUCCESSION plantings of both flowers and vegetables are essential to garden continuity. Is it not better to see pansies in fall as well as in spring? Won't you prefer gladioli from August to October? How many times we have had regretfully to lose lettuce we could not use, only to want lettuce a few weeks later when the succession crop should have been coming on. Sweet corn from July nineteenth to November tenth is the proud Breeze Hill record, following seven successive plantings of Golden Bantam. Tomatoes from early July until long after frost easily can be provided.

In the Middle States these words will be read before the ground is workable, and the planning I am proposing can occur during home evenings. The catalogue crop ripens early, and these aids to expenditure ought to be convenient as one plans. A seed is a promise, and promises that are too lavish only evoke a smile. A good seed represents more than the plant it is to germinate into; it carries the honor, the experience, the forethought, the keen judgment of the man who sells it to me. I buy that seed plus what is called "good will," but is really reputation, and so I buy only of seedsmen who either have or seem to deserve the jewel decoration of good reputation.

Other catalogue items are in thought during the early March garden planning. Those strawberry plants of the "everbearing" type may be ordered, and if there are to be grapevines and blackberries, raspberries and currants, now is the time to bespeak them. The nurseryman will also have the permanent shrubs and the fruit trees, and there are roses and hardy plants to prepare for. My mail proves that several thousands of the members of the American Rose Society are thinking roses all winter long. So I suggest the reading of the catalogues, and the garden books, and the making of a preliminary list, to be later cut down to the actual needs for the 1922 garden, and then be the subject of early orders in the interest of good service.

Garden prosperity rests primarily on the fertility and tilth—that's a nice word, meaning preparation and good order and other qualities—of the soil. If the ground is in loose, friable condition it is ready to work for you. If it is hard and rough it needs your work in and for it. All soils are better for deep digging and for fertilization, and rotted stable manure is the best substance. Let me propose that as early as possible after frost has left the ground it be turned over with a good spade, beaten and raked to fineness, with the use of manure if possible, and if not, of commercial fertilizers; bone dust and pulverized sheep manure are excellent.



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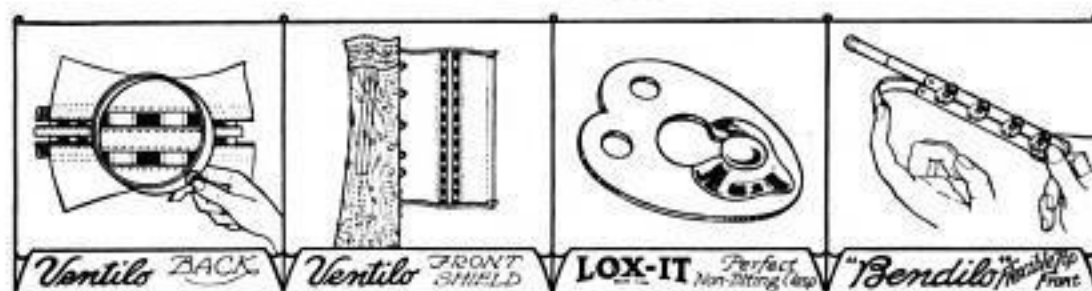
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But for the woman who is really anxious to improve her skin there is no need to suffer such humiliation. Resinol Soap is a positive aid to a fresher, healthier complexion.

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Sold by all druggists
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Dainty trial size cake free on request.
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Resinol Soap



Dining-Room Lights

(Continued from Page 40)

There are two distinct methods of correctly lighting the dining room, though many times these may be combined in one room so that one has, at the turn of a switch, either method at one's finger tips, so to speak. The first method includes an adequate number of sconce fixtures on the walls of the room, with table candles for mealtime; the second makes use of the hanging light placed over the table. In the room with the hanging light one may of course use wall sconces also; or wall sconces may constitute the only method of lighting, doing away with the necessity of either hanging light or candles. But the type of light, the color and type of shades, if these are used, the sort of candlesticks—the choice of these is laid down by the general rules of good taste, though there will be found infinite variety within the pale, whether one's problem is simplified by the joy of electricity or complicated by the difficulty of gas.

Every day sees new and delightful arrivals in the world of wall sconces. In these electric wall brackets the finish is of first importance; one considers the advantages of antique gold, colonial brass, polished old silver, polychrome, enamels of various colors, old bronze, weathered old brass and colonial pewter. The newest offerings are old silver and enamels, it seems, and there is a distinct trend toward the use of mirrors and small drop crystals. Many of the fixtures may be had in any number of finishes, but if a certain fixture is desired and it is found that the wanted finish is not made up in stock, it can usually be ordered at a small additional charge. There is a great range of price, but one can get the better wall brackets, designed to wear well and not to go out of style, from about \$13.50 for the two-light colonial brass bracket shown at the extreme right of the row of sconces illustrated on page 40, and \$20 for the crystal drop, single light, silver-finished bracket shown at the extreme left of the row, to the high price of \$82 for something especially fine in old ivory and polychrome finish, including the antique glass mirror, old-ivory metal candles and candelabra pull sockets, the design of which fixture is shown next to the end at the left. A middle price of around \$30 will buy the silver-finished Adam fixture fourth from the end at the left, the enameled flower-basket fixture next to the end at the right, or the enameled, two-light fixture showing small drop crystals, seen at the middle right. The smart hanging lights for use over the table include the

unshaded fixture composed of bulb-tipped candle lights arranged in an attractive design and suspended on one central chain; the same sort of fixture provided with a large silk shade, the lower edge of which hides the bulbs from sight, but allows the candle cases to show; the large shade of vellum or silk, open or closed at the bottom and suspended on a heavy silk-tasseled cord; and the candle-group fixture supplied with small shades. The first of these might be any one of the hanging candle-group fixtures shown in the illustration on page 40 minus the shade. The hanging fixture with the blue shade is in old bronze and polychrome or colonial pewter; it has three lights, and costs \$40 without the shade, or \$70 with it. The shade is 20-inch size and comes in old blue or old gold.

Many people are quite adept at shade making themselves, and if so, there are limitless possibilities opened up for practicing economy while having good-looking lights. The hanging light above the table has many times been successfully shaded by inexperienced fingers; and a "real" fixture is not needed for this if the shade is beautiful enough in itself, one or two bulb lights being sufficient, and if suspended on a silk cord all the better. Shades that may well be the making of the homemade fixture are shown in the illustrations on page 40, all of them being quite possible of achievement.

The shades used on lighting fixtures are usually in tones of rose or yellow, since the glow reflected from these is more becoming and restful. If another color such as blue is desired it should be lined with yellow or rose so that the light will still be pleasant. A shade that compromises and enhances all room color schemes will be found in the choice of vellum or parchment; this has a delightful translucence; the inside may be left the yellowish color of the material itself, and the outer side may be decorated in any color combination, with the addition of black, or even black grounded, like the parchment shade shown in the illustration on page 40.

Rose-colored lights are always popular and effective, as is proved by their use in this dining room on page 40, featuring the knife-boxes with the Heppelwhite sideboard. There are plenty of blue notes in the color scheme of the room, though the rose lights augment the scheme charmingly, with the result that the room is very much more attractive than if it were entirely rose-hued to match the lights.

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following booklets from the Service Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

NEW JOURNAL BUNGALOWS. Price, 50 cents.
NEW JOURNAL HOUSES. Price, 50 cents.
YOUR FIREPLACE AND HOW TO BUILD IT. Price, 5 cents.
HOW TO BUY YOUR HOME. Price, 15 cents.
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.
PLANNING THE LITTLE HOUSE GARDEN. Price, 10 cents.
JOURNAL BIRD HOUSES. Price, 25 cents.
WEAVING THE NEW BASKETS. Price, 25 cents.
BASKETS FOR GIFTS AND BAZAARS. Instructions for Fine Needle Work are included. Price, 25 cents.
HOW TO SEW FOR THE CHILDREN. Hints on saving time and money. Price, 10 cents.
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HOW TO DRY FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Price, 10 cents.
THE COMPLETE FURNISHING OF THE LITTLE HOUSE. Reprints of the articles comprising this series may be had for ten cents each from the Interior Decoration Department, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.
THE BOOK OF SWEATERS AND KNITTING. Containing the latest designs. Price, 15 cents.

Order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City:

FASHION SELECTIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER. A thirty-two-page booklet containing over

250 attractive and popular designs for all occasions. Send 2 two-cent stamps for postage.

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THE BRIDE'S BOOK. Charming illustrations designs for the entire trousseau, and many valuable suggestions for the wedding arrangements. Price, 15 cents.

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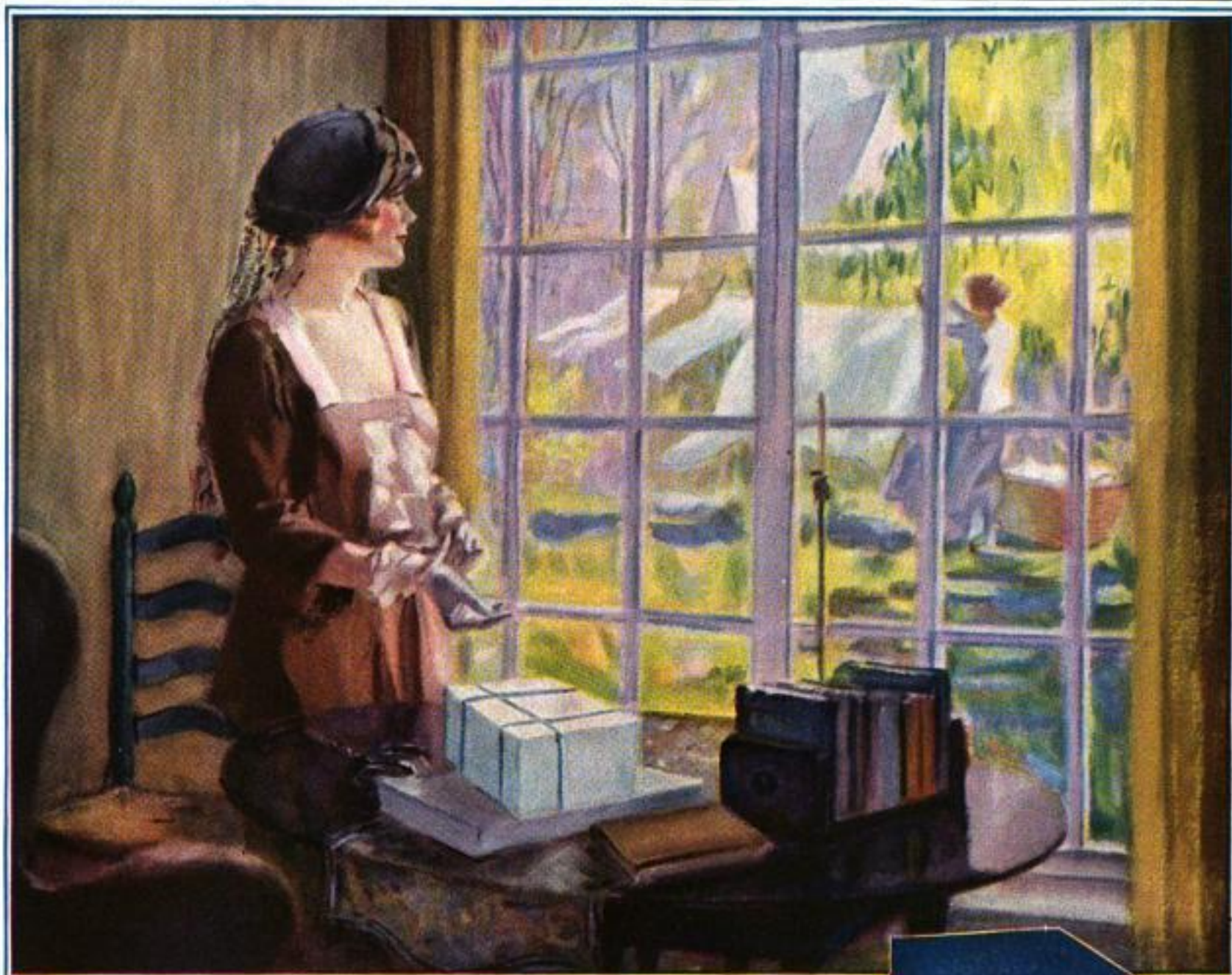
THE MATERNITY BOOK. Illustrates attractive, sensible clothes for maternity wear, as well as all the necessary garments for the layette. Patterns supplied for all designs shown. Price, 15 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows 27 new designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price, 25 cents.

Patterns may be had from any store selling Home Patterns by mail, postage prepaid, or from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City, at the following prices:

Dresses	35 cents
Coats	35 cents
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Blouses	30 cents
Children's	25 cents
Lingerie	25 cents
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KOTEX are cheap enough to throw away, and easy to dispose of instantly by following directions found in every box.

Kotex is so easy to obtain at drug, drygoods and department stores. No unnecessary counter conversation. Simply say, "A box of Kotex, please". They come in Regular size and Hospital size. The Hospital size is extra large.

Kotex, once used, form a new sanitary habit. They are unsurpassed at business,

when traveling, or at home, and a supply should always be kept on the shelf or in a dresser drawer.

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Kotex solves a difficult laundry and hygienic problem.

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Regular Size
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THIS, you know, is the day of "flattering" clothes. It is no longer enough that a dress be a dress; the clever woman asks, too, that it *enhance* her appearance—make her *look pretty*.

Mina Taylor Dresses do more than fulfil such expectations. They are always conspicuously *lovely*. Styles are smarter, more advanced; workmanship is finer, more painstaking.

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The young lady on the window seat is proud of her plain-and-plaid gingham Frock with its ruffled organdie trimmings and long slender skirt panels. Style No. 34,703, sizes 36 to 46.

The girl in pink likes the slim patent leather belt of her checked-and-plain gingham Frock so well she takes pleasure in showing it off. Sleeve ruffles and a bouffant hip line emphasize youth. Style No. 34,807M, sizes 16, 18 and 20.

The young woman seated at the refectory table is delighted with the slenderizing, full-length panel of tinted organdie on her Frock of checked gingham. Appliqued gingham motifs enhance its original effect. Style No. 34,705, sizes 36 to 46.

Each of these models comes in a variety of color combination. The label—"Mina Taylor"—is a mark of smart style. Look for it whenever you are buying wash dresses for any purpose.

Mina Taylor Dresses Made only by M. E. SMITH & COMPANY, INC., Master Garment Makers, Omaha, Nebraska



Bumbleton Folks

By CLAUDE CALLAN

THE Bumbleton city council recently caused a stir by renaming the north and south streets. Before the renaming nobody except the old-timers knew that the streets had ever been named, but they really had been called after the game of the country. Antelope was the principal residence street, and Turkey street and Deer street were both very good. The city council changed the name of Antelope to Condor, after a distinguished family that lives on the street. The two next best streets were called Pepper and Maybank, and while both of these men and their families might have thought that they should have been put ahead of the Condors they didn't complain. They had such good streets named for them that they openly approved of the council's act. But a number of people were angry, and every one of them was unselfish in his anger. Mr. Applecrab was not offended because Snipe street, that lies next to the hill and is impassable, was changed to Applecrab street. That, he said, didn't worry him. "What makes me mad," he continued, "is the way they treated Dave Darner. Dave was here twenty years before the Condors came, and they should have named Antelope street for him if they were going to change it at all." And Dave Darner was angry because the Potters were left out entirely. "Old man Potter helped lay off the town," Mr. Darner said; "but just because he has no pull there was no street named for him. So far as I am concerned, I don't want any street named for me, but I think they did a little piece of business when they left out Potter." Mr. Condor, who drew the best street, was seen throwing sticks out of it while on his way home the afternoon of the change, and Mr. Pepper placed his eye near a picket on his front fence and sighted both ways to see if all fences on his street were in line. Most people think that the new names will stand just as they are, but Judge Bumble, who had no street named for him, is threatening to bring some kind of action to have the old names restored, just for the sake of sentiment.

MRS. COBBLER believes in dieting against divorce. "I will admit that there was a time in my life when I thought I ought to pick up and leave Mr. Cobbler, and I believe that a great deal of the trouble was due to the fact that we weren't eating the proper things. I had been getting up meals hastily, so I decided to make an experiment. One day I bought some spareribs and sweet potatoes and, after boiling the potatoes, I peeled them and put them in with the spareribs and allowed them to bake for about twenty minutes. Well, you would have been surprised if you had seen the change these ribs and potatoes made in Mr. Cobbler. He began smiling as soon as he saw them and he was in a good humor all evening. And I must confess that there was a change in me. I was directly benefited by the spareribs and sweet potatoes, and I was proud to have cooked something that brought about a change in my husband. The following day I bought a fat hen and put her on to stew a

short time after Mr. Cobbler went downtown. Later in the day I made dumplings, and when Mr. Cobbler came home I invited him to the kitchen to take a look into the big pot that had not been used before in months. He took off the lid and saw two or three small yolks of eggs dancing about on the top. The sight of these made him know what the pot contained, and he was so happy that he actually began telling me of some things that had taken place downtown. Within a few minutes after he sat down at the table I had dinner ready and he ate chicken and dumplings until I thought he would burst. When dinner was over he brought up the subject of the addition I had been wanting built to the house, and from that day to this Mr. Cobbler and I haven't had any trouble. When I feel a little blue or see that he isn't as cheerful as he might be, I don't go to the neighbors and tell them my troubles. I go straight to my cookbook."

IT IS queer that Mr. Litchfield doesn't profit by Mrs. Litchfield's advice. Even the children can see that she is right, but Mr. Litchfield stubbornly pursues a course that never will lead to prosperity. When the family is in a little harder shape than usual, Mrs. Litchfield decides that it is time for her to say something to her husband. She begins by telling him that she is a woman. Although Mrs. Litchfield has splendid business ability, she has never denied being a woman. "I am a woman," she begins, "but I didn't look on to no purpose when my brother, Walter Whitside, was making his start in the world. Walter's plan was to lay aside something every month, and by doing that he soon had his money working for him. Now I don't say that I regret having married you, or that I have ever worried because of the opportunities that people said I threw away; but I do say that you ought to specify a certain sum or amount and lay it aside every month. That was Walter's way, and the result is that he doesn't have to ask odds of anybody." While Mrs. Litchfield is talking, the children look at their papa. The young children especially are very proud of him, but they have heard so much about the objections their mamma's people made to the match that they can't keep from speculating on the kind of papa they would have preferred if their mamma hadn't taken Mr. Litchfield. One of the boys thinks he might have been better pleased with a papa who had larger muscles and who had once been a prize fighter, and the little girl thinks she would prefer a papa with long black hair, who could make big speeches, or a short, fat papa who could sing funny songs. But most of the children are wondering if he is going to follow their mamma's advice.

TWO weeks ago a sewing-machine agent knocked at the Gristhopper door, and Mr. Gristhopper told his wife not to let the agent in. "If there is anything we don't need," he said, "it is a new sewing machine." Mrs. Gristhopper said she wasn't thinking of buying a new one, but that she didn't want

to be rude to the man. After bringing in the machine and showing all the good points and the new features that are not on the old machine, the agent looked at little Jenny and said to Mrs. Gristhopper: "Is that your daughter?" Mrs. Gristhopper confessed that Jenny was her granddaughter, and the agent was surprised to hear that she was old enough to have a grandchild. Mrs. Gristhopper then admitted that she had three grown children, but the agent refused to believe it. Poor Mr. Gristhopper knew his wife's weakness, and he felt sure she would buy a machine unless he did something to prevent it. "You don't want a new machine, mamma," he said to his wife, "and if I were you I wouldn't take up the man's time." Instead of getting ready to leave, the agent tried to remember having seen Mr. Gristhopper before, but Mr. Gristhopper was sure they hadn't met. "Well, I have seen somebody who looks just like you," the agent said. "Are you related to Judge Gristhopper of Grand City?" Mr. Gristhopper put down his paper and said: "Well, only distantly." The agent said that he and Judge Gristhopper looked enough alike to be brothers. "Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Gristhopper: "there were two sets of the Gristhoppers who used to live in Jasper County and I think one set of them moved to Grand City, or into that country somewhere, but I didn't keep track of them. I have talked to a number of people who knew Frank Gristhopper—that is the judge—and they tell me that he says we are cousins." Finally Mrs. Gristhopper said the new machine was all right, but that she would make out with her old one. "Well, if you are going to need a machine any time soon," Mr. Gristhopper said, "you might just as well go ahead and trade with this man while he is here."

Mr. Ripple is not a successful man because he sees too many opportunities. Almost every week he sees a new opportunity, and it looks so good to him that he decides to abandon the opportunity he was so enthusiastic about the week before.

Nothing gives Mrs. Poplin more genuine satisfaction than the fact that she is ten years younger than Mr. Poplin. She doesn't especially care to outlive him, but she doesn't want to risk his outliving her.

Dolly Buttercup has never written a letter under favorable circumstances. She always has to ask the young man to excuse writing and spelling for some reason.

Next to being in the house with your wife just after you have hurt her feelings, the most lonesome thing is to be in the house alone.

When Mrs. Whitside is thinking of buying a certain thing she asks herself the question, "Can my husband afford it?" If he can, she wants something better.

Dad Darner has the best children in Bumbleton. He taught them how to earn a living by starting them out early to earn one for him.



**White!
Flaky! Delicious!**

That's how Comet Rice comes to your table.

Comet Rice is the pick of the crop—selected with the utmost care. Sold only in sealed dust-proof packages.

Do you know the right way to boil rice to make it flaky? On the Comet package you'll find directions. Follow them and find out how rice can be transformed.

Get a package from your grocer today. Look for the Comet on the yellow package with the diagonal red band.

COOK RICE RIGHT—the Comet way

HEAUT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 20 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. Do not cover—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

EVER EAT BROWN RICE? Doctors recommend **WHOLE** rice with the natural outside coating and vitamins retained. Highly nourishing. Try **COMET NATURAL BROWN RICE**.

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Don't
wait for a
"pink
tooth-brush"

A DISCOLORED tooth-brush is an order from Nature. "Take care of your gums as well as your teeth" she says.

Ipana Tooth Paste does just that. It makes firm, healthy gums that can resist danger, and cleans the teeth as well.

And this is the reason. Ipana is the only tooth paste which contains Ziratol, a healing agent. More than 2,000 dentists have told us that they prescribe Ipana for its beneficial effect on the gums.

Ipana does everything that a good pure tooth paste can do and its smooth, snappy and delightful flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

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Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 44 Rector St., New York City.



Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 21)

indoor furniture—and the next morning Samuel anointed him as the first King of Israel. A peaceful but permanent change took place in the government of the nation.

Samuel made a curious prediction which came to pass that day. As young Saul drew near to a hill he met a company of prophets descending; they were following musicians who were playing on the psaltery, tabret, pipe and harp, while mystic speech filled the air. Saul was particularly affected by music; his spirit was caught up in a strange exaltation, and he, too, shouted in ecstasy and prophesied with the rest. When his former friends saw this they marveled. They were as much astonished as college students would be to see their champion athlete suddenly break out in poetry. Saul's utterance sounded like tall talk for a young cattleman, and they wondered what was the matter with him. They expressed their quite natural amazement in words that have become a proverb:

What is this that has come unto the son of Kish? Is Saul also among the prophets?

Saul became his natural self after this experience, for when Samuel was on the point of introducing him to the people and, like a convention speaker, was just about to mention the name of the candidate Saul could not be found; his shyness had got the better of him and he had hid himself. But when he was found and presented to the congregation they were delighted with his magnificent appearance, and they shouted together, "God save the king!" Samuel then wrote out a constitution, placed it in a book of records and dismissed the people.

It is always easy to accustom oneself to an advance in the scale of living; luxuries soon become a matter of course. The big country lad, so shy and modest at first, quickly became used to the pleasures of authority. It was a bad thing for Israel to have a king, but it was even worse for the king. We see the old, familiar, melancholy story of pride, egotism, and an abuse of power, leading to degeneration and ruin. The personal history of Saul is one of the most tragic in the Bible. Like Macbeth, he was a good fellow ruined by promotion. When we first meet Saul we see a kindly, modest country boy of superb physique, contented with his work and happy in his exuberant health and strength; as soon as he became king he exchanged comfort for splendor, cheerfulness for majesty, outdoor life for councils of state, peace of mind for chronic anxiety.

Jonathan, the Loyal Friend

FURTHERMORE, his moral nature had never been tried, and it failed to meet the tests of kingship. As his royal power increased, the wholesomeness of his character diminished. Men are not made for unchecked dominion, and almost invariably deteriorate with supreme power in their hands. The instance of Napoleon is simply a revelation of human nature; one sees the degeneration of the man steadily and insidiously accompanying the increase in authority. There are not many characters in history like Abraham Lincoln; whereas Napoleon, minus genius, is such a familiar example, so true to form, that Emerson took him as the representative of the common man.

It is depressing to contemplate the wretched figure of King Saul talking with the ghost of Samuel and to compare that colloquy with their first conversation. On this last fateful interview the same thing had really happened to both men; Samuel was an actual ghost, but in reality no more so than Saul, for he was only the ghost of his former self.

The deterioration of any man or woman is a shocking spectacle; but how much more so when the individual has been intrusted with enormous power and unbounded opportunities, only to make a wreck, involving his final ruin in the general downfall. Saul's youth was like a sunny spring morning that changes into the darkness of clouds and tempest. His fate hurts us, because there is something about him that we love.

One of the most splendid and lovable young men in the Bible is the crown prince Jonathan; he was mighty and valiant, bold

as a lion, fearless in danger, a good son and good patriot, and so loyal to his friend David that he was willing to lose his own rights rather than have David suffer. He was a born soldier, who fought with wisdom and courage, and who died on the field of battle.

The Philistines had left a garrison in Geba, and, as frequently happens, the alien soldiers had corrupted the natives. Young Jonathan went forth to war and smote this garrison, revealing at the same time the apostasy and abominable practices of the Israelites there dwelling. The Philistine host came out from their country, hot for revenge, and the Hebrews hid "in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits." While the unarmed population were in this state of terror and apprehension Jonathan, without telling his father, took his armor-bearer, who seems to have been a youth after his own heart, loving adventure more than life, and the two, climbing up the face of the rock with their hands and feet, rushed upon the army like a pair of hounds into a herd. They slew man after man.

Afar off the watchmen of Saul observed the confusion in the enemy's ranks, and reported it; Saul gave the word, the Israelites advanced, and all the people came out of their hiding places and fell upon the Philistines, while the natives rose against the garrisons; there was a terrific slaughter. But a curious thing happened, which is of deep significance, for it proved to Saul that he was a constitutional monarch, when he had fondly believed himself to be absolute and irresponsible. He had forbidden every man to eat until night came and their revenge should be complete.

Public Sentiment

NATURALLY Jonathan had not heard the king's command and, being almost faint with the heat of his exertions, and seeing honey in a wood, he ate of it; the relief he felt could not have been better expressed than by the Bible phrase: "his eyes were enlightened." Then the people, in horror, told him of his father's words, but the sensible Jonathan declared his father to be in error, and that it would have been better for all the people to eat and so be more efficient in the fight. On that night Saul, seeing that something was wrong, had lots drawn, and Jonathan was taken. Then came the first clash between the prince and his father; Jonathan saying ironically, "I did but taste a little honey . . . and lo, I must die." The willful king replied, "Thou shalt surely die, Jonathan."

Saul immediately discovered that there was such a thing as public sentiment and that it was stronger than the royal power. Many kings after his day were to ascertain the same fact. What a pity that there were not more instances! We do not know who the spokesman was on this occasion; perhaps angry resentment found many voices. The people said that not one hair of Jonathan's head should fall to the ground, and the king found it advisable not to press the matter. This is one of the first cases in history when public sentiment manifested itself successfully against the ruling authority, and, as such, deserves this especial mention.

Saul was an able military leader, and the Israelites were frequently victorious under his leadership. When he defeated the Amalekites he did not fulfill to the letter the stern directions of the voice of the Lord, who through Samuel told him to kill the women, the babies, the sucklings in their mothers' arms and all the valuable cattle. Poor, wicked Amalekite babies! I suppose they were like the nonsect infants of the Westminster Catechism. Unfortunately Saul was not moved by any pity, for the children were slaughtered; King Agag was spared out of senatorial courtesy, and the best of the cattle were saved, ostensibly to offer up to Jehovah, but probably for more practical purposes. Saul was always afraid of Samuel; he had the attitude of a bad boy toward a severe private tutor; but the reason he gave

(Continued on Page 113)

CONCERNING WOMEN ONLY

BY *Natalie Morris*



ONCE upon a time, very, very long ago, in the mid-Victorian days, Madame Grundy raised her pious hands in horror at the mere mention of the word leg. Then, one always said limb, and blushed becomingly.

But, thank heaven, those false modesties have gone the way of the old strait-jacket corset and the hoop skirt. Today, women call a leg a leg and display them frankly, even proudly.

Why mince matters? Shapely ankles are universally observed with approval. And correct stockings have ever so much to do with setting ankles off to advantage.

Come with me for a walk down any city boulevard when the wind is playful and you will observe there are two kinds of stockings most in evidence: stockings with old-fashioned seams up the back and,—Burson.

If your eye is critical it will tell you that stocking seams are frequently crooked. Just notice next time you are on the street. Wind-whipped skirts catch seams and pull them all awry until they run every-which-way in most unseemly disorder.

Once seams were necessary in shaped stockings and used in them exclusively. But now, mock seams are sewed into tubular stockings, imitating real fashioning. Therefore, to assure fit, women are buying Bursons that are fashioned in the knitting. So, you see, really there is no longer any need for unsightly seams. Burson Hosiery follow the graceful contour of the leg perfectly. They have no ungraceful seams to pull awry. Consequently, they set off feminine ankles in a dainty, graceful fashion.

Be sure you ask for Burson Hosiery.

SILK • MERCEUR • COTTON • LACE
BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

BURSON
Fashioned Hosiery



Lacing Hooks
for boys' and girls' shoes—just about as natural and necessary as the lace itself! Quick and easy in every-day use, they are most convenient for mother or child.



Every dealer can secure footwear with the handy shoe hooks. Insist on having what you want!

LACING-HOOKS-FOR MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 112)

Samuel for sparing the cattle is significant, coming so soon after the demonstration about Jonathan. "I feared the people, and obeyed their voice," Saul could not bear to see Samuel leaving him, and with his powerful hand he clutched the robe of the prophet, which tore in his grasp, Samuel using the rent as an allegory of the rending of Saul's kingdom.

Samuel relented at Saul's despairing plea, but it was an unfortunate decision for Agag. It is a vivid scene, when the king of the Amalekites, who now believed in his reprieve, came toward Samuel, walking delicately, saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is passed." They were his last words, for Samuel immediately vivisected him.

There is no other word to describe the gait and manner of Agag so dramatically as the word used in the authorized version, "delicately"; but scholars are not agreed as to exactly what happened on this occasion or as to how the Hebrew should be translated. Many think that the passage means that Agag appeared in chains, hence he walked "with difficulty," being fettered. Others think that it means he entered proudly, even superciliously, with royal self-confidence, ready either to live or to die like a king. But whatever may be the original intention, the authorized translation gives us the most interesting picture. Agag came in walking "delicately," with self-conscious, embarrassed and mincing steps, trying to behave like a king, but unable wholly to overcome a natural nervousness. If this is what the Hebrew means there is no better English word than "delicately."

An Authentic Ghost

SAMUEL was an incorruptible judge; and the fact that he took pride in what we regard to-day as a matter of course would seem to indicate that high officials in Israel were not always what they should be, probably on the whole decidedly inferior to court officials in the twentieth century. Samuel said to the people:

I am old and grayheaded . . . and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day.

Behold, here I am . . . whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you.

After a number of chapters dealing with the adventures of Saul and of David, one forgets Samuel, and it is with a shock that the twenty-fifth chapter opens with the words, "And Samuel died." One feels that a pillar of the house is fallen and that calamity will visit Israel in his absence.

Samuel is the only authentic ghost in the Bible; the only spirit who rose from the grave in palpable form, spoke definite words, and returned to his slumber. King Saul's visit to the medium has a strangely modern air. It was the last night of his life; he had well-founded fears that on the morrow he would be defeated by the Philistines. He missed sadly the counsel of his old tutor; and he inquired of God by dreams, by casting lots and by prophets; all in vain. As a last resort he visited a medium, the witch of Endor; once more his story reminds us of Macbeth.

The mediums were strictly forbidden by law; it was a capital offense to practice the art. But the desire of human nature to communicate with the spirits was then and is now so strong that no legal measures or power of reasoning can stop the traffic. Saul went in the darkness of the night, and in disguise, and when the woman asked him with whom he would like to speak he said in a voice of authority, which betrayed his identity: "Bring me up Samuel." To the

amazement of the old witch, who had hitherto relied on hocus-pocus, Samuel actually appeared. She cried out, "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle." Death had not changed the character of the old prophet; he that was holy was holy still.

He asked sternly why Saul had broken into his quiet sleep. Saul replied pathetically—and our hearts go out to him: "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me." Samuel informed him that everything had happened as he had predicted—"I told you so"—and then added grimly: "Tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

Saul fainted, for he knew his doom was at hand. The next day the battle went sore against him. The loyal Jonathan fell, fighting for his father's kingdom. Saul himself was cruelly wounded by the Philistine archers, and asked his armor-bearer to put an end to his sufferings; the boy was afraid, so Saul, like a Roman, fell on his own sword.

Kingly Only in Appearance

THE character of the first king is not impeccable; he was very human and had the faults that mark the natural man. The happiest years of his life came in his careless youth, riding over the hills after the herds; there was nothing kingly about him except his appearance.

His jealousy of David is quite natural; the girls sang: "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." He could hardly be expected to hear that song with enthusiasm. I suppose there are some ministers of the gospel who, if they should hear a thousand souls while their successors in the pastorate had saved ten thousand, might, in their glad rejoicing over the additions to the elect, feel some tincture of pique. Saul's jealousy of young David was further inflamed by the fact that his own children were mad about his rival; Jonathan loved him to distraction, and Saul's daughter Michal fell in love with him. Saul was no more vain and no more jealous than the average American.

He had no genius for government; he was more captain than statesman; he was rash and impulsive, given to outbursts of passion, followed by hearty repentance. He was subject to terrible fits of depression, nervous melancholia, so severe and so prolonged that he lay as if in a stupor. The only thing that could help him then was music, of which he was inordinately fond. We have seen how, when he heard the orchestra playing with

the prophets, he went into an ecstasy; so when this cloud of despondency darkened his mind David came and played music—perhaps the old cowboy tunes—and he was refreshed and took up his work again. No one has ever understood this peculiar melancholy either then or now; the Bible diagnoses it as possession by an evil spirit, which well describes its effects; this evil spirit could be banished only by music; the method so familiar to-day in the treatment of nervous diseases. Browning has practically recreated the effect on Saul of David's music.

Looking back on Saul's life and career, it does not appear that he was either sensual or vindictive, the two most common vices of monarchs.

Indeed, he was rather like a big, grown-up temperamental boy, incapable of dealing with problems of state.

In comparison with the average character of kings, both in ancient and in modern history, Saul meets the test rather well.

NOTE—In the next, the sixth, article in this series Professor Phelps will tell of King David, the shepherd, musician, athlete, poet, man of war, statesman, father, friend—his virtues and his vices.

60 YEARS OF
CHANGING STYLES
but always the same
wonderful Gingham



When Mother was a Girl

When your mother was a girl, practically all women were experts on textiles. They were shrewd, careful buyers and they bought only those fabrics which examination proved good value for the money.

Those were the days when Wm. Anderson Zephyrs first earned the appreciation and good-will of critical women. Today, after four generations of service to women and children, these famous Scotch ginghams are known throughout the world.

Their fresh, youthful designs, their soft, glovelike texture, their fast colors, their wonderful wearing qualities have all contributed to a reputation which may well be called leadership in the world of ginghams.

It has been possible to transplant in America the skill and experience acquired by four generations of Scotch makers of fine wash fabrics. An American-made Wm. Anderson Gingham is called IVANHOE, which comes in hundreds of lovely checks, plaids and stripes. Voile, Organdie and Dotted Swiss of exquisite quality are also included among the family of fabrics which are protected by "Wm. Anderson" on bolt end or selvage.

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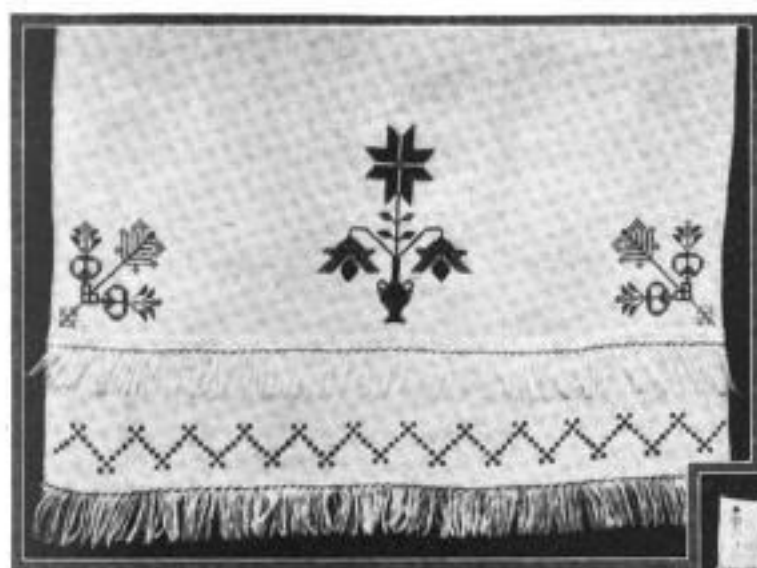


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VOILES ORGANDIES
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SATEENS RATINES
LAWNS TISSUES
SHIRTINGS

Eat Your Cake and Have it Too

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

The rose is red,
The leaves are green;
The days are past
Which I have seen.
—Verse from an old Pennsylvania
Dutch hand towel.



The fine cross-stitch border above has red flowers and a blue "fence." Second from right, a lovely pattern of blue and gold cross-stitch is repeated in the drawn work.

ONE of my firmest domestic beliefs is that all women love linen. "Purple and fine linen!" That's a magic phrase, and the most magic part of it is "fine linen." It sings to the ear. I like to think that weaving is an art as old as the recorded world; that Paris found Helen at her loom, that Penelope wove for Ulysses a martial mantle patterned with hounds and huntsmen. It binds our ancestresses to us with unbreakable threads of Life and Time. In our early American colonies linen was rare at first. Always, I think, the finest webs were imported, but even after the successful flax crops had been gathered there were the endless months of preparation, the processes of cleaning and swinging and hackling before a woman could sit at her loom to create beauty. Yes, I maintain that all right-minded women love linen, and that poor Mrs. Tulliver's distressed assurance, "And the linen's so in order, as if I was to die to-morrow, I shouldn't be ashamed," is also our high ideal.

But most of us cannot spin, neither can we weave. Alas, that's only too true, I know. Still, the silver lining to this cloud is that most of us have some lovely strip, "heirloom linen," that we keep in a trunk and take out to wonder at occasionally, and never, never use. All of which would seem terribly thriftless to our great-grandmothers who spun and wove it; and that their busy spirits may not reproach you in dreams, I urge you to eat your cake and have it too. By which I mean to look up all your old linens—fine tablecloths, creamy sheets and damask napkins—spread them out before you and see what beauty you can bring into your lives by really using them.

"But," you say—I'm like Alice in Wonderland; I like to pretend conversations—"I have just half a sheet," or "two towels, and the fringes are worn away," or "my sister and I divided my grandmother's wedding tablecloth. What can I do with just that?" Like a prudent person, I have my answer all ready. Half a sheet is lots better than no linen. Usually, you know, the old looms wove narrow strips thirty-four inches

wide—the narrower the strip the older the linen—so that your half means selvaige to selvaige. And the length, though naturally this varies, is usually about ninety inches.

NOW let's begin: Get your scissors and your yardstick, for we must measure carefully; snip just one tiny end and draw the thread. I think we'll make a lunch cloth thirty-four inches square and a dozen eleven-inch napkins. Of course the first problem is how to finish them. You could use Binde or Cluny, but the result would not be nearly so delightful as the method I employed. I took a thread from the sheet and matched it as nearly as I could; for, while linen does not run so uniformly even as cotton, it is much more desirable and in keeping. Moreover,

handwork always does and should show a slight irregularity, which is really pleasing to the experienced eye. I hemmed the cloth with as narrow fineness as I could, then into the edge I crocheted a design copied from an old Pennsylvania Dutch linen piece. This is the way it goes:

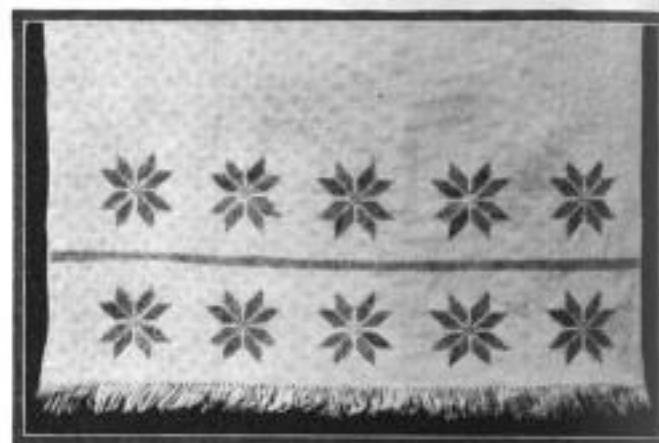
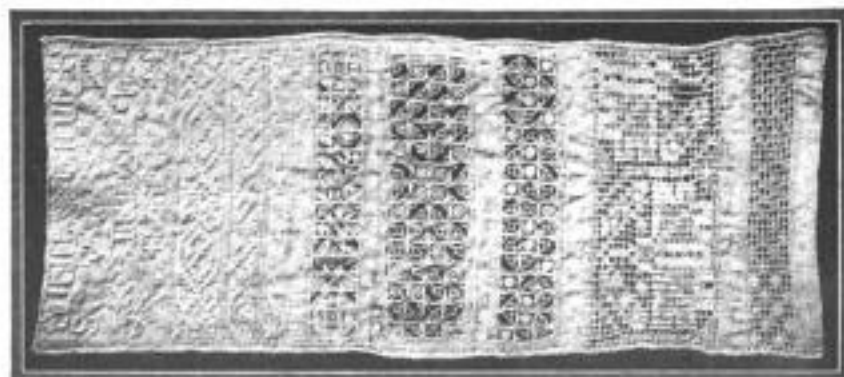
First row, chain five, short treble in cloth, chain and treble entirely around cloth. For the second row, chain five, and treble in treble also around the square. Then turn and finish with a picot edge. Be careful to hold the thread so that the edge does not "full" too much; and you will find the work much easier and easier if you will first stitch with an unthreaded machine the depth you wish to crochet in your lace. In the case of the napkins, which are merely to be finished with a picot edge, I should not hem them. The edge itself will make a perfectly firm finish, and a hem thickens too much so small a piece. Shall I tell you just how I do my edge? First I carefully pull a thread an eighth of an inch down, then I crochet in six stitches, chain four and join, and so to the end, getting a result unbelievably smooth and fine.

Blue and rose cross-stitch makes the unusually lovely border above.

Above, red and green cross-stitch, drawn work and darning; at right, drawn work and cross-stitch.



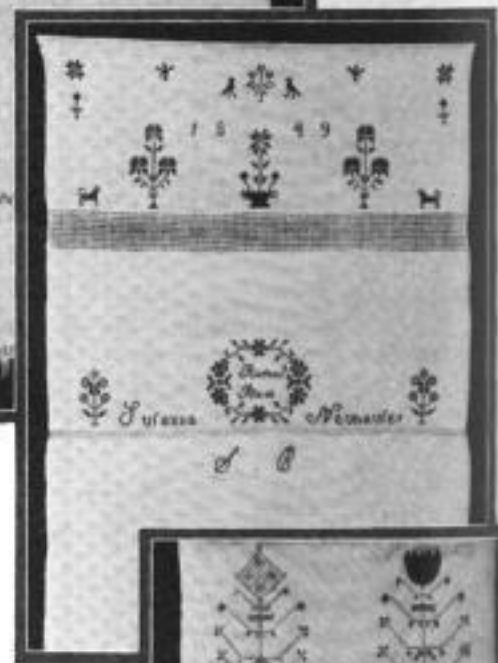
The 1814 peacock pattern at left is in tones of blue and rose; at right is a drawn-work sampler made before 1628 by Anne Gower, the first wife of Governor John Endicott.

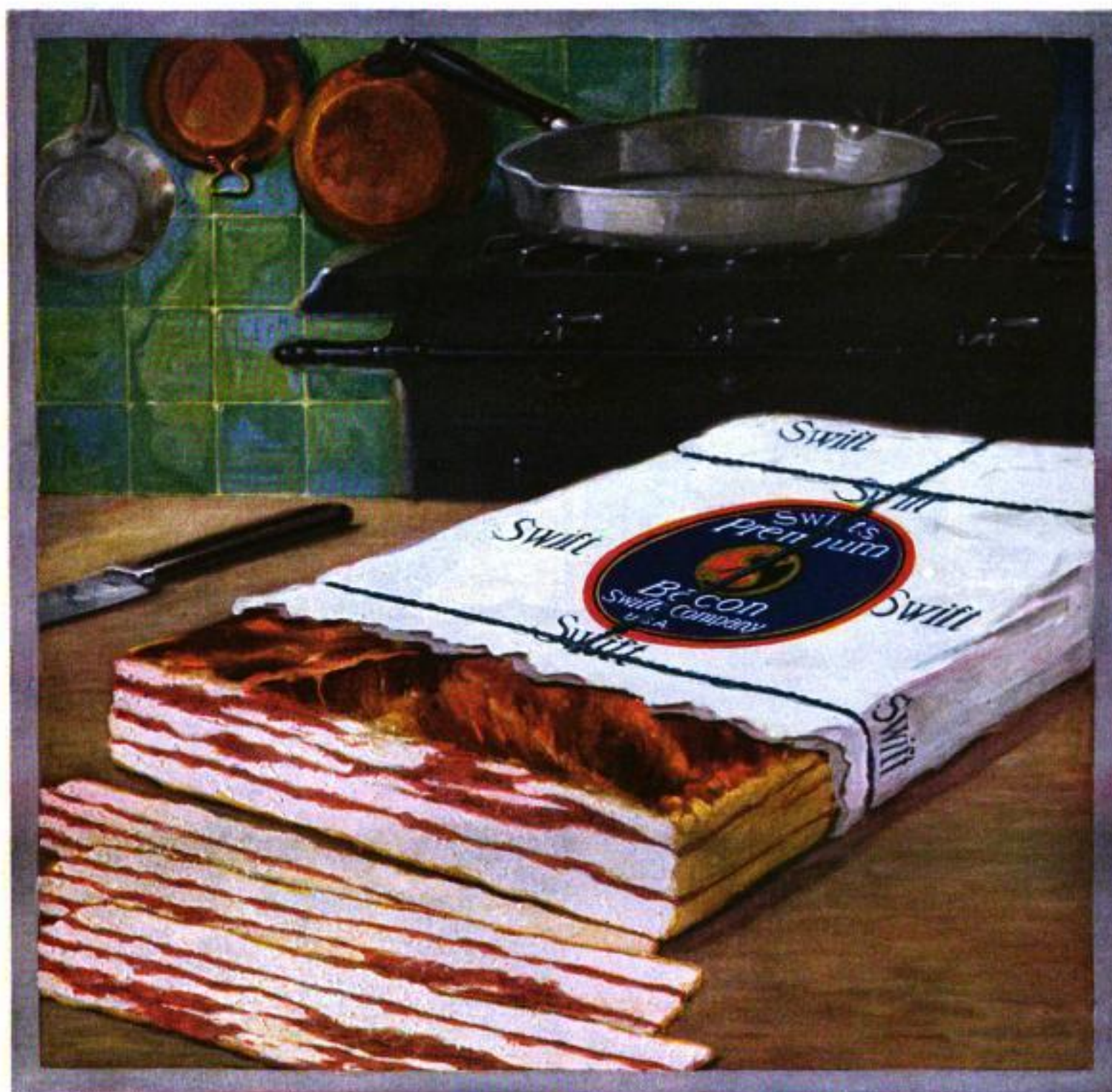


Large stars, solidly worked in blue and pink cross-stitch, were well liked in early days as decorations for towels and other linens.

Sometimes, too, you have smaller pieces of linen. I did—two plain pillow shams of finest linen that my grandmother's great-aunt had woven in eighteenth-century Ireland. So fine it was that I could not match the linen for ruffles; but instead of locking it up uselessly in a drawer and celebrating its beauty just occasionally, I drew meticulous threads and made sixteen afternoon tea napkins. Only nine inches square they are, but they are utterly adorable done in cross-stitch—dark blues and azures and two pinky roses and a daring little dash of green. The edges were delicately rolled and whipped, then cross-stitched in dark blue, so that the final effect is very much like the edge of the little Leeds cap shown on page 118. As far as pattern goes, you are practically unlimited in this work, though I think I should get the

(Continued on Page 117)





An easy economy—a side of Premium Bacon

A whole side of Premium Bacon in the pantry is the modern equivalent for the well filled larder of our thrifty grandparents. It takes but little room—and think how convenient it is—of how many good dishes it forms an indispensable half!

Bacon and eggs, of course, bacon and liver, bacon and fried potatoes or baked apples

are just a few of them. In fact, crisp, curly slices of Premium Bacon make almost any dish more tasty and more nourishing.

And by buying a whole side at once you make sure of having the delicate flavor and firm, even texture of Swift's Premium Bacon always at hand—and at the lowest possible price per pound.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying

Look for this "No parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Swift & Company
U. S. A.

You will always get the same fine quality in Premium Bacon—whether you buy it by the piece, or sliced, in the glass jar and parchment carton

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like mother used to make"



How Long Does it Take You to Make a Mince Pie?

If you use None Such Mince Meat you can make a juicy, tempting mince pie in one-tenth the time it usually takes.

None Such saves you all the bother of buying, chopping, mixing, and cooking the eleven choice ingredients that go into it. All you do is put on the finishing touches. And you have a pie that is more than delicious; it is nourishing and readily digested.

Leading bakers can supply you with None Such Pies. Serve None Such Pie at home, or try it at a restaurant. None Such has been the standard for over thirty-five years.

NONE SUCH FRUIT CAKE

Most delicious, rich fruit cake can be made with None Such Mince Meat. Try this recipe:

Stir to a cream two eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter or substitute. Add one-half cupful dark molasses, one cupful sweet milk, stir thoroughly. Mince fine with a fork the contents of one package of None Such Mince Meat. Sift together three cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. Stir into mixture until of proper consistency. Bake one hour in a moderate oven. This makes two cakes.



None Such Mince Meat comes in two convenient forms: in cans, ready for use; in packages, condensed

Merrell-Soule Sales Corporation, Syracuse, New York

EVERY THURSDAY IS NONE SUCH MINCE PIE DAY

Eat Your Cake and Have it Too

(Continued from Page 114)



Above, dark blue cross-stitch incloses a rose border, and motif recurs in drawnwork. At right, gay wools and cottons are used.



habit of studying old samplers to catch the feeling. And I think, too, if I had an old sprigged tea set or cream-and-rose Staffordshire cups and saucers I should take my cross-stitch motif and colors from my china, and so have my tea table all harmony. Or, if you prefer, this fine linen can be entirely white, picot edged with sheerest crochet cotton—unless you can get linen thread as fine as in a fairytale—and marked with tambour script initials. You can get the effect I mean by employing a very delicate double chainstitch, instead of crocheting them from underneath, as was the quaint, painstaking method of our grandmothers. Or again, you can edge your napkins with small scallops of satin stitch, not too much padded, and initial them with squarish letters half an inch high, worked like that delightful marking on Anne Gower's seventeenth-century sampler. Do them in punch work with the slenderest of stilettes and the finest of thread, and you will be as proud of them as she was.



Crochet edges the Pennsylvania linen centerpiece above; the tea napkin below, cross-stitch initialed, was once a towel.

a diamond pattern—and each towel, threads drawn first of course, was cut into six eleven-inch napkins. Now here comes the exception that proves the rule: I did not match the linen thread, but took instead a soft, silky cotton, and after drawing my thread an eighth of an inch down, crocheted in a picot edge as before. It had gone to my heart to pick out the old marking, W. S., 1826, in cross-stitching, "so fine, so fine it must have been done by little mice," but I comforted my conscience by working a script letter exactly in the same manner. And in marking this type of letter don't forget your characteristic period, composed of four tiny cross-stitches which form a quaint and interesting pointing-up square.

Now here I thought that my tale had been told. That is, I thought so until, just the other day, I found something so lovely that I must share it with you. This loveliness is the old Pennsylvania Dutch linens, the hand towels that these long-ago maidens worked with such careful stitchery, such simple charm.

I SEARCHED in my mind to find a word adequate to describe them to you, and at last I decided upon "wholesome." They remind me invariably of the sweet and smiling Pennsylvania country, where they were made; they are artless, naïve and full of a fine unself-conscious decorative instinct. I want to tell you about them so that you may copy them; that this old beauty may not be lost.

Half a sheet is made for this work. Old sheets, as I told you, were woven in strips thirty-four inches wide, and such a strip will cut into two other strips of seventeen inches, just the width of these towels. And nothing is more adapted to table runners than these gay cross-stitch designs, with inset knitted laces and fagoting and fringes brightly marked with color. Half a sheet, therefore—remember it's ninety inches long—will make crossed runners possible; a "square table" which, set with the charming new-old peasant ware that we are using so much to-day, is as pleasant as pleasant can be.

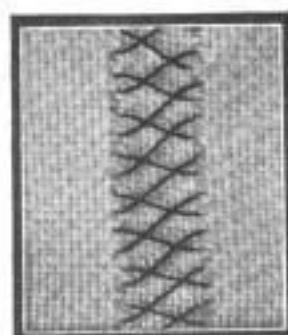
Of course cross-stitch is the real basis for all this work, and the range of colors is rather primitive—reds, blues, touches of bright rose and a good deal of soft pink, occasionally a vivid green, and, rarely, browns and yellows. I have tried to pick out characteristic

patterns for you—peacocks, doves, Noah's Arkish trees; stars and hearts and crowns and formal vases holding spiky blossoms. Beware of fruit designs, no matter how alluring, for they do not belong to Pennsylvania.

Sometimes, for the finer work, silk was employed, but not often, and for the most part cottons were used. Occasionally, though, in the heavier patterns you will find stitches of wool. Many of the towels were worked all

(Continued on Page 118)

The fagoting stitch much used for decorative purposes on linen is illustrated at left.



Lucille knows better than anyone else how to work with taffeta. She chose Corticelli Taffeta in a lovely Old Blue to create this bouffant frock for Irene Castle.



Photo by Campbell

Designed by Irene Castle



Photo by Iva A. Hill

For morning or afternoon, indoors or out, the Summer through, you will be fashionably dressed in Corticelli Castle Crêpe—the new printed silk shown here. This is one of six Corticelli Castle Crêpe costumes Irene Castle is wearing this season.

For each style the most appropriate silk

THIS is a season when silken fabrics are demanded for every sort of wear. And variety in silks is necessary to carry out the demands of the designers.

For we have sharp contrasts—models that demand the soft clinging lines of the popular crêpes and others that must have the crisp billowy effect only taffeta can give.

Another season for crêpe?—yes! And the loveliest of all—Corticelli Castle Crêpe which Irene Castle has made her own. Today these new printed effects, in all the fashionable colors and at the most inviting prices, are being displayed and eagerly bought in the Fifth Avenue shops.

If your favorite store cannot show you Corticelli Castle Crêpe or other Corticelli Dress Silks, including Satin Patria, Satin Princess, Satin Crêpes, Crêpes de Chine, Taffetas, Poplins, please write us. Address The Corticelli Silk Company, 103 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Free booklet of Irene Castle's new frocks with special pattern offer

Send for free copy of the new booklet which tells you how to obtain patterns of two of Irene Castle's favorite frocks made of Corticelli Castle Crêpe. This booklet also illustrates in actual colors five other dresses in



Corticelli Castle Crêpe, Satin Princess and Service Taffeta.

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Union Square West

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Eat Your Cake and Have it Too

(Continued from Page 117)

over, and this I would not advise for table runners. In the first place, it would mean a life work; in the second, the color designs at the ends and possibly a central motif are all that is necessary for charm and suitability. Can you imagine a more engaging design for your dining room than the towel with the fringed ends and the "fence pattern" of cross-stitch shown in the photograph on page 114? Yet it is quite simple; the central vase design is done in double cross-stitch in red and blue, while the formalized motifs in the corner are in the same colors. The fringes are cross-stitched in blue and red, and the fence pattern is alternate red and blue crosses. Sometimes the fringes are hemmed in red or blue; sometimes this fringed end is joined to the body of the towel by a row of fagoting. Or perhaps there is an inserted strip of knitted linen lace or a hemstitched band or five rows of fringe, all hemmed with color and separated by single cross-stitching. You can hardly go wrong if you will remember the colors, and that the Pennsylvania Dutch never worked in a naturalistic method. Instead, they interpreted the dailiness of life around them in angles.

YOU have noticed of course how many of the towels show the drawn work at the bottom. This was a legacy from the seventeenth century; earlier, indeed, if we think of Catharine of Aragon having introduced it into England. It is, you see, an elaboration of the drawn work, but, since art is long and time certainly fleeting, I am urging a shorter stint for your needle: Real net can be bought in strips and inserted as you wish, and the pattern darned in with a heavy mercerized India floss. If the upper motif is repeated in the panel the effect will be both charming and harmonious; observe, please, how delightfully it is carried out in the towels done by Elisabeth Rauch and Anna Fogg, which have been photographed.

Looking over this old work you will be surprised to find what a variety the simple cross-stitch can give: double, with single, thick threads and thin threads. Indeed, I found a variant of the stitch which was quite new to me, and, maybe, may prove so to you. Threads are drawn about a quarter of an inch apart, and into these lines the stitches are taken, tallish and rather straight up and down; then, as you come down for



This 1813 example worked in gold and brown has, as an insert, a rare Mennonite symbol in punto tirato (drawn work).

your second stitch, you must slip your needle under the thread. The result is unusually pretty and different. Another engaging effect is practically an Irish stitch. Again the threads are drawn, this time as if for hemstitching, sometimes an eighth,

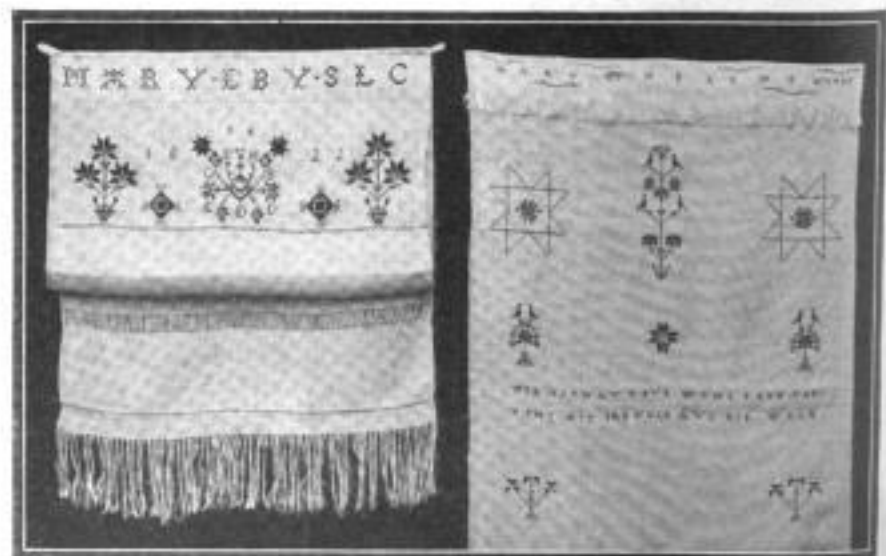
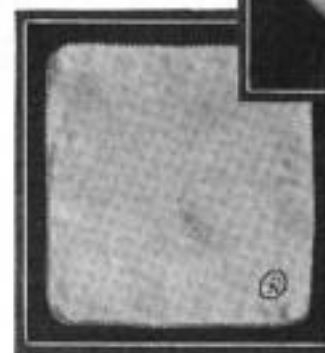
sometimes a quarter of an inch, and the colored strands of cotton are "darned" in, under two threads and over four, the second line covering the threads that the first has skipped.

Ah, they are all so lovely, "needles in and out of cloth," fine stitches, gay hues and every colored dream that was sewed into them.

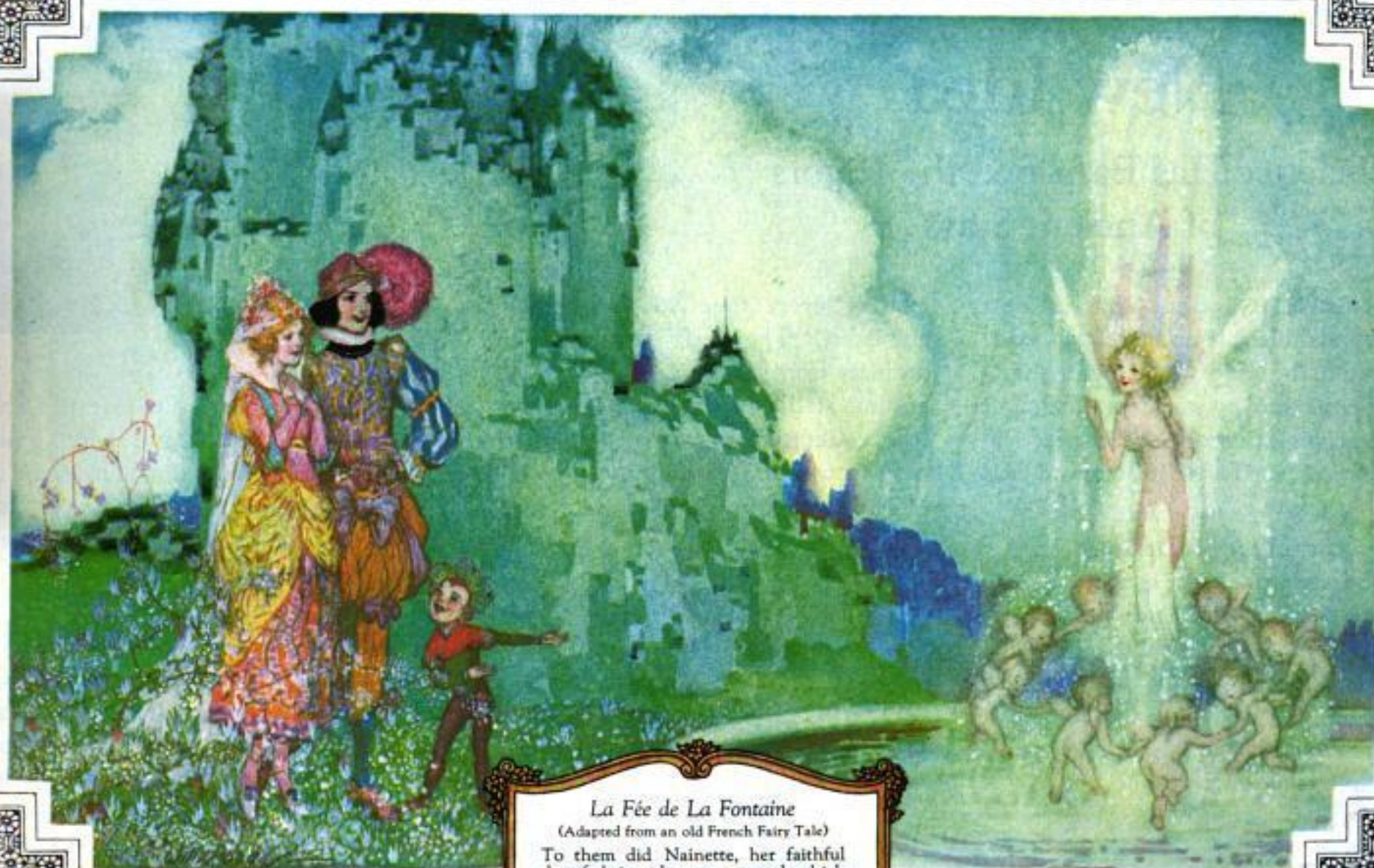
Can't you imagine these blond Mennonite lasses sitting and rocking and singing, perhaps, as they worked, verses of those stalwart old Lutheran hymns? And can't we, in these rushing twentieth-century days, stop to borrow a little of the artless beauty that they created?



The Leeds cup above suggests a charming pattern. Eighteenth Century Irish linen makes the cross-stitch tea napkin at the left.



The fine red and blue cross-stitch at the left was done in 1822 by a fourteen-year-old girl; the stars, birds and old German rime is signed "Mary Schills her X 1835."



La Fée de La Fontaine
(Adapted from an old French Fairy Tale)
To them did Nainette, her faithful dwarf, bring the secret word which broke the evil spell. And so La Fée de La Fontaine herself at last performed the marriage ceremony in the Emerald Palace of the Prince.

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Écoutez, Madame, Mademoiselle! The beauty of Paris and of France speaks to you! To be truly *Parisienne*, to be, *en réalité*—of to-day's mode it is quite necessary that each article of your toilet table bear the same French fragrance.

Par exemple, the French fragrance of French Djer-Kiss breathing its charm in each exquisite *spécialité de Djer-Kiss*, the Face Powder, Talc, Rouge, Sachet, Toilet Water, Extract.

Even in the pure *crèmes* and soap—*le savon* so dainty, which keeps the skin fine textured and smooth—does fashion demand that Madame use the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss. Thus more and more will you desire all the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*. Little by little or *ensemble*, you will buy them. Then in their daily use will you find *la toilette harmonieuse*—that final charm

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Fitting Corsets to the New Idea

Science Has Banished the Rigors of Ancient Stays

PROCRUSTES is dead. The bad man of mythology is no more. His cruel bed to the size of which he accommodated his victims by stretching the short and telescoping the tall—Procrustes and his bed have gone down the dumbwaiter of modern corsetry.

The necessity of even the irksome old-fashioned corset to support and give shape to the figure has been recognized by centuries of womanhood. But now comes the P. N. Practical Front Corset to sustain the figure without paining it—to rejuvenate and perpetuate the graceful shape and to erase the marks of age, occupation or faulty posture.

More Than Custom-Made

The P. N. Practical Front Corset renders a priceless service. Easily, gracefully, comfortably and naturally it moulds the stylish contour. Not only has it the fashionable custom look when bought, but it retains its distinctive and individual lines throughout the life of the corset.

For it makes possible a new and fresh

refitting every time you put it on! The steels of ordinary front-lace corsets are not at the center but a little to one side, causing an unbalanced effect. The most powerful factor in the desirability



The inexpressible comfort of the pliable elastic vest

of the P. N. Practical Front Corset is the vest of pliable elastic which clasps so surely and vertically at the center of the body, without a possibility of shifting to left or right. An inexpressible comfort!

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Over the elastic vest of the P. N. Practical Front Corset the outer flaps lace with utmost ease—not through elusive eyelets but over flat hooks—shoewise. Through its obliging construction it lends simplicity and handiness to that indispensable elixir in the life of a corset—that powerful influence in perma-



An unforgettable adventure in permanently perfect corseting



Procrustes, the Bad Man of Mythology, is no more

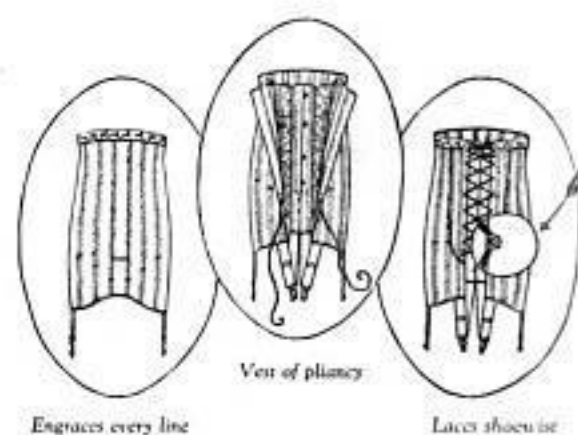
nent retention of the corset's shapeliness—the daily lacing. The lacing relieves the vest of strain and conforms the corset exactly to the lines of the figure. It is in effect a fresh fitting—a re-born corset—every time you do it.

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Layette Features that a Baby Likes to Have



PHOTO BY MARGARET HUGHES PEATTIE

Above the yoke is joined to the dress with fine entre-deux, always a dainty touch.

A very practical as well as attractive feature of the dainty little dress on the right is the wide square yoke, which is cut in one piece so as to avoid a seam across the top of the shoulders. The lovely eyelet embroidery and the effective use of baby Irish crochet make this quite worthy of being baby's first short dress. Pattern comes in sizes $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2 and 3 years.

For all his hunting, Daddy could never have found anything so pretty and so cozy for the much-discussed wrapping of Baby Bunting as a tiny robe of white cashmere lined with pale pink China silk, with all its edges blanket stitched in the same color, feather stitched seams and embroidered roses on sleeves and skirt. The pattern for this comes in one size only.



3512

The little flannel band at the right boasts as decoration a single embroidered pink rose and as a practical feature tiny buttons to close it on each shoulder. Like everything else on this page, with the exception of dress No. 3744 and the one in the photograph at the upper left, it is included in pattern No. 3512.



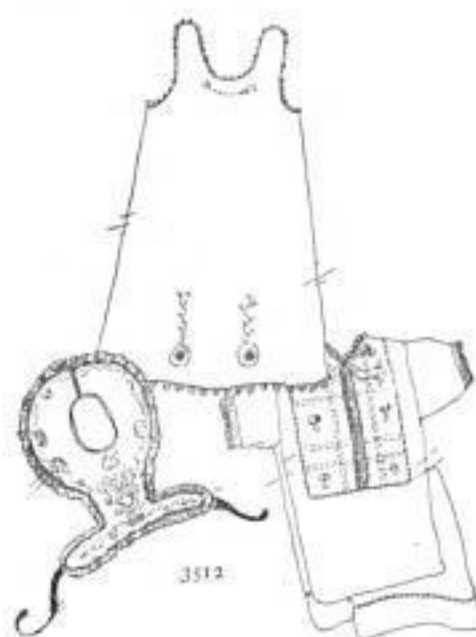
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Transfer 14967



3512

Baby's great-grandmother might well have worn the high-waisted little dress at the left above. It is of fine nainsook trimmed with feather stitching, tatting and entre-deux where the sleeves join the yoke. Heavy linen threads are pulled through to plaid the other equally cunning dress. One pattern, in one size only, includes the three-piece set.



3512

Such great French houses as Worth, Lanvin and Madeleine et Madeleine design fascinating layettes in moments of relaxation, from one of which comes a dainty bib of delicate embroidery and Val lace. For this a pattern in one size only is included in the set. The cunning Gertrude petticoat of white long-cloth with edging of Armenian crochet and the nainsook nightgown trimmed with embroidery and tatting are included in one pattern.

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Your accustomed eye picks out the precise shade of yarn you want. Your sensitive touch tells you when yarn is soft, even, and alive. But you can always confirm your own judgment by asking for Minerva Yarns by name.

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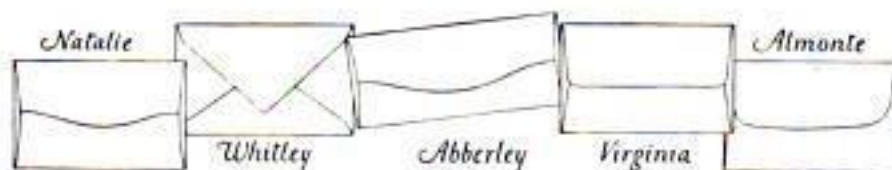
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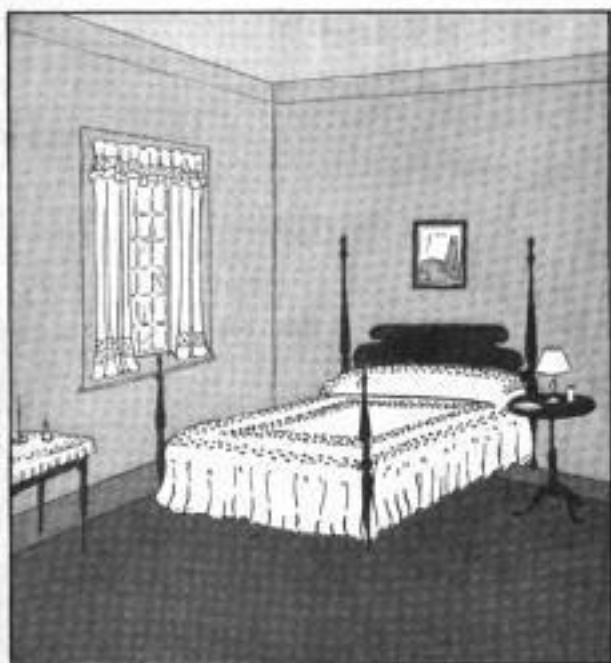
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Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence

A Quickly Made Bedroom Set

By LAURA L. WILLIS



MORE than one busy housewife has found herself admiring a bit enviously the dainty summer bedrooms of her more leisured friends and wishing that she, too, had time and energy to make lovely things of embroidery and appliqué. Just such a woman must have first conceived the idea of embroidering dotted Swiss and applying bands of it on plain sheer muslin or dimity to make the daintiest and most usable of bedspreads, curtains and dresser scarfs imaginable. Since each dot, embellished with a cluster of French knots, forms the center for a flower, the petals of which are worked in the simplest of all embroidery stitches—the lazy daisy—there is no need of pattern or transfer design, no counting of stitches or measuring of distances. And not only may such a bedroom set be made with an incredibly small demand upon one's time and eyesight, but the strain upon the pocketbook is also a light one, for the materials are inexpensive.

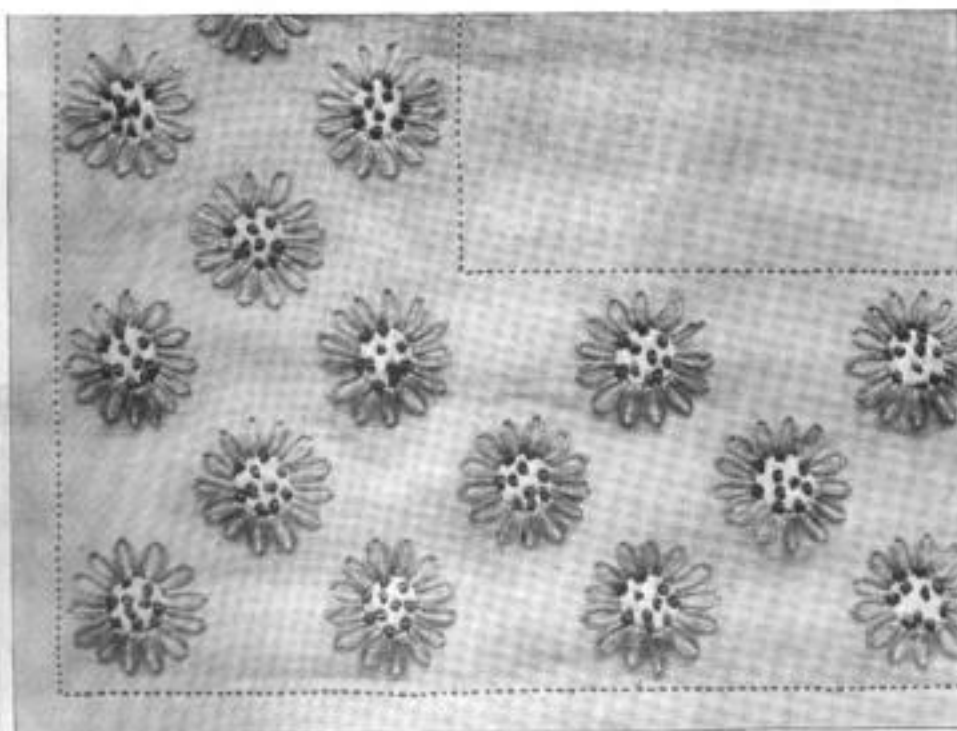
Four inches is a good width for the bands of dotted Swiss, whether they are used on bedspread or scarf. To be most effective, the material chosen should have dots of such size and so spaced that just three rows of them will fall within this four-inch space. If the dots are too small or too close together the embroidery does not show to its best advantage. Hemstitching is the most satisfactory method of applying the bands. This may be done in white or to match the petals of the flowers, and it will cost little to have

it done by machine if one does not care to do it by hand.

The possible color combinations in a bedroom set of this sort are legion. The young daughter of the family will love a set of white, with yellow-centered flowers and the petals worked in two shades of soft pink, first a group of the deeper shade, then one of the lighter, but with so little difference between the two that one must look twice to be sure of it.

For the guest room, soft yellow muslin with bands of white-dotted Swiss would be delightful. Plain blue material may have a border of white-dotted Swiss which has blossomed forth with yellow-centered blue cornflowers; or, if one wishes to take the trouble, it would be most attractive to dye the dotted Swiss blue before doing the embroidery. In this case particular care should be taken to cover completely the dots with the yellow French knots which form the flower centers.

The sketch above gives an idea of the way in which the bands of dotted Swiss should be applied. The bedspread, one corner of which is shown in detail below, is one hundred twelve and a half inches long by ninety-nine inches wide and has a ruffled valance fourteen inches long. The outer border of dotted Swiss is placed just inside the valance, as close as possible to the three-quarter-inch hem; eleven inches in from this border is a second band of the Swiss. The flowers when completed measure one and three-eighths inches across.



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103 C.—Extra Heavy Crêpe de Chine \$9.50
103 H.—10 Misme Lustrous Habotai \$5.75



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100 S.—Super Sport Satin . . . \$9.75
150 —Extra Heavy All Silk Broadcloth . . . 8.50
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153 H.—10 Misme Lustrous Habotai . . . 5.75



ELGIN TAILORED BLOUSE

How Thin Folks May Become Plump

(Continued from Page 24)

The window should be wide open, or two windows, if there are two, should be open. The common way of facing the bed with its head against the wall or in the corner of the room is pernicious. The bed should be made up so that the head of the sleeper is at the foot of the bed, so that his face is in the middle of the room where he can get a free supply of air and not be crowded into the corner, away from the circulation of life-giving oxygen. It is utterly impossible to be well nourished, rugged, red-tipped and rosy-cheeked without an ample supply of oxygen.

A great many persons who are thin and scrawny lack proper elimination. They share this disability with those who are overweight. There is something about the toxins of fermentation and the waste material of the body that makes for disturbance in metabolism. By metabolism we mean the natural balance between intake of food and the outgo of waste. If metabolism is disturbed the patient puts on an excess of fat or loses weight, becoming emaciated. Therefore it is important to be sure that the kidneys are eliminating properly and that one is not suffering from constipation. Likewise, a good many thin people suffer from chronic diarrhea. Needless to say, this trouble is a drain upon the system, and means that the food is undigested and is not furnishing proper nourishment. The causes for the diarrhea must be determined and removed before one can hope to be normal in weight.

We hear much these days about "focal infection." Abscesses of the teeth, diseased tonsils, disease of the nasal accessory cavities, absorption of pus from the skin disease known as acne—all these are types of so-called focal infection. Thinness of the body may result from poisoning of this sort. Therefore, in order to obtain a sure diagnosis to eliminate these possible causes through disease, it is well to visit your dentist as well as your doctor, and the medical examination is not complete until the throat and nose have been examined.

Worry More Deadly Than Disease

LOSS of sleep is a great factor in the production of thinness. The most common cause for sleeplessness is constipation. Next to this comes poor ventilation of the bedroom, of which we have already spoken. Over-fatigue, eating late at night, staying too long in an atmosphere laden with tobacco smoke are among the causes of sleeplessness. The social demands of an active "season" are so exhausting to young women, debutantes and others who rush pell-mell into the social swing that they are apt to suffer from insomnia and consequently from scrawnyness.

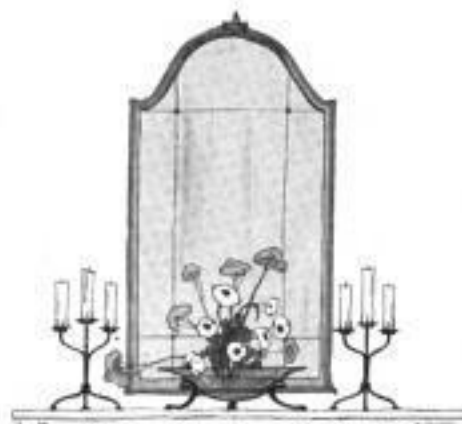
A tremendous amount of nerve energy, vitality and flesh is lost by excessive nervousness on the part of the individual. This nervousness is shown by the individual fidgeting, in constant motion, fussing with something with his hands, moving his body, and the common expression of it in a woman is where she constantly fusses with her hair.

Worry has killed more people than any disease in the books of the medical profession. Fear is more deadly than bullets. Worry will dissolve flesh quicker than any chemical solvent.

We do not think much of men who fail to have a little bank account, a reserve in case of need. You are just as improvident if you fail to have upon your body flesh enough to give you a reserve in case of illness. Somehow or other, a body plump, well nourished, supplied with a sufficient amount of fat, will resist disease when a thin, meager body will succumb. This is particularly true of diseases of the lungs. It is very important to the young married woman approaching maternity to be supplied with sufficient bodily development to give her a reserve for the experience she is to have. The well-developed and plump mother is better equipped to supply her child with its normal nourishment. Many a thin, scrawny mother lacks the normal breast food for her infant.

Let us consider the diet to overcome thinness. We have in general three kinds of foods: Fats, carbohydrates—including sugar and starches—and proteins. Proteins supply

the muscles and framework of the body. Fats and carbohydrates supply the fat, the element lacking in thin persons. It would be a hasty deduction to rule out the proteins and to have a diet that would be exclusively composed of fats and carbohydrates. The protein food is most important. It must be



taken in liberal quantities in order to maintain the body. Without it the heart, lungs and other vital organs would soon be without repair material, and the body would deteriorate exactly as a house would that never had repairs to it. The mere ingestion of fats, instead of effecting the desired result, would tend to clog and poison the system; indigestion would follow and ill health result from such a dietary.

Along with the right choice of foods to overcome thinness there are certain rules to be followed. In the first place you must take in a lot of fluid. We tell fat people not to take water at meals, but advise them to take all they want between meals. The reason why water should not be taken at mealtime by fat persons is because it washes down their food and causes them to eat more than they really should. Most thin persons do not eat enough, and anything that will aid them to increase the amount of food is desirable. Therefore I would say take at mealtime all the water you want, and if you don't want water take it anyhow. It is essential to the purpose you have in mind.

In the sanatoriums for the tuberculous great attention is given to the diet. I remark this not because the thin person must have tuberculosis by any means, but because the main effort of the sanatoriums is to combat thinness and to restore the patient to normal weight. The dietary given for this purpose consists largely of milk and eggs. The reason these articles are given is because they contain all the essential protein and other food elements and, in addition, are rich in fats. The yolk of the egg is largely fat. The cream of the milk is fat. The more cream you take without discomfort or impairment of digestion, the more fat you will put on your body.

Milk and More Milk

A THIN person really making an effort to add weight should take as much as two or three quarts of milk a day. Indeed, some medical authorities recommend taking as much as four or five quarts a day. But no such amount of fluid should be added to the diet without making sure that the heart and kidneys are in good condition, and this extreme course should in most cases be under medical observation.

An eminent authority states that a diet to maintain good health should consist of milk, potatoes, cabbage and bread. You will see at once that the cream of the milk, the starch of the potatoes and bread contain the fat-giving elements, while the cabbage supplies roughage and certain of the vitamins.

In speaking of milk I refer to fresh whole milk with a high content of butterfat, as is found in Guernsey or Jersey milk. Not only should there be much intake of milk, but butter and whole-milk cheese, both rich in fat, should be added to the dietary.

In addition to the three regular meals, to each of which the thin person should go with a good appetite, there must be taken between meals a certain amount of nourishment. For

this purpose milk, either fresh or a fermented product made of whole milk, should be taken. Let me emphasize that just milk of any sort is not sufficient. It must contain butterfat or the purpose of its ingestion is defeated. It is a food and therefore should not be hastily swallowed like so much water, but taken in sips or with moderate slowness.

Let us determine, then, to have between breakfast and the midday meal two glasses of milk, between the midday meal and the evening meal two glasses, and before bedtime another glass or two. Instead of tea or coffee use milk with meals.

With many persons milk produces constipation. Whether it does or not, bran should be added to the diet.

Nuts, all cereals and all kinds of bread are desirable. On general principles, whole-wheat flour is better than the refined flour used for making white bread. Every slice of bread should be thickly spread with butter. The sugar of candy has its value in adding weight, but candy ought not to be taken between meals by the thin person, because it will dull the appetite and interfere with the eating of a large meal, such as we must have in order to conquer thinness. Let the candy be taken following the meal; as much as the person desires may then be eaten without harm.

Menus for Thin People

I HAVE prepared the following menus as suggestive of the types that will put good, sound flesh upon thin persons:

BREAKFAST

Sliced orange or grapefruit with sugar, or stewed dried fruits.
Liberal portion of cereal with sugar and an abundance of cream. Sprinkle over this a tablespoonful of bran.
Two eggs and a strip or two of bacon, baked potato with butter.
Two glasses of milk. If coffee is taken, a generous amount of cream should be added.
Rolls with sirup, if desired.

LUNCH

Creamed soup.
Salad, with cream, oil or cheese dressing.
Several slices of well-buttered bread.
Two glasses of milk.
Pie, pudding with cream sauce or ice cream, known to contain the legitimate amount of butterfat.
Slice of cake if desired.

DINNER

Bean or pea soup.
Codfish with a thick sauce.
Roast beef, outside cut, with a little fat.
Brown potatoes with gravy.
Carrots, parsnips or vegetable oysters with cream sauce.
Several slices of well-buttered bread.
Two glasses of milk.
Chocolate or bread pudding with cream sauce, or ice cream.

BREAKFAST

Fruit.
Rice with cream and sugar, or corn meal with bran sprinkling.
Ham and eggs, and potatoes.
Two glasses of milk.
Buttered toast and honey.

LUNCH

Asparagus soup.
Mutton chops, potatoes au gratin.
Hearts of lettuce salad with oil dressing.
Two glasses of milk.
Lemon meringue pie.

DINNER

Creamed oyster soup.
Roast duck, turnips, plenty of stuffing, sweet potatoes.
Cranberry sauce.
Two glasses of milk.
Mince pie with whipped cream.
Boston brown bread.

BREAKFAST

Fruit and cereal as before.
Finnan haddie with potatoes.
Toast and marmalade.
Two glasses of milk.
Corn muffins.

LUNCH

Tomato soup.
Sweetbreads, stewed corn or succotash.
Coleslaw.
Two glasses of milk.
Prune whip.

DINNER

Italian vegetable soup.
Creamed fish.
Roast tenderloin of pork, spaghetti with cheese.
Cauliflower.
French ice cream and cake.
Two glasses of milk.
Hot biscuits.

Everything for Art Needlework

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Bear Brand

Yarns are supreme in quality

It is an arbitrary ruling of Fashion for Spring, 1922, that no wardrobe is considered correct unless it includes several hand knitted garments and novelties for outing and sport wear. They are no longer a temporary craze. They are a style necessity.

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\$1.00 Complete

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Bucilla Rope is the perfect floss for all colored embroidery on fine decorative pieces. (Bucilla Hindu is of the same texture, but in size adapted to finer work.) Bucilla Six Strand is used for Cross Stitch, French Knot, Loop stitch, etc., or is easily separated and one or more strands used for fine embroidery on delicate fabrics.

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One-Strap Pump



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Women's Oxford



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The Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 7)

GEORGE (leaping to his feet): I knew it! I knew they'd come piling in here just the instant I — (He turns upstage, clasping his brow.) Oh, my heavens! I knew it!

ANNA: Oh!

[The door into the hall is opened by the housemaid, and two girls of nineteen or twenty are revealed, divesting themselves of outer wraps. They at once come hurrying gayly down to ANNA, greeting her with a jumble of words and laughter, to which she contributes in like manner, as they exclaim: "We just thought we'd frolic over to see you, old thing," and "Nothing doing at our house, so we thought we'd see if you knew anything." ANNA responds simultaneously, "Just lovely of you! We were just hoping you'd take it into your heads to drop in. How nice of you!" and so forth. The newcomers greet GEORGE with "Hello, George." He responds pessimistically.

GEORGE: Howdy-do, Mary. Howdy-do, Grace.

ANNA: George just dropped in to say good-by.

MARY: Gracious! Hope we're not interfering.

GEORGE (feebly): Oh, no. Not at all!

ANNA (laughing): Why, of course not!

[The bell rings.

GEORGE: Oh, my goodness! Here's some more!

GRACE (reproachfully): College English, George? Don't they teach you to say "Here are more"?

GEORGE (with gloomy absent-mindedness): Yes, there certainly are! I knew it!

[The hall door opens to admit five more lively young people: a girl and four youths. The girl's name—it appears during the ensuing greetings—is LENNIE, and the young gentlemen are known to those present as TOM, FLOYD, LYNN and FRED. They chatter phrases and half sentences of greeting all together for a few moments, though GEORGE takes only a pessimistic and fragmentary part in these ceremonies; then LENNIE shouts louder than any of the others and obtains a hearing.

LENNIE: But what are we going to do? We aren't just going to sit around and talk, are we?

MARY: Let's all go somewhere.

SEVERAL OF THE OTHERS: Well, where? Where is there to go? Where do you want to go?

LENNIE: Well, most anywhere.

GEORGE: That's a sensible idea.

MARY: Where do you say to go, Anna?

ANNA: I? Oh, nowhere. I thought I wouldn't go out to-night.

GRACE: All right then; we'll stay here.

CHORUS: Well, why not? Might as well be here as anywhere. Yes, let's take it easy for one night. (And so forth.)

LENNIE: Well, what's the matter with our shaking the hoof a while? Turn on that phonograph, somebody. (She grasps the youth FLOYD.)

CHORUS: That's it! Come on then! We can dance here's well's anywhere! Tune her up, George!

[They prepare to dance; ANNA is seized upon, and in the pairing of the couples the gloomy GEORGE finds himself the odd person, excluded.

CHORUS: Start the instrument, George! George, you're the band! Why don't you tune up, George?

[GEORGE starts the phonograph, which stands in a corner of the room. The others dance, chattering. GEORGE goes to the fireplace and compares his watch with the clock on the mantel shelf. Then he produces a camper's pocketknife, opens out of it a small screw driver and returns to the phonograph with an air of determination. Glancing over his shoulder and assuring himself that the dancers are too busy to observe him,

he busily sets to work upon the mechanism of the phonograph. Meanwhile the others begin to sing loudly and gayly the air played by the record, all oblivious of GEORGE's energetic destructiveness. The record falls; then it begins to make peculiar sounds.

CHORUS (not pausing in the dance): Why, gracious! What's the matter with the music? Is that instrument sick? Sounds like cholera morbus! (And so forth.)

FLOYD (shouting): Put on another record, George. What's the matter with the thing, anyhow?

GEORGE (moving hastily away from the phonograph): I don't know. Is something wrong?

CHORUS: Can't you fix it? Put on another record! Do something!

GEORGE: Well, I'll see. (He puts a hand under the lid of the phonograph; there is instantly a clatter, and the music stops. So do the dancers.)

CHORUS: What is the matter? Why don't you fix it? Why don't you —

GEORGE: Something seems to be the matter with it.

GRACE: Well, hurry and fix it.

GEORGE: I don't believe I —

LYNN (looking under the lid): Well, no; I don't believe you could! (He takes from under the lid the metal arm and detached sound box of the instrument.) Why, it would take Edison himself to put this phonograph together again—it's all fallen apart!

CHORUS: Goodness! Why, just look at it! Well, of all the disappointing — Oh, my, how silly of it! (And so forth.)

TOM: That's all the dancing you'll do to-night, ladies!

MARY: But you're men. Why don't some of you fix it?

LYNN (singing):

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall —

GRACE: Oh, do hush. Why don't you fix it? FLOYD and LYNN (singing together):

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again!

[They execute a few dog steps by way of conclusion.

MARY (sinking into a chair): How tiresome!

FLOYD and LYNN: Thanks, lady!

GRACE (sitting): Well, what are we going to do?

FRED: Let's play Button, Button! Who's Got the Button?

LENNIE (sitting): Do hush!

GEORGE (earnestly): Well, I can't think of any way you could amuse yourselves. Strikes me this would be a great night for everybody to go home and get some sleep.

TOM: I thought you had to start back to college to-night.

GEORGE: I do. I meant everybody else.

TOM: What's the matter with you, George? I mean with your mind.

GEORGE: Nothing. I only meant —

GRACE: Oh, do hush! Can't anybody think of something we could do?

GEORGE: No. Not a thing.

MARY: We could play charades.

GEORGE: Charades? They're terrible.

GRACE (with a shrug): Well, let's just sit around and talk then.

GEORGE: Oh, murder, no!

ANNA: Well, what do you want to do, George?

GEORGE (hastily): Well, I want to — (He checks himself.) I was just trying to think. It does seem a great night to go home and sleep.

FLOYD (finishing a consultation with FRED): Why, of course! We've got enough for two tables, with George left over. He has to go pretty soon, anyhow, so he needn't play.

GEORGE (uneasily): I needn't play what?

FLOYD (smilingly): Bridge. We've got just enough for two tables without you.

(Continued on
Page 128)





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The Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 126)

CHORUS: That's it! Of course! Bridge! We'll play bridge till midnight. That's splendid! (And so forth.)

[As they chatter they begin to clear two tables for cards.]

GEORGE: No! For heaven's sake —

CHORUS: Anna, where are the cards? Get some counters and pencils. Who's going to be my partner? Who's going to be mine?

GEORGE (shouting): No! Stop it! My goodness! Don't you ever get tired of doing the same thing night after night? Just because you can't dance you don't have to play bridge, do you? Stop it!

[He is so vehement that he commands their attention; they pause in arrested attitudes.]

FLOYD: Well, what's your idea? What do you think we'll like better?

GEORGE (desperately): Well, let's—let's—let's—I'll tell you what let's do: let's tell ghost stories.

CHORUS (dismally): Oh, my! Why, how silly! Of all the foolish — (And so forth.)

[They turn to the tables again.]

GEORGE: Wait! I'll tell you a ghost story. I'll show you if it's silly or not! I'll tell you a ghost story that the first time it was told in college everybody got so nervous that—well, some of 'em couldn't stand it.

FRED: What did they do?

GEORGE: Well, they—they got so nervous they—they —

FLOYD (skeptically): Had to go right home to bed, did they?

GEORGE: Well, never mind. Let's see what you do.

MARY: I'd like to hear the ghost story that would make me nervous!

ANNA: Let's see if he can. Shall we all sit down, George?

GEORGE: Yes; all of you please sit down. (They take chairs, smiling to one another and whispering skeptically as he goes on.) And we don't want so much light; just this lamp'll do. I'll make it dimmer. (He ties his handkerchief about the bulb of a lamp on a table.) The way to feel a story like this is to think about it almost in the dark. (He shuts off the other lights at a switch upon the wall, leaving only the vague illumination of the dimmed lamp on the table.)

CHORUS (incredulous, satirical and giggling): Goodness, ain't it creepy! Why, George, how can you be so dramatic? How turrabill! Oh, Georgie, Georgie! (And so forth.)

GEORGE (assuming a husky voice): Listen, I tell you. (He stands by the dimmed lamp so that his face is vaguely seen above the triangular patch of light made by the lamp shade.)

FLOYD: Well, go on. We're listening.

GEORGE (impressively husky): This is a true story. It happened in a house a little way out in the country from Wilmington, Delaware.

A SATIRIC VOICE: Wilmington, Delaware? My goodness, how fearful! Delaware!

ANOTHER VOICE: Give the poor thing a chance.

GEORGE: It was just fourteen years ago this winter, and the facts are known by pretty near everybody in Wilmington. If you ask almost anybody from Wilmington about it he'll tell you it's so. Well, this house was an old frame house; it was long and—and —

A VOICE: Rambling. Long and rambling, George.

GEORGE: Yes, it is; it's long and rambling. That is, it was; because after what I'm going to tell you happened to it, why, it had to be torn down. Of course after that nobody would live in it. But fourteen years ago an old man lived there; he lived there all alone. After dark nobody ever saw a light in that house, and—nobody knew anything about the old man except that he used to kill any cat that happened to come in his yard. The neighbors watched one night, and they heard a cat meowing under a

bush, and they saw the dim figure of this old man creeping and creeping toward the bush. Then they heard the cat give a kind of terrible scream, and they saw the old man capering around and wringing this cat's neck—just like a chicken's neck! Now, this old man —

A GIRL'S VOICE (impressed): It is fairly creepy.

A YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (also rather impressed): Well, go on, George.

GEORGE: This old man never went out in the daytime. No one ever saw just what he looked like, except that he had long, scraggly white hair, and his complexion was a horrible kind of fishy-white color.

But night after night the neighbors would see him prowling among the bushes and underbrush in the big weedy yard—and then they'd hear something give a kind of strangling scream, and he'd be wringing something's neck like a chicken, in the dark.

And they kept wondering and wondering, and so

one night—one night when everybody was asleep and the wind was moaning and the sky was covered with a thunder cloud —

[At this point, while GEORGE talks, the curtain descends for a moment to indicate the lapse of about half an hour, during which GEORGE is telling the greater part of his story. Upon the curtain's rising again he is discovered to be continuing, speaking more dramatically as he warms toward his climax.]

GEORGE: The rapping on the wall was always the same. Three times. Just like this. (He raps upon the table.) Three times. Like this. Always just three times. Like this.

A GIRL'S VOICE (nervously): See here! I'm beginning not to like this a little bit!

GEORGE: Listen, will you? Can't you listen?

A YOUTH'S VOICE: We are listening!

A GIRL'S VOICE (at the same time): Go on; we're listening.

ANOTHER VOICE: What's the matter with you?

TWO OTHER VOICES: Why don't you go ahead?

GEORGE: Then listen! On the thirteenth of March, exactly thirteen years after the night the old man was killed, some workmen were making repairs to the plumbing in that rickety old house where he died. Now, these workmen —

A GIRL'S VOICE (interrupting nervously): George, did you say these workmen were plumbers?

GEORGE (rather crossly): Yes, they were.

A YOUTH'S VOICE: Why, they had to be plumbers, didn't they? He said they were doing something to the plumbing. How could they help being plumbers if they were there on account of the plumbing?

ANOTHER VOICE (impatiently): Well, who said they weren't? Go ahead.

GEORGE (rather annoyed): It was an old plumber and a young plumber.

ANOTHER VOICE: Just two of 'em?

GEORGE: Listen! These two plumbers were in the old house all alone—all alone in that empty old house where the murder —

A GIRL'S VOICE (again interrupting nervously): But if there were two of 'em how could either of 'em have been all alone? I don't —

GEORGE (impatiently): Listen, will you? These two men were working at the bathtub where the old man's body—I mean his remains—where his remains had been found

thirteen years before, on the thirteenth of March, the same night of the month that they were working there now. The only light these two plumbers had was the light of a lantern, and all the rest of the big old house was pitch dark. Then all at once these two plumbers heard something they thought

(Continued on Page 129)



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

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Lemon Extract

Celery Salt

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Table Sauce

The A. Colburn Co., Philadelphia

Colburn's

Spices-Mustard

Extracts-Condiments

The Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 128)

was a drop of water—just one drop of water that seemed to drip from somewhere. But it had a queer sort of sound, and they didn't like it. "What was that?" the younger one asked the older one. "It sounded like a drop of water falling—from somewhere. I guess it was water," he said. Well, the older one looked around, but he couldn't see anything. "I guess it's probably only a leak in the roof, maybe, and a drop of rain came through." "Well, but how could that be?" the other one said. "There hasn't been any rain for a month." Then, just as they were talking, they heard another drop fall, and they didn't see where it lit. Then another drop fell, and it made a kind of little sizzling sound. "What makes it sound like that?" the younger one wanted to know; but the older one said he couldn't think what did. Then there was another drop—and another—and another—and all at once the old workman said, "Look, here! What makes our light so red?" Well, the young one jumped right up. "By George! I was just noticing that!" he said. "Our light has been getting red!" And so, just that second another drop fell, and made the sort of sizzling sound they'd noticed—and both of 'em jumped round and looked at the lantern, because the sound came from there. "My goodness!" the younger one said. "Look at that lantern chimney!" The drops were falling on the hot lantern chimney; that's what made the sizzling sound. And what made the light red was the color of the drops that were falling on it. The lantern chimney was all red with what had been falling on it!

A GIRL'S VOICE (protesting nervously): Say!

A YOUTH'S VOICE: Hush up! Go on with the story.

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE: This is just awful. I wish you'd turn up the light.

ANOTHER YOUTH'S VOICE: Go on, George.

GEORGE: Then, just as another drop fell on the lamp chimney, the two plumbers heard a louder sound, and it made the flesh creep on their spines, because it sounded like a long, strangling kind of a wail, and it seemed to come right from the floor—the very floor they were standing on; it came from right under their feet —

ANNA'S VOICE (protesting): I can't stand this! Honestly, I can't!

A YOUTH'S VOICE: Don't be so silly, Anna. You know it's only a story.

ANNA: I don't care! It's too awful. I wish George'd stop!

GEORGE: Listen! "What on earth is that?" one of the plumbers said. "I never heard any such sound as that from a human voice!"

ANNA (pleading nervously): Please stop, George.

GEORGE: And then the red drops on the lantern chimney trickled so fast they got to be almost a little stream, so the red light got dimmer and dimmer, and then, right underneath them, down in the floor, they heard that long, strangling kind of a wail again. "Oo-oo-oo-ow!" it said. "Oo-oo-oo-ow-ow-ow —"

ANNA (uttering a kind of a wail herself, in her extreme nervousness, so that the two sounds mingle): Oh-oo-oo-oo —

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE: My goodness! What is that?

A YOUTH'S VOICE (alarmed): See here! Who's doing that?

GEORGE: This wailing went on: "Oo-oo-oo-oo —"

ANNA (screaming not loudly, but with convincing sincerity): Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! (She continues.)

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE (excitedly): What is all this?

A YOUTH'S VOICE: See here! Who is doing that?

[OTHERS exclaim, "My goodness!" "What's the trouble here?" and "Let's cut this out!" There are sounds of confusion, chairs

are overturned, ANNA continues to vociferate, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

GEORGE (determined to reach his climax, and making himself heard in spite of everything): "I'll find out who's doing this wailing," the old plumber said. "It sounds to me like a cat!" And he took his ax and struck right into the floor. That brought the most awful scream —

[It brings subdued screams also from ANNA and LENNIE. Everyone talks at once.

FLOYD (commandingly): Stop, it, George! Turn up that light! Anna's got hysterics!

GEORGE (shouting): I got to finish my story, haven't I?

ANOTHER VOICE: Turn up some lights, will you?

[A key button is pressed and the stage is alight, revealing a confused group, with the girls gathered anxiously about ANNA. She is in a chair near the center and continues to be rather vociferously agitated.

ANNA: Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! (She goes on.)

GRACE: Where's some ammonia! Who's got any ammonia?

FRED (rushing in from another room with a glass of water): Here! Dab this on her face!

LENNIE: Rub her hands! Rub her, Floyd!

[They dab water upon her face with handkerchiefs, while FLOYD and LYNN obediently rub her hands.

ANNA (protesting, but continuing to be hysterical): Don't! Don't splatter me! How could he do it with an ax, George? What do you mean, an ax?

GEORGE: I said —

ANNA (wildly): You said the plumber hit the floor with an ax! Where would a plumber get an ax? Plumbers don't have axes!

GEORGE: Well, this one did!

ANNA: Then he couldn't have been a plumber! (MARY presses a wet handkerchief upon her lips; ANNA struggles): Stop it, Mary! Don't put that handkerchief in my mouth!

MARY: Yes, dear; it'll do you good.

ANNA: It won't! Let go my hands!

GRACE: No. Keep on rubbing 'em!

[They do.

ANNA: I never saw a plumber with an ax. Oh! Oh! Oh!

LENNIE (sternly): Hush! Hush! You must hush!

ANNA: Oh! Oh! Oh!

MARY: We'd better call her mother.

ANNA (sharply): Don't you dare!

GRACE: Well, what are we going to do about her?

ANNA: I'll be all right. Just let me alone. Oh! Oh! Oh!

GEORGE: That's it. We ought to let her alone. We ought to go home and give her a chance to quiet down. She never will if we all stay here and keep her excited like this.

LENNIE: Well, some of us ought to stay. The rest of you go, and I'll stay with her.

GEORGE: No. You go with the rest, and I'll stay till she gets quiet.

LENNIE: You? Why, you're the one that gave her hysterics!

GEORGE (earnestly): Then I ought to be the one to cure her.

ANNA: I'm — Oh! Oh! I'll be all right if you'll just leave me to myself.

MARY (nervously): Let's do go! This room gives me the creeps after —

CHORUS: Let's go! Anna wants us to. We'd better let her alone a while. She says so herself. Come on!

GEORGE: I'll stay and —

LENNIE and MARY and GRACE: No, you won't!

GEORGE: But I —

LENNIE: Why, the very sight of your face'd make her worse! You march out of here!

CHORUS (moving toward the hall door and carrying GEORGE with them): You'll be all



(Continued on Page 131)

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The Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 129)

right pretty soon, Anna. We'd better do as she says. She'll be all right.

MARY (returning to ANNA): You're sure you don't want —

ANNA: No, no, no! I'll be all right just as soon as I can be a little quiet, by myself. I really will. Good night, dear!

CHORUS: Good night! Good night, Anna! See you to-morrow, Anna! It's a shame George didn't have more sense! George never did have a grain of intelligence! Good night! Good night!

GEORGE (turning back): Anna, I'll —

MARY and LENNIE: No, you won't. Let her alone.

[They seize his arms and propel him out into the hall. The door is closed, leaving ANNA alone; it is immediately opened again by GEORGE, returning.

GEORGE: Anna, I want to say —

[LENNIE, GRACE, MARY, FRED, TOM, FLOYD and LYNN instantly seize him and carry him back into the hall.

CHORUS: You come back here! Haven't you got any sense? George, you ought to be hanged! Bring him along, the idiot!

[They again close the door, and for some moments, as they put on their outer wraps, the sound of their voices, in extremely unfavorable comment upon GEORGE, continues to be heard. Then the talk grows fainter as they move away in the hall. The outer door is heard to close, and there is silence. ANNA at once rises calmly, her agitation entirely vanished. She goes to the hall door, looks out, then closes the door and goes thoughtfully to the fire. She seems to wait. Then, as though abandoning an idea, she shrugs her shoulders.

ANNA: Oh, well!

[Humming a tune, she goes to the piano. But she does not sit. Standing, she touches a chord thoughtfully; then shrugs her shoulders again, goes to a table, picks up the leather-bound book she had pretended to read at the opening of the play and, sighing, walks gloomily to the door and opens it, about to leave the room. However, she pauses, listening. A sound has reached her ears from a window across the room. The curtains are drawn, but there is a tapping upon the windowpane. The taps come in sets of three, well defined. She smiles suddenly, a very bright smile.

ANNA: Oh, it's a ghost. (She becomes serious and returns into the room.) Is it the ghost of the old cat murderer? (The tappings continue steadily. She goes to the window, pulls back the curtains and reveals a frosty glass, behind which is a masculine figure. She interrogates it): Is it the ghost?

[The tappings become more emphatic; she opens the window and GEORGE is seen, light snow on his hat and shoulders.

GEORGE (hushily): Anna —

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: Are you better?

ANNA: Yes, George.

GEORGE: I sneaked away from 'em. I thought it might be best to keep away from the front door if any of 'em were looking. Besides, I was afraid they might follow me back. Can I come in?

ANNA: Yes, George.

[He shakes off the snow and climbs in.

GEORGE: Why, you look all right. Are you?

ANNA (gently): Yes, George.

GEORGE: I just had to tell you: I never dreamed of frightening you. I thought—well, what I thought was maybe I could make that story so awful they'd get scared

and go home. But I see I was wrong; the more scared they'd get, why, the less they'd want to leave. I was doing exactly the wrong thing to make 'em go!

ANNA (smiling): Yes, George.

GEORGE: And the only one I really frightened was you! That is, unless—unless—well, I wondered — You see I know the tones of your voice pretty well—and—and —

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: I wondered—Anna, did you pretend to be scared hysterical?

ANNA (laughing faintly): Yes, George.

GEORGE: And that's why they went! Anna, did you want 'em to go?

ANNA (looking away): Yes, George.

GEORGE (looking at his watch and the clock): I've only got—Anna, I've only got about—(he swallows)—well, it's a pretty short time. Can I —

ANNA: Yes, George.

[She sits.

GEORGE (taking off his overcoat): Thanks! (He puts the coat and his hat on a chair.) Anna, I—well, there's something I wanted to say to you. I've wanted to say it ever since the day you wore a blue dress. This thing I want to say to you—well, I'm afraid you'll be surprised when I tell you what it is —

ANNA (biting her lip): Yes, George?

GEORGE (with increasing nervousness): Yes, I'm afraid you will. And I'm—well, I'm terribly afraid you — I'm afraid you won't like it. Of course I—I know I'm

not worthy to say it to you, and if you don't like it—and I'm almost sure you won't—well, if you don't, I—(he swallows again)—I'll just have to stand it somehow, I guess! Well—(he looks at the clock)—I've hardly got time to say it —

ANNA (frowning): Yes, George?

GEORGE: I don't know what you'll say!

ANNA: Yes, George?

[His attention seems to be caught uneasily.

GEORGE: Anna, what's the matter? You just say the same thing over and over.

ANNA: Yes, George.

GEORGE (bewildered): I don't understand. You see I came here to-night—to—to—to say to you that I—to ask you—to ask you —

ANNA: Yes, George?

GEORGE: I—I—I told you about what my father said to me—how I'd have a share in the business after commencement. So I felt justified in—in—in —

ANNA (with some emphasis): Yes, George?

GEORGE: And so I—I—I want to ask you—to ask—to ask you —

ANNA (whispering it shyly): Yes, George?

GEORGE (swallowing): To ask you—could you—could you—Anna, could you, could you — (He approaches her, his voice growing louder in his nervousness.) Anna, could you, could you—could you —

[At this instant the heads of LENNIE, MARY, GRACE, FLOYD, TOM, LYNN and FRED, who have been crouching outside below the sill, suddenly appear in the window.

LENNIE, MARY, GRACE, FLOYD, TOM, LYNN and FRED (all together): Yes, George!

[Anna rushes upon the window, closes it and pulls the curtains across it.

GEORGE (astounded): Why, what do they mean? They don't mean I—they don't mean you —

[Anna forms the words "Yes, George" with her lips, then looks shyly down.

GEORGE: Oh! (He swallows.) Oh!

[His expression, which has been one of great anxiety, alters to a widening smile as the curtain falls.



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Staging The Ghost Story

By GLENN HUNTER

I SUPPOSE I hardly realized how young I was at the time. Funny, isn't it? I thought I was a real grown-up man of the world, and I was only eighteen! Looking back on it over these years a person sees how much he had still to learn! My goodness! When I think of all I've been through since then —

The speaker is twenty-two. He is George, the hero of Booth Tarkington's comedy, *The Ghost Story*. The amateur who plays this world-weary youth of twenty-two will do well to consider the quoted speech carefully, for in it he will find the key to the interpretation. George must be played with absolute seriousness and sincerity.

If I were to play George, rarely, if ever, would I allow him to smile, except, of course, at the very end, when his expression, which has been one of great anxiety, alters to a widening smile as the significance of Anna's "Yes, George," penetrates to him.

George is a typical Tarkington youth, and, like the others, he is a clear and a definite person. He is older and more sensible than Bobby Wheeler in "Clarence," and he is less of a "boob" child than Johnny White, the part I am playing at present in "The Intimate Strangers," but he will be just as effective as either on the stage.

GEORGE is the college type, a football player, but not necessarily a husky. He is home on a vacation, and he has grown a little apart from the scatter-brained juveniles that break in on his scene with Anna. They probably look upon him as a much older person, too old to be gay.

As I read over "The Ghost Story" I find more to tax the amateur's memory than his skill. Started right, with a conception of earnestness and sincerity and embarrassment, the part will play itself, if you can remember the lines. The lines are so good that they almost read by themselves and the feeling and stage business are clearly indicated. George has, however, several long speeches which will require a little care. But it is not necessary to deliver them in a lump, nor need they be taken as a ditch, all at once. Well-simulated embarrassment will help greatly to get the amateur through his long speech in the first part of the play; in fact, to read slowly those lines which begin, "No. I mean yes," is almost the automatic creation of embarrassment.

George has two manners. First, he is serious and embarrassed and obsessed with the idea that he will not have time enough to propose to Anna before he takes the "nine-fifty-one" back to college. Later, having failed to persuade Anna's friends that it is a "great night for everybody to go home and get some sleep," he becomes a young man with determination. Though he should not be made exactly glib in the telling of the ghost story, he is, at any rate, fluent. During this, George should employ a husky, melodramatic voice with much intensity.

OF THE other characters, Anna alone will require skill and especial intelligence. This part is not nearly so long as that of George nor so difficult to learn, but if the feigned hysterical scene is given some skill, it can be made to count very much, especially if in the playing it can be conveyed to the audience toward the end that Anna is on to what George is trying to do.

At the end of the comedy the author gives Anna one line, with variations in the directions for saying it, seventeen times. This line, "Yes, George," by its very repetition and by the variety of tone and inflection that should be put into it can be made very funny.

There are seven other juvenile characters and a maid. The maid has nothing to do except to walk through the hallway to answer the outdoor door. The breezy bunch that breaks in upon Anna and George is made up of flip, thoughtless young things. They will require no particular skill in the playing, but it is not so easy to be colloquial and natural in a room with one wall removed. You must exaggerate a bit and you must speak up to be heard. You must have "pep" and easy

chatter at the entrance, or George's seriousness will not have full play. Watch others. You can get points from them that you would never see in yourself.

"The Ghost Story" is ideally fitted for schools and younger social clubs. If done by a regular dramatic club it will afford a chance to try out the younger members of the organization. The play cannot well be played, however, by actors who are much older than the characters they are supposed to be. If the club or school organization has a casting committee, it will select the best people at its disposal for George and Anna.

EVERY play needs a director. Amateurs can waste a great deal of time and never be right or as good as they could be, if there is not some person who has all the business in hand and knows exactly what is to be done. The director should have working with him a stage manager, whose business it is to see that everything which the director has worked out is held in the performance and to manage the stage generally. The stage manager will also have everyone at the entrances at the right moment. There should be a prompter, a property man and a responsible person to manage the lights if the play is given in a theater or hall that has no electrician. All are responsible to the director.

The director will begin in the usual way. He will make a ground or scene plan of his stage. Certain things are needed, and do not be deceived because the author has not placed them all in his stage directions at the head of the play. There are certain requirements—a doorway showing a hall, a window, a piano, a phonograph, a fire, a table and sufficient chairs. Make your stage look like a real room, and don't overcrowd it so that there is no space to dance. The play should have a dull, neutral background, since nine figures are to move against it on what may be a very small stage.

The people in the scene must not get in one another's way nor must they obscure the speaker when they are grouped around him in the telling of the ghost story, nor during the dance must they altogether hide George when he is at the phonograph, tampering with it.

ANOTHER point that would cause some difficulty in staging is the very end, where the characters appear at the window and watch George and Anna. They must not take attention from George and Anna on the stage, and yet the crowd must be seen by the audience. It may be effective to have some of them kneel and some of them stand, as in a group photograph. When they shout in chorus, "Yes, George," all should be visible.

As the director is studying the play before reading it to the actors, he will mark on his copy of the magazine a great many suggestions for positions, crossings and groupings. He has made some note as to the partners in the dance. He will perhaps have two of the boys dispute in dumb show for Anna.

The director has found in the play an occasional speech which is not assigned to a character, but reads: "Another Girl's Voice: My goodness! What is that?" This is from the audience's or reader's point of view. It is possible that no audience would distinguish the voice of the speaker, nor does it matter; but the director's working script must assign that speech to Grace or Mary or Lennie. Also when Fred comes into the room with a glass of water and says: "Here! Dab this on her face!" the director will provide that one of the girls—Mary, for instance—take the glass of water and begin to dab Anna's face with her moistened handkerchief. Then the other girls do the same. Likewise the business of turning off, and later turning up the lights will be assigned to some one of the boys.

There are other instances which will require the sorting out of speeches on the part of the director. When Lennie and the four boys enter they "chatter phrases and half sentences of greeting all together for a few moments . . . then Lennie shouts louder

(Continued on Page 135)

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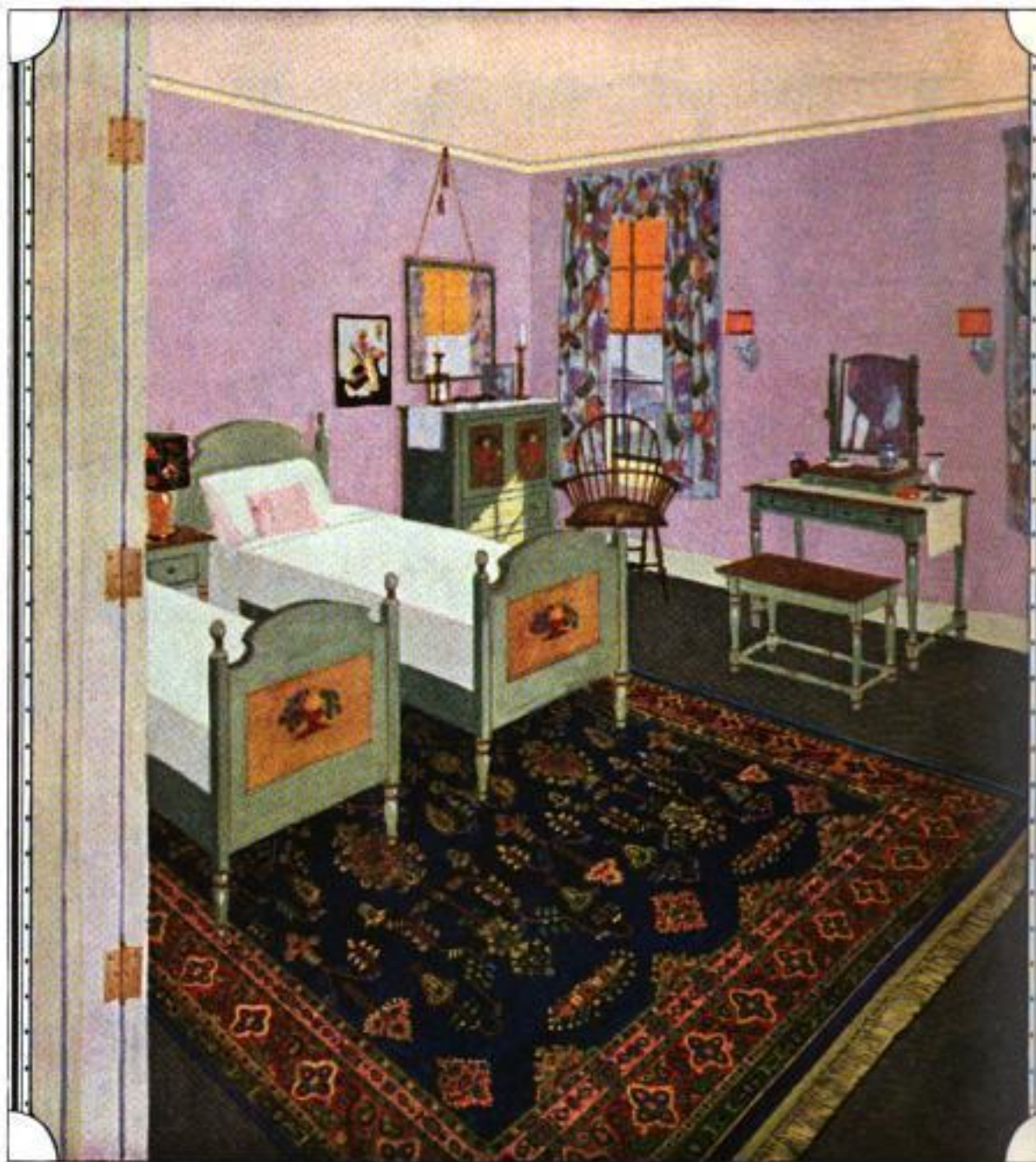
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Staging The Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 132)

than any of the others and obtains a hearing." Lennie's speech is, of course, given; but from the entrance to that speech the greetings will have to be fashioned. All this the director will mark on his manuscript.

The director will find another stage direction for which he will have to watch out; this is the interruption of the ghost story. The direction says: "At this point, while George talks, the curtain descends for a moment to indicate the lapse of an indefinite period of time, during which George is telling the greater part of his story." It must be determined by the director the exact moment at which the curtain is to begin to descend. A too-abrupt curtain will spoil the intensity of George's story. The curtain should be slow, and if it is a curtain that does not work too expertly some exact timing must be done and the cue for the start of the curtain be that point in George's speech which will make the descent of the curtain jibe with the time required to give the remainder of the speech. If the curtain closes instead of descending, similar experimenting must be done.

When the curtain rises after the break, the grouping should be somewhat changed. George has been talking for some time, and his hearers have moved somewhat nearer to him. Also it is not conceivable that such agile and restless young things would sit still even when interested. I am sure that it will be found more effective and it certainly will be easier for George to give his long speech which begins "Listen, will you? These two men were working at the bathtub," etc., if the speech is interrupted and broken by gasps, stifled "ohs" and shifting movements at the most dramatic points. All this will not only make it easier for George, but it will indicate that his hearers are now greatly impressed by his story.

BUT the ghost story cannot help but be effective. It needs, however, the addition of correct lighting. This will be the most difficult thing in the whole production. The stage direction calls for the turning out of all the lights except one lamp, and this is to be shaded with a handkerchief—good and effective business, but on any but the smallest stages it will readily be found that one lamp partly covered is not sufficient light.

The lighting must be more than adequate. It must be expert to a certain extent in that it must work on cue. If your stage is so equipped that you can have your lights on a switch, and have the director assign to one of the characters the business of turning them off, your problem is merely to determine how much light in addition to the one lamp should be left on during the telling of the ghost story so that George's face can be seen. It is not necessary to have all the faces visible, but now and then one or the other should move into the circle of light.

On a well-equipped stage with footlights and borders this is largely a question of conferring with the electrician until the desired result is obtained from various points in the auditorium. If the lights cannot work on an actual switch a fake switch might well be put upon the wall. This presupposes that the lights can be correctly operated by the stage manager or electrician on a cue or signal from the stage. If the lighting must be separate then the characters will move about the stage and go through the business of turning off the lights. In case other illumination than electric light is used, lamps might be turned very low.

IF, AS suggested in the ground plan, there is a fireplace, it is possible to get sufficient light from that. Of course a fire will be faked. This is done by concealing a few electric light bulbs amid the coal or wood. A coal fire in a basket grate usually looks more realistic. The hidden lamps should be amber and rose and may be covered with colored paper. The old convention was red, but it never looked like anything except a signal. This make-believe fire will give practically no light until it is reinforced by a spot or flood light which is placed in the opening in such a way that it cannot be seen by the audience. Outside the window, if it is possible to arrange for it, there should be a blue

light to suggest night. If not, the space may be left dark and black.

Don't forget about the clock. It is twenty minutes past seven when the play begins, and George is to take the nine-fifty-one train. George compares his watch with the clock. A real clock may be used and started at seven-twenty and allowed to run along. When the curtain is lowered in the midst of the ghost story the hands might be moved ahead a bit so that when the lights are turned on again the clock will not seem to have loafed. If it is not running its face should be soaped a bit so that the hands cannot actually be seen.

THE property man will of necessity provide a phonograph which has a "metal arm" and "sound box" easily "detached" or duplicates ready to be used. There might be considerable leeway in pretending to put the phonograph out of order. A duplicate part or two from another machine, which can be held up for the audience's view, will probably cost less and be the simplest arrangement.

The property man must also provide off stage a doorbell, the sound of a door slamming and the noise of fingers tapping on a piece of glass. This presupposes that there is not actual glass in the window. He also will have ready a glass of water for Fred to carry on. Personal props will consist of overcoats and wraps for everyone except Anna and the housemaid. George must have a watch, a handkerchief, camper's knife with a small screw driver, and all the girls must have handkerchiefs.

When George comes in the window, there must be a suggestion of snow upon his overcoat and cap. This is usually accomplished by sprinkling a little salt, which glistens like snow and will shake off easily. There should be a little snow upon the other characters when they are in the window. A paper snow might be found as effective as salt, but never powder. Powder will not shake off the clothing.

The dressing of these characters is very simple. The boys will wear their ordinary clothes, and the dress for the maid is, of course, obvious. The girls may dress as attractively as desired, but it must be remembered that it is a snowy night and these people have tramped about a good deal. There are five girls, and their dresses should not clash in color.

IN MAKE-UP for amateurs it is better to use too little than too much. As a matter of fact, in *The Ghost Story* there is no reason for using make-up unless the play is performed on a stage with foot and border lights. In that case the actors will look ghastly and pasty if they have not the aid of paint and powder.

Ordinarily the best results in amateur shows are obtained if a professional is in charge of all the make-up. If this cannot be done, one member of the club may be put in charge of this work. For the boys the face would be covered with cold cream. After the superfluous is wiped off with a piece of cheesecloth, a foundation of flesh-colored grease paint—yellowish pink—is put on the face. Put it on in small quantities and work it all over the face, up into the hair and down the neck. Then, if desired, put a little red on the cheeks, nose and chin and blend this into the face. Over the whole dust gently yellow-pink face powder. The eyebrows, and perhaps just a suggestion under the eyes, should be lined with a black lining pencil.

For the girls a dry make-up will be found best; but it scarcely seems necessary to tell young girls in these days how to put on rouge, powder, lip stick and to pencil lightly the eyebrows.

All make-up that is purchased for amateurs should be theatrical make-up, and even the cold cream should be especially suited for this purpose. All make-up is removed with cold cream.

I have suggested only a few of the things to watch out for, if a nonprofessional is to put on the stage Booth Tarkington's comedy, *The Ghost Story*.

Incidentally, I envy the young man who has a chance to play George.

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Let me tell you about some of the nice girls and women who are already members of our Club, and then you will understand why I say that you will find our plan interesting and worth while in itself. You will thoroughly enjoy the making as well as the spending of this money.

MISS SARA and **Miss Alice R.** are two sisters of a very prominent family who live alone in their old home. They have one brother, who is really so burdened with his own family expenses that long ago Miss Sara determined not to add to this brother's financial problem. Miss Sara has a fine independence and frankness, and she faced—squarely—what it would mean to her sister and herself to live on their own tiny income alone. They'd have no money for gifts, for charity, for hospitality, for books, for any of the gracious things that belong in a fine woman's life. Miss Sara felt that she could not take a regular business position. So she has found in 'The Girls' Club of the HOME JOURNAL a way to make the extra dollars she should have to live nicely. She has made more than \$50 a month in The Club in spare time, leaving her ample leisure for other interests. And in thanking 'The Girls' Club for the opportunities it has given her, Miss Sara never fails to mention the pleasure she takes in doing our Club work, because it gives her a chance to be of real service, to exert an uplifting influence, as well as to make extra dollars—worthy of being her life work.

Mrs. Ernestine N. is a music lover. Now that her two daughters are old enough to

start their musical education, this thoughtful mother has earned in 'The Girls' Club of the HOME JOURNAL the extra money needed for their lessons. It is significant of the dignity and interest of our work that this wife of a young professional man can earn money in 'The Girls' Club without hurting her husband's pride or his reputation among his friends, as a most devoted and generous helpmate.

Mrs. S. is a minister's wife who "helps out" on family and personal expenses through her Girls' Club earnings, and yet does not offend the sensibilities of the most exacting members of her husband's church. In fact, there is a helpfulness in our way for making money that particularly commends itself to a sincere and thoughtful woman, whether a home woman whose husband's feelings must be considered, a widow who must think of any possible reflection on her son's support of her, or a teacher who must consider the opinions of the school board.

I am emphasizing the high character of our Girls' Club work, as well as the really splendid sums of money made by those who do it, because we want as our members only discriminating girls and women who like to do something worth while and interesting, as well as to make extra dollars.

OF COURSE we spend our money as we please, and we please to do all sorts of things with it, from paying college expenses or car fare to the Yellowstone to buying baby's shoes or a very necessary new dress or a vacuum cleaner. And of course business girls who already hold positions may join us, as well as stay-at-homes and teachers. Ours is a way to make extra dollars in spare hours.

You really should belong to this interesting Club. Do find out about it! Write me a note or a postal simply saying: "I'd like very much to know how I, too, can make some extra money in my odds and ends of time." You can begin making money the very day you receive my reply. There is no expense of any kind to you, now or later. Sit down right now and write me—addressing the

Manager of The Girls' Club

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England's Only Princess Marries a Commoner

(Continued from Page 9)

But there the distinction stops between the ideal and its reality, especially that of the American girl of a social leadership in any way approximating the princess' position and yet surfeited with the tremendous luxuries of the Dollar Princess. Princess Mary does not even own her own motor; hence the bicycle. This girl, on whose father's domains the sun never sets, says quite frankly: "I can't afford a motor and help the people I should."

Hans Andersen charmed the world through his fairy stories with his belief that all princesses must be very beautiful, must dress in long silver robes and must sleep on a mattress without a single pea in it or presto! they cease to be princesses. I am sure the poor man would be bewildered over Princess Mary's trousseau. Only the classic Gothic beauty of the Chapel Royal, almost unadorned, will be the setting of her marriage, the simplicity of which she has insisted upon in these times of world distress. Her wedding dress is of white satin, like her bridesmaids', who will number only six intimate friends in contrast to her mother's twenty-four from the former kingdoms of Europe. The robe is an almost revolutionary departure from the royal wedding dress of past times with its brocaded design of the rose, leek, shamrock and thistle which used to take ten weeks to set and three months to weave.

Gifts for Her Trousseau

ALTHOUGH the design of the lines of the gown is by a well-known modiste, the dress itself has been made by ex-service soldiers, a very skilled needle guild of crippled men. The train alone will be embroidered with Tudor lilies by the blind soldiers of St. Dunstan's by special request of themselves. Her wedding veil, however, is a priceless heirloom worn by her mother, the queen, her grandmother and four previous generations. This veil will not be worn over her face, as no royal brides have been covered since Edward I's, who stumbled and always attributed bad luck to this omen. All the linen of her trousseau will be made in Ireland. On the announcement of the princess' engagement, the old lace makers of Carrickmacross wrote, declaring dubiously from their Sinn Fein province: "Whatever happens to Ireland we would all like our girl to have a grand wedding." Another thing has touched the princess deeply. Entirely unasked, the fisher girls of Southern Ireland all gave one penny each, "to get you a fine Donegal tweed."

Another interesting donation comes from all the Marys of the British Empire, although eight thousand Marys of other countries have contributed a shilling each. Princess Mary has asked for her wedding gifts in checks as far as possible, so she can give them directly, like the Maharaja of Patiala's thirty thousand dollars, to her hospitals.

But the most amusing things in her trousseau are the curious items that give snapshots of her character.

Besides the glorious Caricade jewels and the Irish lingerie threaded daintily with blue, are a new typewriter and a pair of boxing gloves. The typewriter is as important now as during the war, when she was her father's private secretary.

Princess Mary will have no lady-in-waiting after she marries and, like Princess Patricia of Connaught, will drop her royal title and be simply Lady Lascelles.

Like most revolutions, this was a bit disturbing when the king's warrant for her marriage, issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was drawn up by the royal clerk, Sir Lewis Dibdin. He said: "I had to lock myself up in a special room with twenty quill pens and a thick roll of parchment, and take eighteen hours' hard writing to complete the royal warrant."

It seems strange that the King of England's daughter should receive her jewels from her husband, not her father; but both her parents own practically no great gems, wearing only those which are state property.

The Caricade jewels, which are the Lascelles family jewels to be worn by Princess Mary, are among the most famous in the world. They include six strings of pearls and one of the most priceless black pearls in existence. There are also four gemmed tiaras.

To match the emerald tiara, Viscount Lascelles gave Princess Mary her emerald engagement ring.

The boxing gloves in the trousseau are not new, but the old ones with which she has twice knocked out her royal father. Although Viscount Lascelles has been three times wounded in the war, he is still ac-



VISCOUNT LASCELLES, AS LIEUTENANT COLONEL OF THE GRENADEIER GUARDS

counted a fair man with the gloves, and in case his royal bride shows any prehistoric cave-womanish tendencies, perhaps he can hold his own!

Princess Mary's London house will be Lord Lascelles' present one, Chesterfield House, where the second Lord Chesterfield wrote his famous Letters to My Son. Generally she will live at Goldsborough, the rather small dower house of the Lascelles Yorkshire estate. It is said that the royal wedding had to be postponed a month because the present tenant of Goldsborough, who has been there forty years, "couldn't make up his mind about going." On the death of Lord Lascelles' father, the Earl of Harewood, she and her husband will come into the historic Scotch estate of the "Bold Buccleuchs," as they are known in history, connections of Sir Walter Scott. Owing to Princess Mary's direct Stuart descent, her wedding cake will be cut with Bonnie Prince Charlie's sword, and she will pass under the aisle of claymores made by the Scots Guards.

To Have No Regular Honeymoon

IN HER first home at Goldsborough she has asked for one wedding gift: "An American bathroom right off my own room, like David says Americans have."

Princess Mary will have no regular honeymoon until Lord Lascelles can take her to Canada, where he was formerly aid-de-camp to Earl Grey.

One glance at her morning desk with its huge mail would give the best idea of the princess as a business woman. In the plainly furnished blue-and-white sitting room that adjoins her bedroom in Buckingham Palace, the large writing desk, given by the Prince of Wales on her eighteenth birthday, is the most conspicuous object. Three of the windows look down upon the broad Mall with its imposing memorial to Queen Victoria, one of whose forty-five great-grandchildren the princess is. She was born in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

My own country place is midway to Windsor Castle and the Golf Club, where I caught my first insight into my type of English girl. Since then I have stored away many memories of the princess—sometimes bicycling with her brothers through these twisting lanes whose trim boundary hedges often lead to an old thatched inn for tea; sometimes walking alone or with one of her brothers or with Miss Dorothy Yorke, her secretary, or her girl friend, the Honorable Mary Gardner, one of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Burghclere; sometimes galloping with her father through the great park, when the king often seemed to be put to it to keep up with his daughter.

But this riding is a tame proceeding compared to a "go" in the hunting field, where those of us who follow her after the hounds know what a fearless rider she is. There is no going through a hedge gap or an open gate.

She is a Qualified Nurse

PRINCESS MARY, among many smaller duties, is the colonel of four regiments, president of the Land Girls, an association of farm women numbering thousands, head of the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, president of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, a vast army of women war workers known as the V. A. D., for whose activities in peace, as formerly in war, the princess is responsible. Added to her own interests in farming, poultry and rabbits, for which she has won several ribbons at local fairs, in her social life she has to lay innumerable corner stones in a land which is rebuilding, to open schools, clinics, bazaars and hospitals and a hundred activities which would overtax any diplomat without her careful physical training.

When the Prince of Wales was asked in Canada what he would be if he weren't prince, he replied quite impulsively: "Oh, a farmer, of course."

To a similar question Princess Mary answered: "Oh, a children's nurse."

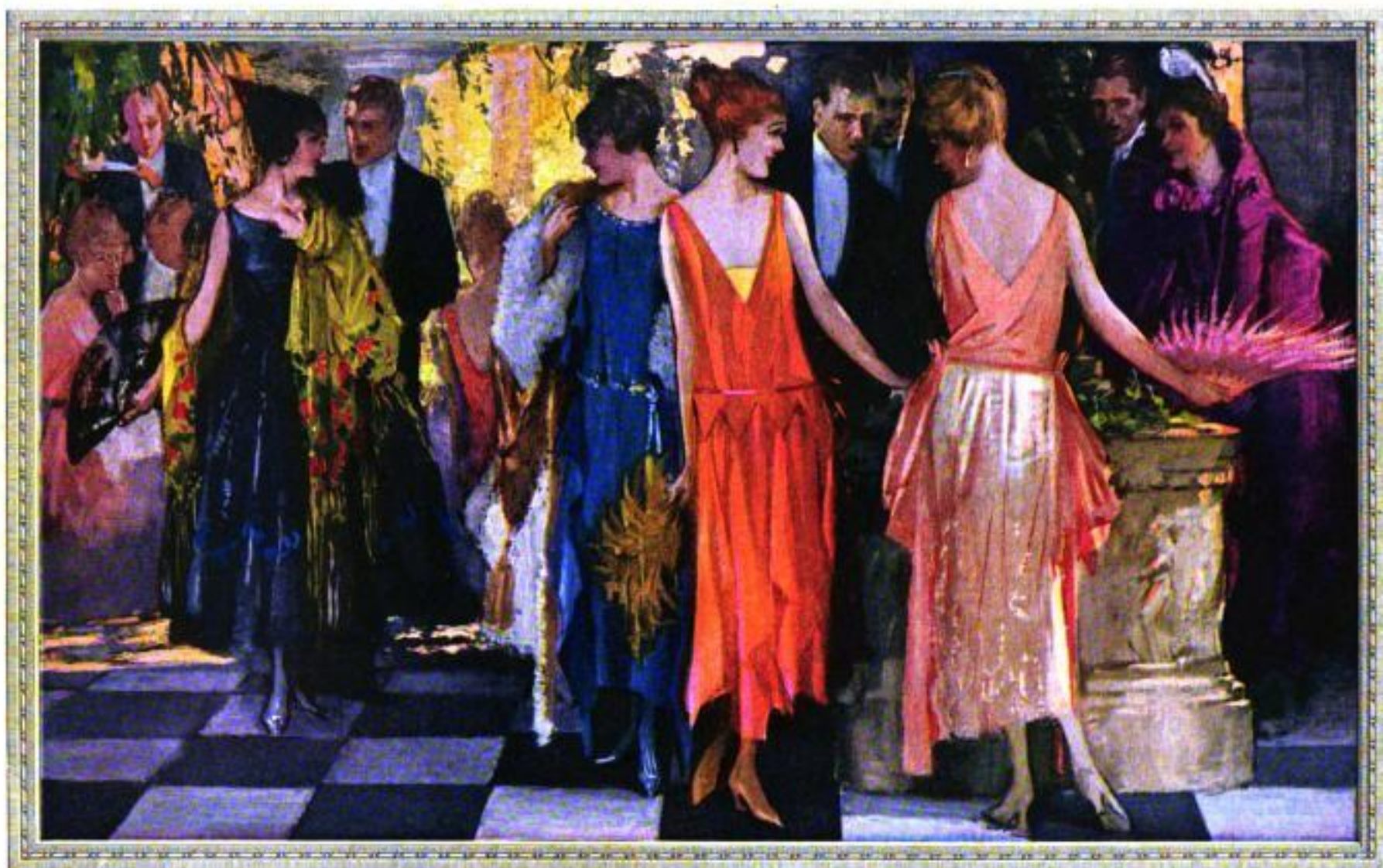
In the Great Ormond Street Hospital in London, Princess Mary took a full course in child nursing. She is now a completely qualified nurse, with a medical certificate as assistant at operations, capable of giving anesthetics, bandaging and full nursing attendance. Bathing babies was her specialty.

She herself planned and decorated a nursery for the show, last winter, in London's "Street of Babies." Among the many nurseries designed by royal mothers, Princess Mary's stood out with its practical sense, its hygiene and its wholesome chances for fun and enjoyment. Her space—the same as for all contestants—was subdivided into a small night nursery, a bathroom, an electric kitchenette cupboard and a sitting room. Every detail of the preparation of food, medicine, fresh air, exercise, and so on, showed her medical training.

But the play room made us all long to turn a somersault and shed our wrinkles. The walls were stenciled with farm animals—rabbits and cows and horses and dogs and pigs. The borders were of homely tree design; acorn, maple, holly and mistletoe. A big teddy bear held the place of honor, as he used to in the princess' own room, and the rag rugs were warm and gay and washable. Everything had the look of being made for play, all carefully thought out. But its distinction lay principally in the cupboard to hold the toys. These had open bars like the animal cages at the Zoo, so the child could always see its beloved toys, the last thing at night, winking in the firelight.

"I hated to see my own toys shut up at night," said the princess. "I used to wonder if they weren't lonely in those closed cupboards. Now the little child can see them so long as its eyes are open."

It is rather humorous for an American child to know how very little money either the Prince of Wales or his sister had to spend when young. Until she was eighteen years old Princess Mary's allowance was only five shillings—about a dollar and a quarter—a week.



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infectant is a soapy liquid that kills germs. It mixes readily with water, and aids in cleaning as it disinfects.

Disease germs also breed in sinks, toilet bowls, garbage cans, drains, wash-tubs, hard-to-get-at corners, and dark closets. Sprinkle a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant, mixed with water, into all such places—at least twice a week.

A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

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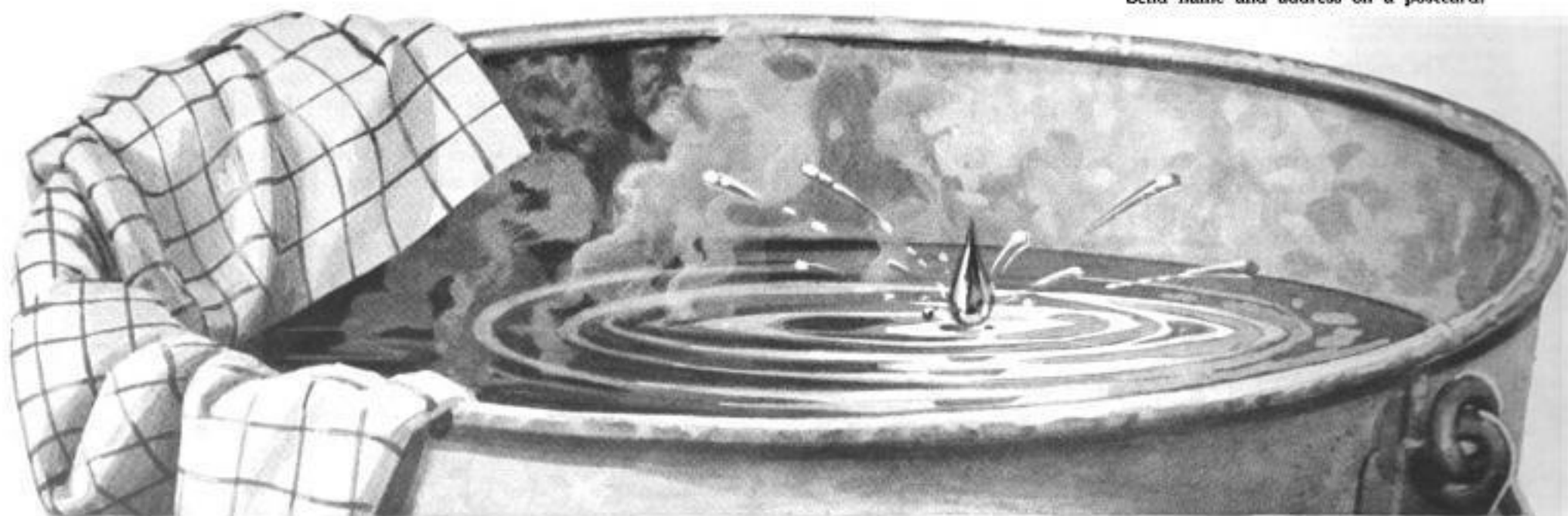


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Shall we send a sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of Lysol Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin.

Send name and address on a postcard.



II

AWAY went Silvergray, undulating among the high branches that led to the next tree, and behind her came the other two gray squirrels—Bannertail and his al. Then they met at the branch it had furnished the footway for the gray lady, and in a moment they

atched. Grappling like cats, they ve their teeth into each other's udders, just where the hide was ckest and the danger least.

n their combat rage they paid no ed to where they were. Their ry clutch was on each other, none the branch, and over they tumbled a open space.

Two fighting cats so falling would e clutched the harder and hoped h that the other would be the one and on the underside. But squir- i have a different way. Sensing fall, at once they sprang apart, h fluffed his great, flowing tail to utmost—it is nature's own "land- y"—and they landed gently wide rt and quite unshaken even by fall.

ut overhead was the lady of the reney in plain view, and the two it knights lost not a moment in ting up her tree. Again they met on a row limb, again they clutched and stabbed h other with their chisel teeth, again the less grappled clutch and the drop in va- t air; again they shot apart; one landed he solid ground; but the other—the echo e—went splash, plunge into the deepest t of the creek.

n ten heartbeats he was safely on the bank. here is such soothing magic in cold water, a quenching of all fires, be they of smoke ve or war, that the echo singer crawled h in quite a different mood, and Banner- flashing up the great tree trunk, went alone.

o have conquered a rival is a long step and victory, but it is not yet victory com- e. When he swung from limb to limb, nearer Silvergray, he was stirred with the best hankering of love, for was she not alto- er lovely? But she fled away as though feared him; and away he went, pursuing. here is no more beautiful climbing action than that of squirrel; and these two, half a leap apart, winding, wend- ripling through the high roof-tree of the woods, were like two gray climbing things than some long, silvery ent, winding, flashing in and out in undulating coils with ess grace and certainty among the trees.

WHO will say that Silvergray really raced her fastest, and who will deny that he did his best? He was strong swift; the race must end; and then she faced him with r and menace simulated in her face and pose. He ap- ched too near; her chisel teeth closed on his neck. He still, limp, absolutely unresisting. Her clutch relaxed. he not surrendered? They stood facing each other, an ed neutrality established, nothing more. ily apart and yet together, they drifted about that feeding at feed time. But she was ready to warn him his distance he must keep. By countless little signs they rstood each other; and when the night came she red a familiar hollow tree and warned him to go home. ext day they met again, and the next; for there is a rule woodland courtship, three times he must offer and be sed. Then having passed this proof, all may be well. he tradition of the woods was fully carried out, and nertail, with Silvergray, was looking for a home. innertail was well satisfied with the home in the red oak assumed that thither he should bring his bride. But he not reckoned with certain big facts—that is, laws—for the on that he had never before met them. The female wild g claims all authority in matters of the home, and in the ymoon time no wild mate would even challenge her ; to rule.

the red-oak den was then and there abandoned. Search ie hickory grove resulted in a find. A flicker had dug the trunk of a tall hickory where it was dead. Once ough the outer shell the inner wood was rotten punk, too for a flicker to work in, but exactly right and easy for a squirrel.



IN THEIR COMBAT RAGE THEY PAID NO HEED TO WHERE THEY WERE. THEIR EVERY CLUTCH WAS ON EACH OTHER, AND OVER THEY TUMBLED INTO OPEN SPACE

Bannertail

The Story of a Gray Squirrel

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

impulse—fat acorns, found from last year's crop and hidden deep in the lining of the nest.

There can be no happier time for any wild and lusty live thing than when working with a loving mate at the building and making of the nest.

Their world is one of joy—fine weather, fair hunting, with food enough, overwhelming instincts at their flush of compulsion—all gratified in sanest, fullest measure. This sure is joy; and Bannertail met each yellow sunup with his loudest song of praise, as he watched it from the highest lookout of his home tree.

His *Qwa* song reached afar, and in its vibrant note expressed the happy time and, expressing it, intensified it in himself.

There seemed no ill to mar the time. Even the passing snowstorms of the month seemed trifles; they were little more than landmarks on the joyful way.

The stormy moon of March was nearly over when a change came on their happy comradeship. Silvergray seemed to show a coolness, a singular aloofness. If they were on the same branch together, she did not sit touching him. If he moved to where she chanced to stand and tried, as a thousand times before, to snuggle up, she moved away. The cloud, whatever its cause, grew bigger. In vain he sought by pleasing acts to win her back. She had defiantly turned against him; and the climax came when one evening they climbed to their finished, set and furnished house. She whisked in ahead of him, then, turning suddenly, filled the doorway, with her countenance expressing defiance and hostility, her sharp teeth menacingly displayed. She said as plainly as she could: "You keep away; you're not wanted here."

And Bannertail—what could he do? Hurt, rebuffed, not wanted in the house he had made and loved, he turned away perforce and glumly sought his bachelor home in the friendly old red oak.

Whatever was the cause, Bannertail knew that it was his part to keep away, at least to respond to her wishes. Next morning, after feeding, he swung to the nesting tree. Yes, there she was; but at once she retreated to the door and repeated the signal: "You are not wanted here." And the next day it was the same. Then on the third day she was nowhere to be seen. Bannertail hung about, hoping for a glimpse, but none he got. Then cautiously, fearfully he climbed the old familiar barkway; silently arrived at the door, he gently thrust in his head. The sweet, familiar, furry smell told him, Yes, she was there.

He moved inward another step. Yes, there she lay curled up and breathing, one step more when up she started with an angry little snort, and Bannertail sprang back and away, but not before he had seen and sensed this solving of the mystery. There, snuggling together under her warm body, were three tiny little baby squirrels.

For this indeed it was that Mother Nature whispered messages and rules of conduct. For this time it was she had dowered this untutored little mother squirrel with all the garnered wisdom of the folk before. Nor did she leave them now, but sent the very message to mother squirrel and father squirrel and the little ones, too, at the very time when their own poor knowledge must have failed.

IT WAS the unspoken hint from her that made the little mother-soon-to-be hide in the nesting place some nuts with buds of slippery elm and twigs of spice bush and the bitter but nourishing red acorns. In them were food and tonic for the trying time. Water she could get near by, but even that called for no journey forth, for it chanced that a driving rain drenched the tree, and at the very door she found enough to drink.

Bannertail was left to himself, like a bachelor driven to his club. He had become wise in wood lore, so that the food question was no longer serious.

Amusement aplenty Bannertail found in building "drays" or tree nests. These are stick platforms of the simplest openwork placed high in convenient trees. Some are for lookouts, some for sleeping porches when the night is hot, some are for the sun bath that every wise squirrel takes. Here he would lie on his back in the morning sun with his belly exposed, his limbs outsprawling, and let the healing sun rays strike through the thin skin, reaching every part with their actinic power.

The bond between them had kept Bannertail near his mate, and her warning kept him not too near. Yet it was his daily wont to

come to the nesting tree and wait about in case of anything being needed, he knew not what. And thus it was that he heard a rustling in the near-by limbs one day, and then caught a flash of red. A stranger approaching the tree of trees! All Bannertail's fighting blood was aroused. He leaped by well-known jumps, and coursed along well-known overways, till he was on the nesting tree, and undulated like a silvery shadow up the familiar trunk to find himself facing the very red squirrel whose range he once had entered, and from whom he, Bannertail, had fled.

But what a change of situation and of heart! Redhead scoffed and shook his flaming tail. He shrieked his *Skit, skit!* and stood prepared to fight. Did Bannertail hold back—he, Bannertail, that formerly had declined the combat with this very rogue? Not for an instant! There was new-engendered power within compelling him. He sprang on the red bandit with all his vigor and drove his teeth in deep. Redhead was a fighter too. He clinched and bit. They clung, wrestled and stabbed, then losing hold of the tree went hurtling to the earth below. In air they flung apart, but landing unhurt they clinched again on the ground; then Redhead, bleeding from many little wounds and over-matched, sought to escape, dodged this way and that, found refuge in a hole under a root; and Bannertail, breathless, with two or three slight stabs, swung slowly up the tree from which Silvergray had watched the fight of her mate.

There never yet was feminine heart that withheld its meed of worship from her fighting champion coming home victorious, which reason may not have entered into it at all. But this surely counted: The young ones' eyes were opened; they were no longer shapeless lumps of flesh. The time had come for the father to rejoin the brood.

With the come-together instinct that follows fight, he came to the very doorway. She met him there, whisker to whisker. She reached out and licked his wounded shoulder; then when she reentered the den he came in too. Nosing his brood to get their smell, just as a woman mother buries her nose in the creasy neck of her baby, he gently curled about them all, and the reunited family went sound asleep.

III

NOT many days later they had a new unfriendly visitor. It was in the morning rest hour that follows early breakfast. The familiar *Cluck, cluck!* of a flicker had sounded from a near tree top. Then his stirring tattoo was heard

(Continued on Page 142)

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Miss Saratoga
THE GUARANTEED BRAND
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Bannertail

(Continued from Page 141)

on a high, dead limb of the one tree. A little later a scratching sound, and the hole above was darkened by the head and shoulders of a big bird peering down at them through the opening. His big, long beak was opened to utter a loud, startling *Clap!*

Up leaped Bannertail to meet and fight off the invader. There was little fighting to be done, for the flicker sprang back onto a high limb. His fighting feathers were raised, and his threatening beak did look very dangerous, but he did not wait for Bannertail to spring on him. He swooped away in a flurry of yellow wings and with a chuckle of derision. It was a small incident, but it made a second break in their sense of secrecy.

One day later came a still more disturbing event. A roving, prowling cur found the fresh squirrel track up the tree, and yapped so persistently that two boys who were leagued with the dog for all manner of evil came, marked the hole and spent half an hour throwing stones at it, varying their volleys with heavy pounding on the trunk to "make the squirrel come out."

Of course neither Bannertail nor Silvergray showed themselves. That is very old wood wisdom: "Lay low; keep out of sight when the foe is on the warpath"; and at last the besiegers and their yap colleague tramped away without having seen sign or hair of a squirrel.

There was very little to the incident, but it sank deep into Silvergray's small brain. "That nest is ill concealed. Every hostile creature finds it." Their only course was to abandon it.

TWICE a day now, Silvergray left the little ones to forage for herself—soon after sunrise and just before sunset. It was on the morning outing that she went house hunting. And Bannertail went too. Ever he led to the cozy home in his old red oak. But there is a right that is deeply rooted in custom, in logic and in female instinct, that it is the she one's right to select, prepare and own the home. Every suggestion that he made by offered lead or actual entry was scorned, and the one who made it snubbed. She did her own selecting and, strangest thing of all, she chose the rude stick nest of a big-winged hawk, abandoned now, for the hawk himself, with his long-clawed mate, was nailed to the end of the barn.

Winter storm and beaming sun had purged and purified the rough old aerie—it was high on a most unclimbable tree, yet sheltered in the wood—and here Silvergray halted in her search. All about the nest and tree she climbed, and smelled to find the little owner marks of musk or rasping teeth, if such there should be, the marks that would have warned her that this place was already possessed. None there were. The place was without taint, bore only through and through the clean, sweet odor of the woods and wood.

And this is how she took possession: She rubbed her body on the rim of the nest, she nibbled off projecting twigs, she climbed round and round the trunk below and above, thus leaving her foot and body scent everywhere about, then gathered a great mouthful of springtime twigs with their soft green leaves and laid them in the hawk nest for the floor cloth of her own.

She went farther and found a sassafras with its glorious, flaming smell of incense, its redolence of aromatic purity and, with a little surge of joy instinctive, she gathered bundle after bundle of the sweet strong twigs, spread them out for the rug and floor cloth of the house. Bannertail did the same.

This was the founding of the new nest, and these were among the hidden springs of action and of unshaped thoughts that ruled the founding.

The nest was finished in three days. A rain roof over all of fresh flat leaves, an inner lining of chewed cedar bark, an abundance of aromatic sassafras, one or two little quarrels over accidental rags that Bannertail still seemed to think worth while—thus the new nest was finished, pure and sweet, with a consecrating, plague-defying aroma of cedar and of sassafras to be its guardian angel.

It was early in the morning, soon after sunrise, that the Graycoats took the hazard of moving the young. Silvergray had fed the babies and looked out and about, and had come back and looked again. Then

picking up the nearest by the scruff of its neck, she rose to the doorway.

Thenshetook the final plunge and went scurrying and scrambling down the trunk. On the ground she paused again, looked forward and back, and then to the



old nest to see her mate go in and come out again with a young one in his mouth, though he knew exactly what was doing and how his help was needed.

With an angry *Quare!* she turned and scrambled up again, bumping the baby she bore with many a needless jolt, and met Bannertail. Nothing less than rage was in her voice, *Quare, quare, quare!* and she sprang at him.

He could not fail to understand. He dropped the baby on a broad, safe crook and whisked away to turn and gaze with immeasurable surprise. "Isn't that what you wanted, you hot-head?" he seemed to say. "Didn't we plan to move the kids?"

Her only answer was a hissing *Quare!* She rushed to the stranded little one, made one or two vain efforts to carry it as well as the one already in her mouth, then bounded back to the old home with her own charge dropped it, came rushing back for the second took that home, too, then vented all her wrath and warnings in a loud, long *Quare!* which plainly meant: "You let the kids alone. I don't need your help. I wouldn't trust you. This is a mother's job."

SHE stayed and brooded over them a long time before making the third attempt. And this time the impulse came from the tickling crawlers in the bed. She looked forth and saw Bannertail sitting up high, utterly bewildered. She gave a great warning *Quare!* seized number one for the third time and forth she leaped to make the great migration.

Bannertail had taken the hint. He was still up high, watching, but not going near the old nest.

Silvergray, having safely placed number one in the new home, went back for number two, and then for number three.

She was curled up with the three in the new high nest for long before Bannertail, after much patient, watchful waiting, seeing no return of Silvergray, went swinging to the old nest to peep in and realize that it was empty, cold, abandoned.

He sat and thought it over. On a high, sunny perch that he had often used, he made his toilet as does every healthy squirrel. He drank of the spring, went foraging for a while, then undulated to the new-made nest and shyly, cautiously, dreading a rebuff, went slowly in.

Yes, there they were. But would she take him in? He uttered the low, soft, coaxing *Er-er-er*, which expresses every gentleness in the range of squirrel thought and feeling. No answer. He made no move, but again gave a coaxing *Er-er-er*. A long pause. Then from the hovering, furry form in the nest came one soft *Er*, and Bannertail, without reserve, glided in and curled about them all.

(Continued in the April Home Journal)

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The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

(Continued from Page 32)

of a colored thin material close to the glass of the recessed window that seems to demand this treatment. Also in the old-fashioned house that has those excessively high ceilings and overpoweringly tall windows, all the window draperies, including the side drapes and valance, are sometimes successfully hung inside the window trim, which acts as a frame for them, thereby greatly decreasing the apparent size of the windows.

Overdraperies are usually lined, and the more professionally made they are the more likely they are to be lined. But this again is a matter of taste in many instances. Things that may be said in favor of lining side drapes are, first, that they wear better; second, that they hang better; and third, that their colors are not unpleasantly diffused by the light shining through them. Many experts consider that the additional cost of lining is made up in the long run by the increased service the curtain gives. The materials that are almost universally used for lining draperies are unbleached muslin and sateen; these are cut so they come to within about an inch of the curtain edge, which space is taken up by the hem of the curtain itself. At the bottom of the side drapes, the hems of both the drapes and the linings hang free, so that there will be no buckling, but here also the lining is fully an inch shorter than the drape.

There is a great difference in materials that are chosen for draperies, and this frequently governs the matter of lining: the figured linens, stunningly beautiful as these usually are, have a spotty and muddy effect when hung unlined against the light, which hardly improves their appearance; while the same designs in cretonne have a translucence and luminous quality that sometimes makes the color effect quite wonderful when the sun is shining through, and too decorative to disregard. In this case linings are frequently dispensed with. The decision in the matter of all side-drape linings becomes simple, if two points are carefully considered: If the material looks better or worse with the light falling through it; and, second, if the light falling through the material causes the silhouette of the window trim to force itself unpleasantly upon the attention, when the overdraperies were intended to hide it.

Valances are always lined, with the exception of Dutch valances, which are formed of a connecting piece of material, cut as short as will look well, and run on the same rod between the two side drapes of a window; and plainly made full valances that run across the entire window width and are placed so that the bottom edges do not come in contact with the light of the window. In a full valance, greater softness is made possible if the material is unlined.

Valance Boards

VALANCES may be Dutch, full, or fitted. The fitted valance may be made in any shape desired, for which it is safer to first make a paper or lining pattern before cutting the material. Full valances may be made straight top and bottom; or straight at the top and sloped down gradually at the outer edges to the bottom, which results in their being curved down over the side drapes. Valances may be made of material that matches the side drapes, or if the side drapes are of figured or striped material the valances may be of a plain, contrasting color in the same or a different material.

The most professional way to attach draperies to the window, and I have always felt it was the easiest way, too, despite all we hear about gooseneck rods, is to make use of a valance board.

Valance boards are also called cornice boards and may be ordered to fit any window; and they cost, together with the rod, about a dollar and a half. The boards measure three inches in width, and about seven-eighths of an inch in thickness; in length they should reach just as far across the window as you plan to run the outside edges of your side drapes. The valance boards that are bought to order have end pieces of wood about three inches square and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness; in other words, exactly matching the boards themselves,

except that they are only three inches long. These are used to project the valance boards three inches toward the room, and out over the windows. This three-inch projection is very important, for inside of this are hung all the other curtains, and this space is just enough to allow these curtains to hang down precisely as they should without interfering with each other. The valance board is fastened to the window trim with cornice hooks and eyes, and along the top of the valance board are set little drive hooks, or even tacks that stick up well, to which the valances themselves are attached by means of a row of little rings sewed in corresponding spaces on the wrong side of the valance a half inch down from the top edge.

The valance should be cut big enough, so it will turn the corners and cover the projection pieces of the valance board.

Inside the valance board there is fastened a rod for the side drapes. This is set in far enough so that the side drapes will not bump out the valances even if they are arranged to pull together. A draw-cord equipment consisting of cord, pulleys and drops may be ordered, or one may be contrived at home by tying a cord to the first and last rings of each curtain, running through the rings, with two drop cords arranged to fall from the back of the curtain. When the curtain tops are above the reach of the hand, there must be this method of adjustment.

Draw Curtains and Roller Shades

INSIDE the valance board, also, are arranged the separate rods for the glass curtains, and fastened at the extreme inside of the width of the board, or on the window trim itself, so that they will be brought sufficiently near the glass. If draw curtains are desired, these, of course, should be hung between the side drapes and the glass curtains, midway of the space the valance board allows between the two.

At very slight cost valance boards can be made at home. A three-inch-wide board, seven-eighths of an inch thick, may be cut the proper length and set up on the top of the window trim with its seven-eighths thickness resting against the wall, which still gives the required three-inch projection into the room. The board is fastened in position with knee irons, and the curtain rods are held in position to the under side of the board.

Draw curtains take the place of roller shades and are being most extensively used. They are of a plain, colorful material as a rule, and are for use at night when light is shining brightly in the rooms. They are hung, as I have said, between the glass curtains and the overdrapes, and they may be drawn together as little or as much as may be desired, or completely hidden from sight behind the side drapes. They may come to the bottom of the window trim, or to the floor.

Roller shades are not particularly decorative, even when made of cretonne, since their flat surface is extremely unyielding and uninteresting in appearance. Cream or white shades are much more possible than the regulation green ones, but even when these are used it is better to keep them rolled all the way to the top of the window out of sight when not in immediate use, thereby not spoiling the window treatment. The only shade I can recommend as not really ruining the decorative effect of a window is the shade made of crinkled Austrian cloth or puff shading, usually in a deep ivory or cream. This is mounted on a roller, and at the bottom there is an uneven and attractive line, two or three long scallops, and a good-looking cord and heavy tassel for a pull. A slat or rod is run near the bottom of these curtains so that they will not buckle. They cost about nine dollars apiece, if bought ready made; but a clever woman could make them herself, since it is possible to buy the cloth by the yard, which can be attached to the regulation roller.

Modern Venetian blinds are also exceedingly decorative and may easily be the making of the room in which they are used. Painted to match the woodwork they may

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The Complete Furnishing of the Little House

(Continued from Page 144)

take the place of any other curtain treatment at the window group. Inside shutters are decorative impossibilities, and rather than bother to drape around them, under them, or on top of them, it is always better to have them removed—that is, when you wish attractive windows.

Casement windows may have overdraperies as a rule only when they open out, when it may be very stunningly accomplished. When opening in, their glass curtains are usually cased top and bottom on small brass rods adjusted to the woodwork of the casement sash itself, thus moving with the window.

Window groups may be treated as one unit, a valance stretching over the entire series, a side drape at each outer side, and glass curtains next to the panes, with draw curtains in their proper relation to the other curtains. When the group is a bay window, the draw curtains are placed in near the glass curtains.

The French doors in a room should be treated with side drapes if desired, but never with valances, even when the windows in the same room have these. French doors are always more attractive when not covered up with glass curtains, and a simple way out of

this difficulty, when it is really necessary to be able to shut one room off from another, is to have the side drapes of sufficient width to be drawn together over the closed French door.

When glass curtains are insisted upon, these are usually made of silk gauze, cased top and bottom on the door proper, sometimes not covering the top row of panes, and sometimes covering all completely, but not any more of the door woodwork than is necessary.

Open doorways may have portières of plain material, if desired, preferably of velvet, rep, or figured linen. These should hang straight from their simple wooden pole, without being tied back, and they may be of contrasting materials on either side, thus making it possible to follow different color schemes in adjoining rooms.

Among the materials that may be used for the overdraperies of windows are the figured cretonnes and printed linens, velours, silks, taffetas which are made expressly for this purpose, sunproof material, granite, linen frisé, mohair cloth, unbleached muslin that is dyed a stunning color, velveteen, antique grograin, and tussah.

My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 25)

company—several of the men were members of The Players and also wanted to be there that night—attached to the newspaper-and-mail train that arrives in Boston early in the morning.

We had the most uncomfortable train ride and arrived early, far out in the yards. We went to our hotels, where we learned that we were not booked to play a holiday matinee. New Year's Day was not at that time a holiday in the State of Massachusetts. The company manager had not taken the trouble to consult the Frohman office. He took it for granted that we were to play a matinee.

Nat Goodwin got his start as the hind legs of the heifer in *Evangeline* in Boston, where his father had been a gambler. Some years afterwards Nat came back to Boston—he had made considerable of an impression as an actor and an imitator in the meantime—and a dinner was given him by some club.

In reply to a toast he said he was so glad to receive this kindness from the citizens of the town "where he had dwelt and his father had dealt so long."

It was Nat's idea of humor without any restriction; he couldn't help saying that, and he wouldn't conceal the fact that his father had been a gambler.

He was a great mimic, and he was one of the great natural comedians of this country, and now he is only a name. He left little to talk about except his many marriages.

I played two plays by W. Somerset Maugham: *Smith and Jack Straw*. *Smith*, in which Mary Boland played the title part, was a success from the beginning.

An Actor in His Home Town

THOMAS FREEMAN, the part I played, comes back from South Africa to find the society he had lived in before entirely changed; he finds it inane and almost vicious. In the parlor maid *Smith*, so beautifully played by Mary Boland, he finds a mate to take back to Africa with him in preference to anyone of his own kind.

In my company in *Jack Straw*, which, like *Smith*, was also a great success, there were a number of amateurs, for in one scene there was a restaurant and a number of people walked on and took places at tables. One of the young men had nothing to do except to walk to a table with a young woman, to be told by the head waiter to go to another table, and then, after they had moved, to be told that they must move again. They are supposed to be very irate at this. It was all dumb show.

When we were on tour we reached the native town of this young man, and the papers

in advance had some small notices about him and that he was a member of my company.

"It's too bad," I told him, "that you are making your first appearance in your home town as a mere figure."

I wrote him some lines, so that this friendly audience could see him do something more than merely walk on and so he could say that he had acted in a play.

The night of the performance came. The house was full of his friends and they gave him a great reception, so great that he forgot all the lines that I had written for him. He just went through the dumb show as usual.

Even an Old Actor Forgets

SUDDEN loss of memory in the theater is not uncommon, and it is often tragic in its consequences.

But there is an amusing story of an old actor who had been out of a job for a long time. Finally he obtained a small part which, for anyone of experience, should have been easily learned.

In the play he had a speech in which he advised his son to be very diligent and persistent. This fatherly advice ended with the good old adage that "Time is money."

When he got to this line on the opening night he said: "Don't forget that time is —" He paused, coughed and appealed to the prompter, who answered in an audible whisper: "Money."

The old actor: "Oh, yes—time is money."

The deduction was it had been so long since he had had any money that he had forgotten it existed.

My season at the Empire Theater under the management of Charles Frohman usually opened on Labor Day or very close to that day.

I played a varying number of weeks in New York and then went on tour. Our itinerary on the road was much the same, except that we did not go to the Coast every year. One year we would go to New Orleans, playing *Richmond*, *Charleston*, *Savannah* and the intervening towns on our way, and the next year we would go to the Coast.

The year that we did *My Wife*, a comedy by Michael Morton from the French of Gavault et Charnar, we went both South and West. We reached the Coast just at the time the fleet came into San Francisco; that was the year that Roosevelt sent the fleet around the world. There was a great deal of enthusiasm and a good deal of entertaining for the officers and men. I knew many of the

(Continued on Page 148)

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My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 147)

commanders and we visited several of the ships for lunch.

My Wife did an enormous business in San Francisco that year, as it had done everywhere on the road. In all the towns that we visited, Billie Burke, who was my leading woman, was acclaimed as a charming actress and a beautiful woman. She played Beatrice DuPre.

In this play I am the guardian of Beatrice, who has run away from school and suddenly appears at my place. We go to Switzerland, and I gradually fall in love with her. On our return we are married.

Someone sent out some press stuff to the effect that I was not only her guardian in this play but that I had some years before made a pact with her father—whose name also was Billie Burke—that, in case of his death, I would look out for his daughter. Of course there was no truth in this statement. Billie Burke had become my leading woman because she had done well in some Frohman plays in London. Charles Frohman was much pleased with her reception in this country, and the following year he starred her in Love Watches.

One night just after the play in San Francisco, word was brought into my dressing room that Mr. Daly wanted to see me. I did not know anyone named Daly in the city at that time, nor could I place him when a large, powerful-looking Chinaman wearing American clothes was ushered into my room.

"You don't remember Lu Lung, Mr. Drew?" he said without any accent.

Then I remembered that on one of our trips to the Coast years before, Augustin Daly had bought a little Chinaman from his parents for a period of three years. For a while Lu Lung Daly, dressed in beautiful Chinese clothes, had given out the programs in the lobby of Daly's Theater, and Augustin Daly was greatly pleased with his contract; but he became very tired of the little Chinaman and got too much of him in his household and in his employ.

Daly never found a way to get out of the arrangement which he had made with the boy's parents, and it used to amuse the rest of us a great deal; for he never found any difficulty in getting rid of anyone else connected with the theater. He was forced to support the boy for the entire period.

What Hurt Sothern

NOW he stood before me, recalling the old days and telling me of Chinatown where, from his own talk, he seemed to be something of a power.

"But why do you call yourself Daly?" I asked.

"I was Daly—Lu Lung Daly—when I knew you, and I thought you would remember me that way."

I had been playing in Louisville the first three days of the week, and E. H. Sothern was to follow me for the last three. Before I left town Sothern arrived, and we met in the corridor of the hotel. We were joined by a very dignified old gentleman, who was evidently a citizen of the town.

He came up, bowed and said to Sothern: "Mr. Mansfield, I am very glad to see you here, and I'm going to be delighted to attend every performance of yours during your all too brief sojourn. I have watched your career, Mr. Mansfield."

The citizen of Louisville shook hands with Sothern again and walked away.

"Why, in heaven's name, didn't you say something?" I asked.

"What was there to say?" said Sothern.

"He doesn't know that Dick Mansfield is dead," I went on.

"That doesn't hurt me so much," said Sothern. "He doesn't know that I'm alive."

My daughter, Louise Drew, and I were riding in Central Park one afternoon in December of the year that I was playing Inconstant George at the Empire. My mare stumbled and, while I was trying to get her on her feet again, she fell. Before I could disengage my feet from the stirrups she rolled over me. My collar bone was broken, my shoulder fractured and the ligaments in my right leg twisted.

While I was in the hospital I received a letter from Frederic Remington, the painter:

See by paper you are on the mend. You know I have a life sentence to walk on one leg because of a horse, so I can sympathize. You don't have to walk on your hands, but you will have to be easy when you "muscle out" chairs as you once did so grandly.



MR. DREW'S HOME IN EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

When I came out of the hospital Frederic Remington was dead.

After some weeks I returned to playing, and I opened my season in Boston with Inconstant George, the play I had been doing before. This adaptation from the French of L'Ane de Buridan was never so successful in this country as it was afterwards in England, where Charles Hawtrey played the leading part, that of the man of many love affairs who falls victim to a young woman at last.

After I left the Daly company I played but one Shaksperian character, Benedick in Much Ado About Nothing. I had always wanted to play this character, and when Maude Adams and I were playing together I had wanted her to play Beatrice. We talked about it a good deal, but it was years afterwards before I finally played Benedick, and Laura Hope Crews was the Beatrice.

What Quotations are For

FROHMAN did not care much about the Shaksperian comedy, but he was not unwilling that I should play Benedick. I suppose that I had been away from this style of comedy too long—more than twenty years; in any event, the production was not a success, and the acting was not up to the standard set in the Daly productions of Shakspeare. This revival was withdrawn and my old success, The Tyranny of Tears, with Barrie's fine play in three scenes, The Will, used as an afterpiece.

In these years as a Frohman star I also played Pinero's play, His House in Order, in which Margaret Illington gave a splendid performance; The Perplexed Husband by Alfred Sutro; The Prodigal Husband, which was adapted from the French; The Chief by Horace Annesley Vachell; and A Single Man by Hubert Davies, in which Ivan Simpson, Mary Boland, Thais Lawton and my daughter, Louise Drew, appeared.

Joseph H. Choate, when he was ambassador to England, had always been extremely kind and gracious to my niece, Ethel Barrymore, and myself when we were in London. I always had a lively recollection of this kindness, and one day when I was walking down Fifth Avenue I saw before me a somewhat bowed figure, which I recognized to be that of Mr. Choate.

I overtook him and said: "Do you remember me, Mr. Choate?"

He looked at me for a moment and said: "Good God, it's Drew."

I said: "It is."

"Mercy, why don't you grow old?" he asked.

It was then some years since our meetings in London.

I replied: "I don't know, Mr. Choate, unless I can explain in the words of old Mr. Adam in As You Like It, who says: 'For in

(Continued on Page 149)

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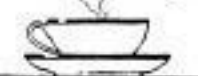
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My Years on the Stage

(Continued from Page 148)

my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

He looked at me quizzically under his bushy eyebrows and asked: "Drew, is that entirely true?"

I laughed with him and said: "No, sir; it isn't. That's what quotations are for."

He laughed, patted me on the shoulder, and we parted.

I did not see Charles Frohman before he sailed on the Lusitania, but when I was in Anaconda I received a letter from him telling me that he was sailing very shortly. Alf Hayman, who owned the Empire Theater and ran the business affairs of the Frohman offices, and I had tried to dissuade him. He laughed at us for our fear for him.

In these late years, when I have been playing Philadelphia, I have made pilgrimages to the different places that were associated with my youth.

The Old, Familiar Places

MY OLD school is one of them, the Episcopal Academy at Pine and Locust streets; the school has moved out into the country towards Haverford, but the building still stands.

I walk to Logan Square, where I attended a fair with my mother in the early days of the Civil War. It was called a Sanitary Fair, because it was held under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission. I have an album that my mother bought me there.

I walk down and look at the front of the Arch Street Theater, which holds so many memories. It has fallen on different days and has been in turn a German, a Yiddish, a variety theater!

I go to St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, near Chestnut, now in a kind of sordid neighborhood. The church was rehabilitated a comparatively short time ago. The last time I was there I asked to see the baptismal register and found out that I was christened on my mother's birthday, January 10, 1854.

There was a young woman doing some work in the church and, after I pointed out the entry on the register, she said: "Oh, I have something that may interest you."

She brought out a box containing a great many odds and ends, and from it took a silver plate. It brought back memories of going to Sunday school and then being taken into church afterward and being dismissed by my grandmother, Mrs. Kinloch, before the sermon. That silver plate had been on my mother's pew in St. Stephen's for more than sixty years. On the plate was engraved "L. Drew."

"Speak your piece good and you will get a large red apple," was an ancient wheeze of the rural schools.

When my niece, Ethel Barrymore, appeared for the first time at the Garrick Theater in New York in Clyde Fitch's play, Captain Jinks, I gave her a large red apple. This was the start of a custom that I have since observed on the first nights of the plays in which not only my niece, but my two nephews, Lionel and John Barrymore, appear. And in recent years my niece and

nephews have sent me a large red apple on the first nights of the plays in which I have appeared.

The two Barrymore boys did not go onto the stage so early as their sister. They both thought of careers outside of the theater, John as a newspaper artist and Lionel as a painter.

John was for a time on the art staff of the Evening Journal in New York. He drew clever but involved pictures. I remember one entitled The Web of Life, in which a lot of weird people were trying to get across some place. It carried an editorial note which began: "This is not an unpleasant picture when looked at properly."

Shortly after 1900 they were all three on the stage, where practically every member of their family before them had been. John is the only one of the three Barrymores who has not played in my company. All three of the Barrymores have been in the moving pictures.

Ethel some years ago appeared in a Russian picture called The Kiss of Hate. The exterior scenes of this play were taken in and around New York. I remember going one day with her to a "location" in the Bronx, where there was quite a Russian, certainly a foreign-looking house. A great number of Russians had been engaged to fill the scene and provide the atmosphere. Among that crowd were Trotsky and one or two others who have since become prominent in Bolshevik circles in Russia.

Of course at that time nothing was known of Trotsky, and he was not identified in the film until the Bolshevik Government was set up in Russia and his pictures began to appear in the newspapers.

"Acting Blood"

THOUGH this country has had no theatrical family which can boast, like the Ichikawa, in Japan, of two hundred years in the theater, there have been several families closely identified with the stage. In an editorial article called Acting Blood, the New York Herald a few years ago printed:

The theatrical profession has produced families in which the acting blood ran strong through more than one generation. The Booths, Jeffersons and Davenports were notable examples of inherited talent, and still more distinguished, in the eyes of the present generation of playgoers, are the Drews, now conspicuously in the public eye. The founder of the family was John Drew, one of the best Irish comedians our stage has known, who flourished during the fifties and whose wife, Mrs. John Drew, was a famous Mrs. Malaprop.

My daughter, Louise Drew, the granddaughter of two famous actresses of the American stage, my mother, Louisa Drew, and Alexina Fisher Baker, and the great-granddaughter of the English actress, Eliza Kinloch, together with the three children of my sister, Georgie Drew Barrymore, herself an actress of fine talent, are carrying on the family tradition and demonstrating the possession of "acting blood" in the fourth generation.

THE END



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Just a Beginning

(Continued from Page 27)

"Well, all right, daddy. I'll try to, but I don't think those other boys will like it," the boy promised soberly.

"But here's something else," he suggested: "I've got a dollar that Uncle Earl gave me. Would it be all right with you if I spent my own dollar for a battleship now and do all those things you say for three weeks and then get your present too? I'd like to have the other ship in case the boys won't play scrap. Would that be fair?"

"John," replied the family plenipotentiary, "that dollar is your own. You can do as you like with it. But if you get a battleship or any other war toy now, I do not think it will be fair. I think it will be breaking our agreement, even if we didn't say anything about that dollar in the first place. What do you think?"

The Result of the Conference

"I DON'T think it would be fair either. I won't buy it now." The boy said it very quietly. There was tenseness in the child's voice, almost a sob. How he did want that battleship!

There were no further conferences, but a sort of an exchange of ratifications by letter at the end of the next week, when John wrote as follows:

Dear Mother and Daddy: They like the game, but we had a lot of trouble. They drove us out of the bathroom the way I told you, before we got enough water in the tub to sink them. There was a little ice on the pond, but the boy that owns the Japanese fleet has a cold and the housemother won't let him help break the ice to make a Pacific Ocean. But we played the new game with mousetraps that spring up where the cheese is. Not the big round traps with holes in the edges that catch five mice at one time because they are too expensive and are too big to go in the boats. We use the little traps made of just a narrow piece of wood and one spring to catch one mouse. Billy brought one from home and hurt his finger with it, and it flew across the table and broke the round looking-glass his sister gave him to see if his face was clean in before supper. That made him think of something, so he invented this game more than I did and he never went to Washington at all. He put a trap in a boat and sprung it and it knocked over the smokestack and the boat rolled over on its side. We bought a lot of mousetraps for five cents for each.

One boy wasn't in our crowd at all and didn't own any battleship, but he had four white mice in a cage. We gave him two big battleships and a submarine and a raft with a drowning sailor on it for the four mice. Then we put cheese on all the ships and turned the mice loose in the room while we peeked through a crack in the door. It wasn't fair. One of the mice ran away when we looked in and the other three all went and exploded British ships and didn't touch the United States and Japanese. They got killed in the traps. The other one is somewhere in the dormitory and the housemother is sort of mad. She keeps thinking she hears it somewhere. Next day we took the ships away from the other boy because his mice didn't play fair and then we sprung the traps by dropping marbles on them. It wasn't war, but peace, for each one dropped marbles on his own boats and not on the others. We thought at first we'd explode half of them, but we exploded them all, and the rule is we can't fix them till after three weeks, like you said.

But what will we do next? What will we do with the soldiers? We've got a lot of soldiers. We can't play peace by each boy killing his own, like battleships, for soldiers are people. It would be all right if we could kill each other's, but that isn't peace and we can't use them for anything else, because they've all got guns that are made a part of them all in one piece of lead. They are just standing around. Tell me, mother, what to do with the soldiers. The other boys want to know too.

With love, JOHN.

P. S. I think, daddy, I'll want a catcher's mask instead of a battleship after three weeks. And could you send me a quarter in the next letter? I borrowed it for my traps from the boy who owned the mice and he's mad.

JOHN.

The mother of the boy who wrote that letter was only one of millions of mothers who stood, either actually or in spirit, in front of the conference

building at Washington, waiting to see what would happen and determined that whatever happened they would demand that it be supplemented by more, by something more every year at future conferences. The women of America know, and the statesmen of America admit it, that the women, beginning a year ago this month, were chiefly responsible for creating in the United States the public opinion that first demanded the conference and enabled it to produce actual results in the way of armament reduction and in bringing about more friendly understanding among nations which, prior to the third anniversary of the armistice, were headed toward war by the route of big navies and competitive battleship building.

Much was accomplished. American women joyously acknowledge it and are grateful to their government, but they have not the slightest intention of letting their government rest. They refuse to grant that we have taken more than the first step on a long road, and now, like the schoolboy, they are asking of the government, what next? They know what they themselves will do next. All through 1922 they will keep up the fight and the agitation to create public opinion that will demand more from the second conference than was obtained from the first.

More and more they will work internationally with the women of Europe and Asia. Briand, the French prime minister, gave them one cue when he declared that France could not disarm morally or physically because Germany was not disarmed morally. American women and English women do not believe that this is true of Germany as a whole. They have much evidence to the contrary, received through the channels of their international organizations.

Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, head of the international peace work of the National League of Women Voters, wrote letters to all the queens and to many of the leading women of Europe, asking for cooperation. She did this before President Harding made her one of the four women members of the general advisory committee of the conference.

Sympathy from German Women

THERE were many replies to the letters, all of them sympathetic, most of them ardent in their expression of desire for world peace and in their recognition of the fact that women will have to get it, if it is to be got.

Perhaps the most interesting of these replies, because of its source, is that from Luise Ebert, wife of the President of Germany. Madame Ebert's letter, hitherto unpublished, is as follows:

BERLIN, Sept. 11, 1921.

My dear Mrs. Bird: I am in receipt of your letter of August 24 and I have read the contents with much interest.

I am sure that many thousands of German women have exceptional sympathy with the work of the American women for the great ideal of military disarmament and world peace and I wish with all my heart that your work for the benefit of civilization and all mankind will meet with great success.

With expressions of greatest respect,

LUISE EBERT.

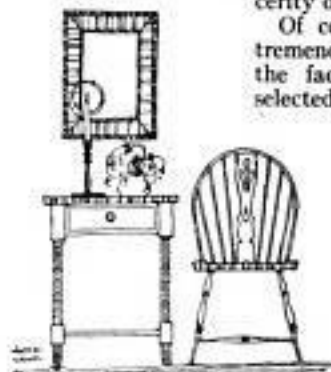
I asked Mrs. Bird and her associates who had seen this letter if they considered it as sincere, and therefore significant, or merely a part of the political propaganda which some German women are accused of using for the purpose of getting their country politically reinstated in the world.

"We believe absolutely in the sincerity of it," replied Mrs. Bird.

Of course that belief is in itself tremendously significant. So was the fact that Madame Ebert was selected as one of the European women to whom letters should be sent. There are scores of other letters from German women, also accepted as sincere.

Madame Millerand, wife of the President of the French Republic, through the French consul

(Continued on Page 153)



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Just a Beginning

(Continued from Page 150)

at Boston, expressed her "sincere appreciation and thanks."

John P. Fletcher writes from Europe to Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments, of the peace activities going on all the time in both Germany and France. In 1920 these peace demonstrations were held in only three cities of Germany and not more than eighty thousand persons participated in them. In 1921 they were held in all the big cities and in more than two hundred towns, with five hundred thousand participants, both men and women. The motto of the organized women of Germany is "Nie wieder krieg" (No more war).

In France the working men and women, writes Mr. Fletcher, held antiwar demonstrations on the day of the celebrations in Germany. The French and the German peace workers are making speeches in each other's countries.

American women have the machinery of various international organizations, which they are using to help matters in Europe. They want to aid the women of Germany to bring about such a condition in that country that at the next international conference even Briand or his successor will feel justified in amending his speech of the last conference. They want to help the women of France put that country in such a state of mind that its government and Chamber of Deputies will eventually be able to see that there are some people, some tendencies in Germany which they may trust. Noblemaire, of France, already has said that his country wants the friendship of Germany.

"Of course we can trust the German women," Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, of President Harding's conference advisory committee, said to me; "they have the same God that we have. They recognize the same basic virtues that we recognize."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, head of the International Suffrage Alliance, says that the present rôle of the women of the United States is to act as the mediators between those of Germany and France.

Ahead of the Statesmen

NEXT month the National League of Women Voters, an organization of two million members or more, is to have a Pan-American conference of women at Baltimore and Washington, the first meeting of the sort ever held. There will be delegates from all the Central and South American nations and from Canada. Their program includes much that has to do with the work of making world peace permanent. President Harding hopes that, in addition to the next meeting with the European and Asiatic nations, the United States will soon be sitting at a political conference table with all the American states, devising some plan by which the Western Hemisphere may contribute something to assuring peace for both hemispheres. So once more the women are just ahead of the statesmen and creating the public support without which the statesmen cannot work.

At its biennial convention in June the General Federation of Women's Clubs is to have sessions on international relations and develop the work with the women of other countries. The world's Women's Christian Temperance Union at its convention in Philadelphia next fall will have peace making on its agenda. And so on through the long list of organizations of American women, an ever-increasing number of which are becoming international in scope and membership.

The year 1922 is going to be far more active than was 1921, and the work is far better organized. It is conservative to say that ten million women are mobilized for it through their clubs, political associations and welfare organizations. Furthermore, their several activities

for peace are all coordinated and made to drive effectively at the main point by means of their joint affiliation in the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments.

"The adjournment of the international conference," says Mrs. Maud Wood Park, president of the National League of Women Voters, "leaves us with three distinct groups in America so far as this matter of peace is concerned. First, there is the group of those who are dissatisfied, who think the conference has failed because it did not even contemplate complete disarmament. That is a small group, composed chiefly of women, but containing a few men. Secondly, there is a very large group, composed chiefly of men, but with a few women in it, who are inclined to be satisfied with what we have got and consider the whole matter ended. This group includes those whose main desire is to reduce taxation by reducing navy expenses. The third group is, I believe, the largest of all. It contains millions of the women of America, and many men. It is the group that is satisfied for the moment, but only for the moment. It accepts what we have got as a good first step, but will insist for years to come on taking subsequent steps."

"One of the duties of this third group is to save the first and radical group from bitterness and from refusing to help in gradual progress because they cannot win everything at once. We must prevent that second and larger group, which is satisfied with tax reduction, from blocking our way with apathy and indifference."

Why Women Want Peace

SO FAR there seems to be little danger of bitterness. Jane Addams, one of the leaders of the minority group of nonresistant women in America, feels none. Prior to the war there was no American woman who was more highly revered or more loyally followed by her countrywomen than was Jane Addams. The war changed that for the time being. Her peace organization dwindled to a quarter of its former strength. Now it is coming back gradually, and with it the old appreciation of Miss Addams. Her organization, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, with Mrs. George T. Odell as the American chairman and Miss Emily Balch as the International Executive Secretary at Geneva, is working with the more conservative groups in the National Council for the Limitation of Armaments, all with the same end in view.

Why are women so much more active than men in the matter? It is no mere fiction that they are more active. It is an admitted, notorious fact that men's clubs and lodges and chambers of commerce were remarkably sluggish in the matter of putting themselves on record for armament reduction. Many of them have taken no action at all. There is much more to the answer than the fact that women hate bloodshed. I have put the question to many women.

"It is because women are more concerned than men about the continuity of the race, and more truly appreciate its importance," says Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and one of the four women appointed by President Harding to the advisory committee of the conference. "The work which women do in groups," continued Mrs. Winter, "is always altruistic work. It has some phase of general welfare as its object. Women delegations do not come to Washington to get something for themselves as individuals or for business enterprises in which they are interested."

Mrs. Ellis Asby Yost, legislative superintendent of the W. C. T. U., at Washington, gives this brief explanation: "Women are more direct. We are not given to compromise. We neither understand it nor believe in it."

C. A. S.

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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 23)

engaged in a venture. From the north we had carried here five hundred bales of fur, valued at fifty dollars to the bale. You contracted with us, Captain Shelton, to convey those bales to England. It would have been a nice piece of business if your supercargo had not been an honest man. He knew you, Shelton, if we did not. He knew the game you had planned to play, and although he was your brother-in-law he was man enough to stop it." Mr. Penfield's voice had risen so that it rang through the room, and his words followed each other in cold indictment.

THE others stood watching my father with strained attention. "Indeed," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Penfield, "as you so aptly put it—indeed. Your ship carrying that consignment had Jason Hill as supercargo and Ned Aiken, that wretched parasite of yours, as master. A day out from this port a plank sprung aft, which obliged him to put back to Boston for repairs. The cargo was transhipped. When it was aboard again Jason Hill happened to examine that cargo. The furs had gone. In their place five hundred bales of chips had been loaded in the hold. He went to the master for an explanation. Mr. Aiken, who had been drinking heavily, was asleep in the cabin and on the table beside him was a letter, Shelton. You remember that letter? It bore instructions from you to scuttle that ship ten miles out of Liverpool harbor."

"And," said my father with another howl, "I was to collect the insurance. It was nicely planned."

"If you remember that, you recall what happened next. We called on you, Shelton, and accused you with what you had done. You neither confirmed nor denied it. We told you then to leave the town. We warned you never to return. We warned you that we were through with your trickery, with your cheating and your thieving. We warned you, Shelton, and now you're back—back, by your own confession, on another rogue's errand."

"Not on another's," my father objected mildly—"one of my own, Mr. Penfield. The experience you have outlined so lucidly convinced me that it was better to stick closely to my own affairs."

"Mr. Shelton," Mr. Penfield went on, regardless of the interruption, "we warned you yesterday to leave the town before nightfall, and you have failed to take our advice."

"I see no reason why I should leave," replied my father easily. "I am comfortable here for the moment. I would not be outside. Even the arguments you have given are specious. You got your furs back, and, if I recall aright, they proved to be so badly moth-eaten that they were not fit for any trade."

"Even though you see no reason," said Major Proctor smoothly, "you are going to leave, Shelton. You are going to leave in one hour. If you delay a minute later we will come with friends who will know how to handle you. We will come in an hour with a tar pot and a feather mattress."

"YOU are not only unwelcome to us on account of your past," said Mr. Penfield, "but more recent developments make it impossible, quite impossible, for you to stay. We have heard your story already from Mr. Jason Hill. You are right that it is no concern of ours, except that we remember the good of this town. We have a business with France, and we cannot afford to lose it. Major Proctor was blunt just now, and yet he is right. Give us credit for warning you, at least. You will go, of course?"

My father smiled again and smoothed the wrinkles of his coat. For some reason the scene seemed vastly pleasant. He shrugged his shoulders in a deprecatory gesture, walked over to the table and lifted a glass to his lips. "I remarked before that I was quite comfortable here," he replied after a moment's pause. "I may add that I am amused."

Since I have returned to the ancestral roof and looked again at the portraits of my family, I have had many callers to entertain me. Two have tried to rob me. One has threatened me with death. And now six come and threaten me with tar and feathers. It is too diverting to leave. Pray don't interrupt me, Captain Tracy. In a moment you shall have the floor."



HE TOOK another sip from his glass, watching them over the brim. And then he continued, slowly and coldly, yet turning every period with a perfect courtesy: "There is only one thing that you and all my other callers appear to have overlooked: You fail for some reason to realize that I do things only of my own volition. It is eccentric, I know, but we all have our failings."

He paused to place his glass daintily on the table and straightened the lace at his wrist with careful solicitude.

"Once before this morning I have stated that I am not particularly afraid of anything. Strange as it may seem, this statement still applies. Or put it this way: I have grown blasé. People have threatened me too often. No, gentlemen, you are going to lose your trading privileges, I think. And I am going to remain in my house quite as long as I choose."

"Which will be one hour," said Major Proctor.

"Be careful, major," said my father. "You have grown too stout to risk your words. Do you care to know why I am going to remain?"

No one answered.

"Then I will tell you," he went on. "Three of my ships are in the harbor, and times are troublesome at sea. They are armed with heavy metal and manned by quite as reckless and unpleasant a lot of men as I have ever beheld on a deck. Between them they have seventeen guns of varying caliber, and there is powder in their magazines. Do I need to go any further or do we understand each other?"

"No," snapped Captain Tracy hoarsely. "I'm hanged if we do!"

"IT SOUNDS crude as I say it," continued my father apologetically, "and yet true nevertheless. As soon as I see any one of you or any of my other neighbors enter my grounds again I shall order my ships to tack down the river and open fire on the town. They have sail ready now, gentlemen. My servant has gone already to carry them my order."

"And you'll hang for piracy to-morrow morning," laughed the major harshly. "Shelton, you have grown mad."

There was silence for a moment.

"Exactly," said my father gently. "Mad, major—mad enough to put my threat into effect in five minutes if you do not leave this house; mad enough to scuttle every ship in this harbor; mad enough to set your warehouses in flames; mad enough even to find the company of you and your friends most confoundingly dull and wearisome; mad enough to wonder why I ever suffered you to remain so long beneath my roof; mad enough to believe you a pack of curs and cowards, and mad enough to treat you as such. Keep off, Tracy, you bloated fool."

(Continued on Page 157)



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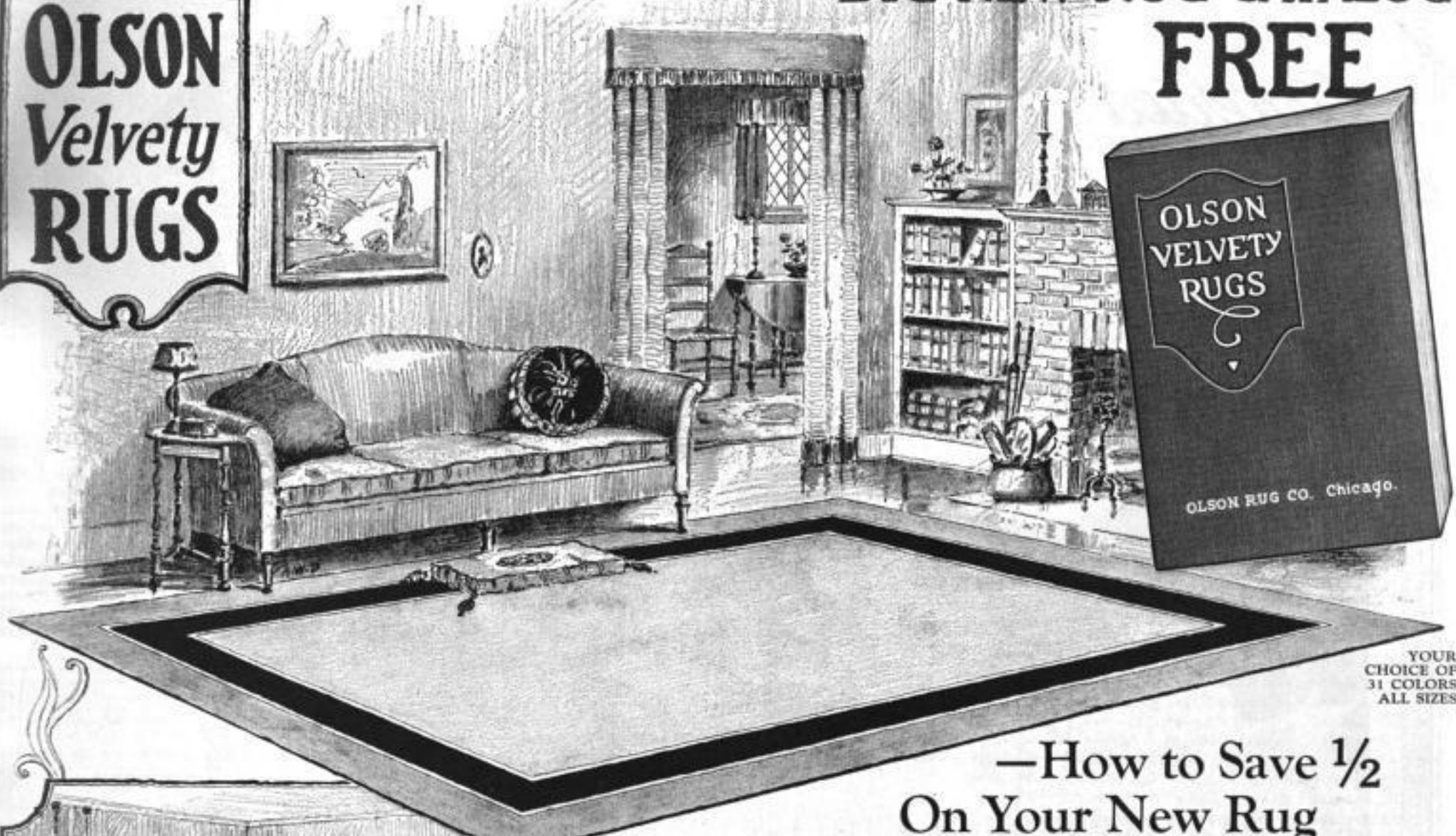


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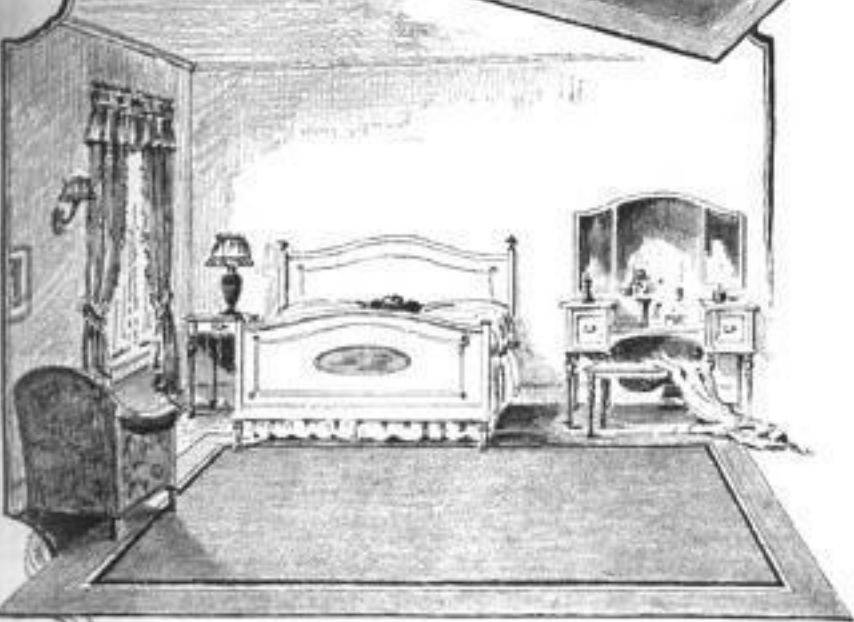
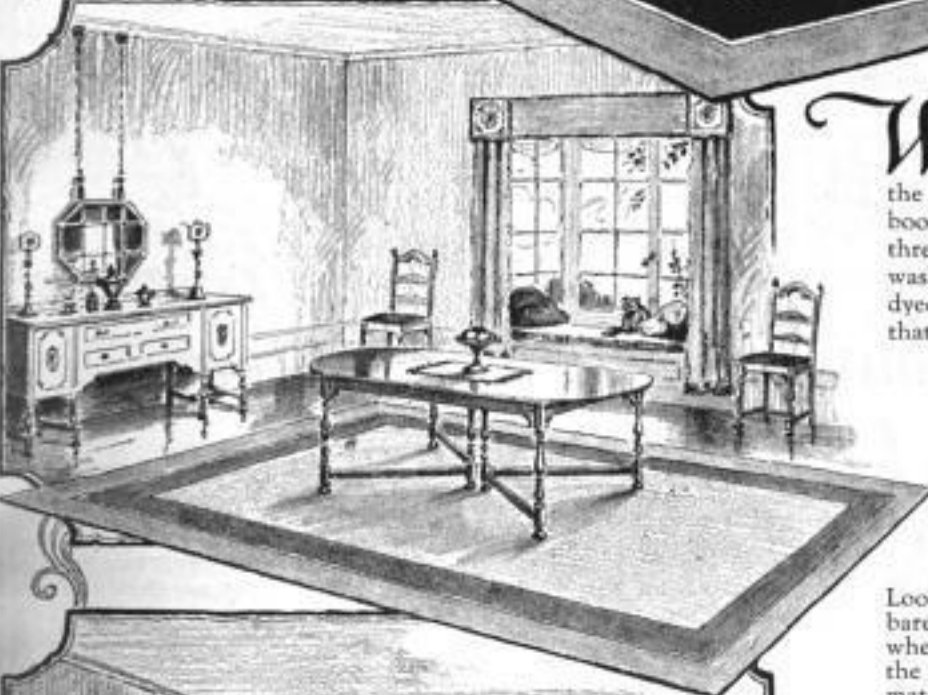
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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 154)

"By heaven!" Captain Tracy shouted, "we'll burn this house over your head. In an hour we'll have you shot against the town hall."

"Perhaps," said my father; "and yet I doubt it. Pray remember that I keep my word. Your hats are in the hall, gentlemen. In three minutes now my ships weigh anchor. If you do not go I cannot stop them."

Mr. Penfield had grown a trifle pale. "Captain Shelton," he demanded slowly, "are you entirely serious? I almost believe you are. Of course you understand the consequences?"

"Perfectly," said my father.

"Let us go, gentlemen," said Mr. Penfield. "You will hear from us later." They turned quickly towards the hall, my father following them, closing the door gently behind him.

Mademoiselle, who had risen from her chair, where she had listened, only half understanding the conversation in a tongue foreign from hers, stared at the closed door, her lips parted and her forehead wrinkled.

"What have they been saying?" she asked.

"Why are they afraid? Is everyone afraid of this father of yours?" And then impulsively she seized me by the arm. "But it makes no difference. He is serious, monsieur, and you must leave him alone, or perhaps I shall not get the paper after all; and remember, I must have it. My brother must have it, and he shall; only you must not disturb your father. He may shoot at the town if he cares to, or murder your uncle. He has often spoken of it at Blancy, but the paper is another matter. You must leave it to me."

"To you?" I cried.

"Precisely," said mademoiselle. "You—what can you do? You are young. You are inexperienced. Pardon me, but you would be quite ineffective."

MY CHEEKS flamed. Somehow no sarcasm of my father's had bitten so deep as those last words of hers.

"Ah," she said, "I have hurt you and, believe me, I did not mean to."

Something in the polite impersonality of her voice gave me a vague resentment. She had moved nearer, and yet I could not meet her glance.

"I am sorry," she said, and paused expectantly. "Last night you were very kind. Last night you tried to help me."

"Mademoiselle," I began, "anything that I did last night —"

"Was quite unnecessary," she said, "and very foolish."

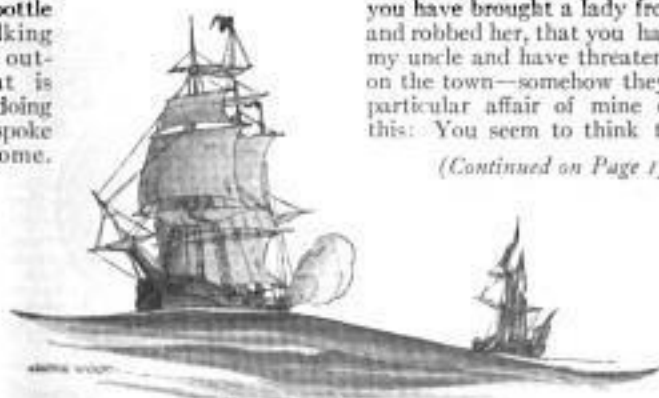
I drew a sharp breath. The bit of gallantry I had on my mind to speak seemed to be weak and useless now. "Mademoiselle is mistaken," I lied smoothly. "Nothing that I did last night was on her account."

"Nothing!" she exclaimed sharply. "I do not understand."

"No, nothing," I said. "Pray believe me, anything I did, however foolish, was solely for myself. I have my own affair to settle with my father."

"Bah!" cried mademoiselle, tapping her foot on the floor, and, oddly enough, my reply seemed to have made her angry.

"I say you are entirely ineffective and must leave your father alone. You do not understand him. Usually he is most well behaved. He is moderate, monsieur. At Blancy a glass at dinner was all he ever desired. For days at a time I have hardly heard him say a word. The marquis would call him the sphinx, and what has he been doing here? Drinking bottle after bottle, talking steadily, acting outrageously. What is more, he has been doing so ever since he spoke of returning home."



I tell you, monsieur, you must keep away from him, or perhaps he will do with the paper exactly what he says. I say your father was an honest man, as men go, and a brave one, too, and that you have changed him; and I warn you to leave him alone in the future. You do not know him or how to deal with him. I tell you his trifling about the paper is a passing phase, and that you must not disturb him. No, no, do not protest. I know well enough you are not to blame. You must leave him to me. That is all."

"It pains me not to do as mademoiselle suggests," I said.

"You mean you will not?" she flashed back at me angrily.

"I mean I will not," I answered.

"But you said—" she interrupted.

SHE did not have the chance to continue, for a hand was trying the latch of the door, and then a sharp knock interrupted us. I unbolted and opened the door. My father was standing on the threshold. With a smile and a nod to me, he entered and proceeded to the center of the room, while I closed the door behind him and bolted it again.

If he noticed my action he did not choose to comment. Instead, he continued towards the chair where mademoiselle was seated. "I had hoped that you might get along more pleasantly, you and my son," he observed. "Surely he has points in his favor—youth, candor, even a certain amount of breeding. You have been hard on him, mademoiselle. Take my word for it, he is to blame for nothing."

"So you have been listening," she said.

"As doubtless mademoiselle expected," said my father. "I had hoped —"

"And so had I," I said—he turned and faced me—"hoped," I continued, raising my voice, "that you might enter here and leave your servant somewhere else. I have wanted to have a quiet talk with you this morning."

If he noted anything unusual in my request he did not show it, not so much as by a flicker of an eyelash. "It has hardly been opportune for conversation," he admitted. "But now, as you say, Brutus is gone. He is out to receive a message I am expecting, which can hardly be delivered at the front door. You were saying—doubtless mademoiselle will pardon us —"

"Mademoiselle," I went on, "will even be interested. I have wanted to speak to you so that I might explain myself. Since I have been here I fear I have been impulsive. You must lay it to my youth, father."

He nodded a grave assent. "You must not apologize. It has been quite refreshing."

"And yet I am not so young. I am twenty-three."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed my father. "I had almost forgotten that I was so near the grave."

"I came to see you here," I continued, "because, as my uncle said, you are my father. I came because—because I thought—" I paused and drew a deep breath, and my father smiled. "Why I came is aside from the point, at any rate," I ended.

"Indeed yes," agreed my father; "and have we not been over the matter before?"

"If you had accorded me one serious word it might have been different," I continued; "but instead, sir, you have seen fit to jest. It is not what you have done this morning, sir, as much as your manner towards me which makes me take this step. That you have brought a lady from France and robbed her, that you have robbed my uncle and have threatened to fire on the town—somehow they seem no particular affair of mine except for this: You seem to think that I am

(Continued on Page 158)

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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 157)

incapable of doing anything to hinder you, and frankly, sir, this hurts my pride. You feel that I am going to sit by passively and watch you."

I came a step nearer, but he did not draw back. He only continued watching me with a patient intentness, which seemed gradually to merge into some more active interest. His interest deepened when I spoke again, but that was all.

"You feel that I am going to be still and do nothing, even after you drugged me last evening. Did you think I would not resent it? You are mistaken, father."

My father rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I had not thought of it exactly so," he said; "yet I had to keep you quiet."

"So, if the tables were turned, and I were you and you were I, you would hardly let matters go on without joining in?"

"HARDLY," he agreed. "You have thought the matter out very prettily, my son. It is an angle I seem to have neglected. It only remains to ask what you are going to do. Let us trust it will be nothing stupid."

"I am glad you understand," I said, "because now it will be perfectly clear why I am asking you for the paper, and you will appreciate any steps I may take to get it."

He cast a quick glance around the room and seemed satisfied that we were quite alone. "Do I understand," he inquired, "that you have asked me for the paper?"

I nodded. "His voice grew thoughtfully gentle. 'You interest me,' he said. 'I have a penchant for mysteries. May I ask why you believe I shall give it to you?'"

"I shall try to show you," I tossed aside my coat and drew my small sword.

He stood rigid and motionless, and his face became more set and expressionless than I had ever seen it.

But before he could speak, mademoiselle had sprung between us. "You fool!" she cried. "Put up your sword. Will you not be quiet, as I told you?"

"Be seated, mademoiselle," said my father gently. "Where are your senses, Henry? Can you not manage without creating a scene? Put up your sword. I cannot draw against you."

Mademoiselle, paler than I had seen her before, sank back into her chair.

"I am sorry you find yourself unable," I said, "because I shall attack you in any event."

"What can you be thinking of?" my father remonstrated. "Engage me with a small sword? It is incredible."

"I have been waiting almost twelve hours for the opportunity," I replied. "Pray put yourself on guard, father."

HIS stony look of repression had left him. The lines about his mouth relaxed again. For a moment I thought the gaze he bent upon me was almost kindly. Then he sighed and shrugged his shoulders, and began slowly to unwind a handkerchief which he had tied about his right hand, disclosing several cuts on his knuckles.

"I forgot that Captain Tracy might have teeth," he said. "Positively, my son, you become disappointing. I had given you credit for more imagination, and instead you think you can match your sword against mine. Pray do not interrupt, mademoiselle," he added, turning to her with a bow; "it will be quite nothing, and we have neither of us had much exercise."

He carefully divested himself of his coat, folding it neatly and placing it on the table. When it was placed to advantage he drew his sword and tested its point on the floor.

"Who knows?" he added, bending the blade. "Perhaps we may have sport after all. Lawton was never bad with the foils."

We had only crossed swords long enough for me to feel the supple play of his wrist before I began to press him. I feinted and disengaged, and a second later I had lunged over his guard and had forced him to give back.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed my father gayly, "you surprise me. What! Again? Blast these chairs."

A fire of exultation leaped through me. I grinned at my father over the crossed blades, for I could read something in his face that steadied my hand. My best attack might leave him unscathed, but I was doing more, much more, than he had expected. I lunged again, and again he stepped back, thrusting so quickly that I had barely time to recover.

"EXCELLENT!" said my father. "You are quick, my son. You even have an eye."

"Mademoiselle," I called sharply. "The paper—in the breast pocket of his coat. Take it out and burn it."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed my father, parrying the thrust with which I ended my last words. "Pray accept my apologies—and my congratulations."

You have a better mind and a better sword than I could reasonably have expected. Indeed, you quite make me exert myself. But you must learn to recover more quickly, Henry, much more quickly. I have seen too many good men go down for just that failing. It may be well enough against an ordinary swordsman, my son, or even a moderately good one, but as for me, I could run you through twice over. Indeed I would, if —"

"The paper, mademoiselle," I called again; "have you got it?"

"Exactly," said my father; "the paper. If the paper were in my pocket, you, my son, would now be in the surgeon's hands. The paper, however, is upstairs in my volume of Rabelais. And now —"

His wrist suddenly stiffened. He made a feint at my throat and in the same motion lowered his guard. As I came on parade my sword was wrenched from my grasp. At the same time I stepped past his point and seized him around the waist.

"You heard, mademoiselle?" I cried. "The door!" And we fell together.

My father uttered a curse and clutched at my throat. I loosened my grasp to fend away his hand, and he broke away from my other arm and sprang to his feet.

Just as he did so there was a blow, a splintering of wood. The door was carried off its hinges, and Brutus leaped beside him.

THE floor had not been clean. My father brushed regretfully at the smudges on his cambric shirt. "My coat, if you please, mademoiselle," he said. "I see you have it in your hands. Gad, my son, it was a nearer thing than I expected. On my word, I did not know that Brutus was back."

"He is like you, captain," said mademoiselle, handing the coat to him. "You are both stubborn." For some reason that I could not fathom, her good nature had returned. It was relief, perhaps, that made her smile at us.

"It is a family trait," returned my father. As though kicking down the door had been a simple household duty, Brutus turned from it with quiet passivity and adjusted the folds of the blue broadcloth with an equal thoroughness, while my father straightened the lace at his wrists.

"Huh!" said Brutus suddenly. Then I noticed that his stockings were caked with river mud, and that he had evidently been running.

My father, forgetful of his coat for the moment, whirled about and faced him.

(Continued on Page 159)

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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 158)

"To think I had forgotten!" he cried. "What news, you black rascal?"

"Huh," said Brutus again, and handed him a spotted slip of paper.

My father's lips parted. He seized it with unusual alacrity, read it and tossed it in the fire. Then he sighed like a man from whose mind a heavy weight of care has been lifted. The tenseness seemed to leave his slim figure, and for an instant he looked as though the day had tired him and as though another crisis were over. "He's there?" he demanded sharply.

"Huh," said Brutus.

"Now heaven be praised for that!" said my father almost with fervor. "I was beginning to wonder if perhaps something had happened."

Mademoiselle looked up at him demurely. "The captain has good news?" she asked.

He turned to her and smiled his blandest smile. "Under the circumstances," he said, "the best I could expect." Still smiling, he smoothed his coat and squared his shoulders. "Our little melodrama, my lady, is drawing to its close."

VI

THE sun had finally broken through the clouds, and already its rays were slanting into the room, falling softly on the dusty furniture and making the shadows of the vines outside dance fitfully on the wall by the fire; and the shadows of the elms were growing long and straight over the rain-soaked leaves and the rank, damp grass of our lawn. It was the dull, gentle sunshine of an autumn afternoon, soft and kindly, and yet a little bleak.

"Yes," said my father, "it is nearly over. It turns into a simple matter, after all. I wonder, mademoiselle, will you be sorry? Will you ever recall our weeks on the high-road? I shall, I think. And the inn in Brittany, with Brutus up the road and Ned Aiken swearing at the post boys. At least we were living life. And the Eclipse—I told you they would never beat us on a windward tack. I told you, mademoiselle, the majority of mankind were very simple people."

"And you still feel so?" she asked him.

"Now more than ever," said my father. "I had almost hoped there would be one sane man among the dozens outside, but they all have the brains of schoolboys. No wonder the world moves so slowly, and great men seem so great."

And he wound the handkerchief around his hand again.

"The captain has arranged to sell the paper?" asked mademoiselle.

"Exactly," said my father. "The price has been fixed, and I shall deliver it myself as soon as the day grows darker. I am sorry, almost. It has not been uninteresting."

"No," assented mademoiselle with a shrug; "it has not been uninteresting."

"You are pale, my son," said my father, turning to me. "I trust you are not hurt?"

I shook my head.

"It is only your pride? You will be better soon. You have seen enough of me, I hope, to hate me. And yet, let us be philosophical. Be seated, my son. Brutus, it is three o'clock. Bring in the glasses and the noon meal."

I DID not reply, and he stood for a moment watching me narrowly. Brutus threw another log on the fire, which gave off a brisk crackling from the bed of coals. He then stood waiting doubtfully, until my father nodded. "Take the door out as you go," my

father directed. "Mademoiselle, permit me." He pointed out an armchair beside the fire. "And you, my son, opposite. So." From the side pocket of his coat he drew a silver-mounted pistol, which he examined with studious attention. "Come," he said, slipping it back, "let us be tranquil."

THERE fell a silence while he stood watching us. A gust of wind blew down the chimney and scattered a cloud of dust over the hearth. The rafters creaked. Somewhere in the stillness a door slammed. The very lack of expression in his face was stamping it on my memory, and for the first time its phlegmatic calm aroused in me a new emotion. I had hated it and wondered at it before, and now in spite of myself it was giving me a twinge of pity. For nature had intended it to be an expressive face, sensitive and quick to mirror each perception and emotion. Was it pride that had turned it into a mask and drawn a curtain before the light that burned within, or had the light burned out and left it merely cold and unresponsive? "The captain is thinking?" said mademoiselle.

He smiled and fixed her with his level glance. "Indeed, yes," he answered briskly. "It is a rudeness for which I can only crave your pardon. Strange that I should have tasted your father's hospitality so often and should still be a taciturn host."

Mademoiselle bit her lip. "There is only one thing stranger," she said coldly.

"And that is—," said my father, bending toward her attentively.

"That you should betray the last request of the man who once trusted you and showed you every kindness. Tell me, captain, is it another display of artistic temperament or simply a lack of breeding?"

Her words seemed to fall lightly on my father. He took a pinch of snuff and waved his hand in an airy gesture of denial. "Bah," he said; "if the marquis were alive he would understand. He was always an opportunist, the marquis. He would not blame me. Besides, he owes me nothing. If it were not for me your brother would be drinking his wine in paradise instead of cursing at the American climate. And you, mademoiselle—would you have preferred to remain with the police?" He looked thoughtfully into his snuffbox. "Dead men press no bills; surely you recall that the marquis said that. No, mademoiselle, we must be practical to live. The marquis would understand. The marquis was always practical."

She caught her breath sharply.

But my father seemed not to have perceived the effect of his words. "Ah," he said, "here is Brutus with the meal."

Brutus had carried in a small round table on which were arranged a loaf of bread and some salt meat.

It was a strange meal.

"Now we shall talk," said mademoiselle when it was finished.

My father raised his glass to the light. "It is always a pleasure to listen to mademoiselle."

"I FEAR," replied mademoiselle, "that this will be the exception."

"Impossible," said my father, taking a sip.

"All this morning I have tried to have a word with you," said mademoiselle, "but your time has been well taken up. I hoped to speak to you instead of your son, but he failed to take my advice and remain quiet. As I said before, you are both stubborn; not



(Continued on
Page 160)



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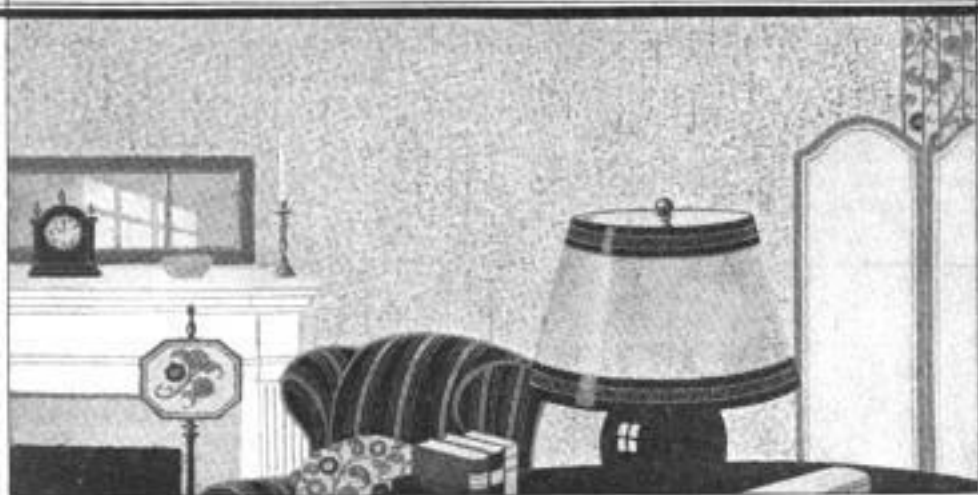
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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 159)

that it has made much difference. You still have the paper."

"Is it not painful to continue the discussion?" my father inquired. "I assure you I have not changed my mind since last evening, nor shall I change it. Must I repeat that the affair of the paper is finished?"

"We shall see," said mademoiselle.

"As mademoiselle wishes," said my father.

"It has been six years since I first saw you in Paris," said mademoiselle. Her voice was softly musical, and somehow she was no longer cold and forbidding.

MY FATHER placed his glass on the table and, seemingly a little disturbed, gave her his full attention.

"Six years," said mademoiselle. "I have often thought of you since then."

"You have done me too much honor," said my father. "You always have, my lady."

She only smiled and shook her head.

"You are the sort of man whom women think about and admire; surely you know that without my telling you. A man with a past is always more pleasant than one with a future. Do you know what I thought when I saw you that evening? You remember, they were in the room, whispering as usual, plotting and planning, and you were to have a boat off the coast of Normandy. You and the marquis had ridden from Bordeaux. I thought, captain, that you were the sort of man who could succeed in anything you tried—yes, anything. Perhaps you know the marquis thought so too, and even to-day I believe we were nearly right. We saw you in Brussels later, and in Holland, and then at Blanzay this year. I have known of a dozen commissions you have performed without a single blunder. Indeed, I know of only one thing in which you have definitely failed."

"Only one? Impossible," said my father.

"Yes, only one; and it seemed to be simple enough." A touch of color had mounted to her cheeks.

My father raised his hand hastily to his coat lapel. "Is there never a woman who will not reduce matters to personalities?" he murmured. "I should have known better. I see it now. I should have made love to you."

Though her voice was grave, there was laughter in her eyes. "I have often wondered why you did not. It was the only method you seem to have overlooked."

"There is one mistake a man always makes about women." He smiled and glanced at us both and then back at his glass again. "He forgets that they are all alike. Sooner or later he sees one that in some strange way seems different. I thought you were different, mademoiselle; I thought you even rational. Surely you have every reason to dislike me. Let us be serious, mademoiselle. You do not hate me?"

"I am afraid," said mademoiselle, "that you have had quite an opposite effect."

In spite of myself I started. Could it be that I was jealous? Her eyes were lowered to the arm of her chair, and she was intent on the delicate carving of the mahogany. It was true then. I might have suspected it before, but was it possible that I cared?

"Good heaven!" my father exclaimed and pushed back his chair.

Mademoiselle rested her chin on the palm of her hand. "I told you the interview would not be pleasant," she said. "But you are pessimistic, captain. I have not said I loved you. Do not be alarmed. I was going to say I pitied you. That was all."

"BLESS me!" my father murmured; "it is worse." And yet I thought I detected a note of relief in his voice. "Surely I am not as old as that."

Mademoiselle, whose eyes had never left his face, smiled and shook her head. "I know what you are thinking," she said. "No, no, captain; I am not offering pity to the villain in the story. Even the first night I met you I was sorry for you, captain. I was sorry as soon as I saw your eyes. I knew then that something had happened, and when I heard you speak I told myself you were not to

blame for it. I still believe you were not to blame. You see, I know your story now."

"Indeed?" said my father. "And you still are sorry. Mademoiselle, you disappoint me."

"Yes," said mademoiselle, "I heard the story, and I believe she was to blame, not you. After all, she took you for better or worse."

And then a strange thing happened. In spite of himself he started; his face flushed and his lips pressed tight together. It seemed as though a spasm of pain had seized him which he could not conceal in spite of his best efforts. With an unconscious motion he grasped his glass and the color ebbed from his cheeks. "Mademoiselle is mistaken," he said. "Another glass, Brutus." The stem of the one he was holding had snapped in his hand.

"Nonsense," said mademoiselle shortly.

My father cleared his throat and glanced restlessly away, his face still set and still lined with the trace of suffering. "Mademoiselle," he said finally, "you deal with a subject which is still painful. Pray excuse me if I do not discuss it. Anything which you may have heard of my affairs is entirely a fault of mine. You understand?"

"Yes," said mademoiselle, "I understand, and we shall continue to discuss it, no matter how painful it is to you. Who knows, captain? Perhaps I can bring you to your senses; or are you going to continue to ruin your life on account of a woman?"

"Be silent, mademoiselle," said my father sharply.

But she disregarded his interruption. "So she believed that you had filled your ship with fifty bales of shavings. She believed it and called you a thief. She believed you were as *gambler* as that. I can guess the rest of the story."

But my father had regained his equanimity. "Five hundred bales of shavings," he corrected. "You are misinformed even about the merest details."

"And for fifteen years you have been roving about the world, trying to convince her she was right. Ah, you are touched? I have guessed your secret. Can anything be more ridiculous?"

He half started from his chair, and again his face grew drawn and haggard. "She was right," he said a little hoarsely. "Believe me, she was always right, mademoiselle."

"Nonsense," said mademoiselle; "I do not believe it."

MY FATHER turned to me with a shrug of his shoulders. "It is pleasant to remember, is it not, my son, that your mother had a keener discernment and did not give way to the dictates of a romantic imagination?"

"Sir," I said, "there is only one reason why I ever came here, and that was because my mother requested it. She wanted you to know, sir, that she regretted what she said almost the moment you left the house. If you had ever written her, if you had ever sent a single word, you could have changed it all. In spite of all the evidence, she never came fully to believe it."

"Ah, but you believe it," said my father quickly.

I do not think he ever heard my answer. He had turned unsteadily in his chair and was facing the dying embers of the fire, his left hand on the table before him. Again the spasm of pain crossed his face. Mademoiselle still watched him, but without a trace of triumph. Indeed, she seemed more kindly and more gentle than I had ever known her.

"Five hundred bales of shavings," she said softly. "Ah, captain, there are not many men who would do it—not any that I know, save you and the marquis."

"Brutus," said my father, "fill up the glass." With his eyes still on the fire he drank and sighed. "And now, Brutus," he continued, "my volume of Rabelais."

But when it was placed beside him he left it unopened and still continued to study the shifting scenes in the coals.

(Continued in the April Home Journal)

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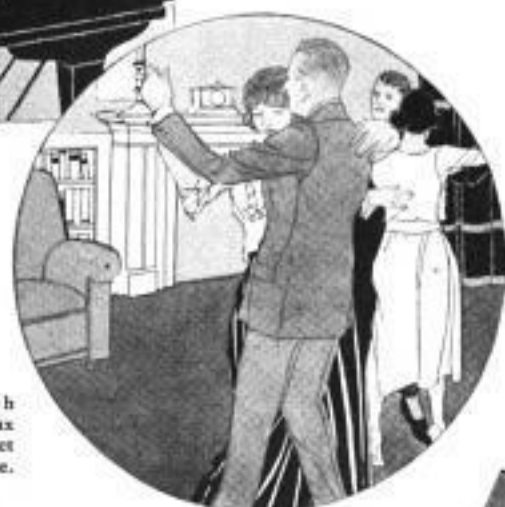
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Smart Fabrics in New and Youthful Ways

ALTHOUGH for formal occasions this spring and summer one's skirt must be no shorter than eight inches from the ground, for sports and street wear ten to twelve inches is still the accepted height. Of course, this does not apply to the matron of mature years, whose skirts should always be from four to six inches longer than those of her débutante daughter. Even as skirts, on the whole, continue to be short, length is still the principal consideration when waistlines are being placed, whether it is an evening gown or a sports blouse that is in the course of construction. Straight lines mark the spring silhouette, relieved by an ever-increasing variety of sleeves of many shapes and designs, but usually of a size to be respected.

The infinite possibilities for feminine adornment that lurk in even so supposedly unsophisticated a garment

as a white-flannel sailor suit are cleverly revealed in the sketch at the extreme left above. Navy crêpe de Chine is responsible for the transformation—navy crêpe de Chine that smartly laces the side of the blouse, edges as a narrow binding each fold of the skirt, faces the pocket, and finally makes, of sober roundness, a wide graceful collar far removed from any suggestion of the humble "gob." Even if it means transferring her allegiance from West Point to Annapolis, any débutante or college girl will want such a suit for sports wear this spring. A fitting accompaniment is the hat of white straw, trimmed with bow and loops of blue velvet ribbon, in the manner originated by Reboux, of Paris.

The college girl or young matron will find a three-piece suit of tan chamoisette a most useful and becoming addition to her spring wardrobe. The cape is

fastened with large white pearl buttons to each side of jumper at waistline, while the organdie collar sewn into the blouse extends over the cape also, giving a welcome touch of white next to the face. Well suited for wearing with this suit is a brown straw hat trimmed with plaited tan ribbon, the cockade crushing in the soft brim and the pointed ribbon ends hanging over one ear, in a fashion sponsored by Lewis.

The combination of white chudda cloth, one of the newest and loveliest of the wool crêpes, and rose organdie, in the good-looking two-piece sports frock sketched above, is an interesting and decidedly successful experiment. Plain rose-colored organdie makes the sleeves, and edges the Persian-striped organdie used on the skirt, the sleeves and at the neck. The very effective hat of rose straw, lined with rose felt and



trimmed with plaited cockades of rose-colored ribbon, was inspired by one of Maria Guy's creations.

Chudda cloth is used again, this time in mustard yellow, to make the sports frock at the extreme right on the opposite page. The soft wool crêpe is well suited to the straight, long-waisted lines of the dress and the simple trimming, which consists of edgings of narrow self-material fringe and double rows of drawn hem-stitching. To trim the graceful hat of sheer crin so carelessly laid on the wall, moiré silk ribbon is run beneath the folded back edge of the brim and tied to hang in long loops and ends—a method much used by Maria Guy.

Particularly designed for sunshiny spring mornings is the jumper frock at the extreme left above, for there is no color more appropriate to youth and springtime than the soft yellow which is here combined so delightfully with white in a Rodier peasant linen. The chintz design is among the season's favored modes. The sleeves and neck bindings are of white handkerchief linen and are edged, as are the hems, armholes and pockets of the jumper, with bands of black taffeta.

Kasha, which closely resembles camel's hair in texture, is still a favorite material, in both white and colors, for sports wear this spring and summer. An unusually attractive two-piece dress of white Kasha is sketched above, with and without the sports coat designed to accompany it. Red Kasha is used to trim the frock and form belt and buckle, while the coat is solid red with pocket bindings and facings of cuffs in white Kasha and a lining of white China silk. Red, by the way, promises to be a predominating color among sports clothes. All white is also effective for this type of sports suit, particularly so in one of the new materials woven to resemble quilting, in crêpe de Chine with quilted borders, or in any of the rough handwoven fabrics so good this year, such as homespun or the native Moroccan cloth now being imported. The small hat worn with this frock is of red straw, with a red cock's feather run across the front and caught in the cleft brim, in the manner featured by Georgette.

White promises to be extensively worn this spring and summer by every woman, whatever her age. If she is young and slender, the white crêpe frock in the center

of the sketch above will prove wonderfully becoming. The material is a Romaine crêpe, trimmed with white Bohemian lace, or with fine Irish crochet, which is seen on some of the handsomest afternoon frocks this year. When the Irish is used, the sleeves are of crêpe. A slip of flesh Georgette is worn beneath the blouse and shows above the lace insert in the back. The interesting combination of materials in the hat worn with this frock was originated by Caroline Reboux. Black crin straw is faced with brown duvetyn, and the band of twisted duvetyn around the crown is caught on the side with two large motifs of jet.

For spring or summer evening wear, the débutante, and the matron who is still young and slender enough to look well in a sleeveless dress, will do well to choose the white Georgette dancing frock sketched at the right. To the blouse, with its interesting double belt, rows of pearl beads give a delightful trimming touch, without in any way destroying the simplicity of its straight lines. Cascade sides add gracefulness to an otherwise untrimmed skirt. This is charmingly appropriate for the high-school or college girl's wardrobe.

Paris Hints of Spring



IN AN interesting suit of white cloth embroidered with jet beads, Worth emphasizes by a wide black leather belt the long waistline of the season's mode. Cherry-colored crêpe satin is used on the wrong side in a draped evening gown designed by Worth. A jewel-like motif holding the drapery, and fringe of cherry silk showing beneath it, are the only trimming notes.

A rose crêpe tunic, with oddly shaped side pieces caught at the low waistline by roses of crêpe, is worn over a slip of rose chiffon in a Martini et Armand evening frock of unusual charm. Small velvet flowers cross the shoulders on rose-crêpe straps of uneven length. A Jenny suit of heavy seal-brown crêpe has a coat embroidered with raised silk and heavy scroll borders and is finished with collar and undersleeves of ashes-of-rose organdie.

Paul Poiret first made the evening cape at right of striped black plush and silver lace, but for spring wear it would be charming in crêpe with the upper part heavily embroidered in self color. From Premet comes a lovely all-white evening gown of satin and chiffon. The bodice is of satin with all-over embroidery of small crystal beads; the chiffon skirt is beaded with pearls, some of which are underlined with embroidery. If one wishes a touch of color the feather at the waistline may be a soft pink.

In the good-looking suit at the upper left of opposite page Molyneux has made delightful use of the present popularity of white for every type of costume. The material is white Kasha cloth. For the trimming ivory-colored flat silk braid in two different widths is used. An ivory-and-jet buckle fastens

the low belt, and flaring pieces over the hips and on the deep cuffs lend originality to the silhouette.

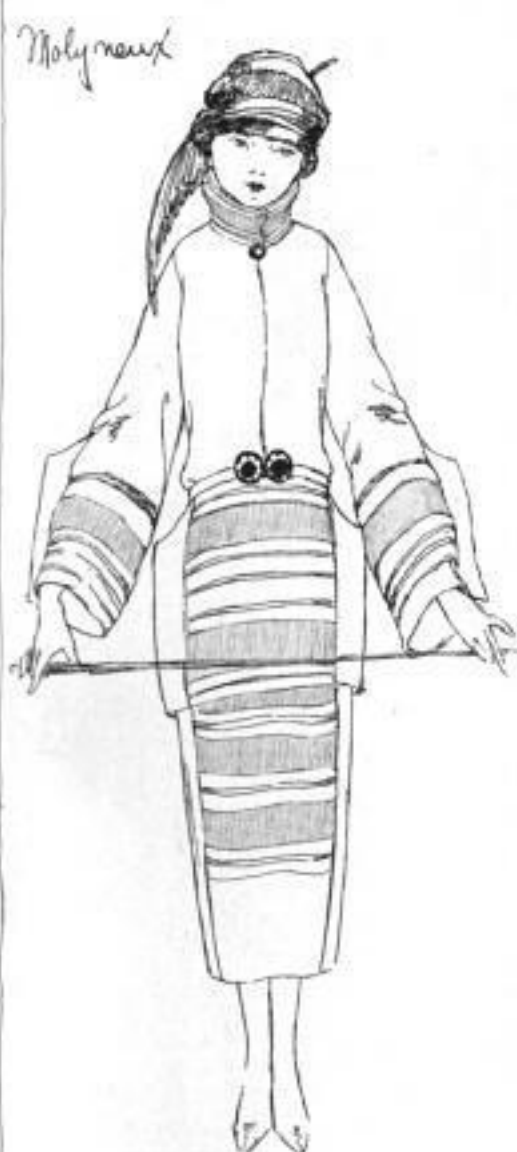
There is a suggestion of military inspiration about the Madeleine et Madeleine frock of gray cloth, with its scarf collar, straps of gold braid and large gold buttons. Although buttoning demurely down the back, it simulates an opening on the left side front.

A most practical, wearable two-piece dress of beige and tan-wool plaid, designed by Chanel, has a youthful jumper blouse with wide armholes, fringed hem and the inevitable low waistline. The skirt, which is also fringed, is reasonably narrow and in length about eight inches from the ground. This eight-inch height will probably be the most approved this season, although one may wear street clothes several inches shorter and keep within the mode.

Midnight-blue corded silk is trimmed with brick-red broadcloth and embroidered in blue and gold for the stunning Dœuillet afternoon frock sketched in the lower left-hand corner of the opposite page. By the use of set-on side flares Dœuillet effects an attractive variation from straight lines, and makes the dress ideal for the matron's afternoon wear.

Color is Everywhere

MANY women hold the idea that Paris fashions are impractical and only for the very rich. Nothing could be further from the truth. Paris sets the fashions for the world. Take, for instance, the wide straight sleeves now appearing in so many of our clothes. Jenny introduced them over a year ago; to-day they are almost universal. The boat-shaped neck originated with Premet over four years ago; to-day we are wearing it in every type of dress. Then there is the uneven hem line—but one could go on multiplying instances indefinitely. Every month THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will reflect the smartest fashion tendencies of the French capital, and whether you want clothes of a very distinctive style or the little touches that make the simplest frock attractive and different, you will always find them in its pages.



SELDOM have plain and plaid materials been so attractively combined as in the Premet suit at the left. The long-waisted coat of tan-and-black plaid is trimmed with bands of plain black, while the black broadcloth skirt owes its uneven hem line to side pieces of the plaid material. By her method of applying the panels, Jenny marks the navy serge frock at the left as Parisian and her own. In both back and front the panels are attached at unequal heights and held beneath rows of tiny buttons, but the rear panels alone hang outside the belt to give a straight line to the back. Panels and sleeves are faced with foulard. The attractive Martiel et Armand general-wear suit sketched above has a coat of black Kasha, piped with the same red-and-black Rodier fabric which makes the close-hanging skirt. Side panels of the Kasha cloth are faced with a plain red that matches the red of the plaid.



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Even the Youngest May Have Paris Easter Clothes



When deciding on spring modes, Paris does not neglect the younger generation. Chéruit, who gives to children's clothes the same charm and originality that mark her grown-up designs, makes the cape coat above of strawberry-red cloth and trims it with scallops of black silk braid. To complete the costume there is a quaint little hat of black satin with a bow of red ribbon on top and a row of red beads on the brim. For the very small boy, Fairyland, a delightful Paris maison devoted exclusively to children's clothes, suggests an artistic, but none the less masculine, suit of green wool embroidered with gray Chinese motifs. Also from Fairyland is the amusingly sophisticated little suit of soft navy tricotine in the center above. The embroid-

ery, worked in white and red on Rodier cloth, is as distinctively French as the tiny bell-shaped black satin hat with its ribbed crown. The Maison Orange, one of the newer French houses that is making a great success with its children's clothes, sponsors for juvenile wear a good-looking raglan sports coat of beige covert cloth. A hat of beige straw, with a pointed design of duvetyn stitched on the brim, accompanies it. The adorable, much-tucked party frock of China blue cotton voile is also from the Maison Orange. Rust-colored ciré ribbon makes the narrow belt and trims the graceful hat of blue taffeta. Chéruit originated the fascinating dress of rose satin, with rose-edged gold braid plaiding the bodice and hanging in looped ends over skirt.

ONE does not always care to reproduce a French costume exactly as it was designed, but a small amount of imagination will suggest changes in material, color or trimming that will adapt it to American use without in any way destroying its Parisian personality. This is particularly true of children's clothes. The cape coat above, for example, need not be of strawberry red; plain covert cloth in any becoming shade of blue, woodsy brown or gray would be quite as smart, and could very well have the cape edges finished either straight or scalloped. In one of the waterproof fabrics, with a hat to match, this would make a delightful rainy-day costume. When braid is used, three tiny loops of narrower braid at the tip of each scallop, as in the sketch, are very attractive.

As a "dress-up" costume for the four or five year old son of the house, who is already rebelling against feminine frills, the Chinese-inspired suit in the sketch is excellent in any woolen or heavy wash material and in a dozen or more color combinations. Small daughter will probably want to wear the very grown-up suit of navy tricotine just as it is, but it can be easily simplified by replacing the embroidery with braid or omitting it entirely. The wide skirt, plaited on the sides, is particularly becoming if one is between ten and fifteen. Unless duvetyn or serge seems preferable, or another color is desired, the sports coat above should not be altered, for it is of a type that is always "in" and always becoming to children. The stitching at each seam gives a strap effect that is new.

In the dress of blue cotton voile, the use of tucked panels in back and front over a straight slip, the unusual way in which the sleeves are tucked and the miniature bateau neckline are all excellent features. It is a quite sophisticated little dress and therefore splendid for a rather formal party or to be worn by the flower girl at a spring or early summer wedding. Any of the pastel colors or white would look well. In America the satin and gold braid of the frock at the extreme right of the sketch above would be worn only by a flower girl or ribbon bearer at a formal wedding. The dress, however, would be very good-looking in serge with silk braid, either all white or navy with black or red braid, and the waist alone may be braided. The dress is a "chemise" with seams on the shoulders.



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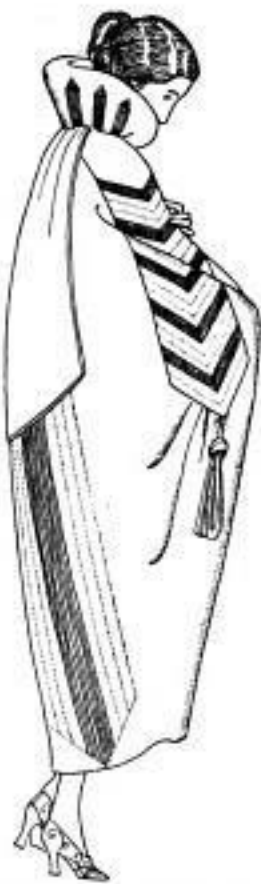


Molyneux has made this suit of tan Kasha and trimmed it with white silk crêpe medallions, smartly embroidered in tan and brown. Blouse of crêpe.

From Jean Patou comes this suit of black silk crêpe trimmed with black stitching and cordings. Blackembroiders the satin waistcoat.

Paris Suits Have Narrow Skirts, But Jackets May be Flaring

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

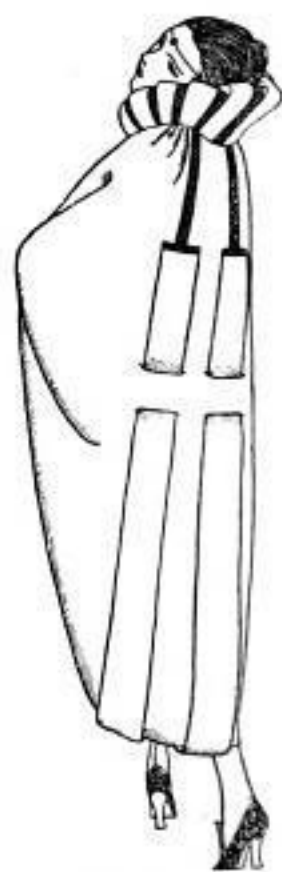


Patou's straight wrap of red wool is ingeniously trimmed with stitchings and corded lines, and has a straight stitched cape-like piece over the center back.

WHERE had I met that little dog before? He rowed his course along the Rue de Rivoli just the way Mrs. Burke-Roche's little dog used to row up Fifth Avenue, his little legs going out on the side like oars and his stomach almost flat on the ground. It was going to be embarrassing in a minute if I could not place him. He was not the handsome Russian wolfhound that sat for his portrait and belonged to Madame Jacques Balsan, who was the Duchess of Marlborough, who was Consuelo Vanderbilt. In a moment I had it. We had met first at St. Moritz, where he appeared one morning a mere black speck on the snow, as the hot sun pelted us. And he was feeling terribly dressed up that day, because on the side of his collar he wore a huge purple bow. That bow was discovered later to connect up with a lovely white wool outing suit that fanned into purple on the underside of the white box pleats, and was topped with a purple velvet hat like a pansy. And that costume connected up with an American girl, who in turn connected up with a Hollander, a Rumanian, an Englishman—and romance—the Hollander for the moment seeming to have the best of it. The girl was always reading colored booklets of the Riviera, and later we saw most of the party down in Cannes.

Her pretty manners and her pretty clothes I thought furnished a fashion note of magnitude. They showed in clean-cut relief against a background a little heavy, with the strain of maintaining a bizarre chic. To be sure, there were the loveliest foulards I ever saw; not "spotty," like foulards of old, but covered with all-over patterns that sounded a modern note. They were made up with serge, and sometimes as linings that turned back on the material, forming part of the garment. But for the rest, there was organdie trimmed with monkey fur, and people sat around discussing how to obtain the correct shade of white. It is the color elected by secret ballot to supplant black, and it was earlier making its bleak

(Continued on Page 177)



A low waistline effect is achieved in this Jean Patou cape of tan-faced cloth by cleverly passing looped bands of the cloth through slits in the center back.

Lucette FROCKS

TRADE MARK



2515—There's a charming simplicity to this little Lucette frock of checked gingham. The pleated edging about the neck, cuffs and panel is of white organdie. In pink-and-white, blue-and-white, orchid-and-white, each of self material. Sizes 14 to 44, \$5.00.

2563—Few frocks are more colorfully attractive than this with its combination of gingham, organdie and wood embroidery. The frock illustrated is of orchid-and-white gingham, the collar and apron effect of orchid organdie edged with white organdie plaiting. The embroidery in three-color wood trails gracefully down the front. The sleeves finished in organdie of both colors are smart. In orchid-and-white, blue-and-white and brown-and-white. It opens at side, each of gingham. Sizes 14 to 44, \$10.00.

2534—Gingham and organdie have been strikingly combined in this model. The vest of white organdie is boned with gingham, the long graceful collar is likewise boned with gingham. A band inset of white organdie in the skirt is trimmed with wheels of gingham and the narrow belt ties at the side. In red-and-white, black-and-white, blue-and-white and green-and-white. Sizes 14 to 44, \$7.50.

You feel so well dressed—

in your Lucette Frocks. Perhaps it's because they're so interestingly designed—maybe it's the crisp ginghams in their rainbow of colors—or, still again, it might be the careful tailoring, which is not found in the ordinary wash frock.

In any event, one does feel—not as though one were in a house or porch frock—but charmingly and fittingly dressed for the luncheon, the country club, the house party—all the informal and semi-formal events of these delightfully festive days.

Select your Lucette Frocks now for spring and summer wear. Those described above, and many other styles, are shown by the stores carrying Lucette; they are so surprisingly moderate in price that you may have a lovely array in a bevy of colors. You couldn't possibly have them made for these prices.

Write us today for the new Lucette Style Brochure (no charge) and if you are in doubt as to who sells Lucette Frocks in your vicinity, we will advise you.

H. LINSK & COMPANY, Central Bldg., Philadelphia

A quaint legend of South America tells of a travelling magician who came to a city and announced that he was a maker of masks. The curious multitude besieged him. One woman wished her complexion different, another asked that the color of her eyes be changed, a third was dissatisfied with her nose; all pleaded for superior endowments. Patiently he fashioned for each the mask she coveted. The next day he returned and found an angry mob and the masks lying broken in fragments on the stones. They accused him of having caricatured their defects—of making sport of them. The wise man answered simply: "In striving to be different you destroy your inner beauty of heart and sentiment and taste. Nature knows best; who follows her cannot err."

THE source of true beauty is in the natural intelligence of every woman, answers the wise man of the legend. There is charm in the thought and a kind of inspiration.

Do not change your type; make the most of it. Study yourself point by point if you would seek a style distinction that can only be found in the proper expression of individual beauty. Study your complexion, hair, teeth, hands, feet, but most of all—decidedly most of all—study your figure. "For," warns Fashion, "though one doesn't need to be as slight as a moonbeam to wear the new clothes, one's curves must occur rhythmically—under the right corset. You see these modern clothes are so chastely simple that a curve in the wrong place has no disguise, no excuse."

GOSSARD artistry recognizes as many types of beauty as there are types of women and has produced a sophisticated corsetry to take care of every kind of figure there is and prevent every kind of figure there ought not to be.

PROPERLY corseted, the tall slender woman has a litheness that challenges age—a grace of poise that gives allurements to everything she wears. Uncorseted or wrongly corseted she becomes angular, stiffly thin, and she isn't young despite what the masseuse has done to her face.

THERE is the short slender type. A half-inch thickening of the hips, an inch on the thighs, that would be worrying enough to a taller woman, becomes positive disaster to her—it steals ill-spared inches from her precious height. And such a tiny wisp of a corset would save to her the illusion of the perfect miniature.

SO many women who are no longer slim have gone on buying the same kind of heavily boned, strait-jacket corsets year after year; treacherous corsets that show hard lines through the best tailoring and entirely destroy the soft, studied-careless effect of a thin frock. Gossard artistry has produced some modern illusion-savers for the woman of full figure; unobtrusive corsets that disguise their astute existence behind a natural, slim-by-proportion appearance that subtracts pounds from the apparent weight. They give dignity, poise, and that grace that comes from unrestrained motion.



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"THE GIFT OF EVE": So we have named a tiny book that is just off our press. It is not pretentious but it will be cherished by every woman who appreciates the importance of that quiet distinction that ever marks the woman of good taste. To you we shall be glad to send it, if you will trouble to write your request to our home offices at 1006 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

WHETHER you are tall or short, large above or large below the waistline, curved back or short waisted, there are special Gossards made for you that will corset you without a telltale line; give you a smooth pleasing curve from armpit to knee without a moment's discomfort. And with this unrestricted natural charm of line comes that subtlest and youthfulest of all the beauty gifts—grace.

AND then of course there is the average type so many of us approximate. If we are truthful with ourselves we know that the slimness of youth cannot be ours by divine right forever and ever and that a clever corset is all that stands between us and that vague, shapeless bourne from whence no traveller returns—age.

YOU will find these original front lacing corsets at the best stores—everywhere—and you will be served by trained corsetiers who will unerringly help you select just those models that will best express your personal charm. As faultless in material and workmanship as they are in design, they will retain their original grace of outline to the last day they are worn. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone they amply justify their nominal cost.

THE brassiere of today, like the corset of today, must be made for types. As in corsetry, the brassiere should be used to attain perfect type proportions. The bust should never be flattened by an obviously unsuited garment, nor allowed to unbecomingly drop in an ill-advised support. In the suitability of their dainty materials and in their characteristic shaping, Gossard Brassieres conform unerringly to the individual needs of the figures for which they have been designed. They fit with that incomparable nicety



of detail that is so much worth while to those of us who really care about our appearance. And they are most reasonably priced so that every woman can afford them.

The H. W. GOSSARD CO.
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Ideal Figure
Tall Slender



Ideal Figure
Short Slender



Ideal Figure
Tall Heavy



Ideal Figure
Short Heavy



Ideal Average
Figure



Ideal Figure
Large Below Waist



Ideal Figure
Large Above Waist



Ideal Figure
Curved Back



Ideal Figure
Short Waisted

Here Careful Planning Makes Easy Sewing



A SHORT cape that snaps at the back of the neck and across the shoulders is the outstanding feature of the matron's light-gray Kasha general-wear frock at the left above, but the fascinating trimming of cherry-red cloth points is not to be overlooked. Then, too, the plaited sides, which make this dress so wearable for the matron, and the wide sleeves gathered into narrow cuffs add to the smartness. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 40.

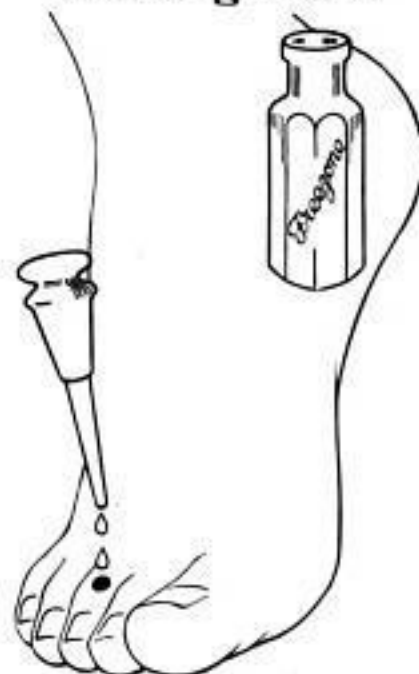
A very practical frock of a type usually becoming to the matron of straight lines is that sketched at the right above. It would be extremely good-looking in black, navy, gray or one of the woodsy browns in broadcloth, wool crepe or serge, trimmed with flat silk braid. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42. Plain and figured silk crêpes have been well combined in the attractive afternoon frock at the left, which is well suited to the matron of generous proportions. If one wishes to make the frock largely of the printed material the front panel may be of plain silk crêpe. Again, serge may make the whole costume. The pattern comes in sizes 36 to 46.

Foulard or crêpe with an all-over figure has side panels, collar and deep cuffs of navy or black serge in the matron's frock at the right. Here also the materials may be reversed to good effect. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42.



Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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Direct from mill

Make this new Spring slip-on for \$2.50

You can make this smart Spring slip-on for \$2.50 with Peace Dale Fillee Silk and Worsted Floss. Send for free sample card of yarns and get directions free.

Wonderful quality

Peace Dale Yarns are the finest all-wool worsted yarns—strong, soft, smooth, easy to knit with. Peace Dale prices are very much cheaper than other yarns anywhere near the same quality. Old New England firm. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Send today for 90 free yarn samples—8 different kinds and weights—36 beautiful colors. Get finest quality yarns at direct from the mill prices. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 406, 25 Madison Avenue, New York.



Fillee silk and worst slip-on—make it for \$2.50

Peace Dale Knitting Yarns

Nervous Feet!

Relief is here! And the shoe is smart.

See page 60

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Straw and Fabric Share Honors in Spring Hats

By her draped turban of copper-colored satin straw cloth, with its crossed quills, Eva Le Gallienne proves that she chooses a hat as successfully as she plays in the N. Y. Theater Guild's production of *Lilium*.



PHOTOS BY RICHARD MORGAN

Although shape rather than trimming is emphasized in the spring millinery, rosettes of gold-edged canna ribbon add much charm to a hat of canna faille.



The black satin straw turban above owes its effectiveness to a winged bow of black satin and a smart new high sloping front.



Distinctive features of the brown Milan hat above are the brim, faced on top with brown taffeta and split to hold a straw quill, and the oddly dented crown.



Orchid-colored gros de Londres, heavily embroidered in self color, lends itself well to the turned-up brim that is so popular for this spring.

Most becoming to Miss Le Gallienne is a youthful seven-sided hat of cornflower faille with an old-fashioned bouquet tucked under its brim.



A fairly large crown and a turned-back brim mark the hat of maize-colored Milan above as this season's, while loops of grosgrain ribbon covering the brim induce one to choose it for Easter.



In the beige faille hat above, black-and-white ribbon binds each edge of the three-storied brim and makes on one side a cocarde half hidden from the eye.



Silk floss, curled and doubled to imitate ostrich feathers, is used to soften the straight brim line of Miss Le Gallienne's hat of black Milan.



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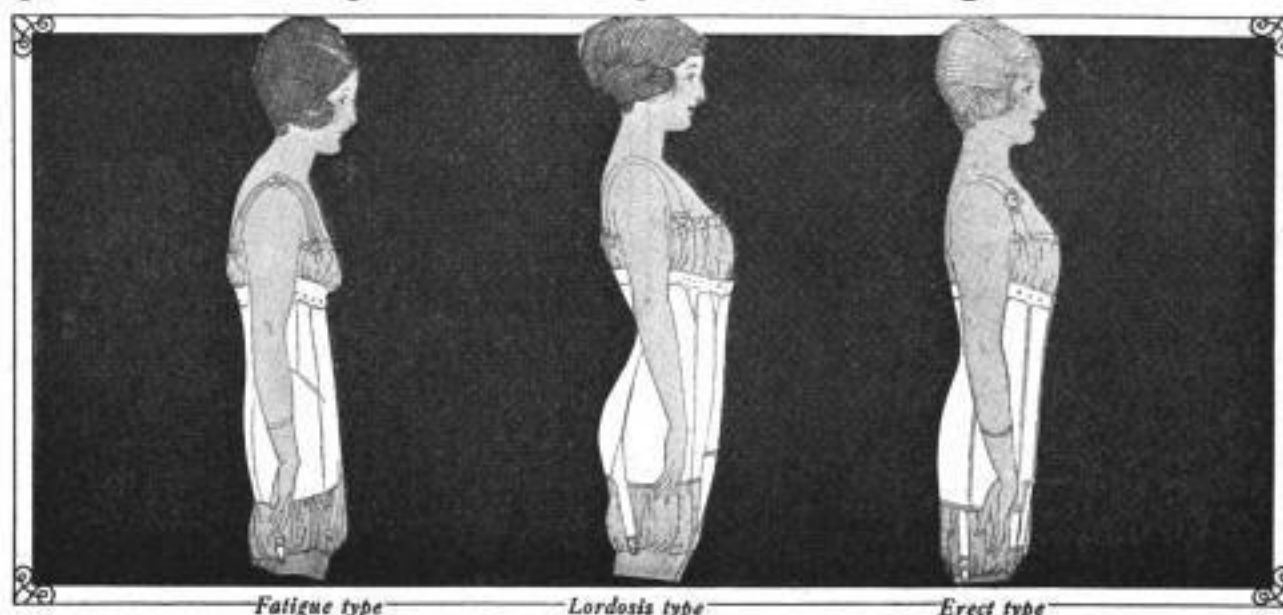
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Send me without obligation full particulars about the famous Osborn Cake System.

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Address _____

Two of these postures are wrong

They affect your style and your health



Which is yours ?

HAVE you noticed that nowadays when you talk with anybody about corsets you are almost sure, sooner or later, to say something about their effect on your health? Style, yes; of course that comes first. But the day is past when a woman wears style that injures her health. And thanks to sensible physicians, and to the Spencer Designing System, women are learning that before you can have good style you must have good health.

It all comes down to a question of posture. Doctors have said over and over again that 95 out of every 100 American women have faulty posture—and lack the erect, graceful carriage and easy poise which you mean instinctively when you say "She wears her clothes well."

If you will think over all the women you know, and then look at the pictures on this page, you will understand what your doctor means when he says that 95 out of every 100 women have postures of either the fatigue type or the lordosis type.

Not all have faults of posture so marked as those shown—often only a wrong tendency is apparent which, if not corrected, will become more and more pronounced.

The *fatigue* type shows most noticeably rounded shoulders, a flat chest and a general effect of sagging. The wrong corset makes this condition worse—it fails to support the abdomen and pokes into the body at the top. Headaches, backaches and indigestion are the first ill effects, and unless this fatigue posture is corrected, your doctor will make a

mental note of "ptosis." And in the train of ptosis come many really serious illnesses.

The other kind of wrong posture is ominously called *lordosis*. "Sway-back" describes it better. A corset which is too tight across the waistline in back will often cause this condition. Lordosis shows in an exaggerated hollowing-in of the back; the stomach and digestive apparatus are displaced and their functions interfered with.

Perhaps you are one of the lucky few to whom a mirror shows a normally poised, erect figure like the third picture above. There are, however, only five women in every hundred who can boast that distinction, and distinction it is, for with it go vigor and buoyancy of health and the charm of style.

It is the perfect figure, alas! that the style creator has in mind when he designs the gown that you eventually buy. It is the perfect figure that most women have in mind when they hopefully select a corset. That is why so many smart gowns and tailors simply "don't go" with their wearers.

For the last fifteen years we have been studying the problem of posture and its relation to style and good health. We have analyzed the individual measurements of a million women. This experience proves (1) That no two women have figures just alike and (2) that creating for every woman

a special corset is the only certain way to improved posture, good style and health.

On this the Spencer Designing System was based. So far as we know, we are the only corset makers in the world who create a separate design for each client.

The Spencer corsetière who calls at your home has been trained to recognize figure faults and wrong posture of every sort. She takes your measurements and sends them with an exact description of your figure to our designers. If your figure shows a tendency toward ptosis or lordosis she will have our designers make for you a Spencer Supporting Corset which will bring back correct posture and the natural lines which mean both health and style.

If you do not need special support, a Spencer corset—also especially designed for you but without the special supporting feature—will prevent the coming of either form of wrong posture.

With the finished corset, you receive a guarantee, backed by a \$1,000 bond, that every measurement and the description of your figure were actually used in designing and making the corset.

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They come in all desired sizes—tuck-in or cut-out corners, plain or scalloped, bolster covers to match. Priced from \$3 to \$8.

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A Frock for Every Woman of Every Age



Inserts of black satin in the matron's general wear navy serge at the left are unusually effective when banded with a novel up-and-down application of narrow braid. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 44. Augustine and André, of Paris, make the hat of black satin with facing of black duceryn.

When black broadcloth is lightened by sash, scalloped collar and sleeve bands of beige crêpe de Chine, one has a smart, youthful frock that is practical for general wear all during the spring. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42. Augustine and André pleat ribbon and use pearl pins to trim the black straw hat with its round crown.



Black crêpe with a pointed drape of jade-green crêpe and an interesting jet motif reflects the spirit of the spring mode in both line and color. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42.

3469

A FABRIC bases its claim for recognition this season largely upon its suppleness. Serge, broadcloth, moiré and every variety of wool and satin crêpe will be worn throughout the spring, but must be soft and pliable. Printed fabrics will be very good and will range from chintzes of both English and Oriental inspiration and cotton materials closely resembling the old-fashioned calicoes, to gorgeously colorful maroccains and Georgette crêpes. In silken materials the printed design is quite as often in closely set medallion form as in widely scattered motifs. Colorful allover Persian effects appear on many crêpes and soft tulle, and are much used for sleeves and trimmings. Trimmings on the whole remain simple, featuring flowers and straps of self material, rows of narrow braiding and some beads. Rickrack is smart on morning cottons, while lace is a good trimming note for formal afternoon and evening wear.



3454

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from The Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Transfer, 30 cents.



The bouffant type of dancing frock, always becoming to a youthful and slender figure, is here happily developed in silvery-pink taffeta or faille, embroidered with silver medallions. The pattern comes in sizes 14 to 20.

For afternoon wear, sand-colored Canton crepe, with chiffon sleeves attached and trimmed by zigzag rows of tiny dull green beads, is both distinctive and youthful. The pattern, in sizes from 14 to 20, provides also for long sleeves.



The young matron's white crêpe de Chine frock, shown at the right below, may be distinctly jeune fille, with ruffles of sheer thread lace and small pearl beads for trimming. The pattern sizes are 16, and 36 to 42.

In the matron's formal evening gown, below, gathered panels of fine black lace hang gracefully over an underskirt of black satin, while the bodice is of fuchsia velvet and black lace. Pattern sizes are 16, and 36 to 46.



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NEW YORK



Paris Suits Have Narrow Skirts

(Continued from Page 168)

entree on the streets in the cold, wet fogs of wintry Paris. It mustn't have any ivory in it, but must be a white white.

Further conversation concerned itself with how passé it is to wear green dyed with blue in it, when now it should carry the note of yellow. People were wearing heavy sheets of material like window curtains as sleeves. They hung from under armhole to hem—sometimes in the evenings below it—leaving the arm quite bare.

Everybody was wondering whether the present trip of the Prince of Wales would give us "a feeling for East Indian things." Already a dress had appeared in the ballroom in which the heavy East Indian embroidery had been set with tiny looking-glasses. The next morning the hotel guests were sitting a little stiffly around *aperitif* tiny tables discussing this, when the American girl, with her entourage complete from little dog to suitors, waited in. She had on one of the wraps which M. Molyneux, who creates such lovely clothes, calls "those hang-off-of-you" capes, and which fall from the shoulders down the back of you and are so graceful. I should say to watch out for them for spring. She pulled it off with a careless gesture, flung it in a corner with her tennis racket, dropped a ball, picked it up before any of her suitors could scramble for it, dropped the other while recovering the first, arranged a lock of hair with the free hand, and before you knew it slid out into the dance. All the room took on a freer look and one of admiration.

There is more to style than color, line and East Indian motifs, and now it is the fashion to be Anglo-Saxon, to be sprightly, and wear clothes that are useful. To watch her lively group conduct its outing was the freshest spectacle I think that has presented itself on the stage of old Europe in this dull year.

She was the first to present us with the spectacle of a tailored suit with a coat made like a jumper, which you draw on, sweater-like, over your head. It seems that Chanel was responsible for this creation, which was made of beige wool, fringed round the bottom of skirt and jumper, and trimmed after the edict prescribed by M. Rodier, in clusters of brown stripes, descending from the under-arm area. It tied at the throat with some woolen strings, and it was altogether to the good as an outing costume. That was on the Riviera.

All Suits are Low in Waistline

NOW, later, on the Rue de Rivoli, preceded by her little dog, this American girl gave us our preliminary glimpse of a Parisian spring. Of course, being Anglo-Saxon, she was in a tailored suit at this season. The French have had to make them for us, and they admire their own work so much they are beginning to adopt them too. It was gray and, of course, mixed material. It was eight inches from the ground, and narrow as to skirt. The jacket came only as low as the wrist line below the belt, and it was bloused in the back very low over a narrow girdle. Being early in the season, it had a high standing collar, the shape of a muf, and made of gray Astrakhan, and this fur also banded the long, easy sleeves. That coat hung down the back in as straight a line from collar to belt as if one had plumbed for it, and it buttoned straight up the front. Of course we stopped to converse, and even the little dog turned back in some annoyance through the heavy seas of the Rue de Rivoli. This morning he was not wearing his purple bow, and that circumstance was what kept me from recognizing him. He had on a very trim, correct-for-the-morning tailored collar, set with yellow stones. The girl unfastened her tailleur to show me something the Hollander had given her from his last trip to the Dutch East Indies, and disclosed in the movement that her blouse and lining were of yellow. It is awfully smart in Paris to dress your little dog to match your coat lining and your handkerchief!

She had the scoop on that tailored costume. There will presently be millions of them, details of which might be described *ad infinitum*, but essentially and fundamentally they will be like that. Many of them

will be in beige and coffee color, but you see her outing suit was inclined to brown. Some of them will be tipped across the back with those butterfly capes that began their flight across the stage of fashion last fall. One of these, like the jacket it accompanies, is bordered in a pattern of shells made of the material. Lanvin, you know, trims some of her dressier costumes in real shells, like the border round the flower bed in front of your railroad station.

A number of tailored suits lap far over on the side in skirt and jacket, both of which fasten along the meridian of the under-arm seam. But whatever the difference in detail, all suits are short and tight in the skirt, all of them are long in the waistline, and for the most part they flare in boxlike effect, or have a tight band like a bandage around the hips. Many of them are bloused in the back, and, to be sure to get them that way, you must always lift up your arms after putting them on and before securing them with that tight belt. Topcoats promise to be quite straight and long. Some of them will have cape backs.

Skirts Widen for Afternoon

FOR "dress up" some suits will be in taffeta, tipped here and there in organdie. They will lead one over the boundaries of morning into the serenity of afternoon, when skirts unobtrusively lengthen and widen and the tight bandage loosens a little round the hips. Woolens give place to chiffons, crêpes and Georgettes that waft among smart tea tables. Sometimes the dresses are hung with heavy panels of lace. There is colored lace and silver lace and lace *cirée*. White mouflon garnishes some charming white dresses in woolen Jersey and others in silk by M. Molyneux.

A Georgette gown in russet-red is finely plaited into a lace yoke of coarse threads, and belted low, but very loosely, with notched ribbon tied in a bow. The same ribbon runs along the cuffs and ties in bows low on the hands. There is something charmingly simple about it, as if it might have come out of our Middle West, except that it has a sure technic which is Parisian. There is no trimming except the notched ribbons, and they are what we used to use so much in our small town. Still, the bronze slippers accompanying this costume are like a garnishment, so beautifully do they reinforce the lovely color of the dress and repeat the shading of the small hat, which is in no other material than leather, ornamented on the side with a russet, reddish-brown ostrich plume. Ribbon will probably be used a great deal in trimming this spring. Georgette is responsible for this hat and Doucet for the dress, which is accompanied by a short cape of heavy lace—more for ornament than use. I saw it earlier at Monte Carlo and yesterday at the Ritz at teatime.

Into those meadows of airily soft but straight-lined dresses comes dauntless Vionnet, sewing the seed of what may prove a "second crop" of fashions, in which circular and slanting lines shall prevail. Her favorite pastime is to wait until a style is set up and then see, as in a game of ninepins, how many of the features she can knock down. She has intruded on the trig spring silhouette of morning with a loose raglan topcoat that slopes off the shoulders and undulates round the ankles. Again, in the afternoons, she is still using the handkerchief, which is almost like a trade-mark with Vionnet. She is rounding one of its points into the seam at the collar, allowing the one opposite to fall in a point at the waistline, and the two opposite ones to spread across the shoulders in a cape that flares. By the sign of this spreading cape we may formulate the generalization that all lines of the season will not be straight. Still, many a dress bearing the name of Vionnet has never a ripple in it. After all, she launches that little flaring cape unobtrusively and features the Vionnet point.

In another dress Vionnet repeats the point in two long V-shaped designs set into the material itself, in a design similar to one

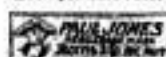
(Continued on Page 182)

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Good Manners in the Home

By

NATHALIE SCHENCK LAIMBEER

COURTESY is still the nose-gay that can make the plainest woman attractive; it is still the touch that transforms the shabbiest home into a place of beauty. Moreover, it seems evident that in our complex life courtesy has an even more important place than it has ever had before; that in an age of commerce, of machines and engines and speed and efficiency, all the more have we need of the refreshing, restful influence of good breeding and cultivation.

Of course modern etiquette is perhaps set to a slightly quicker tempo than was that of our grandmothers, who had leisure for formal, elaborate social usages that we in our more practical life could no more manage than we could their hoop skirts and dust ruffles. But the spirit of true courtesy is still the same to-day as it has always been; it is still the spirit born of a kind heart, of generous impulses, of the desire to make those around us happy. This is the real thing, the courtesy that is as different from mere superficial correct conduct as pearls are from paste. And the people that have this spirit have a treasure that money cannot buy, though it is the possession that marks them off as the gentle people of the world.

But "company manners" won't do. We must be polite, even to the family. We have to wear our manners every day if we want to be classified as really well-bred people.

Are there not too many homes in the world in which the graceful little amenities of living are eliminated for the bare essentials of eating, sleeping, working, playing?

Of course there are, and the surprising thing is that these same people, whose manners are so unlovely, are often the most excellent people, morally, that we have. They are honest, solid, even progressive. And yet they are not the élite, somehow, because they have not been well bred.

Everybody Works Like Father

I SUPPOSE it is at table that family manners are most thoroughly tested, as it is there that the family is all gathered together for a common purpose. I want to tell you of one family that I know of, who have so little of worldly possessions as to be extremely shabby, but who have so much of the priceless wares of unselfishness, good cheer and exquisite courtesy as to make them one of the happiest and most charming families that I know.

They keep no servant and have no help except that of a laundress one day a week. The mother does most of the cooking; the daughters and sons, whose ages range from twelve to eighteen, all pitch in and save their mother most of the dishwashing, bed making, dusting, errands, and all of the waiting on table. They are busier than most young people want to be, but they have the satisfaction of saving their mother from overwork and fatigue, of keeping her in such good health and spirits that she is never too tired for a walk or a taffy pull or a barn dance or a turn at the piano.

The father of this family attends to his furnace and yard of course, but in addition has several other special jobs in the house. He makes the toast at the breakfast table. Every Sunday night he gets the supper and his fond pride in making cinnamon toast and heating up beans is innocent enough. He also has a weakness for wiping dishes—not that he likes to a bit, but that he wants to give the girls a rest from it. He's a dear father to do all this, for he is naturally not in the least handy or domestic; but he just happens to believe in waiting on women, and on that belief he acts.

Dinner at this home is the perfect family dinner. The two girls and the sixteen-year-old boy take turns in serving by the week; and no matter who is there or what the meal is, the mother of the family sits serene at her end of the table, while one of the children quickly and quietly removes plates between courses, brings in fresh supplies of bread, water, and so on, and keeps a close watch to see that everybody is well provided for. The father serves the meat and vegetables at his end of the table in the usual servantless-family style; the mother pours the coffee and serves the dessert. Soup and salad are brought in from the kitchen in their individual plates. A pitcher of water is kept on a small side table. It is, you see, a perfectly simple service, and yet it makes the meal easy, quiet and orderly, instead of the confused, disorganized, unlovely affair that family meals sometimes are in a home where there are children and no servants. If the mother is having more than one or two guests, by the way, the "maid" or the "serving man" does not sit down at the table, for in the case of a large table full of people they found that constant bobbing up and down with a bite between bobs was unsatisfactory.

Make Table Talk Interesting

IN THIS home everybody is on time for meals, except in the case of very special emergencies. Even at breakfast they go into the dining room together. The father seats his wife at table; the brothers help their sisters. There are no heavy silences at this breakfast table; there is no hasty gobbling, no reaching or grabbing or dashing from the table to run for a street car with scarcely a good-by. Breakfast is set for a comparatively early hour—early enough, that is, for everybody to have time to enjoy it in leisure, and the waitress of the week is there just the same to expedite the details of service. Father is presumably allowed to read his paper, but he doesn't get away with it really, for there is so much talk going on, he can't bear to miss it, so that the headlines are about all he has time for until he's on the way to the office. He pretends to grumble about it, but everybody knows it's only a bluff, for he's a father who enjoys his children, and the children know it.

The mother of this family is a good cook, but the family somehow has the habit of not talking much about food, especially at meals. To talk at all about it might lead to adverse comment, and nobody ever criticizes anything, of course. If she should put ipecac into the soup I'm sure they would all bravely try to keep down the grimaces and would simply desist from taking the soup without a word! The youngest boy of this family

has been especially hard to train in this regard. He was so apt to say "Mmm" when he discovered the delectability of pumpkin pie or ice cream; but at last his mother won the battle, and now there is only a bright glitter in his eye when he comes upon his favorite dishes, a heroism of repression that his family duly appreciate. Incidentally, all the members of this family eat practically everything that there is to eat. One or two of them are a bit finicky and have their favorite prejudices, but there is never any discussion of the matter. He simply says "I don't care for any, thank you," whatever it may be, and the matter ends there.

That is the family into whose home one loves to go, the family which has the most nearly perfect conception of what home life should be. It is a family where good breeding is so instinctive with the parents as to be unavoidable; where it is so natural with the children as to be sheer habit.

But there are numerous details other than those of table conduct that make the home either a confused center of several individual lives or a harmonious whole composed of mutually considerate, helpful members—all of which details are born of the general attitude existing in the home. Assuming, however, that we all want to be courteous in our homes, what are some of the "little things" to remember?

Of course we keep our word implicitly in the family. A promise is a promise, an engagement is a strict obligation, even if it's only an engagement to set the table for the cook. We are cheerful if we are really polite, for no polite person scowls or sulks or mopes, except behind his own door. We are punctilious about money matters.

Let the Family In

WE WAIT on each other and on our guests. A man rises when a caller comes into the room, asks her permission to smoke, stands aside while wife and grown daughters pass through a door. A woman never forgets to express her thanks for little services rendered, is quickly appreciative of thoughtfulness and sacrifice on the part of her husband and children. We are careful about the niceties of polite speech, omitting to say "Huh?" and "What?" and remembering to say "Yes, Henry," or "No, mother," instead of "yeah" and "nope."

These are fundamentals; but there are many other items, bigger than details, that are important. One of the first of these is to express an interest in family affairs. Of course all the members are interested in each other's doings, but so many neglect to inquire into them, except, alas, when curious! But what a warm feeling it gives one to have a member of the family say "Tell me about the meeting last night," in the attitude of one who is really ready to listen—that entirely different affair from the perfunctory inquiry which warns you, at your peril, to launch forth on a recital. If a boy is baseball crazy, what fun it is for him to have his father and mother and sisters ready to talk baseball at home. If father wants to talk business, why on earth shouldn't he? I never understood why it has been said that business should be dropped by a man when he enters the house; rather should he let the family in on it, share the experience that is the source of their daily bread. Father would talk it, too, if he had sympathetic ears in which to tell the stories of the day's work, sketch the personalities of his associates, confess his hopes and name

(Continued on Page 182)



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Good Manners in the Home

(Continued from Page 181)

his fears. All this is deeper stuff than mere manners; and yet it is the stuff of which courtesy is made and on which family life thrives.

But interest in each other must not become curiosity, and intimacy must not degenerate into the familiarity that breeds contempt.

There must still be inviolate privacy, for there are times in everybody's life when even two is a crowd, when just to be alone is all we ask of the world—and those times should be respected by our families. Consequently, if we are well-bred people we not only knock at another's door to obtain admission and refrain from opening another's mail, but we also stay severely away from mother when she has gone to her room to write letters, and though we may be dying to know what is in that letter from Cousin Nellie, we do not sit in significant silence, waiting to be told.

Of course, too, it is not necessary to stress the presumptuous habit some people have of allowing their family even to have no personal property, considering it their liberty at any time to go to a sister's or a mother's closet and borrow without permission.

Begin With the Child

MORE than this, everybody is entitled not only to privacy and property, but to his own personality in his own home. A family is a group made up of people of different ages, sexes and pursuits, and each member of it ought to be considered from his own standpoint. For example, the girls and boys of the family ought to be allowed to go to their parties and dances without undue emphasis put upon it by the smirking and teasing of the rest of the family. Such conduct is not only ill-bred and vulgar, but it is harmful to the young people themselves; for boy-and-girl companionship is one of the most natural things in the world and to make it the butt of jokes and gibes is to rob it of its sweetness and *naïveté* and to make it artificial and silly.

Practical jokes, likewise, with their inevitable result of humiliation and deep hurt, are in bad taste, even in the free atmosphere of the home.

Invalids or elderly persons or those not so sturdy must be considered from their own special standpoint, for they may be made

wretched or happy according to the conduct of the people around them. A truly chivalrous family protects the weaker members in it, thinks of their comfort first but says nothing about it, lest the invalid feel herself a burden, and sees to it that these weaker ones have a part, however small, in all family affairs.

Well-bred people regard their servants not as social inferiors or as intimates, but as workers whose labor commands dignity and respect, and they treat them accordingly.

Be Excellent Examples

A WORD here about the manners of the child; for even if courtesy in the home did not pay of itself, it is utterly necessary if we expect to have our children become well-bred men and women. The same general truth about the source of real courtesy applies to children as it does to grown-ups. If we teach the child to think of others, to enjoy serving his elders, or indeed his little guests, because it makes them happy and comfortable, we shall probably find the child is polite and charming. If we treat children as equals they will be saved from self-consciousness and awkwardness to a large extent.

If we give them a real part in the family life they will acquire dignity and self-possession.

But let us not treat them like amusing puppies, show them off to guests, tell stories about them in their presence and draw attention to their faults or virtues.

Let us introduce them to guests when they come into the room in a natural and dignified manner and teach them to curtsy and shake hands without shyness or embarrassment.

Let us admit them into table conversation, but never allow them to monopolize it. Let us be more than strict about their table manners, about their "thank you's" and "please's."

And let us be as excellent examples ourselves as we know how, so that they may imitate us, unconscious little apes that they are, and become, as we want them to become, gentle mannered and gracious.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Laimbeer's next article, *Good Manners in Public Places*, will appear in an early issue.

Paris Suits Have Narrow Skirts

(Continued from Page 177)

Madeleine and Madeleine have played with. This version by Vionnet is in crepe of two shades, brown being the color of the costume, and beige the delicate tint for the insets.

Stating the corollary to all of the foregoing fashion points, we may deduce that for dresses and for coats alike, from morn to dewy eve, we may accept the bolster-slip silhouette with safety both in dresses and coats. In the latter, however, ignore the movement for bright colors, except in sports things. Parisians are getting their contrasts with gay dresses and coats that are either dark or in neutral tints, such as gray and beige. Even Vionnet has not gone so far as to set aside the low belt, and nearly all of her costumes have it.

Only in the evenings do we ignore all restrictions at the waistline and go in for long sweeps of material that wind round and round and round, almost forever, ending at last in one daring, stabbing fastening on the right side near the waistline, crushed against you with a cluster of precious stones—or, if you go in for the simple, by a single flower. The same materials and very much the same outlines continue, with trains shooting out from unexpected places—although, if I were getting a new dress now, I should not have it too irregular round the hem. Even if uneven boundaries continue, they are getting so common that it is more distinguished, I think, to have easily flowing lines. Let the shoulders do all the work of holding it, and

have the gown straight. I bought a dress at Callot's, not so long since, with very large sleeves, and they told me to bring it back in the spring for them to make the sleeves smaller, which means that we shall wear sleeves of comfortable, but not exaggerated, size. An evening coat of Poirer's, made in striped plush with a silver lace gilet, has a wide armhole, edged by a cuff without any sleeve at all.

The novelty for evening costumes I think lies in the bandeaux and headdresses. It is very smart to have numbers of these set in stones that are avowedly not precious, but glitteringly lovely and carefully chosen to aid by contrast or perfect matching the shadings of one's costume. The Queen of Spain ordered thirty-five of these the other day. That is exactly the number of crowns and coronets and other headdresses that she has in her castle in Spain, all of which of course are made of priceless pearls, diamonds and emeralds. But they did not "go with" her gowns, and she was very frank about protesting she would rather be in the mode to being merely royal, and she bought an audacious band of sapphires that even a queen's dress allowance would stagger under if it were real.

I think, next to the American girl, the smartest person I have seen this early spring was her mother. It was at a dinner dance, where she had on a dress encrusted with sequins in bright blue.



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UNDERWEAR

The Truth About the Pied Piper

(Continued from Page 19)

wondering to herself if she was a foolish old lady to allow such a caper as this. As for the gander, he had quite recovered his former sober air. The scolding Mother Goose had given him would last the silly bird quite a while.

It was really very humiliating for a fowl of his standing to be rebuked in public as he had been.

"It's right and natural to live in a cave," the Pied Piper was saying. "Who wants to live in a house, anyway?"

"It's very nice to live in a shoe," piped up Judy.

But they were now at Honeysuckle Hill. At the foot of the hill Mother Goose and the gander took up their stand.

"Have them back soon," admonished Mother Goose.

"In an hour from now," promised the Pied Piper.

He lifted a spray of honeysuckle from the side of the hill, and a small opening appeared. He pushed Judy and Santa in and followed them rapidly.

They took a quick breath. They were in the Pied Piper's cave!

V—The Pied Piper's Cave

BUT the cave was not a big, black pit such as they had heard about at all! As they looked around in their first hasty glance, Santa and Judy thought they must be in heaven or London or some other wonderful place. It was so shiny!

They had never seen such light before. It seemed as if all the candles in the world must be alight, and Santa and Judy, who were used to going to bed with one, blinked at the blaze.

The Pied Piper, noticing their dazzled eyes, pointed to the waxen candles set in the silver walls of his cave. "We burn them at both ends here," he explained. "Pudding Lane doesn't believe in that, but I find it gives a great deal more light."

"It's very beautiful," said Judy. She wished her mother would burn candles that way. It got very dark down in the toe of the shoe at night, and Judy, though she knew it was foolish, got almost afraid to go there at times.

"It's light here all the time," said the Pied Piper. He showed them a brilliant sun above.

"Light all the time? Does the sun never set?" asked Santa.

"Oh, we have two," replied the Pied Piper airily. "And I'm thinking of putting in another. Twelve hours is pretty long for anybody's sun to be on duty."

Two suns, and a third to come! Who had ever heard of such a thing?

"But it does rain here," continued the Pied Piper. "I'll have a little shower for you, if you like."

"Oh, no," answered Santa politely. "I don't especially care for rain."

BUT before they could take another breath, Santa and Judy were amazed to see a shower of kittens and puppies come tumbling to the ground.

Such cunning little animals as they were! There were fat white puppies with stubby tails; wabbling brown puppies with tip-tilted ears; gray, fuzzy kittens, yellow kittens, tiny, shiny black ones; and all of them squealing and mewling and squirming and tumbling in the most astonishing hodgepodge you can imagine.

"You see, it rains cats and dogs here," said the Pied Piper calmly.

Just then the tiniest kitten of all tumbled right into Judy's apron, and at the same time a jolly little puppy sprawled plump down into Santa's fat arms.

The Pied Piper smiled at them. "Keep them if you like," he said. "We've had a good deal of rain here lately, so we've quite enough to go around. But now," he continued, "we must go on. There are lots of things to show you. Would you

like to see the castles in the air that the orphans and beggars have built? They are really quite lovely."

VI—The Wonderful Castles

"OH, YES," replied the children. "We have never seen any castle except old King Cole's, and his isn't in the air."

"But he doubtless has one there," the Pied Piper answered. "Most people do. You'll have them yourselves when you grow older. Come, we have only to cross the bridge, and we'll be there."

But Judy had stopped to spell out a sign that hung on the bridge. Now Judy was a jolly little girl all right, but she did have trouble with her lessons, and spelling puzzled her most of all. After much hard work, however, she made it out. It said: "You must not cross this bridge before you get to it."

She said it over twice and then spoke out. "But how could you cross it before you get to it? It sounds a little silly to me."

"Well, people do it just the same," the Pied Piper told her. "It is silly for them to, but they do."

Judy thought this was very amusing and she laughed at the thought of people doing such a foolish thing. But she never really understood that sign until she grew up.

Santa asked where the children of Hamelin were, and the orphans and beggars and other lonely people.

"Oh," said the Pied Piper, "I have to have a little privacy. So they stay up there in their castles in the air most of the time. We'll see them now. First we'll go to the beggars' castle; shall we?"

With that the Pied Piper squatted on the ground and then took a big leap, and the children were astonished to see his figure flying high into the air.

"Do the same," he called down to them.

They did, and felt themselves flying too. Such fun as it was! But it was over in a flash, and they were high in the air in front of some winding marble steps leading up to the beggars' castle, which gleamed in the sun, a shining heap of pure gold.

"It's a bit gaudy," apologized the Pied Piper, "but it's their idea of happiness, and I humor them in it. There's nothing really to see except gold furniture and servants, but we'll have a peep, anyway."

HE TOOK the children into the castle, the richest-looking place they had ever seen, where a manservant in red velvet bowed low to them and showed them into the parlor. There, lolling in luxurious ease over the gold furniture, drinking tea out of gold goblets, eating beefsteak from gold plates, were the dirty, tattered beggars whose castle this was. And not the least of these were Rags and Tags and Velvet Gown, who were so completely occupied with being luxurious that they didn't see Santa at all.

It was almost funny to see beggars in their rags acting like princes, Santa thought, and it was almost sad too. Yet they did look happy, so it must be all right, he decided.

"They won't shave or dress up, of course," said the Pied Piper. "A beggar doesn't seem to be happy if he is clean. And they will eat such rich food and lie around so much, I must admit that they are not as healthy as they might be. Still, it's their castle and they can do as they like in it."

Next, said the Pied Piper, they would go see the orphans' castle in the air. In another minute they were in front of a big white house, with flower gardens on all sides, and Santa and Judy saw more children than they had ever seen in their lives, playing on the grass, looking out of the windows, running in and out of the doors. And always beside them were plump, pink-cheeked women in blue aprons.

"This castle is full of mothers," said the Pied Piper. "The orphans all want mothers; most of them have two or three! It

(Continued on Page 186)

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The Truth About the Pied Piper

(Continued from Page 185)

crowds things pretty badly, but I don't mind."

Santa and Judy went up on the porch and all the orphans came crowding around them and begged them to stay and play games. Santa looked at the Pied Piper, and he nodded his head.

With a whoop the orphans swarmed out on the green lawn and in a second they had Santa and Judy in their midst, playing the most riotous games you could think of. What fun it was! And how they laughed! Santa and Judy could now see why the children of Hamelin were not anxious to leave.

"Why not just stay forever?" suggested one orphan.

"Oh," said Santa, a bit scared at the thought; "we'd like to, but we're going back to Mother Goose and Pudding Lane. We really must."

"BUT the children of Hamelin are never going back," persisted the orphans.

"No," said the children of Hamelin, suddenly appearing at the doorway of the castle; "we're never going back. It's so much fun here, Santa Claus. Much more fun than Hamelin was. We never have to wash our ears here, and we can eat all the candy we like, and we don't even have to go to bed if we don't want to. Please, please stay."

"Come," whispered the Pied Piper. "Don't argue with them. They always talk like that. And, anyway, it's time to eat."

In another moment they had reached the Pied Piper's farmhouse. It was a tiny little place, vine-covered, and its mistress was a chubby dairymaid with red cheeks and white arms.

"Bring us some milk, Daisy," the Piper said to the dairymaid.

But the dairymaid, instead of going off for the milk, curtsied to the Piper and then went close to him and whispered something in his ear, at which he frowned anxiously.

"Again?" he asked her.

She nodded, a tiny worried frown in her white forehead too.

"Was there not enough to send to the orphans' castle to-day?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"Dear, dear," said the Pied Piper, "this is distressing." He looked at the children. "It's the milk," he said. "It's running very low now. The supply has been poor for quite a while. I declare I don't know what to do."

"Can't you get a new cow?" asked the practical Santa. The Clauses once had trouble with their cow and Father Claus had simply bought a new one.

"Oh, we don't have cows, you know," came the astonishing reply. "Why, bless me, I haven't shown you the fountain, have I?"

VII—The Fountain

WITH that he hustled the children right out of the little vine-covered farmhouse, down the path and into a near-by grove of green young lime trees, where in a tiny open place they saw a thin little trickle of—well, of what, they didn't know. It looked like milk, but it acted like water, and nobody had ever heard of anything like that, of course.

The Pied Piper went up to it sadly. "Just a thin little trickle," he said. "It's the milk of human kindness," he explained, turning back to the children.

"The milk of human kindness?" they repeated. They didn't know in the least what he meant.

"Yes," he told them. "When the people in Pudding Lane and Hamelin and Banbury Cross are generous and kind and noble, this fountain gushes out in a torrent. It's a most beautiful sight, rushing, gushing milk, rising in jets and falling again, giving plenty for everybody. But lately it has flowed so feebly. My orphans will starve if the fountain

doesn't begin to flow fast again. People aren't very good any more, I guess."

Just then the kitten that was asleep in Judy's arms woke up and gave a small squeak. At the same instant the puppy that Santa was carrying opened his eyes and let out a gruff, feeble little bark.

"They're hungry," said the Pied Piper. He looked at the fountain. "Isn't that too bad? There's only enough milk there for you children. The kitten and the puppy will have to wait until somebody does something kind somewhere, and the fountain flows again."

Santa looked at Judy and Judy looked at Santa. They both looked at the fountain and they looked at the kitten and the puppy. The milk looked mighty good and they were extremely hungry. But the poor little kitten and puppy were hungry too.



SANTA spoke.

"Let's do," agreed Judy before he got any further.

"We're going to give them the milk," cried Santa to the Pied Piper, and he ran to the fountain to get the milk.

But just as he had drained off the last drop for the hungry little animals, the fountain suddenly began to flow again, very fast, the milk rushing out in great streams.

"Why!" exclaimed Santa, greatly surprised.

"Goodness!" breathed Judy.

The Pied Piper laughed at their wonder. "You did a kind act, you see. Now drink to your hearts' content." When they had finished he peered through the lime trees at the sun. "Come," he commanded them. "Hurry! Your hour is up. We must run back as quickly as we can."

And sure enough, already Santa felt a tug at the string on his finger. Mother Goose was getting impatient and had pulled the string on the gander's leg. So they ran as quickly as they could and were soon at the door behind the spray of honeysuckle.

"Good-by," said the Pied Piper, smiling in his pleasant way at them.

"Good-by," said the children.

Judy put up her lips to be kissed, and Santa hugged the Pied Piper.

"Speak a good word for me to Mother Goose and King Cole," he asked them.

"Oh, we will, we will," promised Santa and Judy.

VIII—Santa Visits Old King Cole

YOU should have seen Mrs. Claus when Mother Goose and Santa reached home once more and told her where Santa had been. It was decided then and there that Santa should go see the king the next morning, to tell him the truth about the Pied Piper.

"For, of course," said Mother Goose, "when King Cole hears what a good-hearted man the Pied Piper is, he'll change his mind about hanging him."

What an exciting life Santa was having! First he had visited the Pied Piper, whom nobody else on Pudding Lane had ever visited before; and now he was going to see old King Cole all by himself!

Mrs. Claus sat up half the night to sew new white cotton trimming on his old red suit. She did wish Santa had a new suit in which to call on the king, but the Clauses couldn't buy new suits every whipstitch, as she put it.

Santa looked very well, however, when he was ready to start bright and early the next morning. But he was a trifle pale, for the truth of it was that the little boy was frightened half to death over the whole affair. Old King Cole was known to be in a dreadful mood just now. He might scold, Santa thought.

(Continued on Page 187)



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The Truth About the Pied Piper

(Continued from Page 186)

At the palace it was said that the king was asleep. You see, the Clauses had completely forgotten that kings don't have to arise as early as bakers.

"Why," said the fiddlers three, "he's only gone to bed."

But just at that minute in came the king, looking very sleepy and cross, his crown on backwards, his fur robe dragging behind. Santa jumped to his feet and made a low bow, almost tipping himself over on his nose in the effort.

"Who's this?" cried the king. "Turn him over to the queen. I declare, I can't sleep a wink, I'm so worried about this Piper fellow."

There was Santa's chance! He was afraid to speak, but he did, anyhow, standing up as straight as he could and looking the cross old king right in the eye. Old King Cole listened unwillingly at first, but as he listened the cross look gradually faded from his face and he began to look like his merry old self again.

"And you're telling me the truth, Santa Claus?" he asked. "Of course you are. I can see it shining in your honest little face. Ha, ha, this is great news! Ho, ho, ho, this is excellent news!"

He laughed so hard, the merry old soul, that Santa could not help joining in, and then the fiddlers three began to laugh too. How jolly it was!

But in the midst of his laughter old King Cole had an unpleasant thought.

"The children of Hamelin are still there," he said. "I'll never let the Pied Piper go until the children of Hamelin come back, Santa Claus."

"But the children of Hamelin won't come," pleaded Santa. "It isn't the Piper's fault. It was only a joke with him at first."

"But it's a poor joke," said the king. "The mothers of Hamelin are crying their eyes out right now for their children. No, I will not spare the Piper unless the children of Hamelin come back."

That was the king's last word on the subject, and a more disappointed family than the Claus family you have never heard of, when Santa went home with the sad news.

IX—Helping to Feed the Orphans

THE next day Mother Goose went away on her gander, and Santa ran down to see Judy. But he did not find her at home.

"She's gone over to see Mother Hubbard," the Old Woman told him. "She took the poor dog a bone, I believe."

Then Santa remembered. He had promised himself to do kind things so the fountain of the milk of human kindness would flow again. And Judy had already started, while he had been so busy feeling sorry for the Piper that he had completely forgotten the poor little orphans.

What should he do? He thought of everybody on Pudding Lane. He might go over and see Jack, who had broken his crown a few weeks before and was still in a rocking chair with a bandage over his head. He might pay a visit to Humpty Dumpty too. Humpty had had a great fall, one of the most serious cases Pudding Lane ever had. He might take some meat to the Spratts' cat. So he started right out, and he really did more kind things than you can possibly imagine.

Mrs. Claus was very proud of him.

X—The Fountain Overflows

ONE morning while Mr. Claus was snatching a nap and Santa was minding the shop, Mrs. Claus heard what she called a hullabaloo down Pudding Lane. With a

twin on each hand and the rest of the children at her heels she ran to the front window. There, way down at the end of the lane, she saw a crowd gathering. Mrs. Claus could hear their cries and see their agitated gestures, but from her window she could see nothing else.

"Mercy on us! What can it be now?" she asked herself, and with one look at the baker, who was snoring at his best, she dashed out of the house, the five children hanging onto her at all ends.

She flew down Pudding Lane toward the little knot of excited, frightened people. "What is it?" she screamed.

They pointed toward Honeysuckle Hill, moaning and crying. She looked. Rising over the top of the hill was a great flood.

Mrs. Claus caught her breath. "What is it?" she asked again, terrified.

"It's the ocean," answered somebody.

"It's the flood," said somebody else.

"At first it was just a little thin stream," Mr. Horner told her.

"It's rising, rising, rising all the time," groaned Mrs. Muffett.

IT WAS rising, rising, rising all the time. Mrs. Claus could see that the waves had gotten bigger since she had been there—just a minute or two. Over the top of Honeysuckle Hill came the great billows; then breaking, down came the flood over the hill, right toward Pudding Lane.

But it didn't look like the ocean to Mrs. Claus. Mrs. Claus had never seen the ocean, but she had read about it, and the poets said it was green and blue. This ocean was white, creamy white, like chalk—no, like milk!

"It looks like milk," she cried out.

"It's the end of the world," said Mrs. Grundy solemnly.

But suddenly over the peak of the topmost wave there appeared a head, a curly little yellow head, and then another one, the head of a boy, stubby-haired and dark. It was a girl and a boy, and they were being flung down the side of the hill, riding the waves, shouting, laughing, enjoying the sport. More children followed, and more and more, as the round-eyed people of Pudding Lane watched.

"It's the children of Hamelin," shrieked Tom the Piper's Son.

And it was. They were tumbling down into Pudding Lane as fast as the great waves could fling them there, breathless and laughing. Before anybody had a chance to say another word, another head appeared over the top of the flood-covered Honeysuckle Hill. It was the Pied Piper, and he was waving to them with his old brown hat.

"Good-by!" he called. "We're sailing away—my beggars, and orphans and I—to another land. Thank you, Santa! Thank you, Judy! You are dear, good children. Almost too good, for you did so many kind things you made the fountain of the milk of human kindness flood over to-day. It has washed us out completely. But it washed the children of Hamelin out, too, so it's a blessing, after all—the best deed you ever did. Ask their mothers if they don't think so. Good-by!"

With that the Pied Piper disappeared. And gradually the great, white flood simmered down, and finally it stopped.

And so the children of Hamelin got back to their mothers, the Pied Piper escaped the wrath of old King Cole, and the people of Pudding Lane found out what a fine fellow the Pied Piper was after all. They never laid eyes on him again, but they talked about him the rest of their lives—even Mr. Claus, who had slept through the whole affair and didn't really know a thing about it.

AT LEAST one salad a day. For lunch if you're not positive you're going to have one for dinner.

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Something Worse

A KNIGHT of the road was rejoined by a companion who had been to a farmhouse prospecting.

"What luck?" the waiting one asked.

"Nothin' doin'," the other growled, and added grumblingly: "I don't like this business of askin' for bread and gettin' a stone."

"Aw," the other comforted him philosophically, "'taint as bad as askin' fur bread an' gettin' a bulldog."

The New Language That is Ours

WE USUALLY think of the English we speak as a language long established. Yet words that seem as familiar to us as breathing were unknown a comparatively short time ago, just as the civilizations of Egypt and Greece, which we are accustomed to regard as ancient, are really but of yesterday when their two or three thousand years of age are compared with the rude beginnings of man five hundred thousand years ago. Most people, for instance, probably think that the word "starvation" is as old as the language; but it isn't. It was first used—think of it!—in 1775 in a speech made in Parliament by Henry Dundas, who in consequence became widely known as Starvation Dundas.

"Intensify" and "outsider" are two words less than a hundred years old. The English poet, Coleridge, deliberately coined the former word because there was no other in existence to express the particular shade of meaning which he wished to convey; and "outsider" came into being in 1844, during the convention that nominated James K. Polk for President. The delegates were subjected to uncomfortable pressure by the throng of spectators gathered without the hall, and someone happily described it as a pressure from the "outsiders." The term was taken up by the reporters and at once became popular.

Other words unknown until the middle of the seventeenth century include such now-familiar ones as "sculptor," "umbrella," "opera," "suicide" and "peninsula," while Bentley in the eighteenth century had actually to defend himself for using such strange terms as "timid," "concede," "repudiate," "kiliom" and "vernacular," and George Campbell in 1776 hesitated to use such queer new words as "originate," "sentimental" and "criminality."

Poor Mother!

MY MOTHER often tells of times when it was daily her delight—Unless it rained—to roam the woods To try to find a prince or knight. The girls in books she read did that; 'Twas wonderful the luck they had. Poor Mother wore out lots of shoes, But—all she ever found was Dad!

—DAISY McLEOD WRIGHT.

Jolted

"I'D LIKE to go to a funeral this afternoon, sir," said the office boy.

"Oh, you would, would you?" the chief heartlessly replied. "Well, you won't!"

"No, sir; I know I won't," the boy murmured resignedly. "But I would like to all the same."

Something tragic and appealing in the youthful voice led the chief to ask: "Whose funeral?"

"Yours, sir," said the boy.

Not Only Sunday

AT TWO years old Billy thinks more than he talks, and when he does speak it is to the point. A visitor had asked the little fellow several questions and received no replies. At last the grown-up said ingratiatingly: "Won't you tell me your name? I think it must be Billy Sunday."

Billy pondered and at last replied slowly and firmly: "No, I isn't Billy Sunday. I's Billy ev'yday."

The Office Dog

Scraps That He Picks Up Here,
There and Everywhere



Her One Chance

"AUNTIE," romantic Annabel inquired of an unmarried elderly relative, "did you ever have a proposal?"

"Once, dear," the aunt replied. "A man asked me over the telephone to marry him, but he had the wrong number."

What He Would Get

"IF A FARMER has four thousand bushels of wheat," said the teacher, "and sells them at sixty cents a bushel, what would he get?"

To which a pupil enthusiastically replied: "An automobile."

Doubtless

A FASHIONABLE woman who collected her own rents in order to save expense found one of her tenants in an obviously discontented frame of mind and promptly decided to forestall complaints by making some. She ended with: "And the kitchen, Mr. James, is in a terrible condition."

"Yes, ma'am, it is," Mr. James agreed; "and you'd look the same way if you hadn't had any paint on you for six years."

Theodore's Resignation

THEODORE had been a very naughty boy, and his mother had told him that he must pray to be made better. So after praying for the various members of the family, as usual, the small voice humbly said: "And make me a better boy." Then, after a second's hesitation, he added in his best imitation of the grown-up manner: "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done."

More Than a Thousand Years Ago!

ONE night in the eighth or ninth century, more than a thousand years ago, a young Chinaman named Po Chu-I, who became one of the great poets of the T'ang period, the Golden Age of Chinese poetry, was dreaming while on duty in the palace about the Hsien-yu Temple, where he used to spend his holidays, and presently he wrote a poem about it which he called "Night Duty at the Palace"; and here it is, done into English after almost eleven hundred years, by Mabel Lorenz Ives:

I sat at the window working,
Copying the emperor's laws.
Bamboos slept in the stillness;
Even my pen would pause.
The moon rose up from the garden
And a wind rose up from the pines;
Sudden it seemed an evening
In the hills when a new moon shines.

I dozed as I did night duty,
And I dreamed of the fair Southwest:
I was back at Hsien-yu Temple,
The temple that I love best.
And when I woke in the palace,
The drip of the water clock
I thought was a mountain streamlet
Going drip-drip-drip on a rock.

Thus from the dust of the ages the genius of Po Chu-I makes us feel the spell of that homesick hour as he felt it "in the solemn midnight, centuries ago!"

The Stork's Rival

"MOTHER," little Archie said, "it wasn't the stork that brought baby."

"Who was it, then?" his mother asked, curious to hear what idea her small son had in his head.

"It was the milkman," Archie replied with absolute positiveness. "He has a sign painted right on his wagon: 'Families Supplied Daily.'"

Just How Queer He Was

THE colored cook of the household had a "gem'man friend" who impressed the family as peculiar. "Sallie," one of them remarked to her, "Rastus is a queer sort of fellow, isn't he?"

"Yassum, Miss Dora; he shore is," Sallie admitted, shaking her head. "Why," she burst out, "dat dar man, he'd radder wuk dan git married!"

A Fair Exchange

A RICH elderly bachelor named Page found the dropped glove of a charming young lady and returned it with this note:

"If from your glove you take the letter, that glove is love, and that I have for thee."

In reply the young woman wrote:

"If from your name you take the letter A, then Page is age, and that won't do for me."

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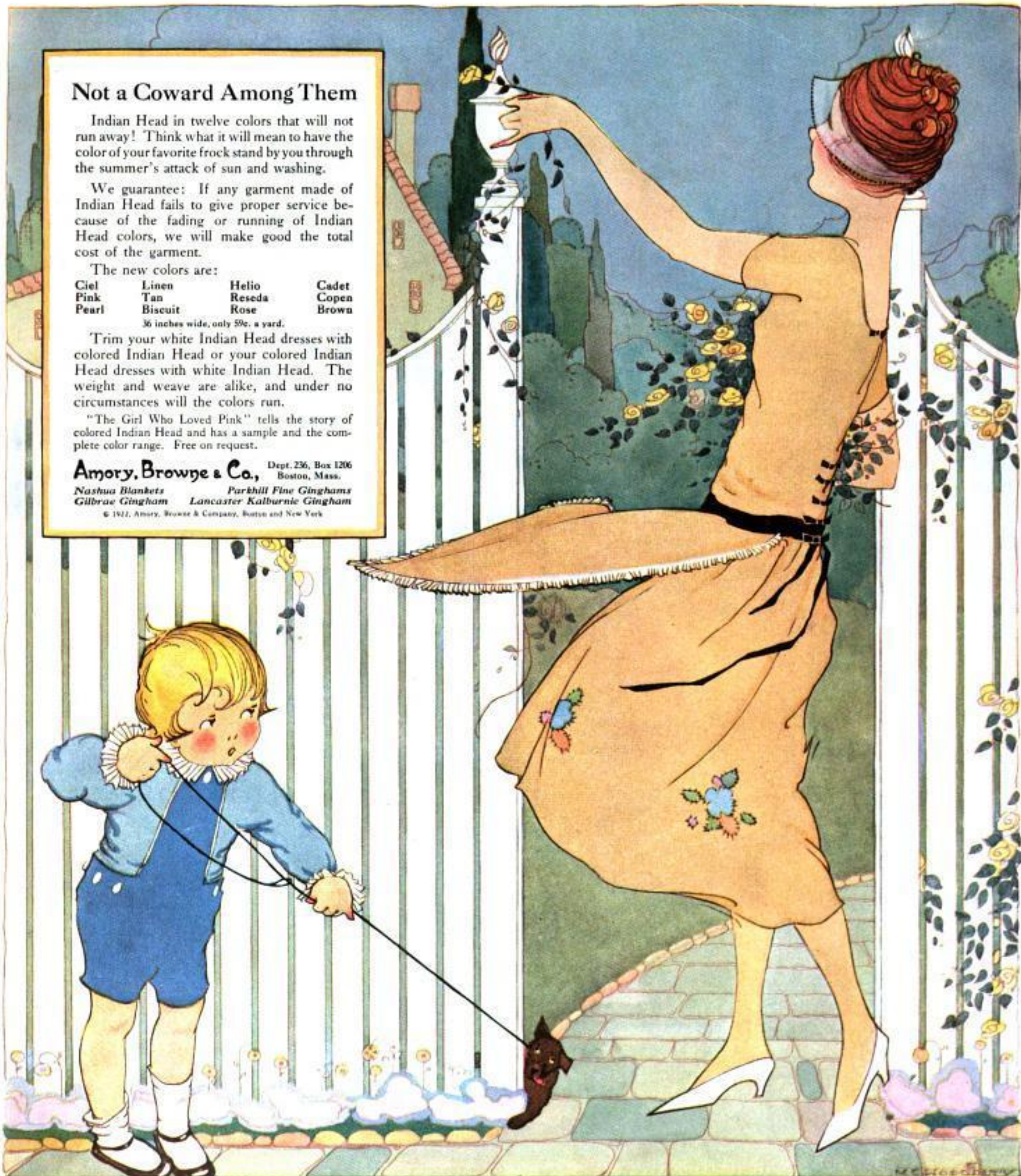
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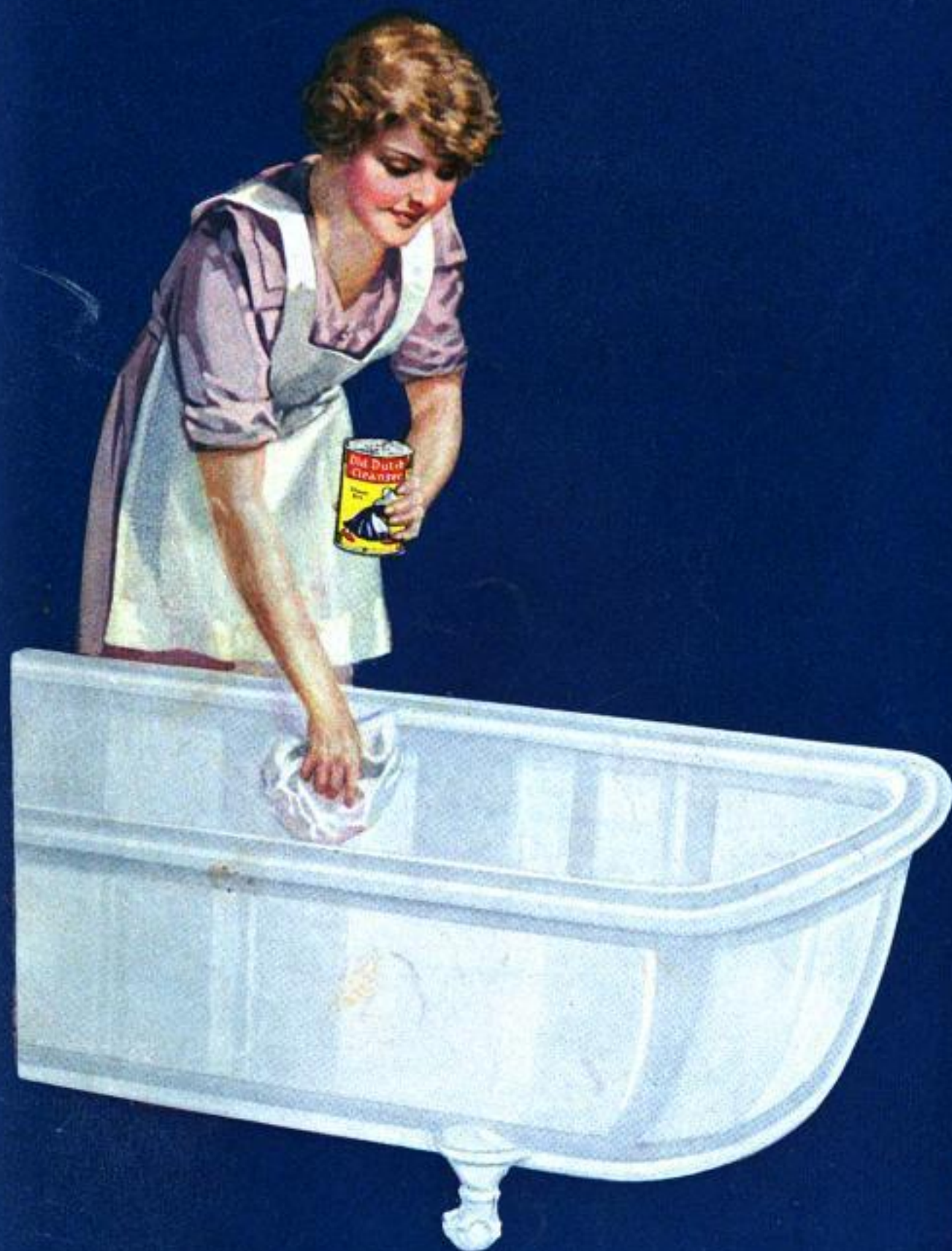
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Charles E. Chambers

The Prince Rides ByBy **FRANCES NOYES HART**

THE very small person seated under the very large tree sighed heavily, passing the tip of an industrious pink tongue over the point of her pencil as an indication to the recalcitrant muses that all was in readiness in so far as their handmaid was concerned. The muses remained obdurate, however, and the small person, scowling forbiddingly, pulled up her white socks, pulled down her green smock and pushed the copper-colored curls out of her eyes.

Then she settled herself more comfortably against the trunk of the beech tree, her vivid, small countenance once more assuming an expression of appropriate fervor.

The blank book that lay open on her knees stared up at her reproachfully; it had been lying there for almost an hour, and its pages were still scantily adorned. True, the first one could boast an entry; very black and somewhat uncertain letters announced that this was the "Private Property of Miss Penelope Thornton, Authoress. Play One,

judging from the scowl which she bestowed on her maiden effort in drama, Nature had failed to dower her with the highly desirable attributes of patience and philosophy, peculiarly essential to authoresses of any age.

True, time pressed, and she had faithfully promised Garriek that the first act would be ready and waiting for

Act One, Scene One. L.—Alas, to think that I, Lorraine de Montpensier, should be reduced to this. They say that love is blind, but alas, it is not. Alas——"

The lamentations of the unfortunate Lorraine had reached this indeterminate conclusion some forty minutes previously, when genius had abruptly ceased to burn. Miss Penelope Thornton, authoress, was encountering some of the hazards of her profession at the unduly tender age of eleven, and

him that afternoon. At any minute now he might come swinging down that green lane, only to discover that the rôle of Raoul Etienne de Valois was still buried in the agitated mind of its creator—the rôle that she had fervently assured him would add fresh laurels to the thickly clustered brow of her Garrick, known to the world at large as Henry Morton and the greatest actor of his day! It seemed too horrible to be true that she could have failed him thus dismally.

Summer was drawing relentlessly to its close, and no later than yesterday he had confided to her (and incidentally to Madre Mia) that he had no play for the winter. And it was urgent, it was imperative that he should have a play, and a new play at that. His voice had underlined every other word in highly emphatic fashion, and Madre Mia had smiled consolingly at him over the teacups, properly sympathetic and bewilderingly pretty; but Pen had felt that this was no time for smiles and sympathy. Something more was needed—immediate action and plenty of it; and she had felt so sure that she was amply qualified to supply that need.

GARRICK should have his play, a perfectly new play, the play that he had been seeking frenziedly; and he should have it within the week. The enthralling character that she intended to present to the world in the form of Raoul Etienne de Valois was calculated to make Garrick's last year's triumph as Ruy Blas seem a rather tame and spiritless thing.

Garrick himself had been duly impressed and deeply grateful; he had very properly ignored Madre Mia's lovely laughter, and had made an engagement to meet his rescuer under the great beech tree at four o'clock in order to go over the first act. And now the little watch that he had given her last Christmas said five minutes to four, and she was there, and he was coming—but where, oh, where was Raoul Etienne de Valois? Where, indeed? She clutched the pencil despairingly, giving it a frantic little shake.

"Please, please," she implored. "Come on."

The galvanized pencil staggered, wobbled, pulled itself together and set off at a truly amazing pace.

Enter Raoul Etienne de Valois.
E. Why dost thou weep, beauteous wench? One so fair should shed only laughter, I dare swear. By my halidom, the hand, heart, sword, name and fame of Raoul Etienne de Valois are yours—are thine—are thine to command at any and all times. By my halidom they are, and I swear that thou wilt find them useful, comely creature. So prithee, pretty one, dry up those crystal—

"Ready, Queen Mab?"

The inspired authoress gave a violent start, clutching despairingly at the masterpiece. "Oh, Garrick darling, you did so make me jump! Well, I'm not quite exactly ready, but if you'll come back in just a little bit of a while, I'll prob'ly be absolutely through. It's getting better and better every minute, truly—"

"Never mind." There was a note in Garrick's voice that made her glance up swiftly, and something thrilled and eager in his face invited the wondering gaze.

WHAT had happened to her Garrick to give him that new look, that young, young look, sweeping away the years that had always lurked behind those brilliant eyes; what had happened?

"Never mind the play now! Listen, Mab—listen! This is better than any play ever written. Move over, sweetheart; lend me the beech tree too. There! Now your hand—now close your eyes—now hold your breath! Ready?"

"Is it—nice?" asked Pen in a small, cautious voice.

"Nice? Nice, Mab? It's marvelous, marvelous; it's incredible; it's a miracle! It's too exciting to stand just at first; that's why you must keep your eyes shut. Are you ready? One—two—three! Mab, Mab, Madre Mia is going to marry me."

Pen sat perfectly still for a moment, not moving, not breathing; and then she opened her eyes. In that brief moment they had gone pitch black; they stared at him strangely, two charred holes burned in the paper-white, small face.

"No," she whispered. "No, no, no! She isn't; she isn't—she can't."

"But I tell you that she is. I tell you that she can."

"No, no." The small fingers were cold against his, but the great eyes never wavered. "You said that it was me; you promised, you promised—you said that you would

"Ah, sweetheart," his laughter was about her, tender and mocking; "and after all the weary years of waiting, what would I have found at the journey's end? A lovers' meeting, but for another lover, little queen—for a young, young lover with blue eyes and a golden heart and two strong arms to hold you close and safe from poor, tired Garrick, who had come so far. Is that what you would wish for me?"

"You promised," said the stony little voice.

Garrick's mobile face was suddenly grave. "Mab, the little girl to whom I made that promise three years ago, the little, lost, tragic girl whom I found weeping out her heart because someone had told her there weren't any fairies—she has gone away forever, hasn't she? I couldn't have let her break her heart with weeping, could I? I could only swear to her that there were fairies, that there were fairy princes, that there was I, to be her fairy prince. Was that so wrong a thing to do?"

The small, stern face beside him quivered suddenly—broke—and his late fiancée was in his arms, a whirlwind of flying curls and sandaled feet. "Oh, Garrick, Garrick, won't you love me any more then?"

"Ah, little queen!" His arms were fast about her, as he brushed the ruffled glory of those curls with his lips. "I'll love you forever—and a day after. But no promise ever made could turn poor Garrick to a fairy prince; the best that he can manage is rather an elderly young man, who

eager, vivid face. "How're you going to know this wonderful prince?"

"Why, by the blue velvet cloak, Garrick; weren't you listening? And golden curls and—"

"But what if he forgot them, Mab? Nowadays princes don't wear blue velvet and gold curls."

"He would wear them for me," said Penelope.

Garrick caught her closer, his face darkening.

"Ah, little Queen, how we clumsy fools are going to hurt you! When you break your heart weeping for your prince, as you wept on that day you found there were no fairies—"

Pen stiffened suddenly. "But there were fairies."

THE heedless Garrick laughed gently. "Oh, the great authoress! The great authoress who reads herself to sleep with Shakspeare and believes in fairies."

Pen clutched his sleeve convulsively, black fear in her heart. "But Shakspeare believes in them too; he does, he does—Ariel and Puck and Oberon—"

"Fairies of dreams and poetry and enchantment, little queen; great fairies of the mind—"

"No, no; little real fairies." Panic had her in its grip.

"Little real fairies that live in cowslips and ride on bats; he says so; he does—little, tiny ones that—"

A voice, clear and gay and distant, cut across her fear just then. "Hal-o-oh, Hal-o-oh, Hal!"

"It's only Madre Mia," she said. "Wait—wait, please, Garrick—"

"I must go, dear." He was on his feet already, his face turned to the happy voice. "Coming, Mab?"

"No." But he hardly heard her, so swiftly had he turned, so swiftly had he gone.

She stared after him blankly, incredulously, and then, reckless of the crumpled white blank book, reckless of the uncrumpled green smock, she flung herself flat on the velvet moss and wept aloud. She wept for all that she had lost—for Garrick and the fairies and her prince, for everything that had made a stale, flat and unprofitable world worth living in; and she wept with all of the profound despair of the very young and the very, very happy who know that they will never be happy again, and who are singing before the tears are dry on their lashes.

She sobbed on desperately, rubbing her feverish, small face deeper and deeper into the kind moss, reveling unconsciously in the green softness and earthy sweetness even while she wept, blind to all save sorrow, deaf to all save despair. The hoof beats were loud and near before she heard them; in an instant she was on her feet, poised like a little, wild thing for instant flight. Those fatal teardrops! And the hoof beats were coming nearer and nearer down the only path that made retreat possible, the path that cut through the woods from the main road beyond the house, the path down which the faithless Garrick had so recently disappeared.

THE thicket was too dense; no passage there; but she pressed back against it desperately, praying that the green smock would pass unheeded in the foliage, the flaming curls clean forgotten. Nearer and nearer, nearer still; around the corner swung a horse and rider, both obviously and aggressively enjoying themselves. The man was bareheaded, and he was singing at the top of his voice; a remarkably pleasant voice it was too.

"From the Desert I come to thee," he chanted jubilantly, "On a stallion shod with fire—"

And then the fire-shod stallion stood abruptly on its head. The rider transferred his seat to the ground with more emphasis than grace, and his song stopped. He stared blankly at his feet for a moment, and then, throwing back his golden head, burst into a peal of laughter that made the woods echo. A little stir from behind him caused him to shift his gaze from the boots, only to encounter a pair of panic-stricken gray eyes, belonging to an incredibly tiny being, apparently bent on instant flight.

"A dryad!" he remarked conversationally. "Don't run away, Dryad; I've been looking for you everywhere."

"There aren't any dryads," said the tiny being mournfully. "I am Penelope Thornton; and, if you don't mind, I am pretty miserable and I would like to go home. I'm sorry that I frightened your horse."

"I'm very glad that you did," he said, and he smiled so radiantly that Pen smiled back warily. He looked like



"I HAVEN'T ANYTHING THAT THE POOREST FAIRY PRINCE IN THE WORLD WOULD HAVE, MY DEAR. A DRAGON WOULD LAUGH IN MY FACE."

has to wear glasses when he reads, and who is looking for laurels to hide the bare spots on his temples."

Pen touched his brow with fairy light fingers.

"I wouldn't have a hair more in your dear head; truly, darling. Of course you aren't exactly like the pictures in the fairy books—"

"I haven't anything that the poorest fairy prince in the world would have, my dear. A dragon would laugh in my face; an ogre would snap his fingers at me. It's no good, sweet; golden youth, dear and golden little youth must have her fairy prince, and Madre Mia and I will just have to make the best of it."

Penelope sighed heavily, shifting her curls to a more comfortable spot on Garrick's rough tweed shoulder. "Well, I'll wait," she said resignedly. "But I'll prob'ly get pretty tired waiting."

"Yes," said Garrick; "pretty tired." And then he brought the faraway eyes back again, to smile down into the

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The Most Powerful Lobby in Washington

DR.
V. H. PARKEREMMA
WOLDMRS.
ARTHUR C. WATKINSMRS.
E. A. YOST

MRS. E. P. COSTIGAN

HERE is, as all sight-seers and perhaps a few Washingtonians know, in the basement of the National Capitol a remarkable group statue of three women—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony—wrought in one block of stone as a monument to three pioneers in the struggle for suffrage. Whatever the reason may have been for relegating this piece of sculpture to the basement, there is a singular appropriateness in its being there. That which it symbolizes is far nearer to the foundations of the new tendencies in American life and government and to the activities of these days at Washington than are the jumbled company of bronze and stone politicians, soldiers, statesmen and favorite sons of many states in Statuary Hall on the floor above.

Statuary Hall itself is, for the most part, a museum of memorials to ideas and tendencies which the country rapidly is outgrowing. The one modern note, because it is the woman note, in the collection upstairs is in the figure of Frances E. Willard, placed there by Illinois, the only favorite daughter in a crowded circle of favorite sons. She is wedged in between John Corrie, M.D., of Florida, and Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri.

Who remembers Corrie? Or is it Corrie? The stonecutter was careless in chiseling the first letter of the name. He was elected by Florida as her representative in this hall of fame because he had invented an ice machine. He is not in the books of American biography. And who, except the historian, remembers Benton? He was not so far back but that twenty years of his life overlapped the time of Miss Willard. But there is no man in Senate or House to-day who does not know all about her. The thing which she fought for, and which her successors won, is to-day still a great issue in Congress between those who would destroy it and those who know that the fight to keep it alive is not yet over.

However, the statue of Miss Willard in the hall and the group of three women in the basement do not fully and completely symbolize the beginnings of the entire present movement which, after generations of struggle, humiliation and

ridicule, has become the greatest organized factor in changing the spirit of American lawmaking, which finally has put the unmistakable stamp of the woman on everything in Washington that counts for the welfare of the nation as a whole. That that stamp is there is admitted by every member of Congress, whether he be one of those who hate and oppose the activities of the women, because of their disturbing of things as they were, or whether

It is the Public Welfare Lobby Backed by Seven Million Organized American Women

By
CHARLES A. SELDEN

he be in the much larger and rapidly growing group who do the will of the women because either of sympathy or of fear. Whether honest hater or sincere sympathizer or one who truckles under because of his dread of the woman vote, the member of Congress now knows absolutely that these women organizations, with national headquarters at Washington, ramify to every township in the country. He knows that all these organizations with their differing activities, some of them superficially wide apart, have one uniform, fundamental purpose—human welfare—and that, when emergency requires it, they have the perfected machinery for mobilizing all their forces on a single point of attack or defense.

The congressman knows, too, that evasion has become a lost possibility, because of the wonderful system which the women have developed. He is card indexed from the beginning to the end of his political career. He is recorded on the books of the women not only as to how he votes and what he says, but as to how he looks and behaves when he

says it. He cannot promise anything back home in his campaign for election which is not charged to his account in the offices of the women at Washington. He cannot deviate a hair's breadth from the honest fulfillment of that promise at Washington without the fact being reported to the women constituents in his congressional district, no matter how remote that district may be. He is classified psychologically as well as geographically; with reference to his sincerity and dependableness as with reference to his party affiliations. The least important although often the most amusing part of the member's record kept on file by the women is the sketch which he writes of himself for the official Congressional Directory.

Just one example, although I am getting a long way off from statuary and sources. Albert W. Jefferis, representative of the second congressional district of Nebraska, fifty-three years old, thought it of sufficient importance and public interest to write of himself in the current issue of the Congressional Directory that when in Michigan University he was a member of both the football and baseball teams.

That bit of autobiography is pasted in the women's record of Jefferis. But among the things they have added to it is the following fact: Jefferis, when home in Nebraska on a visit, addressed a meeting of women. He made no mention of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill.

At the end of his speech one of his hearers asked him about that measure.

"Oh, that matter is still pending," he replied, "and I do not wish to touch upon it at this time."

But as a matter of fact that measure was not pending but already had been enacted into law, as Mrs. Draper Smith, the "flying grandmother" of Nebraska, informed the congressman right in meeting.

On the relentless score kept by the women in both Washington and Nebraska, the old baseball player's ignorance as to the measure which the women of the entire country had demanded gets put down unquestionably as an error and not a home run. It may affect his average if he runs for Congress again in November, or he may redeem himself; the watchers in Washington areas quick and ready to give deserved credit as demerit.

To return to the statues in the Capitol of the prohibition and the suffrage pioneers, they symbolize the beginnings of only two of the three great activities of American women, which began with nothing, apparently, in common but which finally merged into the great movement now in process of evolution and



MISS ETHEL SMITH



MISS ALICE PAUL

(Continued on
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THERE WERE TIMES WHEN BETTY HATED THE DIAMOND AND PLATINUM PIN. SOME WAY SHE CAME TO CONNECT TOM'S HARD WORK AND SHABBINESS WITH THIS EXPENSIVE TRINKET.

Peyton and Peyton

By

FANNIE KILBOURNE

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

IT WAS a common mistake for strangers to assume that the two Mrs. Peytons were sisters-in-law—a mistake naturally relished very much more by Mrs. Thomas Peyton, Senior, than by Mrs. Thomas Peyton, Junior.

"Oh no," Mrs. Peyton, Senior, always corrected it promptly. "Betty is my daughter, my son's wife. Yes, indeed, I am plenty old enough to have a married son. Why, I'm a grandmother, twice over."

She usually admitted, however, that she had been married out of the cradle. The amazed comments were always quite sincere. No matter how young she had been married, Mrs. Peyton did not seem a possible grandmother. She was small and slim and auburn haired, and she wore straight little belted suits of heather tweed, and on her way to the office in the merciless morning sunshine, she did not look a day over thirty-five. In merciless sunshine, Betty, who was only twenty-three, looked sometimes nearer thirty. It is only giving due recognition to sound feminine psychology to admit that this fact doubtless had a good deal to do with the other fact that Betty sometimes felt she disliked her mother-in-law—especially Wednesdays.

On Wednesdays Mr. and Mrs. Peyton, Senior, took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Peyton, Junior. And it seemed to Betty that domestic difficulties were always more difficult on Wednesdays, that a real household catastrophe deliberately waited for Wednesday evening to happen.

Mrs. Peyton, Senior, of course could not have the comradely understanding of domestic catastrophes to be expected of another housewife. As active partner to her husband in an extremely successful brokerage and insurance business, she was both too prosperous and too busy to bother with house-keeping. She and Tom's father lived in the Dunwoody, an apartment hotel in which, it seemed to Betty, one enjoyed all the comforts with none of the discomforts of home.

WHEN the Junior Peytons took the two children to dine with their grandparents, dinner was served on a mahogany gate-leg table in the Senior Peytons' own attractive living room. It arrived piping hot from the hotel kitchen, was served by a deft waitress and removed to the last soiled dish and dropped crumb the instant the diners were finished.

When Betty's sister came to take care of the babies for the evening and Betty and Tom went to the Dunwoody alone, the four usually dined downstairs in the large dining room. There was an orchestra here which played just softly enough to give each group of diners a little oasis of privacy, there were flowers and rose-shaded lights on the small tables, there was a menu, bewildering in its number of elaborate and often delicious dishes from which to choose.

After dinner, Tom's father usually asked how they would all like to go to a show. He would telephone for seats at the Orpheum, only in case there was no really good play in town. Both he and Mrs. Peyton preferred a New York success in its first season on the road.

"No, I don't want box seats and I don't want anything in the balcony," Mr. Peyton would tell the box-office man. "Haven't you something downstairs, in about the eighth row? . . . Well, if you haven't anything else, give me the box. Is it one that you can see the stage from? It had better be, or I'll come out and smash up the box office personally. No, give me the whole box; I don't want a couple of strangers in with us."

WHENEVER there was a little time between dinner and time to leave for the theater, they went back upstairs to the Peytons' apartment. If it was winter, there was always an open fire burning in the showy marble grate, a new opera-star record to try. There were expensive cigars for Tom and his father; usually a freshly opened box of French chocolates or glacé nuts which Mr. Peyton had brought his wife. If it chanced to be raining or snowing when it was time to start, he scorned the street car which passed the Dunwoody's door and had the brass-buttoned boy at the door call a taxi.

Once Betty had seen him slip a half dollar into the boy's hand for this trifling service, and it slipped across her mind how she had walked clear down to the city market that morning, leading Jerry by the hand and pushing June in her baby carriage, in order to save three cents a head on lettuce, and to trade with the butcher who always "threw in" a soup bone.

This was dining at the Thomas Peyton, Seniors'. Dinner at the Thomas Peyton, Juniors', was a very different matter.

Sometimes, of course, the Wednesday evenings went easily and smoothly and were an all-around pleasure. They would always have been easier if they had not been made such "company" affairs. When big, blustering, jolly Father Peyton dropped in around noontime on a busy day, Betty would gayly set him down at one corner of the kitchen table and let him share Jerry's bread-and-milk or scrambled eggs and sugar cookies. But Mrs. Peyton, with her smart clothes, her well-groomed, obvious prosperity, always put her daughter-in-law on her mettle. So Wednesday evenings there was chilled grapefruit or oyster cocktail to start with, and salad with thin cheese wafers, an elaborate dessert, and coffee in the wedding-present demi-tasse cups to finish off with. And with a six-room house and two babies to take care

of, a regular weekly dinner party occasionally becomes something of a strain.

There was the week, for instance, when the washerwoman, due to arrive every other Monday, was sick and recovered only in time to appear unexpectedly.

little late on Wednesday. The washerwoman was a popular person, the only one of her calling in the suburb, and Betty knew that if she sent her back to-day she might refuse to come altogether in the future. This alternative was too dark to chance. So Mrs. Lily White stayed, keeping the kitchen in a state of steamy disorder which took the curl out of Betty's hair and the gaiety out of her disposition.

At four o'clock, Betty, hot and tired, had just slipped a lemon pie, white-topped and fluffy, into the gas oven to brown the meringue, when a crash from the porch brought the sudden stopping of breath that all mothers of babies know. June's carriage, with June in it, had blown off the steps, tumbling sideways into a mass of shrubbery five feet below. There was an ominous stillness, not a frightened whimper from the baby as Betty, trembling with fright, rushed out upon the empty porch.

As a matter of fact, June was not hurt in the slightest. She was sitting up in her tip-tilted carriage among the bare branches, looking about with an air of puzzled, quizzical interest. It took some time for Betty to assure herself that her little daughter was really quite unharmed.

In the meantime, of course, the fluffy-topped lemon pie burned black.

There was nothing to do but to make another alone toward five, one eye on the clock and the other on the roast Jerry, left alone in the living room, proved to be keeping suspiciously quiet because he had turned on the gas log and was enjoying the smell. Oh, every housekeeper knows the kind of day it was!

FATHER PEYTON arrived at six o'clock and supervised Jerry's supper, while Betty slipped upstairs to change her dress. Her hair, which she tried to keep wavy, sagged limply over her forehead, but there was no time to help that. She daubed a bit of powdered rouge on each tired-looking cheek, hardly stopping to see that it landed anywhere near the places where the roses of youth are supposed to bloom. Then back to the kitchen.

"Hello, Betts, old girl!" It was Tom arriving, big, genial bundle laden, by way of the back door. "Say, was it grapefruit or grapefruit you wanted me to bring up from Cellini's? Oh, gee, I'm sorry! I couldn't remember for the life of me when I got there; I wish we had a phone. Gee, I'm awfully sorry!"

"Never mind, I'll manage." Betty's voice was tired, but determinedly good-tempered.

Tom was trotting back and forth to the dining room, filling the wedding-present goblets, distributing butter balls when his mother arrived.

"Oh, I do hope I haven't kept you waiting, Betty. I had no idea it would take the car so long to get out here. I was late leaving downtown, though. I stopped in at Celeste's to

et a marcel, and I was tired. Once I get into a beauty parlor when I'm tired I'm lost. I let them do anything they suggest to me. They gave me an oil manicure—isn't that rich?—and a muscle lift, whatever that may be. Honestly, I think Mamie O'Grady, or whatever Celeste's real name is, sits up nights to think up new names for old treatments. "This one must be a dandy," her husband assured her allantly. "You're blooming like a peony; isn't she, Tom?" "Like two peonies," Tom agreed. "Mostly rouge," Mrs. Peyton gayly admitted. She could afford such admissions, knowing well that the skin under the rouge was as fine and fresh as a girl's.

BETTY, turning the gas flame low under the soup kettle, heard the conversation through the open kitchen door with a queer feeling of things being grotesquely reversed. It would seem more natural for the forties to be concerned with cups and workaday matters, for the twenties to be bantering with the men about beauty secrets.

Across the dinner table Betty faced her mother-in-law with a twinge of envious resentment. Mrs. Peyton's delicately shaped and shining nails made Betty keep her own hands under the table as much as possible, it was so evident how long it had been since she had given them even a hasty manicure. Her mother's freshly brushed hair swept back in listening waves to disclose her tiny white coral earrings.

"I don't believe I've had time to look at my back hair with a hand mirror a dozen times since Jerry was born," Betty thought rebelliously.

As the dinner progressed, Mrs. Peyton chattered gayly about the new play they had seen the night before, about the new book that everybody was reading; she told of a funny man who had been in the office that morning to assure his dog, she described with humor and spirit the university football game to which their friends, the Galts, had taken her and her husband the Saturday afternoon before. Betty, to whom university football games seemed part of a gay, irresponsible past, inexpressibly remote from her present workaday existence, listened politely. The feeling of things being grotesquely twisted grew stronger and stronger. A stranger overhearing the conversation from the next room would undoubtedly have believed that Mrs. Peyton was the daughter, Betty the mother. For a bitter instant Betty wondered, even seeing the two together, the stranger might not still labor under the same delusion.

AFTER dinner, Tom washed the dishes and Father Peyton dried them, ordering Betty into the easiest chair in the living room to rest. "But first, go see what I've got in my coat pocket, Betsy," he called, balancing two cups and saucers in each hand and departing kitchenward.

Betty found a big box of her favorite glacé fruits. That was Father Peyton.

It was never that Mrs. Peyton was deliberately unkind. In her way, she was more than kind. But it was a way that Betty sometimes found it hard to appreciate, a way whose selfish thoughtlessness seemed at times as hard to overlook as downright unkindness.

For instance, there was the time that June was born. June, though now adored, had not been very welcome. Jerry had been only a little over a year old and Tom had been out of a job. He was an excellent draftsman and could get in with another architectural firm, of course, but it might

take a little time. And in the meantime there was the relentless march of expense, unavoidable, immediate.

"If I can get a high-school girl to come in afternoons maybe I can get along without a nurse after the first four or five days," Betty had suggested during one of their worried discussions.

"You're going to have a nurse as long as you need one," said Tom grimly, "if I have to go back and apologize to old Caxley."

"Oh, Tom, you can't do that! You were absolutely right. You can't go back and apologize to that great bully."

But Tom decided that, under the circumstances, he could, and he did. He was taken back in his old position and Betty's trained nurse stayed the traditional sixteen days. But Tom's humiliation rankled with Betty.

The morning after June's safe arrival the motor delivery van of the city's smartest shop stopped in front of the Junior Peytons' and deposited a gift for her. It was a bassinet, and it was marked "With much love for June and June's mother, from June's grandmother."

It was the most beautiful bassinet Betty had ever seen, ivory white on silent, rubber-tired wheels. It had little carved insets at the sides and a hood all shirred lace and ribbon. It was lined and tufted with apple-blossom satin; there were fine little hemstitched sheets, the softest of wool blankets and a white silk, pink-tied comforter; the little pillow was elaborately hand embroidered. Tom, dashing out home during his noon hour to see his wife and daughter, whistled through his teeth in appreciation.

"Some bed, isn't it! Say, it makes the rest of the furniture look like something we picked up at a rummage sale."

Well, young lady," bending over his sleeping daughter, "you're starting out life in style anyway." A little card dangled among the frills of the bassinet's hood and Tom pulled it out. "Hello, they forgot to take off the price tag. Mother'd be sore as a crab." Of course he should have tossed the tag carelessly into the wastebasket without looking at it, but Tom was human. "Whew!" He passed it over to his wife. A hundred and eighty-five dollars!

The nurse was downstairs having her luncheon. Tom and Betty were alone. They looked at the unnecessary apple-blossom daintiness, then at each other. Both were thinking of a hundred and eighty-five dollars in terms of grim necessities.

THE pink-and-white bassinet might have served as a symbol for all of Mrs. Peyton's gifts and kindnesses. They were all expensive, exquisitely tasteful, and as impractical for the Junior Peytons as a white satin bow on a wheelbarrow. There was the luxurious Chinese house robe that she gave Tom—poor Tom!—who had decided to wear his shabby overcoat for one more winter; the real lace fan Betty had admired in a shop window—as one admires the moon without the slightest desire to have it in one's own bureau drawer; the season tickets for the symphonies, which half the time the Junior Peytons could not use because they could not afford to hire a girl to stay with the babies.

Then there was Betty's diamond and platinum bar pin, a thing of finely cut, sparkling loveliness and almost wicked extravagance.

There were times when Betty hated the diamond and platinum pin. Some way she came to connect Tom's hard

work and shabbiness with this expensive trinket of hers and often, as she was pinning it on her blouse, tears of yearning tenderness for her gay, boyish husband would come smarting to her eyes, and the blue-white stones would ray and sparkle through the mist as though they were mocking her with their useless, expensive beauty. It seemed almost disloyal to Tom for her to own this glittering thing, whose cost would balance all the extra money he could earn in a year, and pay for all the really necessary things he was going without. And yet it was Tom's mother who had given it to her!

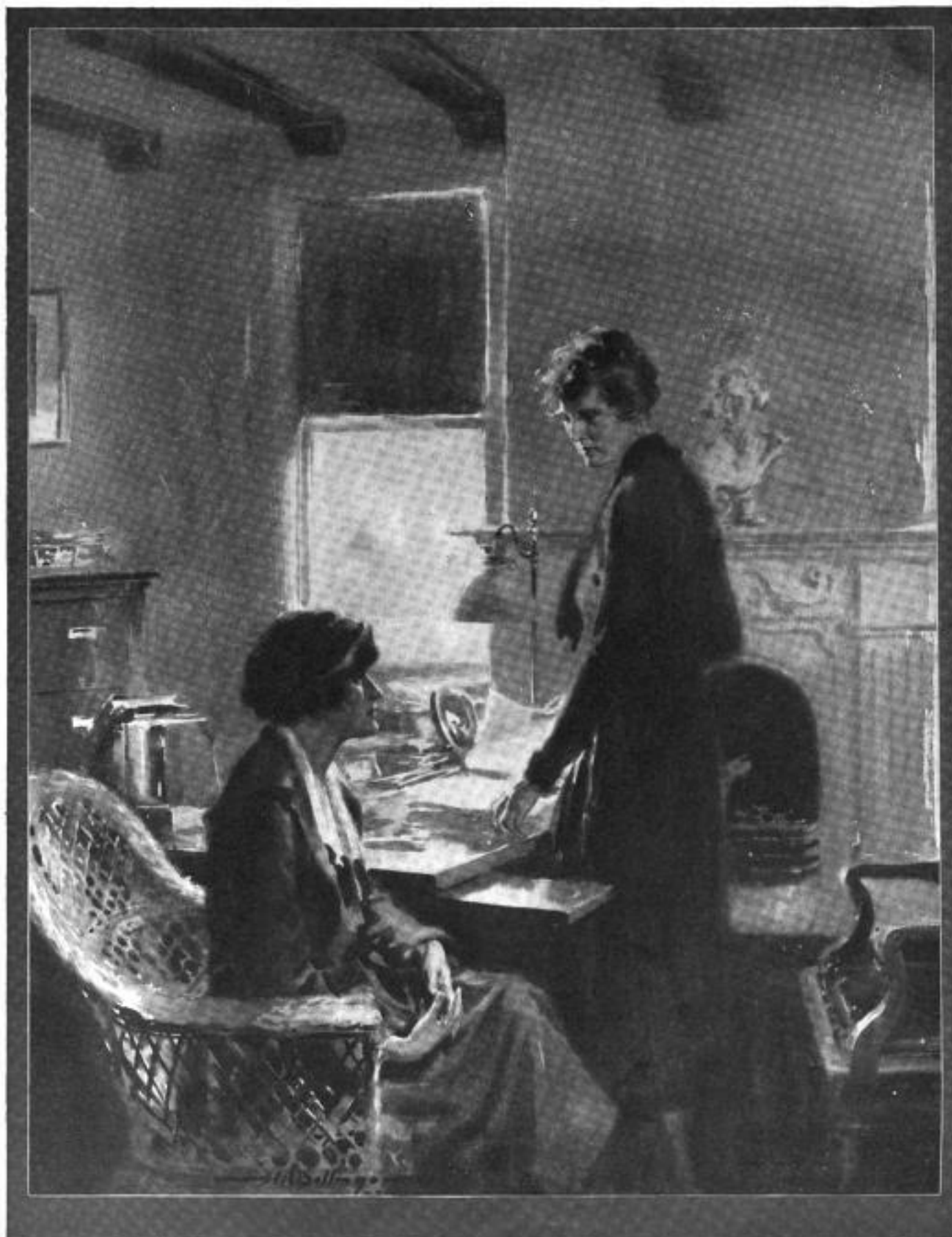
There were times when Betty disliked pretty, kindly meaning, luxurious Mrs. Peyton with a hurt, contemptuous dislike.

IT WAS not one of these times, however—the snowy afternoon when she walked up Hartley Street, through the storm and into the building where Peyton and Peyton had an office. The sharp wind had stung her cheeks to scarlet, but the flame in her eyes burned from a deep inward exultation. Betty was on top of the world. She had found a way.

Mrs. Peyton, at Betty's knock, turned from the window where she had been watching the storm. "Oh, hello, Betts!" she exclaimed. "I was just waiting for time to go up for a fitting on my new coat. I'm making them cut the sleeves over; I think even a fur coat ought to fit you somewhere near, don't you? Come on up with me, and then we'll go somewhere for tea afterward."

"I do, and I think tea would be a lovely celebration," said Betty, dropping into a wicker armchair and slipping out of her own rough-and-ready coat.

"Good! And what in especial are we celebrating?"



"I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. PLEASE TAKE OFF YOUR COAT, BETTY, AND STAY"

(Continued on Page 191)

Fulla-Pep!

By
PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrations by
Frederic A. Anderson



WELL, I'm not such an old-fashioned antique, am I?" asked Virginia.
"Of course not." Jimmy Lyman took off his collar and stretched his neck, rolled his head luxuriously from side to side in the manner of men who wear stiff collars in hot weather. His wife regarded him, an alert expression in her brown eyes, like a puzzled puppy pricking up its ears at some suspicious object. She stood by the window, unconscious, yet not quite so sublimely unconscious as he, of the charming picture she made, outlined against the yellow curtains. She was a tall, slim girl with dark hair and brown eyes; pretty, yet more than that, for Virginia Lyman had that elusive charm by which homely women so often vanquish attractive ones.

"I believe you do think of me as the old wife and mother," she accused her husband.

Jimmy looked up vaguely. "What's the matter with you, Ginia?" He continued undressing methodically for a moment. "Going to stand there all night?"

She shook her head, but when she moved it was towards her dressing table, where she sat down and leaned her chin in the cup of her hands. They had dined at the home of Jimmy's partner, a man whom they had long accepted as a companion, a contemporary. Jimmy had been as surprised as she at the appearance of Arthur Talbot's daughter. Elaine Talbot was only fifteen years old, but she was the fifteen of the twentieth century, chic, sophisticated, her chin lifted and her lashes dropped in an eternal attitude of telling the world.

After she had whirled out of the living room in the company of an excessively young young man Jimmy had laughed. And as he leaned back in the armchair, recalling moments of Virginia's own flapperhood—the costume dance at which bell after bell that decorated her pierrette costume had been pruned by masculine jackknives until, at midnight, she looked like the flushed, happy beggar maid of Cophetua; the days when she used to shock all feminine Hendon and thrill its masculine population by never wearing simultaneously two hair ribbons of the same color; the August afternoon when she had rid herself forever of an unpleasing suitor by marching him on a twenty-mile walk—she put her hand up to her heavy, dark hair and wondered how she had overlooked the white patches that obviously must appear there.

"Well, I suppose it's all comparative," she remarked, more to herself than to Jimmy. "Once I'd have considered twenty-four the brink of the grave." She turned towards him defiantly. "But I don't see where you come in, you old Diogenes!" She was smiling as she undressed, but there was annoyance behind her smile that her husband was too sleepy to notice.

IN THE morning she leaped out of bed when she heard the rattling of the nursery door, picked up Jimmy Junior and held his thirty pounds high above her head.

"Junior, how old do you think mummie is?" she demanded as he descended rapidly to the crib, breathless and chuckling.

He rolled over and sat up, grinning at her. "A hundred?"

She pushed him back indignantly and piled the pillows on his head. In the dining room she heard Martha setting the table; the smell of coffee drifted from the kitchenette.

"Want your brekky?" As his face appeared from the pile of bedclothes she swooped down and kissed him. "Your faux pas is forgiven, old boy," she said. "After all, you're only three, and you have about as much tact as most of your sex at thirty-three."

Junior looked at her interrogatively.

"What?" he asked.

Hand in hand they crossed to the dining room, with its absurd gayly painted furniture. Virginia straightened the white cloth, rearranged the dishes and silver with a humorous glance at the maid through her eyelashes.

"My land, Mis' Lyman," Martha answered, unperturbed, looking appreciatively at her mistress' tumbled hair and flushed cheeks, "you don't look a day over eighteen."

Virginia shrugged; her mood of the previous night was deep in a letter, her white arms resting on the cloth, the wide sleeves of her chiffon negligee dropping from her elbows.

When Jimmy appeared at the head of the table she was deep in a letter, her white arms resting on the cloth, the wide sleeves of her chiffon negligee dropping from her elbows.

"Listen to this, old thing," she interrupted him suddenly, pushing his newspaper down on a pile of buttered toast. "It's from Pam. Wait a sec." She turned the pages of the pale pink note paper, disfigured by a round writing in violet ink. "There! 'The Wentworths have rented their house to some people named Tilden, and they have one daughter, Theodora, but she makes everyone call her Teddy, who's perfectly awful. We were all having such a lovely summer until she came, and now she's always taking the boys away. She's got Coby Dana now. Of course Coby's always been the kind of boy who swam with one girl for a whole week and then played tennis with another all the next. But now he never pays attention to anyone except her. She wears two stockings that aren't the same color, a black one and a white one, just like a costume party. She's always doing the silliest things. I wish you were only a year older than me, or something, so that you could stop her. Mrs. Evans was at the house the other day and she and mother were talking about Teddy and how when you were young you used to take boys away from girls like that. Mother says — That's all that's interesting, I guess."

Jimmy laughed. "Time softens everything," he said. "Now you're being hailed as the defender of the virtuous, Ginia, instead of the young Bolshevik and home wrecker."

Virginia's spoon clattered to the floor. "Jimmy Lyman, you old gorilla, you—you make me tired!"

"What now, queen of my breakfast table?"

She grinned reluctantly. "Time softens everything!" she quoted scornfully. "So many years ago, when I was young and charming, Junior, come here!" Her son walked uncertainly to her. "Junior, what's mummie full of?"

A gleam of joy crept into his solemn blue eyes. It was the trick that always brought down the house, a trick much superior to mere paddy-caking or standing on his head. "Fulla-pep!" he shrieked, his fat cheeks almost exploding as he brought out the word. As his father chuckled, he planted his legs farther apart and continued: "Free blind mouse—in the tree top—see how they run —"

VIRGINIA turned her eyes to her husband. "Junior needs the sea air," she said reflectively. "I think I'll go down to Hendon, Jimmy."

James Lyman held up his hands. "Oh, female woman! And one week ago when I was pleading with you to go you couldn't bear the separation or something. Said that if I had to stay in the city —"

"Well, that was a week ago," she answered quite logically. "I guess I can stagger along without you. And, anyway, I think Pam needs me more than you do."

Ever since drinking his first cup of coffee Jimmy had been watching his wife. He had not lived with Virginia for four years in vain; he was perfectly aware that something was up. Now a light broke in his eyes, solemn blue eyes like his son's, and he grinned at her across the table. "Oh, Virginia!" he said. "Going to break into the younger set?"



"Why not? I know you think I'm fighting off old age with every breath, but I bet —" She paused.

He roared at her earnestness. "You can't fool me," he said. "Something has displeased you." He looked at her unsmiling face and scratched his head thoughtfully. "Seriously, Virginia, are you planning —"

"I don't know that I'll mind leaving you so much," she interrupted him sweetly. "Now go and bread-win, like a dear old thing. I have lots to do."

For a few moments after he had gone she sat quietly at the table, fingering her sister's letter. Finally she got up and went into the nursery, where her son was playing with his blocks, waiting for the nurse to take him out.

"Junior, take a deep breath and consider deeply," she addressed him. "Much hangs on your decision. Be cautious as becomes your sex. Now then—ready?"

HIS eyes watched hers; he smiled uncertainly. It was rare that he understood anything his mother said to him.

"All set?"

"What?"

"All right. Now then, boy—what's mummie full of?"

Relief shone from his eyes. "Fulla—pep!" he proclaimed triumphantly.

Virginia laughed. "All right, son; the die is cast. We'll show 'em, won't we?" She pushed open the door. "Martha! Ask the janitor to bring up my trunks this afternoon."

Mrs. Garrison rocked back and forth comfortably while her grandson, clutched to her breast, munched a cookie and looked up at her peacefully.

"I don't see why I'm ever surprised at anything you do, Virginia," she said. "But after all your letters saying you couldn't come, to have you pop down like this without even a telegram! Well!"

Virginia laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm the old nut, you know," she said lightly.

Her mother's eyes held the mixed disapproval and admiration with which she always regarded her older daughter. Virginia was sitting in the Gloucester hammock, still in her light gray traveling suit. "My! It's good to be here!" she said, smiling under her mother's scrutiny.

"It's good to have you. I'd about given up hoping." Mrs. Garrison leaned over to pull Junior more closely to her. "Won't your father and Pam be surprised?"

"Probably not as surprised as you are," said Virginia. "However"—she looked about at the landscape affectionately—"where is Pam?"

"Over at the Danas' court. They're playing some sort of tournament. Wait until you see the children, Virginia; they're as big as you are. Little Coburn Dana —" She hesitated.

"I've heard about little Coby," her daughter returned laughingly. "Regular he-vamp, isn't he?"

MRS. GARRISON winced. "His mother says he's simply girl crazy," she said solemnly. "And they're only children!"

Her eyes dropped from her daughter's grin to her grandson, and a bewildered expression clouded their mildness.

"It's so hard to realize that you're married and a mother, Virginia. I suppose Pam—but Pam is only a little girl."

"I imagine she'd rather resent that," Virginia jumped to her feet. "I think I'll wander across the hills and find her," she said. "I have my old room, I suppose?"

"No one else will ever have it, Virginia."

Virginia leaned and kissed her, a wave of tenderness sweeping over her. It was only recently that she had found sympathy towards her mother's gentle sentimentalities, had learned not to make the quick, destructive retorts that trembled on the tip of her tongue. If her mother wanted to keep her room, with all the absurd young-girl trappings of discarded

dance programs and college pennants, intact, she should be allowed to do so. She hurried up the stairs and threw open the door. She had returned to it several times since her marriage, but never before alone, and she stood leaning against the closed door, looking about. The funny little painted dressing table with the burnt-wood design that Harry Wentworth had so painstakingly made for her still stood against the wall between the two windows, its short leg supplemented by a wad of paper, the oval mirror into which she had peered so many times — She remembered staring there at her reflection after Jimmy had kissed her for the first time.

Her eyes were bright as they leaped from one to another of the familiar pictures—a print of the young Queen Louisa of Prussia that she had so adored as a girl, "The Broken Pitcher," a small, green-framed water color of Robin Hood, with his brown eyes meeting hers as roguishly as they had when she was seventeen.

She undressed quickly and flung open the largest of the bags. When, fresh from her bath, she took the familiar seat before the dressing table, she laughed aloud at her reflection. She brushed her hair and arranged it carefully, fastened green earrings to her lobes. From another bag she pulled out a woven ribbon hat of brilliant green, a dipping, floppy hat that she pounded and pulled into shape. Last of all, she shook out her white organdie dress and laced the crisp green ribbons. From the mirror she turned, as she had turned through all her young girlhood, to flirt with the picture of Robin Hood. It had been an established ceremony with her, a tuning up of the orchestra.

HIS brown eyes met hers insolently, and she tilted her chin. "Hello, old boy," she said softly. The ends of his trim mustache seemed to quiver slightly. "When I think of all the things you know about me!" She wrinkled her nose in a little grimace. "So long!"

She was still grinning to herself when she joined her mother on the piazza.

"Junior's things are in the brown bag," she said lightly. "I carried it into the nursery. You might tumble him in bed for a nap pretty soon, like a dear." She looked at them fondly. "It is good to be here, mother."

At the foot of the path she broke off a long branch of elderberry, stripped it of its branches as she walked along

the winding road toward the Dana house. As she mounted the hill that rose above the tennis court, a crisp green-and-white figure moving through the sunlight over the emerald grass, she was busily engaged in tearing the long strips of bark.

The group bunched at one side of the court looked up as she approached. She reached the wire fencing that inclosed it, turned the corner and crossed towards the benches.

Suddenly Pamela sprang to her feet. "Virginia Garrison!"

"Even so, my child," They stood for a moment in embrace, then turned and crossed slowly to the others, arms interlaced.

Pamela's smooth blond hair rose an inch or two above Virginia's hat, the soft rose in the younger girl's cheeks faded beside the brilliant coloring of her brunette sister.

"Why, there's Coby Dana!"

THE slender boy in white flannels who was playing on the court hesitated a moment before he crossed to them. Virginia was fully aware that it was as criminal to speak to a player as to converse with the motorman or feed and annoy the animals, and she was as fully confident that she could get away with it.

"Hello, Virginia!" Coby held out his hand and she smiled up into his eyes. She was immeasurably relieved to find him several inches the taller. "When did you get down?"

"Just a few minutes ago; but I couldn't wait to see you all." Her eyes left his face for a moment to take in the interested group at the side. "Run back to your game; I mustn't keep you. Don't you present me with the iron pansy or something for such behavior?"

"I think we'll forgive you," Coby answered, with the slightest stress on the "you."

"I'm sure you will," Virginia returned, accenting the pronoun as imperceptibly—and as flagrantly—as he had done. "Come over and talk to me when you've finished; I want to hear lots of things."

She smiled again, and again their eyes caught for an instant. "Gee, I'm the shameless old thing!" she said to herself as she and Pam crossed to the bench.

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"GINIA! THE THINGS I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT YOU!"



"THEY WILL NEVER SETTLE DOWN IN CRANBROOK. THERE IS NOTHING HERE FOR SUCH MEN AS YOU HAVE MADE THEM. THEY BELONG TO THE WORLD," HE SAID, GIVING HER A LOOK

The Pageant Widow

By CORRA HARRIS

Illustrations by Edward L. Chase

MRS. HARPETH was a widow, scarcely to be distinguished from others of this class, so often and always favorably mentioned in the Scriptures, until 1917, when she became, you may say, the top sergeant of a small, efficient, but widely scattered company in the United States Army. Her advancement to this rank was deserved, but irregular and recognized only by the members of this company. She missed the uniform and the citation "for gallant and meritorious service" by an accident of gender and other imperative duties. Her service record, therefore, will not be found in the annals of our Army but in this story, which will pass as fiction, although it is veracious and subject to proof.

When the Reverend John Harpeth passed out of the ministry into that Farther Region where there is no more preaching nor taking of collections, he left his widow, Fanny Harpeth, a "home" and three yearling boys to bring up. This happened in 1910. The widow lived in her little house, which was set upon the highest hill in the small and dingy town of Cranbrook. She let her poverty so shine up there that no one could mistake what kind of poverty it was. That is to say, it glistened and bloomed. It was whitewashed in places and green where it should be green. The house kept its paint because there had never been enough paint on it to peel off. The windows looked out upon every passer-by as if they believed in a blue sky, no matter what kind of day it was—and very personally at the stars, no matter what kind of night it was. They were not windows at all, but the clear eyes of a clean house where everything was worn out, scrubbed, dusted and in order.

THERE was, in fact, something perky, independent to the point of triumph about poverty on this hill with the house sitting to the front of it, like the persistent forelock on a bald man's head, thin but smartly brushed.

The "something" was the widow herself. She was a small woman, with an air—different airs at different periods of the day. She was very aggressive early in the morning. She was cooking breakfast, she was clearing away the dishes with a swiftness that made the dishes' teeth rattle. She had the broom, she was spying for dust in the corners. The broom might be seen whisking in and out of the door when you could not see the widow herself, but you knew that she was

behind it by the furious clean sweep it made. She was never in a good humor until the house was in order and the boys off to school, each with a lunch in his pocket. Years later, when they had finished with schools and spelling lessons, she amused herself calculating the number of lunches she had prepared for them during this period. It reached far into the thousands, and included tens of thousands of biscuits with sugar spread on the butter.

THE boys gauged the maternal weather by the way her skirts swished. During this early morning period when these skirts flew after her like sails in a storm they were good little boys, doing their chores and asking no indulgences. This was no time for insubordination or any slackness whatsoever when the breakers of her temper rolled high. When the widow flew out of the kitchen door in the direction of a certain tree which produced singularly tough keen switches it was too late to retrieve the past. She would thrash one, or more, or all of them for a transgression which she would overlook later in the day after her stirring duties had been performed.

Then the weather of her spirit changed. She was still industrious, but calm. She had exchanged the broom for the needle. Sewing soothed her. The three boys straggling up the hill after school always found her seated before the fire if the day was cold, or behind her flowering boxes on the porch if it was summer weather, like a small, prim providence wearing a black dress, a lace collar and a thimble on her finger. They might ask whatsoever they would now, believing that they should receive it. And they usually did.

She was thirty-six years old at this time, not good-looking, but vaguely beautiful. This was in the nature of a miracle when you consider the facts of her countenance. She had fair hair which curled in her youth and would curl again, if she ever gave it the chance to do so. Her skin was pale, with the pallor of a tired blond. A narrow brow, not deeply wrinkled, but neatly and delicately lined, as if she had done this herself in order to mean what she meant, but not too

harshly. In repose her mouth was a sad thing, but when she smiled her smile was imperishably young. Her eyes were deeply set beneath skimpy brows. They were blue, but could be gray and much darker if she had to do something that she could not really do but must do it, or if she had to say something which was beyond her to think but must be thought. Her expression produced the whole effect of beauty, feminine sweetness and that pale austerity which came from having done her duty for a long time.

There was a rumor to the effect that Mr. Harpeth had left a small sum of money besides the home. But this was merely a rumor which was never confirmed, because the widow evaded the most sympathetic inquiries concerning her financial affairs. Cranbrook folk decided that she would be obliged to take the boys out of school after the death of their father. And what Cranbrook has never been able to figure out to this day is how she kept the boys in school and paid her expenses. I am myself in the dark on this latter point. But there is proof in the Scriptures that the Lord himself frequently manages the financial affairs of widows who belong to the scriptural class. In no other way can we account for the singular pin-point prosperity of the widow during this period.

NOT even her thrift could have been equal to this situation, although she was so frugal that she took the flowers up by the roots from Mr. Harpeth's grave every autumn and kept them in her own sunny windows until the following spring, to save their delicate lives and the expense of buying other flowers for this grave. She was determined that her dear John should have blooming plants above him during the summer, but when it was cold he must do the best he could beneath the frost and snow. She was sensible about everything.

She was really at the head of a big business now, which has never been regarded as a business, although it requires more different kinds of ability and valor than it does to conduct a great corporation. She had no capital, only the raw material out of which three men must be made. And she was not dismayed.

She had no ambition, only a sense of duty. She had no time to autograph her deeds or to think of her own excellence. She was simply very busy doing what must be done. She could never see one of the boys idle without thinking of

something he must do. She nagged these youngsters from morning until night. They must do this and do that. She saw to it that they washed behind their ears. They were all left-handed; therefore she compelled them to use their right hands until they became ambidextrous. She shed the dollars and even the quarters they earned to help with expenses. But what remained after this excess-profits tax was levied and collected they spent manfully without owing account to her. She kept them off the streets of the town and permitted them to court malaria in the near-by creek all summer.

"Boys are amphibious," she said. "If my washpan was big enough to drown in I should have no trouble getting them to bathe. They do not hate to be clean, they only hate little water in a little pan."

She allowed them to fight among themselves like growing others every day in the week except on Sundays. "They took off a lot of plus that way," she said (which was the most effective use of the word "plus" I ever heard); but on Sabbath Day they must keep the peace.

HE was determined to give them a working knowledge of the Ten Commandments. She harped on these commandments and on the multiplication table to the exclusion of all subsidiary information. The multiplication table fitted their business in this present world; and the commandments redressed them for any world.

"The Beatitudes are for Christians," she said, "who know how to submit to the inevitable, but boys are not Christians. They are cheerful young animals with no natural moral scruples. The best you can do is to teach them not to steal, not to lie, if you can; to earn what they want and not let what belongs to another."

She held to the simplicities and was a great teacher. She made her own proverbs, because Solomon was no kin to her sons and could not possibly have had them or this age in mind when he wrote his proverbs. She insisted that Solomon was a literary man, but not a good man, and that his wisdom was bitter, depressing, like the dregs in the cup of a dead old age.

Her second son, William, was a brilliant, willful, hot-tempered lad. She addressed most of her platitudes to him. They flew off him like sparks from an anvil and scorched the other boys. "Silence is the necessity of fools and the luxury of wise men. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open," she would say when William had said too much.

She continually reminded them of the open doors to success. "It is not the opportunities that you do not have, but the ones you fail to meet that ruin you," she warned them.

She could make these little marching sentences with no effort at all. It was marvelous. Sometimes she said a really great thing. They were in the midst of life, but she was concerned that they should learn not to fear death. "Death is not terrible. It is only a change of season in the almighty soul of man," she would say.

Years later, one day in a shell hole on a battlefield in France, one of her sons repeated that saying to himself as one recites a litany.

She was also a biographer of no mean ability. The Harpeth boys grew up in the faith that they sprang from a brave and illustrious family, although there was not one page in history to prove this; so much the worse for history! She taught them that their forefathers had been great men without exception—and got away with it. The poor woman catered to their young, bloodthirsty imaginations by dwelling upon the war records of these forefathers. Presently she gathered the red fruits of her eloquence.

After the Harpeth boys finished school they went to work. The widow became slightly but obviously prosperous at once. She declared a dividend on her business for the first time. She entertained sedate visions of honor and ease. She was, in fact, about to dissolve partnership with poverty and thrift, go out of business and settle down in that pleasant, innocuous desuetude of being provided for, like other women, by her mankind.

THEN came the Great War. The three Harpeth boys were the first to volunteer for service from Cranbrook. The widow, along with other mothers in this country, saw the plans so carefully made for her sons swept away in the lurid flames of this war. She stared at the images she carried of them in her heart as prominent successful men as if these were already pictures of the dead.

She saw herself bereaved of them in her old age when she should need their companionship and support as they had needed her in their childhood and youth.

When Cranbrook heard that the Harpeth boys had volunteered for service there was sympathy for the widow and discreet condemnation of her sons. They need not have volunteered; only one was within the draft age, and he might have claimed exemption as the sole support of a widowed mother. It was practically desertion.

Mrs. Clanton went to call on her as one calls upon a person grievously afflicted. She was herself the only really prominent woman in Cranbrook, also a widow, rich, and by the same token she was not in the habit of calling on Mrs. Harpeth. She found the little widow sitting behind her flower boxes on the porch with her hands folded. "There is so little to do, now that the boys are gone," she said simply, as if anyone must wonder why she should be idle.

"Yes, I know how you must feel," Mrs. Clanton replied. "At first I was anxious about Robert," she went on, referring to her own son; "but fortunately some friends in Washington took care of that for me. He has a splendid clerical position and the rank of captain. It is the best thing that could have happened. He needed to get out of this little hole of a town."

DURING this speech Mrs. Harpeth regarded her with curious attention, as a person does who is slowly returning to consciousness after a terrific shock. As a matter of fact she did not really see Mrs. Clanton. She was thinking of something. She was coming up out of her dust of fear and defeat, a little dingy image of victory.

And Mrs. Clanton did not suspect that she was witnessing a miracle. "Boys are so impulsive," she began again. "They are swept off their feet by the excitement and enthusiasm for war. They do not know what it means. They do not think. That is what happened to your sons. You must not blame them too much."

"I do not blame them at all," the widow replied. "Well, of course you would not; mothers never do. Still we know how you must feel, and you have our sympathy."

"You do not know how I feel," the widow retorted, sitting primly erect. "I brought my sons up under a discipline as rigid as that of our Army. They have been taught the obligations of manhood, labor, thrift, honor, courage. Their home has simply been the barracks of their youth. They have always lived, you may say, on army rations, the plainest food. They were already soldiers, tough and brave. It is natural, inevitable, that they should have volunteered."

"Well, I had no idea you felt that way —" Mrs. Clanton began.

"You cannot know how I feel," the widow clipped in. "It is tremendous. I have crowns on my head. I am a pageant in honor of my sons."

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SHE HAD NO CAPITAL, ONLY THE RAW MATERIAL OUT OF WHICH THREE MEN MUST BE MADE. AND SHE WAS NOT DISMAYED

The Easter People



THE approach to old Salem of the old South is commonplace enough. Thirty miles of motoring roll away beneath our wheels. Prosperous fields to right and left spread to woody reaches that circle the horizon. The hesitant leaves of an early spring blur the stark outlines of trunk and branch. Gnarled orchard boughs are all in milk-white flower. Against dusky wood spaces the Judas tree hangs its veils of deep pink, and the dogwood is just beginning to show the glint of silver disks. On the railroad parallel to us a train thunders by. There is nothing anywhere to indicate that our machine is carrying us swiftly out from our dusty everyday lives straight into the living past. We dip down a slope, then climb again, and abruptly we are in another world—we are in old Salem. I shall never again forget that the word Salem means peace.

After two heavy, gray days, the sun, at noon of Good Friday, comes riding forth clear of all cloud. The boxwood in old gardens is crisp and glistening. House walls of ancient brick, freshened by the rain, yield their full of mellow color. Almost at once as we enter the town I am aware of an atmosphere vibrant with expectancy. Windows are being polished and dooryards clipped, and faces lifted to us brighten with unspoken welcome. In every recurrent springtime, thousands and thousands of visitors push into the old city, and at every Eastertide by some strange contagion of reverence Moravian Salem has the power to subdue these alien crowds to the very spirit of its own piety. Such is the alchemy of influence possessed by people who have made Easter the pivot of all the year, the very heart of all their faith and all their conduct.

We turn to our right at the timeworn square, a stretching rectangle of towering water-oaks, crossed by diagonal paths. We are facing the long, unbroken brick façade that forms the entire east side of the square. In the middle is the academy with its high white pillars, and at the south the Sisters' House with its two rows of dormer windows. At the north stands the old home church, with its staunch, ancient walls, dull red beneath bright ivy, its hooded door, its unfailing clock face in the gable beneath the domed white belfry. At the church we turn northward and get out of our car to search for the little cottage where we are to have rooms. Our motor cannot go farther, for all cars are barred from the long, quiet avenue that lies before us. The towering ancient trees that gave Cedar Avenue its name are themselves now dead, and their place is taken by slim young poplars freshly green with spring.

Solemnity Without Sadness

CEDAR AVENUE is to-day a broad, white, graveled path, lined by the swaying green shafts of the poplars and bordered on our left by a low stone wall and on our right by a high picket fence, almost covered by ivy, and broken by white-arched gateways on which, above the green-leaved pillars, are blazoned triumphant Easter texts. Within those portals, in sunshine that is dappled by the shadows of cedar and boxwood, stretches row after row of little, flat, white gravestones, all exactly alike.

Here is no distinction of persons or of families, but merely of groups, married men together, married women, single men and boys and boy babies, single women and girls and girl babies. This green spot is the center of Salem; it is the center of the Moravian faith. This is the graveyard where, near and dear and instant in the memory of the living, the dead lie, asleep in sunny peace.

Nestling close to the graves is the little cottage, cheery with nodding tulips and bright hyacinths, where we are

to stay with Miss Dorcas Reitzer and her niece, Miss Bertha. Both are of old Moravian stock, tracing their ancestry back to German Herrnhut of 1722. Miss Dorcas is eighty; her feet are slow with rheumatism, but her mind and heart are alert for one more exultant Easter. There is but one way to know any creed, and that is by knowing the people who have lived it. It is because of the welcome in the little gray cottage, the hospitality I found waiting for every stranger in the quiet old square—in the bishop's home, in the Sisters' House, in the church, in the school—that I have wished to record one stranger's impression of a Salem Easter and of the Moravian faith.

I wish that I might have been present for all the church services of this reverent preparation week. Day by day the congregation has heard read the "Acts of Monday," the "Acts of Tuesday," and so on, the services consisting of the reading of the gospel record constantly interspersed with the rich singing of the old chorals. The afternoon service of Good Friday is my first introduction to the Moravian liturgy. I am familiar with the ceremony of palled altar and penitential abasement and despair, but this Moravian Good Friday is without a hint of gloom. Grown-ups and bright-faced children crowd the church, all quiet, yet with a stir of cheery friendliness. The organ rolls solemn yet not sad. The choir files in simply, and quite as simply the bishop in ordinary dress takes his seat below them, close to his people. My first impression of the Moravian service is of informality combined with profound, spontaneous reverence, and the second is its deep, pervasive joyousness. Is it this last that has kept burning so clear the lamp of the spirit in the bishop's eyes in spite of his eighty years?

As the bishop reads that old, cruel record of the lots cast for the seamless robe, and of the brutal spear, I perceive the

strong triumph by which the light of Easter makes radiant even the blackness of the crucifixion. In all Moravian services congregational singing of chorals that are perhaps centuries old is the chief element. Even through the slow roll of the Good Friday hymns there seems to run as undercurrent the strong pean of the coming resurrection, so that the image before one's vision is not so much the torturing cruelty of the cross as the

beauty of a willing sacrifice. The singing of selected stanzas of familiar hymns is as spontaneous as the informal Sunday night singing of some family group, and it is as if the bishop's prayer were uttered by one member of a great family fellowship—"Into Thy widespread arms, stretched out upon the cross, receive us all. Amen."

We pour out from the old hooded doorway down the much-trodden stone steps into the flooding westward sun shine. Many people go toward the graveyard, as if for a brief, passing greeting to those gentle, sunny mounds. A backward glance at the old church shows the weather vane arrow and glittering ball and the steadfast clock face beneath, all ashine. For more than a hundred years the have never failed to give back the unfailing sunset. Free that white belfry is always sounded the death announcement made triumphant in sonorous music. Either at noon or at fall of evening the trombones will peal forth the old familiar tunes informing the listeners whether it was child or grown-up, man or woman, married or single, that soul to whom, from high in air, the ancient horns blow a "voyage" on its passage skyward.

The Love Feast

THE mood of the afternoon service holds the mind until the evening love feast. We use the word love feast so often flippantly that I did not dream how instantly its deep significance would impress me. I begin to feel the spirit before we go to the church, in the hospitality with which Miss Bertha gathers five of us to accompany her. She gives each of us a little napkin in which we are to cover up the love-feast before when we first receive it. The fragrance of coffee meets us as we enter. Throughout the congregation there runs a low rustle of cordiality. The organ rolls forth slow and solemn beneath a master touch, then suddenly peals in triumph. The choir files in, and following, the bishop and the past take their seats facing behind a snowy table.

The pastor rises and briefly reviews the events of Passion Week, as one by one the services have commemorated them. At last the anguish is finished, he tells us, and to-night we gathered in a quiet garden before a sealed tomb. There is a brief prayer, then a hymn rings out, and at its close the choir begins an anthem, while a door at the side opens and through it, with a reverent decorum that somehow catches at the heart strings, there moves in a file of eight white-clad women



IN THE DEEP FIREPLACE THE COFFEE IS STILL BOILED FOR THE LOVE FEASTS OF THE PRESENT

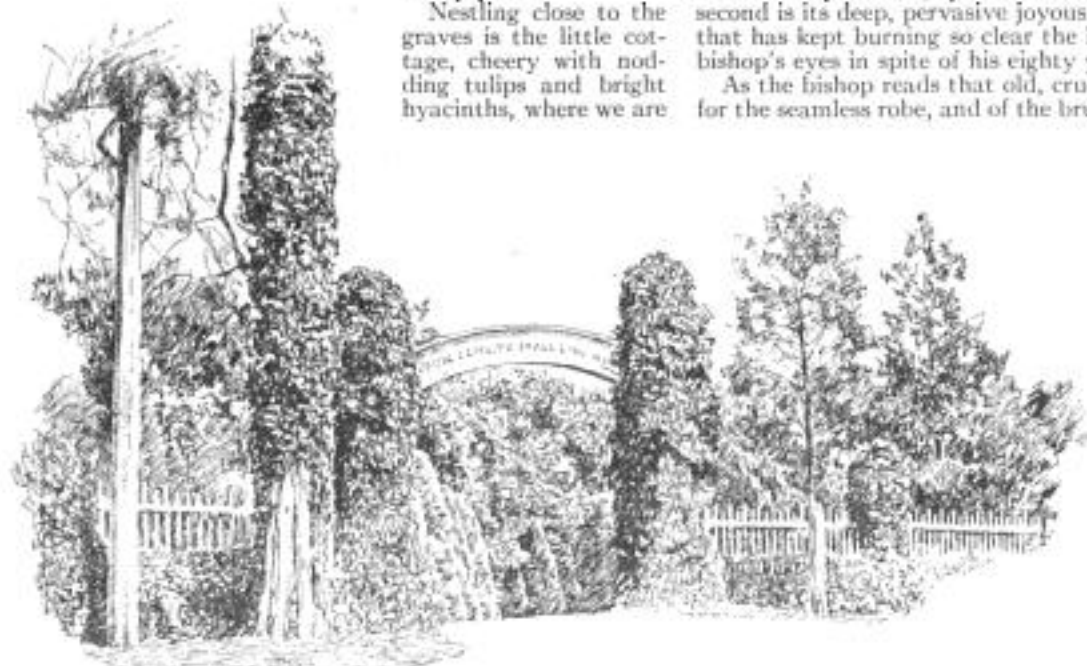
some of them girls, some of them silver-headed. They carry great baskets of love-feast buns. The head "diener" serves first the bishop and pastor, and then the buns are distributed throughout the congregation, so quietly that one scarcely hears a rustle of movement throughout the entire church. Noiselessly the white procession passes back, and now comes a line of men carrying trays loaded with straight white mugs of coffee. Just as were the buns, so the mugs are given to each person present. The bun we have folded in our napkin, the mug we hold, for the moment has not arrived for tasting. The whole building is ringing with Watts' deathless stanza:

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Then the congregation yields place to the choir, and while a soprano voice soars sweet, telling of that green hill far away, the love feast is eaten. There follows more singing by the people while the elders reënter and collect the empty cups, to the accompaniment of the words:

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To Thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

The bishop rises to make the Good Friday address, but his words are not of death and burial, they are of life and heaven. To the creed which the bishop inherits, God



THE DEAD LIVE; THAT IS THE FUNDAMENTAL OF THE MORAVIAN CREED

Friday is but a transient gloom across the golden triumph of Easter. How many homegoings the bishop must have heard sounded by the trombones from the white belfry! That is why his words dwell so gladly upon our recognitions beyond the grave. We cannot guess, the bishop says, how near even this instant heaven may be. With a sudden flash of inspiration he drives home the love-feast truth: "At this very instant," so he begs each one of us, "pray for the person sitting to your left, the person sitting to your right, that together with you, all three may receive together God's singular blessing needed for each life." By such prayer, each for his neighbor, shall the current of love-feast blessing be strong and unbroken, uniting perhaps with the stream of affection flooding toward us from those passed on who live us still, for what earth-bound brain can fathom—so the bishop's rapt voice questions—the full meaning of those familiar words, "the communion of saints"?

Strangely near the stars seemed to me, near as eyes alight with deathless love, burning bright and clear above us as we stood forth, on that Good Friday evening, into the quiet square. Stars and sun were the lights of Easter on that long-ago Passover, stars that kept watch above a grave "wherein is never man yet laid," sun that saw the victory over the eve that man had never before conquered. Over God's rest, beyond my bedroom window on that Good Friday night, the Easter stars burned steadfast.

It is a sun-flooded Saturday, that of the "Great Sabbath," and astir with preparations. All day long the graveyard is a place of pilgrimage, as I look down from my window at its sunny reaches. The stones on the first green mounds are gray and old, the last are white and fresh, but today, on "Great Sabbath," they will all be scoured clean by loving hands, so that the simple epitaphs will show clear their dates, from 1771 to the present, and with their corded birthplaces of the long-ago dead—Saxony, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, England. In the bright morning breeze of four passes our gate, and we call out to her: "What are you going to do?"

She swings a little gaily as she answers: "Going to the graves." All day long that happy scouring is continued. There are no flowers



THIN THESE PORTALS, IN SUNSHINE THAT IS DAPED BY THE SHADOWS OF CEDAR AND BOXWOOD, REACHES ROW AFTER ROW OF LITTLE, FLAT, WHITE GRAVESTONES, ALL EXACTLY ALIKE

anted on any of the graves, but everywhere cut flowers and ever pieces are being heaped on the grassy mounds. At the foot of every stone is laid a bunch of ivy leaves. No one of the sleepers is forgotten by the living. Three visits that I make to-day emphasize the constant effort of all Moravians to keep alive the spirit and the life of its past. There is no barren extolling of dead days, rather a blending of them with the present, a conscious union with the traditions and the purposes of founders whose wise foresight has been amply proved.

Keeping Alive the Spirit of the Past

OLD Salem tradition continues as recurrent and as freshly green as the grass upon the Easter graves. The dead live; that is the fundamental of the Moravian creed, truth held so absolutely that it ramifies from dogma into every department of daily life, and accounts for the meticulous care with which the records of church and community life have been kept.

The little archive house of Salem is a mine of delight for student of history, being especially rich in human and social chronicles of the founding of this Moravian colony in North Carolina. It was in 1752 that Bishop Spangenberg, deputed by Count Zinzendorf, of Saxony, to select the hundred thousand acres that should comprise the Moravian tract purchased from Lord Granville. It cost Bishop Spangenberg and his companions a dozen weeks of ship and exploration in an unknown wilderness before they discovered a region suited to their purpose. Because it included them of the fertile meadows of their Saxon home, they named it Wachau, Wachovia.

Some months after the region had been thus selected and named, its first colonists set forth. Careful records made that first band of Moravian settlers tell us how they trudged out from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on October 8, 1752, twelve "Single Brethren" carefully selected to be pioneers of the wilderness as well as founders of a religious

colony—pastor, farmers, carpenters, a baker, a doctor whose ministry was to spread over a radius of a hundred miles.

On Saturday evening, November seventeenth, the little procession—men, horses and one covered wagon—reached the empty cabin which was to be their wilderness shelter. There on that first Saturday night, while, as their own chronicles tell us, the wolves and panthers howled outside the door, they held their first love feast.

I could have lingered long among those carefully labeled chronicles, enshrining so many long-gone human personalities. Salem is a city that never forgets what it owes to its founders, and so in humble human imitation of a divine Easter gesture, rolls away the stone of oblivion that would restrain their resurgent influence. It is a little later in this day and at the scene of their first efforts that those sturdy old builders of the old Wachovian colony come forth from the past to my vision, all quick with life and energy.

It is a ten-mile drive from Salem, not founded until 1766, to Bethabara, or "Oldtown," the first village of Wachovia. Here the early colonists built the sturdy little church, which stands to-day, unchanged inside or out, as it was when consecrated in 1769. Church and parsonage form one building; the parsonage is now a parish house containing the love-feast kitchen; in the deep fireplace the coffee is still boiled for the love feasts of the present, and in the big cupboards the straight white mugs are stacked. Grouped about the church are old houses, their stucco walls a mellow buff against which are massed great green domes of boxwood.

Reverence for Childhood

THE hill-top burying ground of Oldtown, no one who has ever visited it could ever forget. It is the highest point of all the country round, so lofty that its trees served as watch-towers against Indian attack. The great chestnuts and oaks of 1750 still stand sentinel over the little flat, gray stones, hidden deep in grass and blue periwinkle. At the foot of one mighty trunk lies a tiny grave, the oldest grave in Wachovia. It was from a heart strong in deathless Easter hope that the old diarist wrote of the baby girl: "She was gathered in as the first flower in Wachovia by our Heavenly Gardener and her little tenement was sown as the first grain of wheat in this God's acre, which upon this occasion was consecrated."

Moravian creed and custom have always had a peculiar reverence for childhood. The boys and girls seem to grow up into the faith of their fathers as happily and loyally as spring blossoms develop into fruitage. In many a Southern family of to-day, grandmother, mother and daughter have all attended Salem Academy, and still in an unbroken tradition Salem Academy and Salem College will receive the daughters of to-morrow. As their grandmothers have done they will sit on late spring afternoons on the low steps beneath the white pillars, or in the beautiful grounds hidden behind the high, brick buildings that flank the square they will wander beneath the dreaming willows and linger by the little tinkling fountains.

At the southern end of the brick façade, but forming one continuous line with the newer buildings, is the old Sisters' House; here lives one whose life has formed an unbroken line of continuity between the old time and the new. For fifty years Miss L. was a teacher, watching the Academy grow from the standards of a grade school to those of a college, herself leading, directing, establishing those growing standards. Frail, alert, an eager flame lightly cased in the fragile seventies, I shall not soon forget the delicate, slim figure or the mobile face beneath the short, white curls. I wonder if the girls to-day going forth from Salem School will carry through life any deeper educative influence than that of Miss L.'s presence in an old room of many welcomes, a room still cordially open to anyone's knock.

These three visits on this "Great Sabbath"—to the archive house where the dead founders are still valiantly alive, to the Sisters' House, where past and present are one, to the Bethabara graveyard where the trees of two centuries are once more green with youth—have put my spirit in tune for the Easter vigil. Full of preparations Miss Bertha bustles us off to sleep early, but before we go upstairs she has made Miss Dorcas comfortable for the night, and has also arranged the couch for the little neighbor, Margaret Anne, who is to stay here to-night in order to go with us to the early service. Both fall asleep all eager expectancy, eight years old and eighty, side by side. Miss Bertha is briskly winding her alarm clock when we say good night. She assures us that she will call us in good time for coffee and sugar cake with her at five.



A BACKWARD GLANCE AT THE OLD CHURCH SHOWS THE WEATHER-VANE ARROW AND GLITTERING BALL AND THE STEADFAST CLOCK FACE BENEATH

Old Salem does not expect to sleep much on Easter Even. All night, steps crunch the gravel outside our windows. All night, motor cars pour into the old streets from all the country round. It is half past one when my friend's eager whisper rouses me, makes me hurry to kneel beside her at the dark window, for we must not miss the gathering of the trombone bands who shall go forth through all the sleeping streets announcing Easter. There is moving to and fro of shadowy forms assembling. Through the gloom bob the ruddy orbs of torches, the night is too still for any flaring streamers of light. The shapes of men and boys are indistinct, but the torch glow shines clear on the metal of the long horns. Every Moravian boy knows how to play the trombone. There are fathers and sons and uncles in the groups mustering now. Boys too small to sound a horn may carry the torches. They are all gathering quietly, reverently. The voice of the director sounds low and clear through the square, as one by one he dismisses a band of a score on its appointed march. Each band will have its particular tunes, its particular places for playing them. As the church clock chimes two the poignant horns ring out on the stillness.

Reminders of a Golden Morning

FOR some minutes we hear the measured beat of steps as band after band goes out from the old square. For two hours, sounding now here, now there, distant yet clear, the ancient horns will peal forth their message. From our window we watch one company march down Cedar Avenue. Beyond that quiet avenue we can hear the clang and rush of trolleys, the barking of automobiles. We watch the gleaming torches and dim-lit brass as the company tramps past the ivied gateposts and the arches with their texts of hope, while, white in the dust and the stars, the flowered grave-stones keep their measured march step by step accompanying the living. The torches bob to the rise and fall of those rhythmic feet, successors of feet that once, mad with unearthly joy, sped through dark streets to tell men, grief-bowed in black Jerusalem, of a golden morning.

The sweet Easter music rings at intervals through the few hours of sleep left. It does not seem long until we hear Miss Bertha stirring about, and presently we are on our way downstairs. The windows are still coal-black squares, and it is by electric light that we eat our delicious "sugar cake" and drink our fragrant coffee. The table

(Continued on Page 156)



THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF SALEM ACADEMY ARE HIDDEN BEHIND THE BUILDINGS THAT FLANK THE SQUARE



"DEAR MA
FLETCHER
HE SAID
"DO YOU
KNOW
OBJECT
TENSELY
BEING
GARDED
A FOSSIL
YOU?"

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

Mary Fletcher, a distinguished author, back from war work in France, prepares to take up her writing again. The opinions of her close friends, Mark Fenn, professor in the small college town where Mary has lived, and John Kirkwood, editor of a popular magazine, are that Mary has not yet produced the big things she is capable of writing. Kirkwood wants Mary to stay in New York, where he feels she can do her best. Mary decides, however, to go back to live with her aunt in the little college town. Mark Fenn, seeing her the first evening after her return, fails to mention her last story and Mary knows he cannot praise it. Mary determines to do that "big thing," but the task appears discouraging. Then comes a letter from Kirkwood. He wants to come to see her.

IV (Continued)



MARY FLETCHER ended her reading of John Kirkwood's letter, she pulled out fountain pen and writing tablet and, sitting upon a log in the depths of her wood, replied to it even before she ate a bite of her lunch:

Dear John Kirkwood: I'm sorry not to share this particular portion of the countryside with you—or anybody—at this time. But June can be found anywhere, you know; and in other places you wouldn't be disturbing my train of thought. To be frank, I'm just getting at my work, and if you—or anybody—should come, it would most certainly distract my mind. I hate to seem ungracious, but —

In this vein she finished the letter. Six hours later, arriving at the house, she found a telegram awaiting her:

Unexpectedly summoned your way. Having received no prohibition in reply to letter, am venturing to call this evening. Hope for clemency. KIRKWOOD.

Mary ran up to her room. She had not mailed the letter she had written, and this eighth futile day of seeking had somehow weakened her resolution. It was impossible not to remember how often Kirkwood's presence had quickened the workings of her mind. Yet the actual news of his coming made her angry with him, that he had not waited for permission.

Down upon the porch, by and by, she awaited him, sitting on the step talking with Aunt Sara. When he came up the

Foursquare

By
GRACE S. RICHMOND

Illustrations by
John Alonzo Williams

walk she rose, and with one hand still in the pocket of her coat, gave the other to Mr. John Kirkwood. Her welcoming smile, through the May twilight, was carefully tempered by an edge of displeasure.

"Shall I go away again?" he inquired. "I'd have waited for an answer to my wire if there'd been time."

"Are you sure of that?"

"You distrust me. I can show evidence that I really had to see personally a most difficult and evasive author, within fifty miles. You couldn't expect me to let slip a chance like that, could you?"

When Miss Graham had left them after a decent interval, he and Mary came to grips with the situation.

"You have a most useful imagination," Mary said, her chin in her cupped hands, her elbows on her knees. "Doesn't that imagination help you to understand that you break the spell? Here I've been spending two months trying to get away from all suggestion of the old high-tension conditions, and you bring it all back. It's as if I were sitting on a quiet bank in the woods and a brass band went by."

"Great guns! If that's the effect of me must do something to tone myself down. What have I said, since I came, that has been of brass-band order?"

"Nothing. And yet you inevitably recall me the Big Town and all the world I know well and want to get away from."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'd no idea it was bad as that. Why didn't you try a conversation? The walls are thicker, and I should have had permission from the Mother Superior."

She made an impatient movement. "Oh, do you understand?" she urged, a distinct note upon her low voice. "Something queer has happened to me. It happened before I came away or I shouldn't have come. I don't know who is myself. All I know is that I had to get away. I may not be able to do anything here, but at least —"

There was a silence of a full minute. Then Kirkwood spoke very quietly: "At least I understand myself forbidden to talk about your work. Only let me say that if the time comes when you're tired of fighting through alone, you'll let a fellow combatant direct a straight forward blow or two at your imaginary antagonist."

Now, if you can bear it to hear me talk at all, I'd like to tell you a tale or two of some experiences a friend of mine had or if you're too tired to see me at all to-night I'll call again in the morning."

MARY rose promptly. "I think that would be best," she agreed. "I admit I'm frightfully tired to-night and you would come in the morning instead —"

"Of course," Kirkwood shook hands in an entirely friendly manner. "Morning puts a brighter light on all troubles—and all moods."

Mary watched the tall figure stride away down the garden path, uncomfortably aware that she had been inexcusably ungracious, yet relieved at her present release.

Next morning, however, she woke to find herself looking forward to the editor's return with actual eagerness. She came downstairs early and found at her plate a note, written upon the stationery of the college inn:

On second thought I have decided not to bother you with a morning call, since I should be breaking in upon your best working hours.

I need hardly say that I am disappointed, but of course that doesn't count with me at all against your fitness for work. I promise not to come again until you summon me, if I find myself able to keep such promise in spite of my honest conviction that I could help. But I understand that I can't make a nuisance of myself at the present stage of your experience without prejudicing you hopelessly against ever calling upon me. Therefore, in perfectly good temper—in spite of the aforementioned keen regret—I take myself off, only asking you the recognition that here is one whose imagination does not let him clearly in your place, or he would most certainly not be writing this note instead of walking up the hill to find you at the top.

Well! She had what she wanted. She was free again to go off upon the ninth day of her quest for that elusive vision of which she had talked so gayly to Miss Graham. Nine days! What were nine days? Well might she look nine months for the thing she sought, if so be in the end she found it. But the trouble was that this inability to see some sort of light, though it were only a rush light, was new in Mary's experience. Always before had her active brain leaped at its task, eager to be used, ready to present to her any number of ideas for consideration, her part only to pick and choose. But now—now that rain seemed dumb, dumb, worthless. And he had refused to be very stimulus which so often before had set it pinning!

BUT she returned doggedly to her effort. She had not known before how persistent he could be in the face of discouragement; indeed, she had hardly known discouragement before. She knew now, and with each succeeding day her sense of something having "happened" to her, she knew not that, became more real.

On a June evening, idling up the path to the house, Mary heard the notes of a violoncello, coming from no great distance. She paused, listening eagerly; the strains proceeded from the open window of Mark Fenn's study. She crossed the lawn, passed through the opening in the hedge and, walking up to the window, stood well below it. The now, careful eyes were sure, the air being played an strain from a composer.

HAVING stood there for full minutes, listening to this air which seemed to press a feeling unlike her at the hour, Mary stole to the front door, opened without knocking, and came to a stand at the door of the study. Then she saw Mark Fenn, coat drawing the across the legs of the instrument held between his knees, thick locks streaming back from forehead, his intent upon the set of music perched precariously against a

chair back. The desk light was canted to throw its rays upon the score, the doorway was thus left in shadow, and the performer had no knowledge of his audience until, finishing the page, he leaned forward to turn it over and a voice spoke.

"Why not come across the lawn and let me play the accompaniment to that? It's a great theme, isn't it?"

Mark looked up in astonishment. It was for the moment the Mary Fletcher he used to know, who smiled at him from the doorway, not the amazingly difficult young woman with whom he had not been able to get on of late. He smiled back, it was so good to see her like this.

"All right; must I put on my coat? It's hot to-night."

"Please don't. How do you come to be playing the cello to-night? I haven't heard a note of it since I came, and thought you didn't care for it any more."

"I still care, but haven't time to keep up practice. Once in a while I get it out—and wonder why I don't do it oftener."

They crossed the lawn together. Mary lighted the drawing-room and looked over the musical scores Mark had brought. In ten minutes the two were off playing away together and

producing an effect by no means unworthy. At the end of the Handel "Largo," Mark lifted his bow with an air of satisfaction.

"That went fairly well for a first attempt," he said. "About the tenth time we played it together we might get something into it the composer meant to put there."

"Good gracious!" Mary cried. "I thought we got something into it this time! Art is long, from your point of view."

"Let's try it again, if you don't mind. We played it rather over-sentimentally, I think. Don't slow me up there and there, please"—he indicated the places by a tap of his bow. "I can't march ahead, with you hanging on to your chords."

"The professorial attitude!" murmured Mary saucily.

"What if I take charge and insist that it ought to be played with a proper observance of sentiment? Not that I intend to; you're quite right."

THEY tried it again, and this time Mary let the cello indicate its own reading of the stately measures, with a result decidedly more satisfying, even to her own ear. Then Mark

selected another composition, and Mary a third, and presently the pair were so deep in the interest of the new association that neither noticed how late the hour was. Miss Graham, in another room, had heard, had come softly to the door and had stolen quickly away again, rejoicing, but afraid to break the spell.

"Oh, that was simply splendid!" Mary declared, breathless with the rapid reading of a difficult score, as the music ended on one after another of great final chords which had deeply satisfied something within her. "Somehow that blows off a tremendous amount of steam that was threatening to explode and wreck something. Don't you ever feel that way? I suppose not," she added, regarding searchingly the face before her. "And yet"—as an expression new to her observation crossed that face—"I almost think you do—a little."

MARK FENN looked back at her steadily for an instant. Then he laid down instrument and bow, rose to his feet, leaned against a corner of the piano and folded his arms.

"My dear Mary Fletcher," he said, "I think I shall have to make a statement or two to you. I dislike to be personal and call your attention to myself, but there seems no other way. Do you know I object intensely to being regarded as a fossil by you—or by any other human being for that matter? Just what I've said or



"REMEMBER," HE BADE HER, "HOW YOU HAVE STRUGGLED AND WORKED IN VAIN UP THERE IN THE COUNTRY. THE ATMOSPHERE THERE ISN'T THE ATMOSPHERE YOU NEED"

(Continued on Page 105)

VI



YOU have to be a doctor's wife or his office nurse before you realize how people want to tell you what's the matter with them. It was all right for Neal to say that it was unethical for a doctor to tell his wife about his patients; he didn't have to tell me. They did it for him. And if you think living in the midst of so much illness is depressing, you're mistaken; it's stimulating, because it doesn't stay with you.

These people just come and open a window for you to look out of, and they go away again, leaving you to your excellent health. Most people haven't enough different windows that they can open! A baby with a face like paper and little claws for hands, starving because the right food can't be found for it, who gets rosy almost under your fingers, is far more exciting than a debutante assembly or the first night of a play. I got so interested in the first gain in weight of Neal's first baby case that, when his books came, I read up on baby food all that afternoon.

THAT was a funny afternoon. I had thought and thought about the way Neal cleaned up after our picnic supper, and I had begun a desperate effort to pick up after myself. It was after Neal's office hours, when I was alone in the house, that I began to scrub the tile floors of the two bathrooms. My skirts got so in the way that I took them off, and I was dressed in crêpe de Chine, held over my shoulders and around my waist by satin ribbons, when Susy Landis and Sally McIntyre and Marian Belows came. I saw them out the upstairs window and called to them to come in and I'd be downstairs soon. But not Sally and Marian. I suppose their bet about my house wasn't settled yet, for they came right on up. Susy sat on the stairs, because she was tired and didn't want to climb them; it made her short of breath.

"You oughtn't to have made her climb that hill, Marian," said Sally. "You stay where you are, Susy. You look all white and fagged." And then Sally broke into the rippling laughter with which she accompanies her choicest criticisms. "Well, I wish you would look at the bride scrubbing in pink crêpe and satin ribbons."

I WAS tired of Sally McIntyre walking up my stairs. If ever a girl ought to be kept out of the intimacy of one's upstairs it was Sally.

"Well, what do you want me to do," I snapped, "take off my underwear when I scrub?"

The two girls looked puzzled. "Well, hardly," drawled Sally, "but why scrub in such finery?"

I looked down at it carelessly. "Where do you get your finery stuff? It's just underwear. I don't see why I should change it to keep my bathroom clean."

"She's a bride, Sally; you keep forgetting it," said Marian. "She's got to wear her trousseau out."

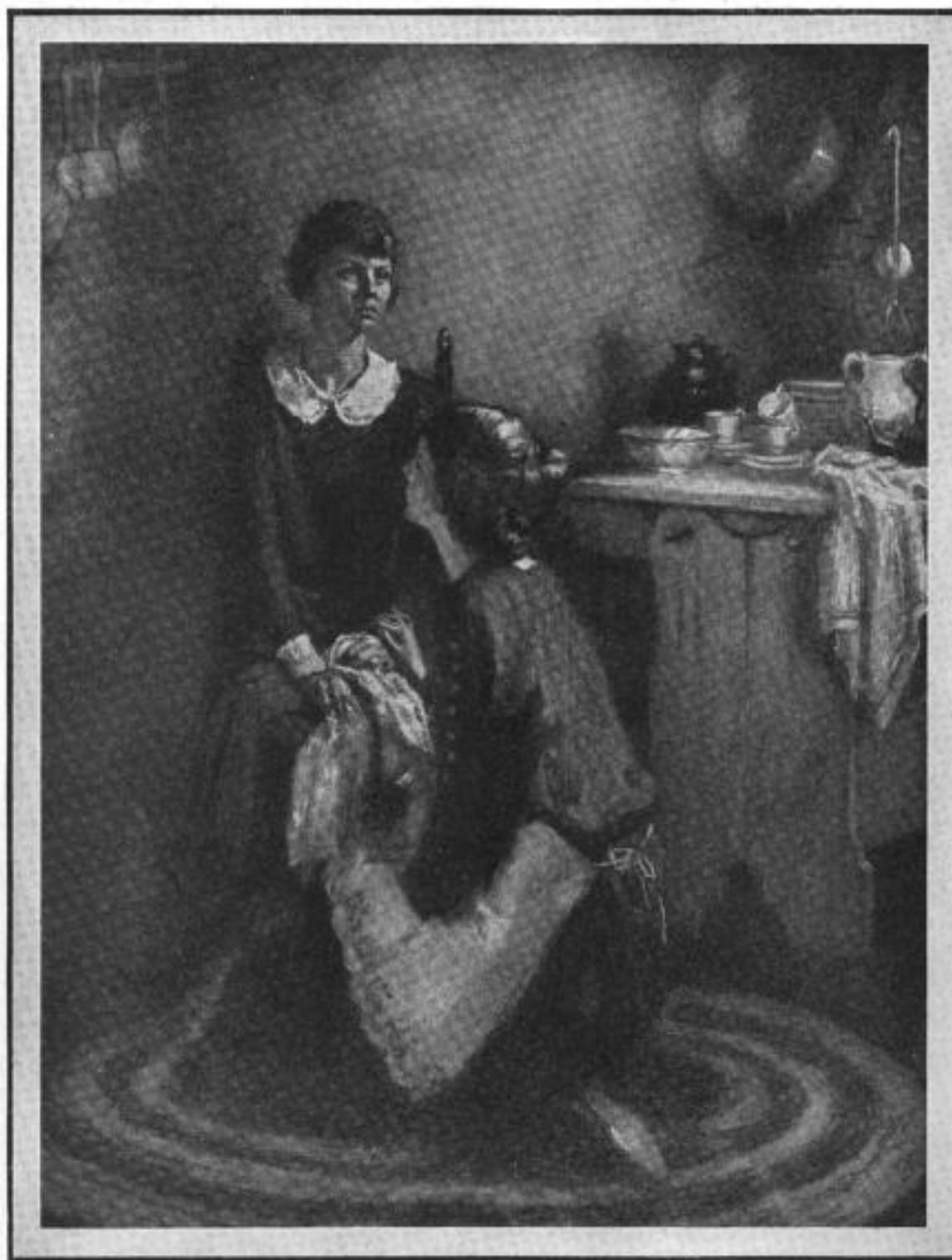
"You're wrong again," I said. "Neal and I got married so much sooner than we planned that I didn't have time for a trousseau. I had to bring the clothes I had, and these are they."

The girls looked at my garments and at each other. "All monogrammed and hand scalloped," said Marian. "I told you, Sally, that was what Mrs. Smithers said; and not an apron in the lot!"

Mrs. Smithers was the "perfect lady" who did our washing.

"Indeed!" I answered. "Why didn't you tell me these things interested you? I'd have shown them to you."

"Marian," called Susy from the stairway. "You're a billy goat!"



"SHE NEED NOT FEAR. HE WILL NOT—HE DOES NOT CHOOSE ME"

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

TO MARGARETTA TUTTLE

But I was too vexed to remember that I was a doctor's wife and might be alienating perfectly good patients. "As for aprons, I don't consider them sanitary. I wear paper aprons and burn them."

"Paper aprons!" It was a fact that I had been tying newspapers about my waist with a ribbon, but I didn't explain that. "Nobody wears cloth aprons now where I came from," I said. "We get them of white paper, trimmed if you like, in paper—paper such as you put on your shelves. And when they are soiled we burn them. I wish we could have paper dishes."

The girls were so silent I made up my mind my lack of aprons had been a topic of discussion elsewhere.

THEN Susy said something that made me ashamed: "I think that's a grand idea. Why don't we make paper aprons for the church bazaar? We could make some fancy ones—of that crêpe paper we had left over from the last bazaar—without its costing us a cent and we could sell them cheap. They'd go like hot cakes."

"Mrs. Gordon, show us one of your white paper aprons," said Sally.

Somebody rang the door bell at that moment, and I made a grab for my negligee, thanking fortune, while I looked out of the bathroom window, that the bell had rung.

"Oh, be careful," said Marian. "That window sill is wet. You'll ruin your pink satin robe."

I turned about. "Girls, that's one of the Fleming men downstairs. I can't go to the door. I'll talk to him from the downstairs hall window."

Susy grabbed me as I went down the steps. "Don't let him in, Mrs. Gordon. Those Flemings are the limit."

Illustrations by
Florence Gardiner

"We'll go down with you," said Marian, following close on my heels as I opened the hall window.

"I want the doctor," he said. "I'm sorry he isn't here just now. What do you want him for?"

"Well, I want him. Isn't this his hour for being here?"

"Yes, but he isn't here."

"Well, if I go back and say he isn't here in his office hours, they won't believe me. They'll say it's because I didn't want to come and that he was here. Will you let me in to see?"

"What would I say he wasn't here for if he was? You can come in and see if you want to."

I HEARD Susy gasp behind me: "Don't let him in." She had run down the stairs and was looking over my shoulder. "That's just an excuse."

"Oh, Susy, don't be silly," I said, and turned to the door. But Susy grabbed my hand and pulled me back. Then she slipped down to the floor.

"Susy's fainted," said Marian. "Sally, Susy's fainted."

"You can sit on the porch and wait for the doctor if you want to," I said to Jim Fleming. "We have a sick girl in here."

I ran for water and dashed it in Susy's face. It didn't do any good. She seemed to get whiter and whiter. Then her face took on a gray look. I got frightened. "I'm going to telephone for Neal."

Neal was in Sam Poyntz's office. Ever since his inquest into Mrs. Fleming's death, Sam Poyntz had been finding out things about Fleming, and Neal had been getting angrier and angrier about the case. It seemed a dreadfully long time before I got Neal on the telephone.

"NEAL, Susy Landis has fainted here at our house. Her face is gray; she—she looks dreadful."

"Leila, in the top drawer of the office desk is a leather box. In it is a hypodermic syringe all ready for use. You saw me give Anna a hypodermic at the hospital. Do you remember?"

"Yes, Neal."

"Think hard now and keep steady. There is a small bottle of tablets with the hypodermic. You have seen how I dissolve one in a spoonful of water and take it into the syringe. Fill it full; don't leave room for any air. Push the needle in on the upper side of the arm. Push the thing at the top halfway; hold it a moment; then draw out the needle. Have you got it?"

"Yes, Neal. Neal, Sally is here."

"I would rather trust it to you than to Sally. I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Leila," moaned Marian, "she looks as if she were dead. Shan't we lift her up on the couch?"

"No, let her stay."

I knelt beside her and I made some kind of prayer as I used that needle.

You would have, too, had you seen Susy and known yourself as inexperienced as I was.

Marian grabbed Sally's hand and watched. Presently she said: "Sally, see! That strange look is going; look! She's just white now; she's breathing better."

"Oh, Marian, keep still! Can't you do something else but talk?"

I knew what I thought both of them might do and do it silently, but I didn't know how to tell them.

It seemed centuries had passed when I heard Neal speaking outside: "I'll see you in a moment; don't keep me."

He flung open the door, and I handed him my hypodermic syringe. His fingers fell on Susy's pulse while he looked at the syringe and nodded. He put his head down on her heart. Then he looked up at me—a long, grave look. "You've saved her life, dear. Telephone for her mother. Tell her she'll have to stay here to-night. Sally, will you?"

he drug store and get an ice bag? Have we any ice, Neal?"

Not a bit, Neal."

Bring some ice then, Sally, will you? You have your here?"

VII

NEAL," I whispered the next night as I crept into my room too tired to undress, "how long have we got to Mrs. Landis here? I've had an awful day."

Neal was pretty tired himself. He had been out to Adam Fleming's to see Adam's sister Elsa. Fleming had sat doggy the night before and waited until Susy was in bed with ice bag on her heart and her mother beside her, and we were able to draw our breath. I positively wouldn't let Neal out to the Fleming place alone. I didn't see what they did of him there anyhow. He said they didn't want that it was Elsa Fleming who wanted him and who had tied on their getting him. I told him I'd go with him myself unless he got somebody else to go, and he finally had Poyntz go with him.

Neal was gone a long time, and when he came back he said nothing more than: "It's a whole family of man beaters."

When he went out to Adam Fleming's again next morning breakfast.

My troubles began with breakfast. It was one thing to get breakfast for Neal alone, but quite another to get breakfast for Mrs. Landis.

He didn't say anything, but even Neal got what she was king. I saw him look at me, and I wondered if he was trying my attempts at housekeeping through somebody's eyes for the first time or whether he was afraid my legs would be hurt.

You oughtn't to spoil this pretty dress with housework," Mrs. Landis as I prepared Susy's tray.

You Gordon City women," I answered, "have husbands leave you at eight o'clock and come home at five. But

mine is here all the time, and I like to be prettily dressed while around him."

Mrs. Landis, whom I had forgotten for the moment had no husband at all, drew her lips tight and said nothing, not even when I tied white shelf paper around my waist before I took Susy's tray up to her. I had myself begun to think well of my paper aprons.

Susy examined the shelf paper as well as she could on the flat of her back. I thought she looked pretty hollow-eyed and white.

Mrs. Landis had her family doctor in the afternoon. They called it a consultation. Neal had grown up with this Doctor Garland as a friend of the family, and they liked each other.

But you wouldn't have thought Mrs. Landis liked either of them by the way she talked.

"It's singular," I heard her say, "that you didn't discover this, Doctor Garland, in all the years that you've been attending Susy."

"I HAVE not seen Susy since her tonsillitis. You know I cautioned you against letting her get out too soon. She was pretty sick."

"You didn't tell me anything about heart trouble. I think you should have warned me."

"I did warn you, Mrs. Landis." You could see that he was angry. Yet when he spoke to me he was quite delightful. "Mrs. Gordon," he said, "it is a pleasure to come upon a woman who does her housework looking like a fresh lilac bud."

Mrs. Landis took no delight in fresh lilac buds, especially as I did two unpardonable things for luncheon: I let the chops burn, and I did not boil the coffee long enough. But I had had to answer the telephone and the door bell while I was cooking luncheon, and as I cook with a book before me, an interruption is a serious matter to me. Mrs. Landis couldn't eat luncheon, and Neal asked her quite gravely if

she would like to go home while he was keeping his office hours. He said he was afraid she was worrying about her affairs at home. And she went.

She returned with jellies and bread and dish towels; she had been frightfully worried over my using monogrammed towels for the dishes.

I HAD an easy dinner that night, with nothing that had to be shucked or taken out of the pod. So I had time and breath left to talk to Neal, and to Sam Poyntz and Mr. Symmes when they came in to see if they could help in what they called this new hazard.

"Oh, Leila's not done up," said Neal. "She's getting her second wind. She's off on a voyage of discovery to-night. She says there are lots more things you can feel than you can explain."

"Any doctor knows that," said Sam Poyntz.

Neal lighted his pipe. He hadn't been able to smoke while Mrs. Landis was around. "It's getting to be with a doctor a matter of sight and not of feeling or of touch. You take Garland or my father; in their time the sense of touch was a gift a doctor developed. If a man broke his arm, the old doctor knew where and how by his sense of touch. Now he doesn't even try his fingers, he uses an X-ray. And the 'movies' are reducing everything to sight."

Just then Mrs. Landis came to the door: "Doctor, will you come in to Susy a moment?"

Neal went inside, and I arose at once: "Excuse me, gentlemen; Mrs. Landis is in the habit of wanting something Neal never can find."

I followed Neal upstairs, but he had closed the door to Susy's room. So I sat in the front hall window waiting for him, if there should be anything he wanted me to get; and there Sam Poyntz's voice came up to me as distinctly as if I were by his side.

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NEAL WAS SITTING AT HIS DESK, HIS LEG PROPPED ON CUSHIONS. I TIPTOED IN AND CIRCLED HIS NECK WITH MY ARMS

Why Children Lie

By MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

Decorations by Clara L. Ernst



DO NOT CRUSH OR PUNISH A CHILD'S HONEST, UNSPOKEN OBSERVATION MERELY BECAUSE SOME ADULT'S VANITY MIGHT BE HURT BY A TRUE CRITICISM IT CONTAINS, LEST THE CHILD BE LED TO HYPOCRISY

"Can you tell me," the distressed mother asked, "why it seems to be so hard for Jane to tell the truth? I'm in despair about her; I simply cannot understand this terrible trait in her. I can see some reason for the big fibs she tells, but not for the little ones she is always telling." The mother went on to cite examples of her daughter's lies. The girl did seem an amazingly prolific liar, and the thinness and futility of most of her inventions made her seem indeed a mystery. But in the midst of this recital the telephone rang in the adjoining room, and mother called:

"Jane, will you please answer the telephone? If it's Mrs. X say that mother is not in."

The next moment the girl's voice was heard: "I'm sorry, Mrs. X, but mother is not in. . . . No, mother didn't leave word when she'd be back."

This telephone incident was instantly suggestive of an explanation of the mystery of the prevaricating Jane. Questions were put to the mother, which she readily answered, and presently all the mystery there was to Jane was no longer mysterious. The business of the telephone was a typical incident of the mother's relationship throughout her daily life. Here was a woman, charming, gracious, intensely well meaning, and yet her life was a fabric of petty untruths, which she was so accustomed to tell that she was not even aware of their character. And in the environment of these petty untruths Jane was growing up, getting her example, her inspiration.

"Why, I'd never thought of that!" exclaimed the mother as she realized this relation between cause and effect.

This mother represents a large class of women who go on telling social lies with never a thought of the influence of these untruths upon their children. The conventional standards of social politeness have so encroached upon their honest feelings that a social lie is uttered as a matter of course.

The Commonplace Untruths

IT IS a commonplace for such a woman to entertain friends at the house, outdoing herself in hospitality, urging them to come again, and the minute the friends are on the outside of the door to throw up her hands with: "At last they are gone; such bores!" It is a commonplace for her to accept a friend's telephoned invitation with seeming pleasure and the instant the receiver is hung up to exclaim: "Oh, how I hate to go there!" This woman flatters her friend's clothes and then just outside her hearing comments: "Hasn't she awful taste?" It is a commonplace to feign illness in order to escape an unpleasant duty. And the children hear all these untruths—and yet it is a mystery to these mothers why their Janes and Johns lie.

Here is one explanation—the supposedly harmless social lie—of why our children develop the deplored habit of telling untruths. For that we are to blame, but our guilt does not end there. If we parents will seek further, if we will closely examine all the facts of our relationship with our children and if we will be honest in acknowledging what we discover, we will admit that the great reason why children lie is that in various ways, usually unconscious of what we are doing, we parents stimulate them to lie. The child is essentially imitative in acquiring habits and knowledge, and therefore learns far more from our general behavior and our treatment of him than from our orders. The influence of our concrete example is tremendous; by comparison our well-intentioned commands are just vague words, without meaning and without effect. And then in addition to the harmful pattern we set for him to copy, we incite the growth of the evil habit in him by unconscious neglect, by unconscious injustice, by unconscious misunderstanding.

Is it unfair to place so great a blame upon ourselves? Let us look into the matter. If I do succeed in showing that the bulk of the blame for this failing of our children is our own I do it in the certain knowledge that all parents who read this

will make haste to correct in themselves whatever fault may be an influence for evil in their children's lives.

Consider the child's instinct for self-protection and self-defense, and what happens when that instinct is aroused by hasty or unjust action. The following incident, so ordinary that it might have happened in any home, concretely illustrates how we parents, following a blind sense of right and wrong, are responsible for sowing the lie seed in our children.

Six-year-old John, sensitive, powerful, with a definite will of his own, was attacked by his impulsive sister, four years his senior, who violently snatched a ball from John's hand while he was playing with it. Her only excuse was that she happened to want to play with that ball at that moment. John, incensed by her interference, was determined to get his ball back. He put up a fight and, being at a disadvantage because of inferior weight and height, naturally resorted to the only available weapons at his command—his nails. As his nails dug into her cheeks Jane shouted frantically for help. The mother came hurrying in upon the scene and, seeing the scratched face of the sister, without stopping to investigate the cause of the trouble she got hold of John and insisted that he at once tell sister how sorry he was.

"But, mother, I am not sorry," John wept.

Are Your Directions Clear?

BUT in the mother's opinion John's own feelings had no place in the matter; he had to say he was sorry, and for thirty minutes the mother relentlessly kept at John. She threatened to tell father about it when he came home; that unless he said he was sorry he could get no supper. John held out, but realizing his helplessness, hungry and weary and fearing his father, he yielded and with his lips only muttered, "I am sorry." At once the mother picked him up, kissed him, told him he was a good boy, that they were friends again, served him his supper with an extra bit of cake as a reward, little dreaming that in exacting this insincere expression of regret from John she had taught him to lie and had proved to him that lying has its own reward.

Another practice by which we stimulate children's lying is our failure to give our children directions that are simple, clear and reasonable. We bury our directions in too many words; we give them hurriedly, inaccurately; and too often our directions are based upon so little thought that they strike even the childish mind as unfair. And then if the child does not instantly respond to what must sound to him a mere confusion of words, we grow impatient with him, we repeat our directions, perhaps this time using a new combination of words. The result is that often the only definite impression the child receives from all our talk is that he must or must not do something or he will be punished. Then to our question of whether or not he has done as he was told, the child guides his reply by what he thinks we expect it to be; his one thought is to save himself from punishment, and he answers accordingly, without regard for truth.

The following bit of conversation on a beach one summer afternoon between a mother and her eleven-year-old daughter will illustrate this particular point:

"Betty, did you dive to-day?"

The sharpness of the mother's voice, the look in her eye, prompted a frightened, defensive "No" from the lips of the little girl. But her denial did not save her.

"Why, Betty, you did so!" spoke up a small boy who had been on the raft with the little girl and who had seen her dive.

"Betty, I am ashamed of you for disobeying me and then lying about it," exclaimed the mother. "Did I not tell you not to dive?"

"But you said that when I had a cold, and I'm all right now," Betty tried to explain. "I thought you meant while I had a cold."

"I meant you to understand you were never to dive. Haven't I told you it is bad for you, that you overdo and get tired and chilled and that is why you get colds?"

"But, mother, you told me I could take part in the girls' diving contest on the Fourth of July."

"That is a different matter," the mother replied. "I did not tell you to dive outside of that."

"But I have to practice for that contest, mother. It's only a week from now, and you know I won't have any chance unless I practice."

"Don't try to argue with me. For this disobedience lying to me you cannot be in the diving contest or any of the Fourth-of-July games," was the mother's final decision. "You've got to learn to stop lying."

Betty was heartbroken, but she had lied and her mother was determined that she had to be punished. Yet it was mother's confused, incomplete and illogical directions that were responsible for Betty's lying. And unless Betty is unlike the average child, the punishment meted out to her will have little curative value. She will feel the injustice both directions and punishment, and the effect is likely to stimulate her to be shrewder in her lying.

Our children's lies often spring from our not understanding their needs, and our seeking to govern them by arbitrary rules and reiterated "don't's." Donald was such a liar—a source of bewildered misery to his mother and father.

"Can you explain," his mother asked, "why Donald always gives me garbled accounts of everything that happens to him? He does not seem to be able to tell the truth. For instance," the mother continued, "the other day he came home from school with his clothes torn, his hands face black, all evidences of his having played ball; and my question why he had played ball when I had told him not to play, he absolutely denied his playing; he told me he was just watching other boys play, that he had fallen in a puddle of water. He did not know how his sweater was torn; he guessed a boy must have torn it; the hole in the stocking was a total surprise to him; he did not know it happened."

"Then again, Donald lies when there is no reason for lying. Instead of riding to and from school, Donald walks both ways and saves his nickels. One day he appeared with a new top. When I asked him where he got it, he deliberately told me a neighbor's boy had given it to him. The next time I saw the boy I thanked him for giving Donald the top, and the boy in childish fashion said, 'I did not give it to Donald; he bought it himself.' Donald is obstinate and strong-willed, and his father and I insist on his obedience. We usually succeed in the end, but it is a terrific struggle all the time. As for his lying, we do seem to be able to do anything to cure that."

Examination proved eight-year-old Donald to be physically powerful boy with splendid mentality, original and with a powerful will of his own, doubtless a combination of both his father's and mother's wills. His life was ruled by the arbitrary orders from his two exacting parents with thought of the child's nature and how it should be treated and all his activities were restricted by thoughtless "don't's."

How a Boy Liar Was Made Over

DONALD naturally rebelled against this crushing suppression of his powers. He was afire inside with irritability and resentment; inwardly he lived in a world of emotional chaos. His lying was the logical consequence of the treatment he received from his parents. He was in such confusion and bewilderment himself that many times he himself was not conscious that in his speech he merely reflected his inward confusion. Many times he lied without being conscious of it.

The treatment this boy required was the removal of senseless autocratic dominance which ruled his life. The recommendation for the mother was that for a while at least she should discipline herself and give the boy greater freedom for self-expression, and stop all meaningless "don't's." If for good reason it were necessary to deprive Donald of certain opportunities for activity, others equally interesting should be substituted to give him outlet for his powers.

The mother at once saw her error and was frank enough to admit her mistreatment of her boy. She realized her needs, and in a persistent and content way went to work to meet them. To provide sufficient opportunities for his body and mind, the mother provided him with materials to work with. Donald had always wanted to do things with his hands, but his father would not let him mess up the house. Donald has a chest of tools of his own and a table was arranged for him in one corner of the father's garage and from it of wood, tin and wire all kinds of ingenious creations are invented by him. With the releasing of his own potential through constructive and satisfying channels, he has gained peace and self-confidence. He has nothing to hide and nobody to fear. It is the natural thing for him to tell the truth.



(Continued on Page 135)

Old Dog—New Tricks

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustration by Frank Stick

A MILDEWED maxim runs: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." In a sense it is true. In another it is not. To teach the average elderly dog to sit up and beg, or to roll over twice, or to do other of the asinine things with which humans stultify the natural good sense of their canine chums, is as hard as to teach a fifty-year-old bookkeeper to become a musical composer. No dog with a full set of brains is ever past learning new things which are actually needful for him to learn. And, sad to say, many an old dog on his own account picks up odd accomplishments, exploits which would never have occurred to him in his early prime. Nobody knows why. But it has happened numberless times. And so it was with Sunnybank Lad. Laddie had passed his twelfth birthday when, by some strange freak, he brought home one day a lace parasol he had found in the highroad on his way back to the Place after a late ramble in the forest. It was nothing new for the great dog to find missing articles belonging to the mistress or to the master. Every now and then he would lay at their feet a tobacco pouch or a handkerchief or a bunch of keys which had been carelessly dropped somewhere on the grounds and which Lad recognized by scent as belonging to one of the two humans loved. These bits of treasure-trove he delighted in finding and bringing. Yes, and—though those who had never seen him this were prone to doubt it—he was certain to lay the coveted object at the feet of whichever of the two had lost it. It never occurred to him to drop a filmy square of lace-cambric at the muddled feet of the master, or a smelly tobacco pouch at the mistress' little feet. There was nothing miraculous about this knowledge. To a high-bred dog every human of his acquaintance has a distinctive scent which cannot be mistaken. But the lace parasol was different. That presumably had fallen from some passing motorist, bound for Tuxedo or for the Berkshires. It did not come from the Place. Lad happened to see it lying there in the highway and he brought it forthwith to the house, carrying it daintily between his mighty jaws and laying it on the living-room floor in front of the astonished mistress. "Probably he laid it before her instead of before the master because she was the first of the two whom he happened to encounter," is doubtful if he realized that a parasol is purely feminine adjunct, although the mistress always declared he did.

HE picked up the gift and looked it over with real admiration. It was a flimsily beautiful and costly thing, with an ivory handle deftly carved and set with several stones and a deep fringe of lace of true Venetian point. "Why, Laddie!" she exclaimed in wonder-delight. "Where in the world did you find this? Look!" she went on as her husband came in from his study. "See what Laddie brought me." Now Laddie had lived on the Place for many more years than he could remember. He had spent the bulk of that time in dying the faces and the voices and the odds of these two people whom he worshiped. Moreover, he had an intelligence it is not given to most dogs, even to collies, and a queer psychic instinct to his brain that had guided his owners as much as it had delighted them. Teaching the mistress with classic head on one side and his deep-set eyes fixed on her eager face, he saw that his roadway gift had made her very happy. Also that her caressing hand on his head implied pride in what he had done. And, as ever, thrilled the dog to the very soul. "As long as motorists go round curves at forty miles an hour," decided the master, "so long are their set-up valuables likely to be jostled out of the tonneau. I found a satchel last week at the curve up there; I had that the week before." "Dear old Laddie!" cried the mistress, running her fingers through his silky ruff. "Good Laddie! Thank you ever so much. No dog but a very, very wonderful collie

named Lad could have had the perfect taste to pick out such a parasol. And now we're going to have a whole handful of animal crackers for reward."

The crooningly sweet voice, the petting, the gift of animal crackers of which he was childishly fond—all these delighted Lad beyond measure.

And they confirmed him in the belief that he had done something most laudable.

What he had done was to pick up a stray object away from home and bring it to the mistress. He knew that. And that was all he knew.

But having won high praise for the deed he resolved then and there to repeat it—which proves that old dogs can be taught new tricks, and which started all the trouble.

That afternoon the mistress and the master went for a five-mile ramble through the woods and over the mountains back of the Place. With them went old Laddie, who paced gravely between them. With them also went Bruce, the magnificent, dark sable collie of kingly look and demeanor, who was second only to Lad in human traits and second, truly, to no living animal in beauty. With them, too, raced Lad's little golden son, Wolf.

Of old, Lad had led such runs. Now advancing age and

increased weight had begun to make him chary of throwing away his fading energies. Wherefore he walked between his two deities and let the younger dogs do the galloping and rabbit chasing.

And he had his reward. For, as they crossed the highroad on the way home, Wolf and Bruce chanced to have loitered to explore a wood-chuck hole. Thus Lad was first to reach the road with the two humans. Suddenly he darted ahead of them and snatched up from the wayside the somewhat worn case of a thermos bottle which had been discarded there or had fallen from a car seat.

This he bore to the mistress, fairly vibrating with pride in his own exploit. And noting his joy in the deed, she made much of the shabby gift, praising and thanking Lad inordinately and forbearing to throw away the worn case until the collie was out of sight.

OF LATE as Laddie began to show signs of age, she and the master had taken to making more and more of him to atone for his growing feebleness and to anticipate the dark day which every dog owner must face—the day when his voice and his caress can no longer mean anything to the pet who once rejoiced so utterly in them.

All of which went to confirm Lad in the natural belief that anything found on the road and brought to the mistress would be looked on with joy and would earn him much gratitude. So, as might a human in like circumstances, he ceased to content himself with picking up such trifles as chanced to be lying in his path in the highway and fell to searching for flotsam and jetsam.

He began the hunt next morning. Pacing gravely along the center of the road, he headed toward the mile-distant village. By sheer luck such few automobiles as chanced along at that hour were driven by folk who had heart enough to slow down or to turn

aside for the majestically strolling old dog. To the end of his long life Lad could never be made to understand that he was not entitled to walk at will in the exact middle of the road. Perhaps his lofty assurance in taking such a course made motorists check speed to spare him.

This morning he had fared but a half mile when he saw a car drawn up at the edge of the road, beside a shaded bit of turf. Several people had just descended from it and were making preparations for an early picnic lunch. One of them had finished depositing a basket on the ground, at the side of the car farthest from the strip of sward where the others were spreading a sea rug and setting an impromptu table.

The man put the basket down in the road. Then he dived back into the nether regions of the machine for more provender. And he was engaged in this groping when Lad came in view around a bend.

The big collie saw the basket standing there unprotected and, so far as he knew, ownerless. Gravely, without haste, he stepped forward, lifted the heavy receptacle by the

handle and turned about with it, still moving with dignified slowness. The table setters were busy and the car was between him and them.

BY THE time the other member of the party succeeded in finding the things he was seeking under the rear seat, Lad had rounded the bend and was out of sight. To this day none of the motorists has the remotest solution to the mystery of the vanished lunch.

Lad had not stolen the basket. He would have suffered himself to be cut in three before sinking to that or any other sneaking act. He had found a basket standing alone in the highroad several feet away from the nearest humans. He had no way of guessing it belonged to them. So far as he was concerned this was as much a lost article as had been the gorgeous parasol. He had been praised to the skies for bringing the parasol and the thermos case to the mistress. He had every reason to expect the same meed of praise for this new gift.

Fragrant as were its contents, it did not occur to him to nose the cover off and sample them. There was no tinge of snooping in his make-up.

"See what Laddie brought me this time!" cried the mistress, coming into her husband's study a few minutes later and holding forth the new gift. "It's full of food too; and of course he never touched a mouthful of it. But I gave him two of the frosted cakes by way of reward. He's ridiculously happy over them and over the fuss I made about the basket."

Lad was standing in the study doorway, eyes alight, tail waving. The master called him over and petted him, praising this newest accomplishment of his and prophesying untold wealth for the Place if the graft should but continue long enough.

(Continued on Page 197)



NEITHER COULD GUESS HOW THIS PARTICULAR DOG HAPPENED TO BE STEALING THE TWICE-STOLEN BABY, YET NEITHER HAD THE REMOTEST FEAR OF TACKLING THE BEAST

Human Nature in the Bible

David—Shepherd, Poet, Soldier, Statesman

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

DAVID was neither a saint nor a superman; he was an epitome of manhood. He was a representative of masculinity, and had the virtues and vices that often accompany virility. Physically, mentally, spiritually he may stand as the genius of his race. Leave David out of the Bible, there would be vast empty spaces. In his own person he represents the athlete, the shepherd, the poet, the musician, the mystic, the man of war, the father, the friend and the statesman. His deeds, his poems and his prayers are alike immortal. In spite of his gross sins he had a certain greatness of heart that drew the love of men and women who knew him, that still commands the affection of those who read the story of his life. As a shepherd lad he was the incarnation of the strength, beauty and grace of youth. King Saul commanded his servants to bring to the court a first-class musician.

Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him.

When Saul's incompetence became manifest, Samuel was forced by the divine voice to commit high treason, to anoint a new king while the throne was still occupied. It would seem that there was then a higher duty than obedience to the reigning power. Samuel called Jesse to a sacrifice, and passed his numerous sons in review. The first one, Eliab, was a superb creature, of such imposing face and figure that Samuel said to himself, This is the man. But the Voice whispered to him that the true value is not in outward appearance, but in the heart. It was a handsome family, the family of Jesse; and the proud father ordered his seven sons to stand in succession before the prophet. It is like a fairy story, where the obscure and neglected child turns out to be the favorite of fortune. Samuel was puzzled, and he asked Jesse if these were all the sons he had. It appeared that Jesse had not thought it worth while to bring the youngest, who was out keeping the sheep.

And he sent, and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to.

To the amazement of the brothers, who, however, seem to have behaved better than the brothers of Joseph, young David was anointed king in the presence of the family.

He Meets Goliath

DAVID had not wasted those long days in the pasture; he had become an accomplished musician, he had composed much poetry, and he had discovered his prodigious strength in killing a predatory lion and a bear with his own hands. Best of all, he had had many hours of quiet reflection and thought; in the solitude of nature, in communion with the hills, he had drawn close to God.

At the first interview Saul did not dream that the boy was to be his successor; he saw only a radiant youth, who had come to charm his sad mind with music. He loved him at first sight, kept him in his presence, and made him his armor-bearer.

David's first exploit was to destroy the Philistine heavyweight champion, Goliath. He was an enormous fellow. His height was six cubits and a span. Now we do not know exactly how long the Bible cubit is, but it is safe to call it about twenty inches; and the span was probably half a cubit, so that the gentleman from Gath was ten feet six, a tall man in any company. He was as strong as he was tall; for his breastplate weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and the tip of his spear weighed twenty pounds. Standing upright in shining armor, it is safe to say that he would have attracted attention anywhere.

He came out in front of his countrymen every day for forty days, and each time he challenged the children of Israel to produce a champion to contend with him, that they might have a fight to a finish.

Every morning and every evening he made his little speech until the Israelites found the repetition extremely tiresome,

but as no one seemed eager to accept Goliath's invitation, the situation continued without noticeable alteration.

David's three big brothers were in Saul's army; the boy had gone back to feed his father's sheep. Jesse sent him to the camp with food from the farm for his brothers, a fine present for their captain, and bade him return with news of the family. As David drew near to the trench he saw the host moving out in battle array, and their singing and shouting fired his young blood. Then, to his surprise, the big Philistine stepped out, made his customary remarks,

and the Israelites fled from his presence. David shot questions right and left, and soon learned all there was to know; also of the glorious reward that would be given to anyone who could eliminate the giant. His oldest brother, Eliab, heard him talking, and was disgusted.

"This is no place for a boy; what do you mean by leaving your sheep? I know what's the matter with you; you have sneaked off from home and your work, to see the battle; now get back as fast as you can."

But this big-brother sneer made little impression on David, for he was full of a great plan. He talked so volubly that Saul sent for him; and the king must have laughed outright when David told him that he would fight the Philistine. But his boyish eloquence so moved the monarch that he gave him permission.

Goliath looked more like a fighting machine than a human being; but as we know to-day that a fifty-thousand-ton battleship can be destroyed by one torpedo, so David knew that if he could hit Goliath in an unprotected place with his sling shot, it would be all over with the big champion. He had had plenty of time to practice, and had become as skillful as many an American boy to-day; and he went forth with his small but dangerously offensive weapon. As for his defensive armor, that was in his feet; he took off Saul's cumbrous suit of mail, for if he did not succeed in hitting the Philistine he did not want anything to interfere with his speed in running away. He knew that Goliath was not dressed for sprinting.

The Cost of Popularity

THE disgust of the giant when he saw the fair-faced boy advancing found expression in words; but David was also a good talker, and after a slanging match he took careful aim and hit him in the face with the first shot, so that Goliath was knocked out. Before he could recover consciousness David was upon him and killed him with his own sword.

It must be granted that in his exploit David exhibited more skill than courage; but when you are in opposition to superior strength you must use your wits, like Jack-the-Giant-Killer.

The dismay of the Philistines was equalled only by the joy of the Israelites; and from that moment until his death David was a popular hero. Saul gave him a high command in the army and might have continued to love him if the women had not gone out to meet David with singing and dancing, and an odious comparison. "And Saul eyed David from that day forward." The very next day Saul had one of his attacks of melancholia and as David was playing music in his presence Saul hurled a javelin at him; but he was not so good a shot as the young man, for he missed him twice.

Like many another, David found his popularity embarrassing, for he knew that the king would never forgive him; he behaved with modesty and tact, and the splendid loyalty that he had perhaps inherited from his great-grandmother made him true to Saul to the end, but it was all in vain. The more modestly he behaved, the more the people loved him, and the more violent and uncontrollable became the royal jealousy.

For a time David lived at court; and there began that noble and beautiful friendship between Jonathan and David that has added to the beauty of the Bible and to the glory of human nature. Few things can exceed in duration true friendship between man and man; as it has no physical foundation it does not easily decay. It is interesting to remember that David's friendship with the king's son lasted forever; whereas his love for the king's daughter, whom he took in marriage, burned out and became extinct. Princess Michal loved David dearly, her maids told Saul about it, and he was pleased; for he saw a way of destroying him. He told his servants to let David know that he was to become the king's son-in-law; David, of course, made a modest disclaimer, saying that he could provide no worthy marriage settlement. Then, inspired by Saul, they told him that if he would kill a hundred Philistines the deed

(Continued on Page 51)



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARTSCOCK, FROM THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

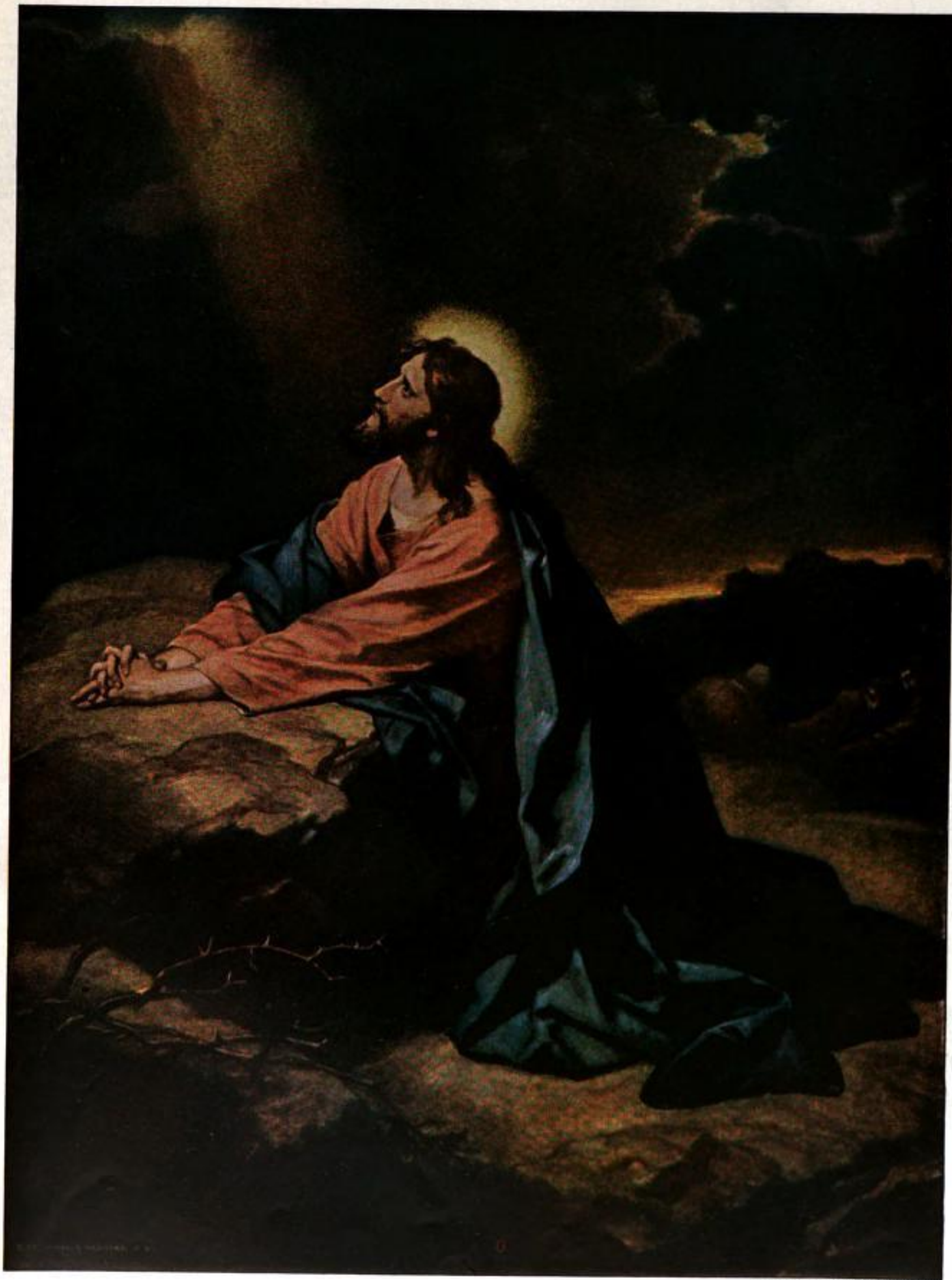
THE Bible is the book of all books I love," said Helen Keller, the world's most famous deaf and blind woman, recently. "I should like to have my picture taken with my Bible." But Miss Keller's Bible is not like yours, for she sees not with eyes but with her sensitive finger tips, and the volume of St. John's Gospel with which her photograph was taken for the American Bible Society was printed from American Braille type, a system of raised dots that indicate letters.

"What is your favorite chapter, Miss Keller?" she was asked.

Miss Keller joyously turned to the ninth chapter—the story of the opening of the eyes of a man born blind. Swiftly her fingers traced the raised dots until she reached her favorite fourth verse: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

Then she turned to the first chapter and read aloud the fourth and the ninth verses: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

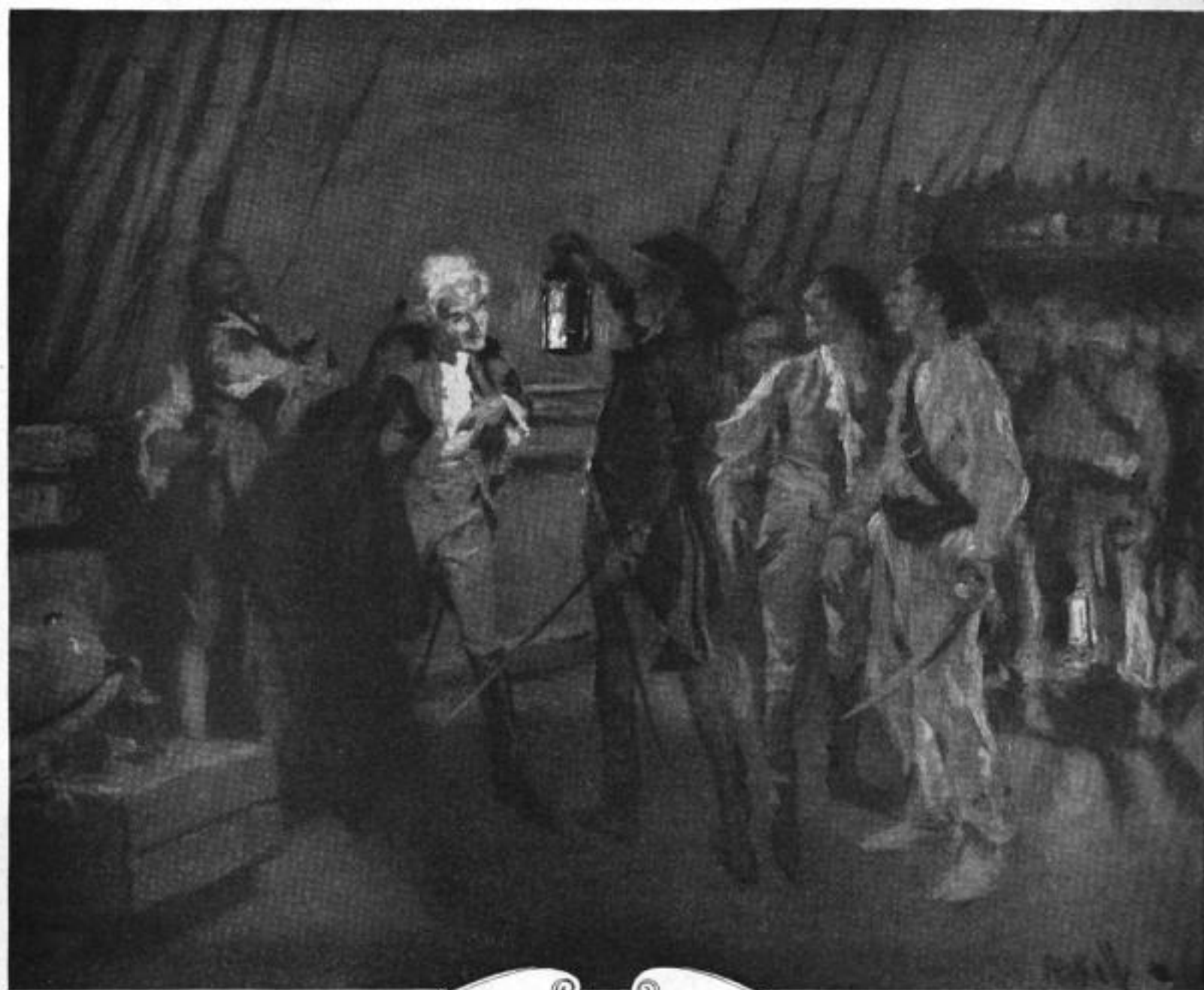
When one of the Army and Navy Testaments was given to her by the society's representative, with a word concerning Bible distribution throughout the war, Miss Keller said: "I am so glad that the Bible is being distributed everywhere. When Christianity is spread throughout the world then brotherhood will come to the nations. I am so glad to do this for the Bible."



"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE"—*Luke xxii, 42*

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Gethsemane: By Heinrich Johann Hofmann



"IT IS HARD
AFTER
M U C
TROUBLE
BUT YOU
ARE M
PRISONER
CAPTAIN
SHELTON

BRIEFLY

The Unspeakable Gentleman is a story of the time of the Napoleonic debacle. An American adventurer, Captain George Shelton, escapes from France, taking with him a document which is much wanted by the French Government. With him also is the daughter of one of France's prominent families. Arriving in Massachusetts Captain Shelton is visited by his son, who tells the story and who has been brought up to believe that his father is everything that is adventurously unsavory. Captain Shelton's brother-in-law calls and demands the much-wanted paper, threatening to deliver the Captain to the French authorities. Captain Shelton offers to sell the paper, but after receiving payment refuses to give it up. The son tries to get the paper and engages in a sword duel with his father in which Captain Shelton shows that he could easily have killed the young man. After a time the son concludes that the young French woman is in love with his father, and is jealous.

VII

WAS it possible that I cared? I asked myself as I sat before the fire watching my father and mademoiselle. There she was leaning toward him, the flames from the fire dancing softly before her face, giving her dark hair a hundred new lights and shadows. Her lips were parted and in her eyes was silent entreaty. I felt a sudden, unaccountable impulse to snatch up the volume of Rabelais, to face my father again, weapon or no weapon, to show her—

"Come, captain," said mademoiselle gently, "must you continue acting from pique, when the thing has been over for more years than you care to remember? Must you keep on now, because of a whim, to make your life and the lives of others miserable? Will you threaten fifty men with death and ruin because you once were called a thief? It is folly, sir, and you know it; utter, useless folly. Pray do not stare at me. It was easy enough to piece your story together. I guessed it long ago. I have listened too often to you and the marquis. Come, captain, give me back the paper."

With his old half smile my father turned to her and nodded in pleasant acknowledgment.

"Mademoiselle," he observed evenly, "I have gone farther through the world than most men, though to less purpose, and I have met many people, but none of them with an intuition like yours."

He paused to refill his glass. "You are right, mademoiselle. My wife called me a rogue and a scoundrel—mind you, I am

The Unspeakable Gentleman

By

J. P. MARQUAND

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

not saying she was mistaken—but my temper was hotter then than it is now. I have done my best to convince her she was not in error. And now, mademoiselle, it has become a habit with me, a habit even you cannot break. No, mademoiselle, I have the paper, and I intend to dispose of it as I see fit. Your mother, my son, need have had no cause for regret. She was right in everything she said. Brutus, tell Mr. Aiken I am ready to see him."

He must have been in the hall outside, for he entered the morning room almost as soon as my father had spoken,

Mr. Aiken, selected a chair by the fire, the with a comfortable sigh, he drew out his pipe and lighted it on an ember. "Yes, she'll be blowing before morning."

"You don't mean," inquired my father with glance out of the window, "that I can't launch small boat from the beach?"

"You could, captain, if you'd a mind to," said Ned Aiken, tamping down his tobacco, "but there lots who couldn't."

"Then I shall," said my father languidly. "Brutus and I will board the Sea Tern at eight o'clock tonight. You will stand off outside and put on your running lights."

"Yes," said Mr. Aiken, "it's time we was going. You mean they are taking steps?"

"A frigate's due in at midnight," said Mr. Aiken. "A frigate! Think of that!" said my father. "I last we seem to be making our mark on the world."

"We've never done the beat of this," said Mr. Aiken.

"And everything is quiet outside?"

"All right so far," said Mr. Aiken.

"How many men are watching the house?"

"There's four, sir," he answered.

"Ah," said my father, "and Mr. Lawton stops at the tavern?"

"Hasn't showed his head all morning," answered Mr. Aiken.

"And Mr. Jason Hill—he has been to call. No. Have you seen him since?"

"He's been walking out in the road, sir, all evening," replied Mr. Aiken. "And a schooner of his anchored upstream. And if you'll pardon the liberty, I bet that for Jason Hill, and he snapped his fingers."

"It may please you to know," said my father, "that quite agree with you. I am afraid," he went on, "that Jason does not take me seriously. I fear he will find he is wrong Brutus!"

Brutus, apparently anticipating something pleasant moved toward my father's chair.

"My pistols, Brutus. And it is growing dark. You best draw the shutters and bring in the candles. We're sitting very close to the wind this evening. Listen to me fully, Brutus: You will have the cutter by the bar at eight o'clock and in five minutes you will bring out my horse."

"What's the horse for?" asked Mr. Aiken.

My father settled himself back more comfortably in chair before he answered. A few drops had spilled on

ogany. He touched them and held up his fingers and ed thoughtfully at the stain. "Because I propose to through them," he said. "I propose showing our friends I don't care a hang for the whole pack."

Gad!" murmured Mr. Aiken. "I might of known it. here I was thinking you'd be quiet and sensible. Are still going on with that blasted paper?"

he red stain seemed to please my father. He dipped his rs in again and drew them slowly across the back of his hand. "Precisely," he said. "I propose to deliver it ight before I sail. I leave it at Hixon's farm."

He's dead," said Mr. Aiken.

Exactly," said my father. "Only his shade will help me, ups it will be enough; who knows?"

There'll be half a dozen after you before you get through gate," said Mr. Aiken dubiously. "You can lay to it ton will be there before you make a turn."

That is why I say we're sailing very close to the wind."

"OOD gad, sir, burn it up," said Mr. Aiken plaintively.

I "What's it been doing but causing trouble ever since e got it? Running gear carried away—man wounded splinters—gad, sir, they're afraid to sleep to-night for you'll blow 'em out of bed. What's the use of it all? And here you go, risking getting a piece of lead thrown in all because of a few names scrawled on a piece of paper."

not forget it and burn it up? And then it's over just eat as neat, and then we're aboard and after the pearls n. Why, what must the boy be thinking of all this? must be thinking he's got a rascal for a father; he —"

That will do," said my father coldly, and he rose slowly his chair and stood squarely in front of me. "Tie that up, Brutus," he commanded. "It is a compliment, my

My opinion of you is steadily rising. Tie him up, us. You will find a rope on the chimney piece."

e stood close to me, evidently pleased at the convulsive r which had gripped me. Brutus was still fumbling on mantelpiece. Ned Aiken's pipe had dropped from his th. It was mademoiselle who was the first to intervene.

Are you out of your senses?" she demanded, seizing him he arm. "It is too much, captain. Think what you are g and send the black man off."

"I have been thinking the matter over for some time," replied my father tranquilly, "and I have determined to do the thing thoroughly. If he cannot like me it is better for him to hate me, and may save trouble. Tie him up, Brutus."

"Bear away!" cried Mr. Aiken. "Mind yourself, sir."

His warning, however, was late in coming. I had sprung at my father before the sentence was finished. It was almost the only time I knew him to miscalculate. He must have been taken unaware, for he stepped backward too quickly and collided with the chair he had quitted. It shook his balance for the moment, so that he thrust a hand behind him to recover himself, and in the same instant I had the volume of Rabelais. I leaped for the open doorway, but Ned Aiken was there to intercept me. Brutus was up behind me with his great hands clamping down on my shoulders. I turned and hurled the volume in the fireplace.

My father caught it out almost before it landed. With all the deliberation of a connoisseur examining an old and rare edition, he turned the pages with his slim fingers. There, as he had said, was the paper, with the same red seals that I had admired the previous evening. He placed it slowly in his inside pocket, and tossed the book on the floor.

"Now here's a pretty kettle of fish," said Mr. Aiken.

My father was watching me thoughtfully. "Take your hands off him, Brutus," he said, "and bring out the horse."

For a second longer we stood motionless, each watching the other. Then my father crossed to the long table near which I was standing, picked up the pistols that Brutus had left there and slipped them into his capacious side pockets.

"You disappoint me, Henry," he remarked. "You should have used those pistols."

"I had thought of them," I answered.

"I am glad of that," he said. "It is a relief to know you did not overlook them. You were right, mademoiselle. I should have known better than to treat him so. We have ceased to play the game, my son. It only remains to take my leave. I shall not trouble you again."

He was standing close beside me. Was it possible his eyes were a little wistful and his voice a trifle sad?

"I thought I should be glad to leave you," he said, "and somehow I am sorry. Odd that we can never properly gauge our emotions. I feel that you will be a very blithe and

active gentleman in time, and there are not so many left in these drab days. Ah, well —"

His sword was lying on the table. He drew it and tucked the naked blade under his arm. In spite of the two candles which Brutus had left, the shadows had closed about us so that his figure alone remained distinct in the yellow light, slender and carelessly elegant. "It is growing dark, Mr. Aiken, and our position is not without its drawbacks. Call in the men from outside and take them aboard and give them a measure to drink. No one will disturb me before I leave, I think. You had better weigh at once, and never mind your running lights till it is time for them."

"So you're going to do it," said Mr. Aiken. "I might have known you wouldn't listen to reason."

"You should have sailed with me long enough," said my father, "to know I never do."

"And you not even dressed for it," added Mr. Aiken. "You might be going to a party, so you might."

"I think," replied my father, "the evening will be more interesting than a purely social affair. Keep the Sea Tern well off, and we shall meet only too soon again."

THE house door closed behind Mr. Aiken, and Brutus glided into the room.

"Mademoiselle," said my father bowing, "I am sorry that we must part. If you had as few pleasant things as I to remember, you also might understand how poignantly I regret it, even though I know it is for the best. It is time you were leaving such low company."

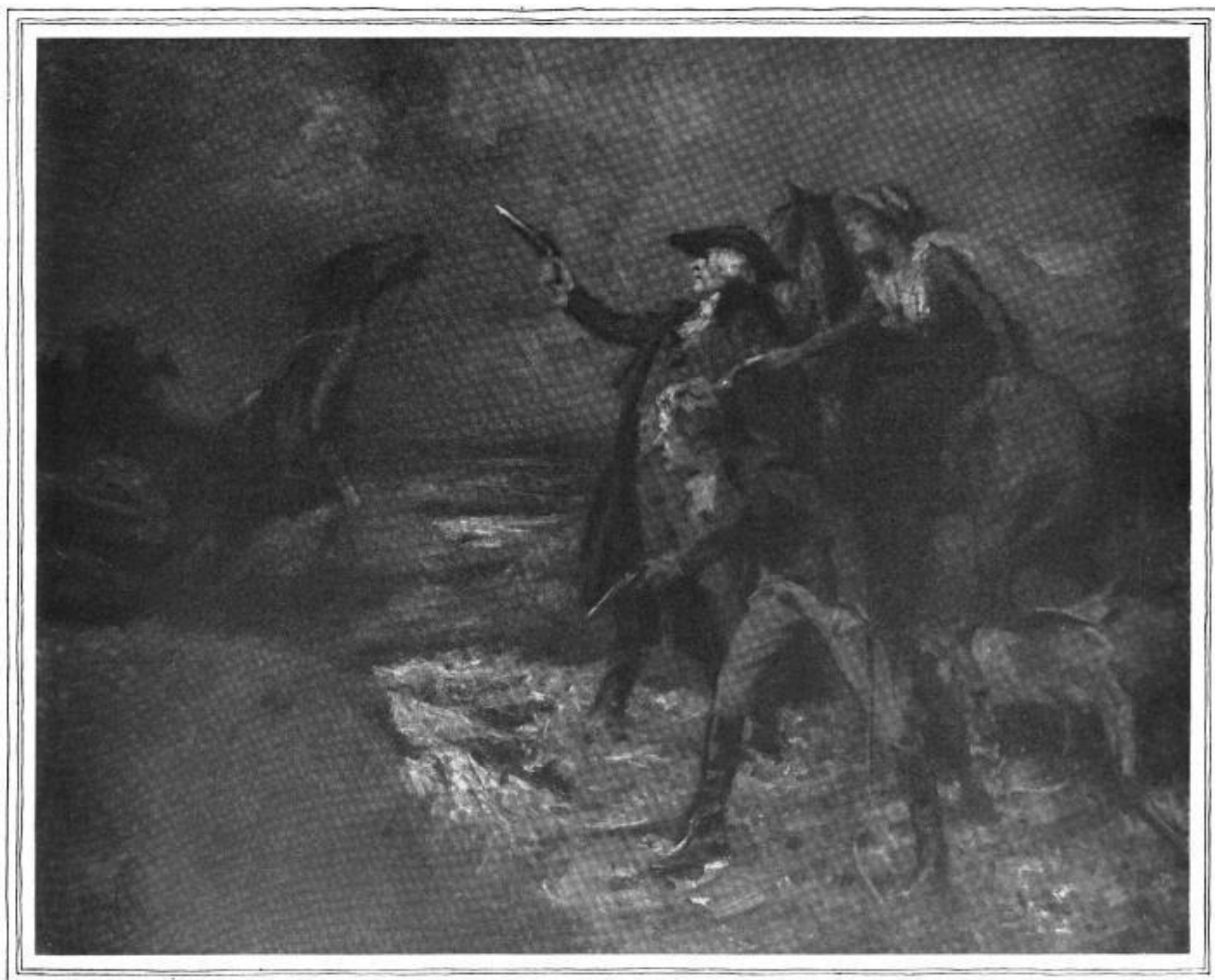
"I have found it pleasant sometimes," she replied a little wistfully. "It takes very little to please me, captain."

"Sometimes," he replied, smiling, "anything is pleasant, but only sometimes. Your brother has been notified, mademoiselle. You should hear from him in a little while now, when this hurry and bustle are over, and when you see him give him my regards and my regrets. And, mademoiselle —"

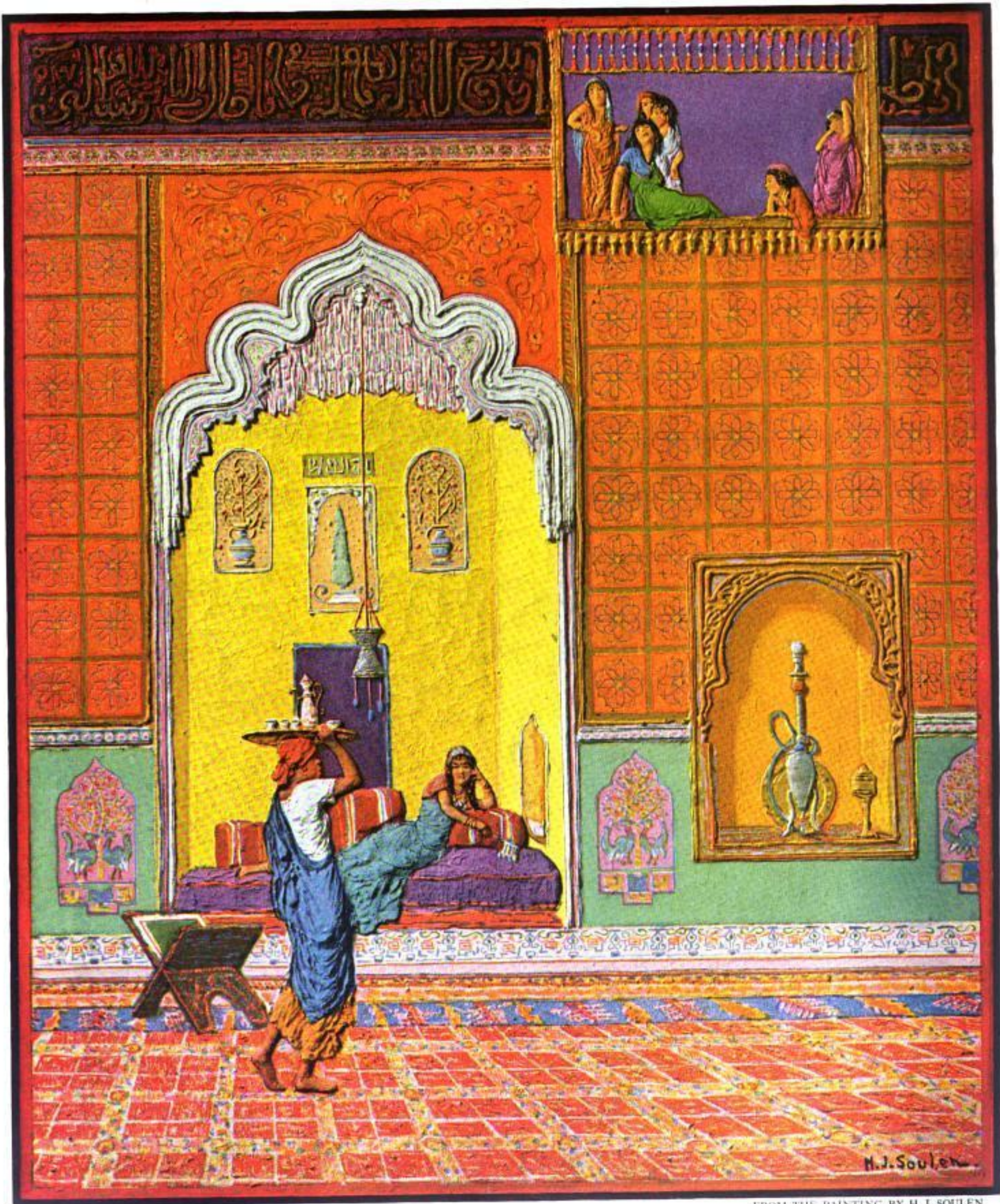
he hesitated an instant — "would you think it insolent if I said I sometimes wished — Heaven, mademoiselle, do not take it so! It was entirely unpardonable of me."

Mademoiselle had hidden her face in her hands.

(Continued on Page 179)



HE FIRED INTO THE DARKNESS AND A RIDERLESS HORSE RAN ALMOST ON TOP OF US. WITH A SNORT OF FRIGHT HE REARED AND WHEELED, AND A SECOND SHOT ANSWERED MY FATHER'S



FROM THE PAINTING BY H. J. SOULEN

"From the harem point of view she is considered fortunate. She is the fourth and favorite wife; she is under twenty and her husband is over sixty. She has three sons, which is more than any of the other wives have. Her husband adores her. She was taken to this harem while she was still almost a child, and since her marriage she has been too closely guarded to have a chance to see any other man. But she is homesick; night and day she longs for the desert from which she sprang. She does not dare talk about it before the other wives; that would give them a feeling of superiority over her which she does not want them to have. Besides, they would tell her husband. The only person she can talk to is an old negro slave woman who accompanied her. But her heart is breaking for her father's tents and for the old wandering life with the flock."

The Women of the Desert

By

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Illustrations by H. J. Soulen



THE deep blue-black of the desert sky was pierced by myriads of stars, like the shining points of sheiks' swords. My English friend and I, driving from the city miles and miles, came suddenly upon a Bedouin camp. It had not been there the day before; it would not be there the following week. The black bulk of the tents rose from the sand like deeper shadows. In the foreground was a glimmering fire, about which sat huddled figures. But it was to a tent to the left that our gaze was caught and held. It must have been the women's tent. Within, close to the doorway, we could see dim shapes. Outside, an Arab singer, who played a sort of lute, was singing a love song. His voice—the usual Arab voice—was not musical; but we forgot the fact in the melody of the song and in the witchery of the night and of the vast, silent space about us. Which one of those listening women, I wondered, knew that the song was for her?

It was not only my first glimpse of the magic, the beauty and the mystery of the desert, but also of the women of the Bedouin. It was not until some time later that I came really close to any of them, and then it was not in the desert but in the town. I had, indeed, seen the Bedouin men come into the cities in their sweeping desert robes, walking like kings among the city Arabs, many of whom wore European dress. But I had never seen a Bedouin woman there.

Yet it was there, in the city and not in the desert, that I met the first Bedouin woman I had ever known. She was named Ayesha, the daughter of a sheik of an important tribe, and married to another sheik who, for some reason of policy or preference, had abandoned his nomadic existence and lived in the city. The Englishwoman who took me to see her warned me that I should find her very unhappy.

"From the harem point of view she is considered fortunate. She is the fourth and favorite wife; she is under twenty and her husband is over sixty. She has three sons, which is more than any of the other wives have. Her husband adores her; I don't think she cares about him, but that does not matter, because she does not know what love is. She was taken to this harem while she was still almost a child, and since her marriage she has been so closely guarded that she has had no chance to see any other man. But she is homesick; night and day she longs for the desert from which she sprang. She does not dare talk about it before the other wives; that would give them a feeling of superiority over her which she does not want them to have. Besides, they would tell her husband. The only person she can talk to is an old negro slave woman who accompanied her, and myself. But her heart is breaking for her father's tents and for the old wandering life with the flocks."

Ayesha did not look like any picture I had seen of the desert women when she received me in a room which held divans and cushions, on one of which she sat, wearing Parisian dress, but with a silken covering over her head. She was dark and lithe and languid, her temporary animation at seeing me soon sinking back into torpidity. The Englishwoman said something in Arabic; then Ayesha's inertia vanished; she rose to her feet and spoke rapidly and passionately.

The Longing for Home

TELL the lady," my friend translated, "that I am dying for my old home. Tell her that when I heard as a child that I was to be married to the Sheik Ibrahim I was proud, or I knew that the marriage would be a help to my father. He showed me very much more consideration after the agreement was made, and the women gave me my own way in everything, while the unmarried girls envied me. I knew that, because they were so spiteful, teasing me about my old's gray hairs and feeble arms. I knew that any one of them would have been glad to take my place. But not all that my husband gives me, not the envy of his other wives, not my three little sons make up for this life. I cannot breathe. How glad I should be to throw away these Parisian lips, and wear once more the anklets of a Bedouin! How glad to take off this short skirt, and dress once more like my sisters!"

"Oh," Ayesha cried, her eyes like murky stars, "to see my desert! To roam with the flocks when the grass comes, itching the tents where the pasturage is best! To see the sun come up like a ball of gold in the morning; to see the white heat of the noon! To watch the powdered dust rising from the feet of the camels and making a golden haze; to lie in the heat of the day under a black tent roof, separated from others by a blanket partition, slowly drinking sweetened

water; to watch the camp fires burning at night, the smoke rising; to listen to the stories of the Bedouin tale-teller with a mouth of gold; even to hear the watchdogs barking in the night! Ah, Allah! I am dying for home!"

Long afterwards, when I had made the full circle of Arabia, from the Red Sea, around the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, up by Basra and Bagdad and Mosul, down the Mediterranean as far as the Hauran and the Dead Sea, I met Ayesha once more. This time, though she was still in the harem, she wore the dress of a Bedouin. This time her eyes sparkled and she was wild with joy.

"Tell the lady," she said, "that I am going back to the desert. My husband has died, and his cousin, who is my father's cousin also, is going to take me into his tents. What though he has other wives younger than I? What though I shall lose the luxuries of the city? I shall be able to keep my sons in my cousin's tent and shall be at home."

My approach to the tents of the Bedouins was slow for political reasons. At the time of my first arrival it was winter and early spring; the Bedouins were moving with their flocks; and it was not considered safe for me to visit any encampment unless we knew exactly who our hosts were. I drove past them often enough, groups of anything from three or four to twenty tents, their tops made of lengths of thick black cloth woven from goats' wool. Some of them had no side walls; in others the side walls were made of a kind of matting.

Always as we passed there were tall, statuesque people standing

straight and still to gaze at us. In front were the men; behind or at one side the women and children.

I loved to look at these people, who stood erect as reeds in their dark robes, their feet bare except for their silver anklets, their fine faces unveiled. They did not have the eager and yet empty look of the women of the harem; rather the high look of a hawk or an eagle. I felt as if the spirit of the desert had given them a freedom unknown to their sisters of the city. I suppose the lack of the veil symbolized too much for me.

A Tribal Settlement

NOT often did they smile, even when I waved at them. They put their little naked children behind them to protect them from the evil eye. Precious possessions, these children, the boys especially; why should not the woman from the West cast on them the eye of envious longing?

I began to learn the place women take in affairs of the desert on a day when I drove with a young political officer to see him settle a blood feud. He had never had any experience with the law beyond being in love once with a barrister's daughter, which would not take him very far. His chief case that morning had been in connection with a husband who had bitten his wife's nose off because she preferred someone else to him.

The feminist in me suspected the Turk in my friend and I asked suspiciously: "How did you punish him?"

"I let him off with a reprimand," he said; "a woman has no right to be unfaithful to her husband, I don't care what his race is."

It wasn't any use to ask him what punishment he would have given a woman who had bitten her husband's nose off because he had been unfaithful to her, for he was only twenty-five.

"Now notice what I do," he said to me when we arrived at the place where he held his court: "I won't have time to translate for you, because I'll have to watch them closely to see that they don't get out of hand. We want to stop this tribal killing. There are tribes here who have been at outs for generations, and it has been considered unworthy to do anything but pile up murders. We are trying to get them to take a different point of view. And really we are succeeding. Watch closely; there will be recriminations and accusations. I'll ask if there was murder in this year and in that year."

They'll have to tell me the truth; there are too many sitting by to check up. I'll sit there counting heads as they recite the murders. Finally we'll get to a point where one side has the better of the other by a head or two. Then I'll try to settle on a cash basis. I shall try to make the settlement generous enough so that the injured tribe may feel that it is making a good bargain."

We took our seats and then the officer signified to the Arab doorkeeper that the tribal representatives might come in. Some two score Arabs entered, armed to the teeth. Part took their seats on one side of the room and part on the other, where they sat eyeing each other suspiciously. The officer greeted them all ceremoniously, being careful to show no favoritism. Ensued a long, long palaver in Arabic. The Arabs were now impassive and now passionate. I could feel the rise and fall of the general emotion of the situation as the contestants came nearer a settlement. Finally the officer rose; there was ceremonious leave-taking, and the court was over.

"Done," said the officer, "for the price of a life—about ninety dollars. But we didn't settle in money; we settled in kind. Abdul Hassam, that old one-eyed villain, who is one murder short, has agreed to end the feud if he gets the equivalent of that one life. He's short of girls, so we've settled for one sheep, two girls, and the provisions for himself and his companions from the home of the girls to his own home. I suppose one of the girls is for himself—both, for all I know; but as they are just chattels he'll do as he pleases with them. It will be an interesting pilgrimage, conducted almost like a triumphal march."

"But the girls—what do they think of it?"

"What do the thoughts of a woman matter who is worth only thirty-seven dollars and a half in your currency? They're simply not consulted. Besides, they're used to it."

Girls as Chattels

I FOUND that the British and the Europeans in general had a way of dismissing the situation of the Bedouin women with that sentence: "They're used to it." Like our own expression, "That's business," it seems to be supposed to absolve one from the necessity of feeling sympathy or passing ethical judgments.

Once I was with a young military governor who was receiving a number of handsome Bedouin sheiks. There were two very impressive ones, one perhaps thirty, the other, his uncle, sixty-five.

The younger one had just come to announce that he was going to divorce his wife in three months, as soon as his next child was born. He wanted to wait to be sure of the sex, for if he sent his wife back to her father's tents she might pretend the child was a girl in order to have an excuse for keeping it. If it was a girl it would not be worth his while to keep it. His wife was good-natured, he said, and he liked that; but he had had her a long time now, eight years, and she was very old, all of twenty-three. He wanted a change.

"And do you know," said the governor animatedly, "that gave me an idea for the uncle, Abdul Kerim. For some time now he has been out of spirits. He says it is Allah's will that he shall hang withering in the world like a broken tamarisk bough. I've proposed that he take a new wife; it might cheer him up and give him an interest, and he's a splendid old chap. I know of a girl of fifteen, said to be pretty, that I think I can get for him. I'd love to do the old thing a good turn."

But apparently no one thought of doing a good turn to the fifteen-year-old girl. She was a chattel to be handed over, if the governor and her father could make a satisfactory arrangement.

At last the day came when I was able to go with an Englishwoman to visit a Bedouin encampment. Our host was a sheik of some prominence, very

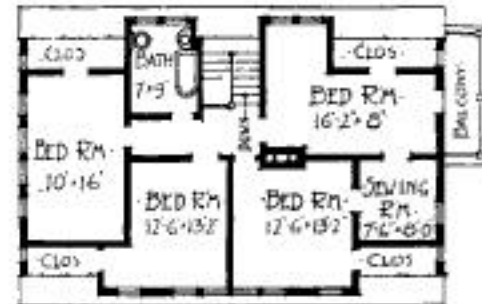
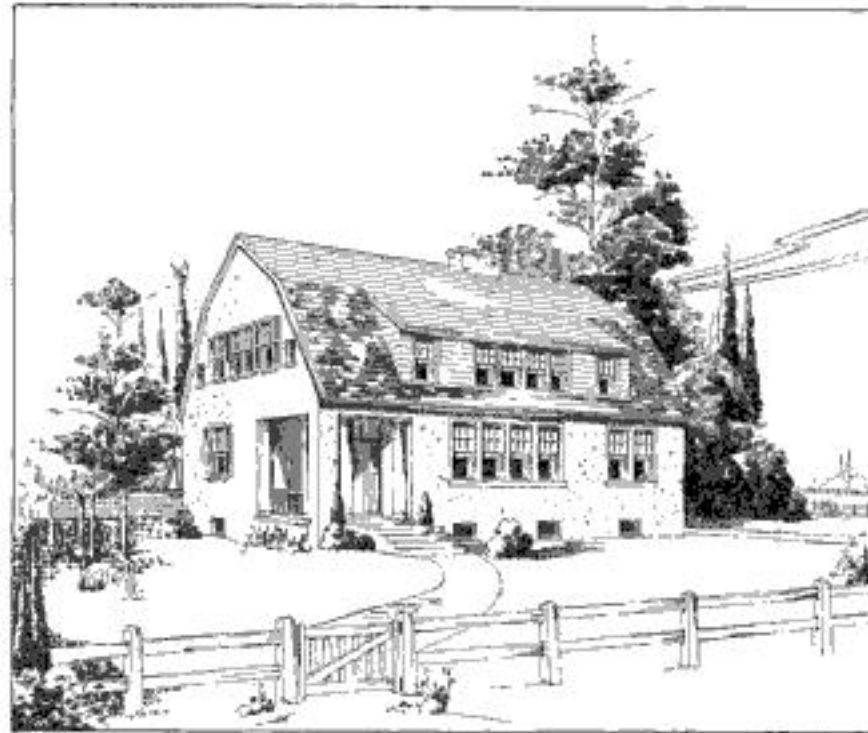


"The Home I'd Like to Have"

What the Home Journal Learned from its House-Plan Contest

By

WILLIAM DRAPER BRINCKLOE



Here is the first prize winner in the Northwestern group—a farmhouse in which every convenience for the family and farm hands has been considered. The exterior is finished with stucco and the gambrel roof is shingled. Windows are plentiful, assuring lots of light and good ventilation.

LAST September THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL invited its readers to participate in a contest for plans of small, convenient houses—"The home I'd like to have." Six thousand persons answered the call within the specified time and submitted plans embodying the ideas and the ideals of the housewives of America. Every plan and every letter of explanation showed care and thought in preparation, and the editors take this opportunity to express their thanks to the contestants. Announcement of the five first-prize winners and the forty second-prize winners was made in the March issue of THE HOME JOURNAL.

Herewith we are presenting the plans and perspectives drawn from the plans of the five first-prize winners. They have been selected with the utmost care, and while there is no hope that they will suit everyone—certainly they should not if we are to maintain our individuality in home building—they do represent the best ideas that were presented for their respective sections of the country. The growing popularity of the bungalow was shown in a most interesting manner. It was to be expected that this type of house would carry the Far West and the South by large majorities, but the Central and Northwestern groups also favored it largely, and in the East it was only two hundred and fifty behind the favored two-story house. The grand totals showed more than 3000 bungalows, nearly 1200 one-and-a-half-story houses, and close to 1800 two-story houses. Houses of five, six and seven rooms practically divided the honors, with six rooms as a little the favorite.

Kitchen Gets Most Attention

IN ORDER of preference the favored materials were frame, stucco, brick and cement blocks, depending largely upon availability.

The living room was usually the largest in the house, and many contestants who eliminated the dining room entirely planned so that a dining table might be placed at one end. In the smaller houses there was a very definite tendency to leave out the dining room and replace it by a breakfast nook or breakfast porch. The demand for these breakfast nooks in all parts of the country was significant of the desire "to save steps, and to save the daily work of giving the dining room a thorough cleaning." Usually the nook was either in the kitchen or in an alcove opening on the kitchen. Very great stress was laid on plenty of electric outlets, so that percolator, toaster, grill, and so on, could all be attached.

Pantries seem to be going out, except in the East and South. Ample cupboards and cabinets, right in the kitchen, seem to be what the modern housewife wants. Provision was usually made in the plans for the refrigerator, and stress was laid on "keeping the ice man out of the kitchen," either by an outside ice door to the refrigerator or by setting the ice box in the entry or on the back porch. Also there was demand for some arrangement by which packages could be left when the house was locked up.

There were fewer bedrooms than in the old-time house, but they were planned for comfort, and there was shown a real demand for sleeping porches, for plenty of closet space, for children's playrooms, and for up-to-date, convenient bathrooms.

A laundry was provided in almost every house, except perhaps in the far South. Usually this

was placed in the basement, for most women do not want the laundry tubs in the kitchen, and the basement saves the expense of building another room. Connections for electric washers were demanded, and the built-in ironing board was almost universal.

Sun rooms, dens and sewing rooms were called for often.

The most carefully studied room in the house, however, was in almost every instance the kitchen, and the plans

showed a close approach to a standard type. It was generally of medium size—one hundred to one hundred and fifty square feet; well lighted and ventilated, equipped with all modern conveniences. The sink, thirty-four inches from the floor, was placed under a window with the sill four feet from the floor; drain boards extended to right and left, with drawers, pull-out bread boards, flour bins, and so on, under the drain boards. The space under the sink was usually left open for sanitary reasons and to hold the kitchen stool, fireless cooker, and the like. Near at hand were complete cupboards and cabinets. There was usually a place to keep brooms, mops and the vacuum cleaner. Linoleum covered the floor; sometimes there was a built-in worktable and generally a movable table, marble-topped or zinc-covered, as well. The "tea-wagon" serving table was frequently mentioned. Sometimes there was a built-in desk or bookcase to hold cookbooks and household accounts.

I noticed a radical change from the old-time conception of the kitchen. With the passing of the servant the housewife evidently realizes that her kitchen has become her workshop and office, where a great deal of her time must be passed; it is, in many instances, the most important room in the house to her. With a dainty little breakfast nook here she is not ashamed to bring her more intimate guests to lunch in the kitchen, though she will serve her more pretentious formal dinners in the dining or living room. However, eating in the kitchen is no longer a mark of ill-breeding—a thing to be done secretly; it is openly boasted of now. This being so she wants her kitchen to be as well kept, light, airy and attractive as any other room in the house, and she has said so in hundreds of letters accompanying plans.

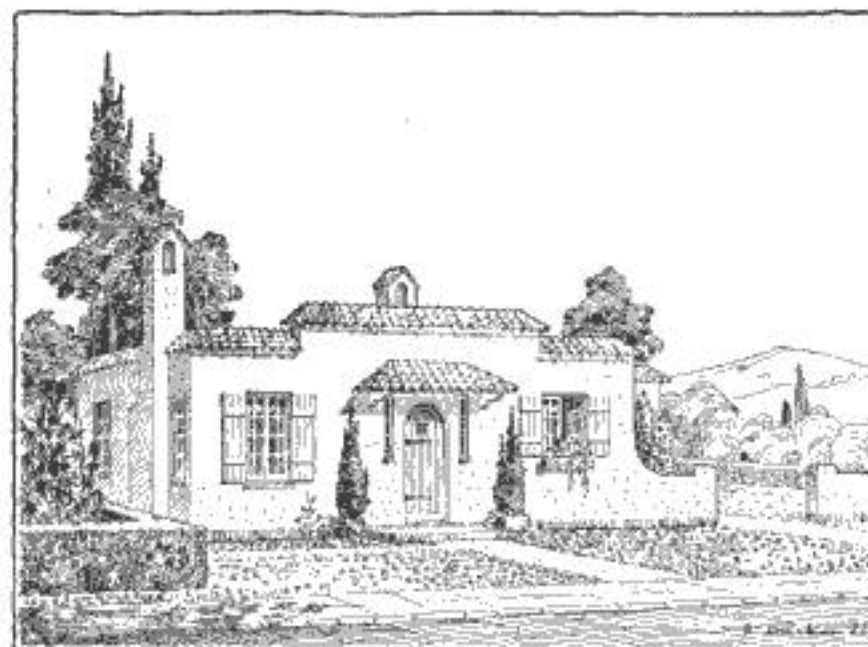
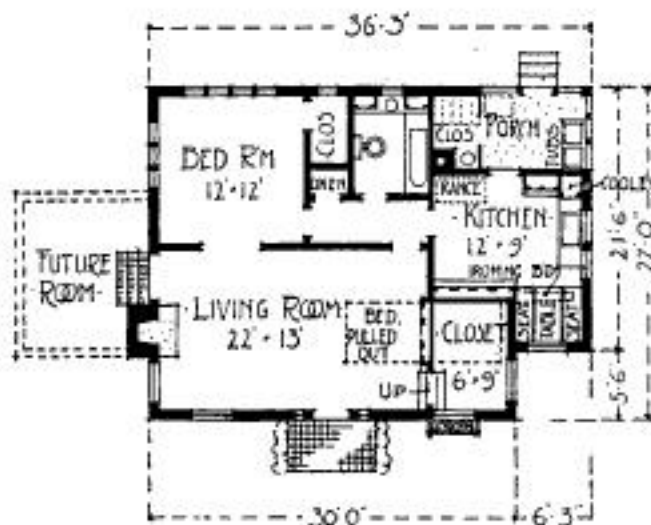
Up-to-Date Equipment

SHE does not want unsightly things lying out in view; spots, pans and all such must have proper store cupboards where they may be put away out of sight, but at arm's length when wanted. Her sink must be as good-looking as any bathroom fixture; all her lockers and cupboards must be well designed architecturally. The walls and woodwork must be finished in beautiful but durable colors; everything must be easy to keep clean, yet very good to look upon.

The housewife's chief reason for wanting labor-saving equipment in her kitchen is naturally to save herself labor, but the letters seemed to show a secondary reason.

For instance, she wants electric equipment in the kitchen breakfast nook so that she can cook and serve a meal without disarranging the kitchen. With proper equipment she can keep her kitchen looking presentable at practically all times, or at any rate can get it into shape in a very few minutes.

Now considering her vastly increased pride in her kitchen, we may reasonably expect that she will eventually want this room to have a better situation, nearer the front of the house. And that is just what is happening; a number of plans showed the kitchen at the front of the house, alongside the living room, and the accompanying letters gave good, sensible reasons for this position. Many other plans showed the kitchen midway of the house; for example, in a five-room bungalow the dining room and living room will often occupy the front, with the kitchen directly behind the dining room, placing a bath or a bed room back of the kitchen. Perhaps the kitchen will be thrust out three feet or so to give better ventilation and a view of the street.



This tiny prize-winning plan for a Western bungalow utilizes every inch of space without sacrificing a single built-in convenience that a larger house might boast. The style is Spanish, the finish stucco and the roof red tile. The wood trim is painted a faded blue.



The house that won the first prize in the Eastern group is substantial, without frills or furbelows, and sedate enough to grace any New England town. The rooms are all carefully planned and will furnish attractively.



It is not possible to give other individual suggestions in detail here, but many of them are so well worth consideration that they will be embodied in HOME JOURNAL houses and bungalows to come. The editors feel that they have accomplished what they set out for in this contest—they have learned what the women want, and future architectural pages will be aimed at a definitely known demand.

The First-Prize Winners

NOW for the actual first-prize winners and what they say: In the Eastern group the twenty-five-dollar award went to W. Ellison Norton, of Springfield, Massachusetts, for his seven-room, two-story house. I feel certain that Mr. Norton's wife must have helped him, for I don't think a man could possibly have presented such a work-saving layout. Here is his letter:

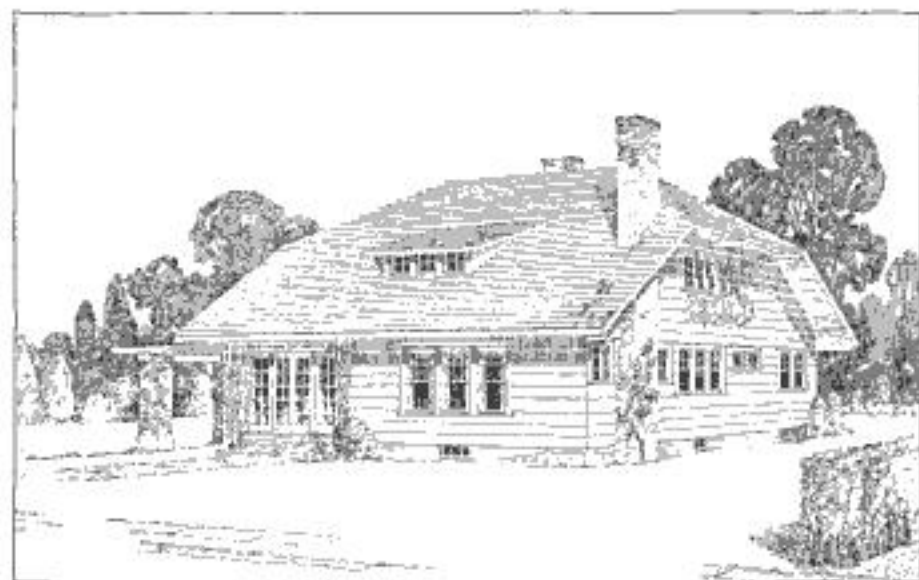
"In planning this home I felt that I should carry out first of all the clause in the program which said 'The house must not be too large and costly for the average family, of average means.' So the whole general scheme was developed along the lines of economy, giving at the same time a great deal of thought to the housewife.

"One stairway for a house of this size is sufficient provided it is so placed as to be conveniently used from any part of the home. The cellar stairs, as you see, go down under the front stairs, with a grade entrance on the cellar landing. The attic stairs go up from the sewing room.

"The kitchen is only a step from the front door, and holds plenty of cupboards and closets. The omission of a pantry is to be praised and not blamed; this saves many useless steps. The laundry tubs are built in beneath the hinged drain board of the sink.

"The breakfast nook has stationary seats, with hinged covers, for storing linens; the table is movable. The bathroom is directly over the kitchen plumbing, which will minimize the cost.

One might look long and unsuccessfully in search for a prettier little bungalow than this one, the first prize winner in the Central group. It is frame with brick foundation and trim, and boasts a porte-cochère which may also serve as a porch.



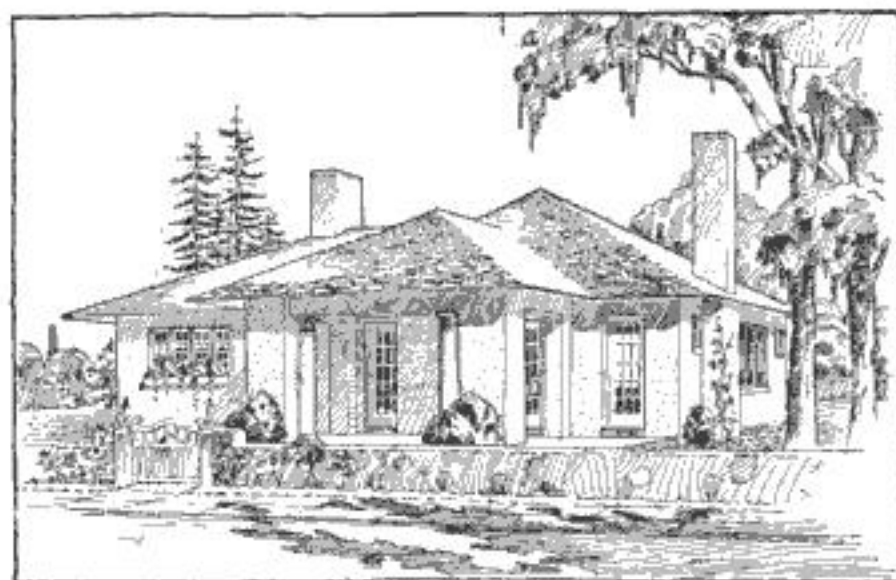
"The plan will fit a fifty-foot lot, leaving space for the automobile driveway. The house will look very well if the outside walls are finished with shingles."

Mr. Norton might have said that the grade doorway, on the first landing of the cellar stairs, is an extremely good feature. Indeed, it had a great deal of weight in the final selection of this plan for first prize. This side door, opening right on the automobile driveway, makes a wonderfully convenient family entrance; it keeps a lot of dirt and muss out of the front hall. The children can come in here from school or play, and wash up at the little lavatory, leaving their wraps hanging in this lavatory closet. This frees the front coat closet, on the main stairway, for older folks' wraps.

The kitchen porch is perhaps a trifle too crowded; there is room for a refrigerator, not for a washing machine. So I have indicated, by dotted lines, how this porch might be enlarged; some persons want the laundry tubs out there too.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Livesay, of Port Neches, Texas, who submitted a six-room bungalow, won first prize in the Southern group. "We think the plan of our home is ideal," they wrote. "We can honestly and sincerely recommend it. We live in Texas and need all the fresh air we can get; the two sleeping porches are just what we want. In the daytime Mrs. Livesay uses one for a sewing room and sun room. The seats in the breakfast nook can be folded against the wall; this makes cleaning easy.

"The walls are hollow tile, stuccoed; the roof is green tile. We heat the house with a small hot-water heater, which stands in the kitchen."



Dining Room Close to Living Room

MISS ORDELLA M. SMITH, of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, whose five-room bungalow won first place in the Central group, let her plans speak for themselves. But she did call attention to "the private center hall, which gives the benefit of a rear stairway." Indeed, it was this hall and stairway with its grade entrance that finally turned the scale in her favor; there were other plans, equally good in all other respects, but with interior central halls. In this layout the man of the house and the children can come in by the grade door and go to bathroom or bedroom without tramping and tracking through the "best" rooms, or bothering the housekeeper in the kitchen. Also this hall gets light and ventilation from a window on the stairway.

The porte-cochère is an exceedingly good feature, especially for suburban folks; unloading the marketing or the family from the car in a drenching downpour isn't the most joyous thing.

The general position of the dining room is what many women seemed to want. It is very close to the living room, yet entirely shut off,

(Continued on Page 47)

A Southern house needs all the windows it can possibly have. Our Southern prize winner was planned with that thought in mind. The kitchen is almost a separate unit, which arrangement is agreeable to most Southern housewives.

The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL

BARTON W. CURRIE, Editor

Editorials

Woman, Why Weepest Thou?

IT WAS to a woman that the risen Christ appeared first on that Easter morning centuries ago, and it was to her that he spoke his first gentle words of comfort. Not to Peter, or James, or Matthew, or even the beloved John, but to Mary Magdalene, who loved most greatly, who trusted most fully, who wept most sorrowfully.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

"Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

"Mary." And then she knew him, and that great voice, that glorious presence dried her tears and gave back to her the happiness that had gone down with him into the grave.

We may not see that wondrous form this Easter time, nor hear that gentle voice, but by the guidance of some unseen hand the tears of womankind still are being wiped away. Not the tears of unexpected joy or racking grief—the expression of honest sentiment; nor yet the tears of maudlin sentimentality, which represent no more genuine feeling than the glycerin tears of the moving-picture screen. But the tears of pain and sorrow over the world's manifold ills—they are being dried as by the Master's kindly words.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

"Because they have killed my only son—a sacrifice to war and greed and lust for power."

Within these past six months we have seen, we hope, the last of such tears as these. With navies scrapped, with armies reduced in size, with many of war's dreadful engines of destruction banned; with a League of Nations, or an Association—call it what you will; with such a Conference as that at Washington; the world draws nearer to an end of war, with all its death and tears, than at any time in the centuries since Jesus lived on earth. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Can we but enter upon an era of international good will, when the brother love that He taught shall be true in fact, the tears of women shall not have been shed in vain.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

"Because my husband is a drunkard, who neglects his home and his children, wasting his means, ruining his health and his mind."

Even to-day, with an imperfect prohibition, her tears are being wiped away and many and many a home is brighter and better and happier. For more than two years the saloon has been closed, and though in big cities the bootlegger flourishes and the home brewer makes his blinding concoctions, the restriction of strong drink is seventy-five per cent effective, and the mother who faced the future of her son with fear and trembling can put away her apprehensions in the gradual total elimination of temptation.

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

"Because my daughter is carried away by jazz; because, outwardly at least, she has lost the virtues of good womanhood; because her dress, her speech, her behavior are those of indecency."

Some mothers well may weep for such daughters—and, if they but realized it, for themselves as well. But in the main the jazz daughters are a small minority—though a noisy and blatant and self-advertising minority, to be sure—even in the great cities where their kind will always flourish.

And through the power of such anti-jazz crusades as that recently conducted by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL we are coming to our senses, and the girls who plunged into the giddy whirl are tiring of their folly and turning their energy to useful things.

May we never see the time when the tears of compassion shall be dried up; the world would be a hard, cold place indeed without them. But swiftly come the day when the wells of misery and woe shall be eliminated, and we shall face our Easter days with the joyous spirit of the Moravians of old Winston-Salem, whose wonderful observance

of Christ's resurrection is described elsewhere in this issue under the title of The Easter People. To them the day of the risen Lord is one of peace and happiness, to be ushered in with trumpets, to be spent in reverence of the dead, but not with tears—save perhaps the tears that rise unbidden at sight or reading of this unusual celebration.

Charles Kingsley wrote that

*Men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.*

and for his time he was wholly right. But what he could not foresee was that in the bare half century since his day the weeping, clinging-vine, mid-Victorian woman would have grown to stalwart partnership with man, taking a well-earned place in business, in government, in the arts and professions, leading him in her vigorous crusades for right. If the tears of womanhood are being wiped away, it is largely by woman's own efforts that the good has been accomplished.

Quicksands of Filth

IT HAS been a hard winter for the purveyors of filth. Dirty plays, dirty movies and dirty books have not done so well. It is the fault of a dull, stubborn public unable to free itself from fetters of ancestral traditions and "taints" of puritanism, that still demands the clean and wholesome and will pay for none other.

The big theatrical successes of the season are plays that the most exacting parents would not hesitate to take their children to. There's "The Bat," for instance, crudely thrilling, but sufficiently clean to pass any Blue Law censorship test, running into its third year. There's Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" going into its fourth year. There's "Miss Lulu Bett" and "The First Year," plays that failed to emphasize any degenerate or morbid sex motives.

Furthermore, this clean stuff that has been so hugely successful is distinctively American. It bears no foreign label, it does not reek of the Orientalism that has injected itself into the control and direction of American entertainment. It is anti-jazz. It pays honest respects to all the decencies in the old-fashioned American home. It is the sort of creation in entertainment that THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is condemned for by that noisy but unimportant little group of professional pagans who would like to direct the literature and art of the present generation. It has succeeded preëminently where scores of bedroom farces have lost fortunes and been cast into the refuse bins. It has gone forward on the solid ground of so-called American prudery during the hard times of the past year, while the competing trash has been vanishing day after day through the quicksands of filth.

Alas, we are too crass and unrefined, too phlegmatic and too flat of the cranium to support the "artistic" nastiness that has been fed to us in book, play and movie since we began to settle down to our sober senses! Easy money and curiosity made a brief golden era for the profiteers in degeneracy, but it couldn't last.

These same profiteers are happily going bankrupt. It's too bad we can't deport a few shiploads of them. But we can educate their pocketbooks, which is the only sentient nerve possessed by the majority. We can boycott their rotten plays and their rotten movies and their rotten books, and we don't have to organize to do so. It's in our blood, those of us who are substantially American—and that is the most of us. We just haven't the palate for it, no matter how vile our secret thoughts may be in the fetid philosophy of the psychoanalysts.

Altogether, it's fine to take inventory this spring and find that we prefer the breath of new-mown hay and simple Colonial decorations to Oriental perfumes and the interior furnishings of brothels.

College Women and Race Suicide

Does Higher Education Unfit Them for Marriage and Motherhood?

By WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D.

MOTHERCRAFT should be taught in season and out of season in our educational system. Motherhood should be elevated and extolled in the eyes of our young women from the later years of high school throughout their college careers. The young woman should be taught that she does not have to choose between marriage and a career, but that in a large number of cases a woman may have both. Many a professional woman to-day is successful in a career, and at the same time is rearing a reasonable-sized family and enjoying all the normal blessings of married life with home and children. This is one of the great reasons why the eugenicist favors coeducation, and the biologist sanctions every opportunity for superior young people to meet, fall in love, marry and raise families.

The first difficulty we confront is the failure of many women belonging to the supposedly superior classes to marry. Let us analyze the situation in this way: Of every two hundred babies born to first-class American stock, 103 will be boys and 97 girls. By the time these girls grow up to be twenty years of age, on an average, about 20 will have died, leaving only 77 women of marriageable age to whom we must look for the reproduction of the various racial elements of the nation.

A Little Matter of Statistics

BUT not all of these seventy-seven women will marry. The investigations made by Sprague and others in the consideration of this problem are very illuminating. For instance, in certain sections of New England studied the marriageable women between twenty and thirty-five were found to show one-fifth spinsters. On the other hand, in investigations in connection with agricultural colleges it was found that only about one-tenth of the marriageable women were spinsters, suggesting that the daughters of farmers marry more generally than those of some other classes.

From all investigations available it would seem that about fifteen per cent of native American women of the better class do not marry, at least during the child-bearing period. Now if we deduct this number from our supposed 77 possible wives out of approximately a hundred, it leaves us only 65. Now it has been further shown, for instance among the native married women of Massachusetts, that twenty per cent do not bear children. So, if we deduct these 13 childless women from our 65 possible wives, it leaves us 52 potential child-bearing women out of 97, among the superior classes of society, who are the sole hope of the future of the race.

If we further allow that four or five per cent of child-bearing women meet with such accidents as tendency toward premature birth, or become afflicted with some disease during the child-bearing period of life, or through surgical operations, after having borne one or more children, are rendered unable to bear more, it

would necessitate a further deduction of two, thus leaving fifty women out of every one hundred who would probably be able to yield offspring throughout the child-bearing period of life. Thus having started out with two hundred children born to American parents, it turns out that only fifty of them can be depended upon for bearing our future citizens. In other words, of all the babies born in the country, only twenty-five per cent of them can and do become actual mothers in reproducing the next generation.

It is thus evident, in studying infant mortality rates, that every woman who does bear children must bear at least four to enable the race to hold its own. Race suicide confronts us if every child-bearing mother does not, on the average, produce these four offspring, for the production of three children apiece would not enable the race to quite hold its own.

Now we are aware of the more recent propaganda that quality is what is desired in offspring, not quantity, and while it is true in a general way, at the same time, after we have done our best to improve the quality of the next generation, we must see to it that a sufficient quantity is also afforded to provide for proper replacement of the preceding generation. Quantity is not so important, as compared with quality, until it reaches a certain minimum which presages race suicide if the decline is not arrested. The writer fears the result upon the race consciousness of the nation of this doctrine of quality versus quantity if the shortsighted and dangerous elements in it are not recognized and avoided. There is much plausible truth in the teaching, but it is obvious that it is highly dangerous if carried too far.

The Flaw in the Plea for Limitation

STRENGTH of inherited character and superior racial qualities are, of course, the most desirable elements to wish for in any state or nation; but if this element of supposed eugenic teaching is carried too far—for instance, if the superior families of this country average only one child apiece and we do nothing to restrict reproduction on the part of the inferior classes—where will this country be in a hundred years? Who will dominate and determine the character of our civilization two or three generations hence? No matter what the plea for this undue limiting of the size of the family, whether it be economic, social or ethical, the character of the pretense is of little consequence; the practical result will be the extinction of the stock of those who preach or practice this extreme doctrine of undue limitation of offspring in accordance with the modern slogan of quality of offspring versus quantity.

This does not mean that we are contending for a high birth rate as a virtue in and of itself. Eugenists are not advocating enormous families just for the sake of speedy quantitative increase in the population. Eugenics is satisfied with a

moderate increase, a steady, gradual, healthy growth.

We would welcome a decline in the birth rate of some classes of the population, but the difficulty is that the tendency toward decline in reproduction is among the very classes that are necessary to national development and solidarity, whereas the inferior classes continue to reproduce in a vigorous fashion, showing no evidence at all of any decline in the birth rate.

The decline in birth rate at the present time is taking place in those strata of society from which we secure our leaders, the type of men and women who become pioneers and organizers in commerce, industry, politics, literature, art, religion, science, and so on. In other words, race suicide is starting in not among the lower social orders, but among the so-called native-American stock, from which in the past we have secured our eminent men and women.

The Important Question To-day

IF WE have only three children per family, it has been calculated that at the end of a hundred years each thousand persons to-day would then be represented by only 687 individuals. This is on the supposition that the death rate is 15 per 1000 of population.

Now let us look for a minute at the inferior strata of society. Even though they have a higher death rate—say, 20 per 1000 population—suppose they reproduce at only the moderate rate of 33 per thousand, which would be only thirteen more than are needed to balance their higher death rate; at the end of a hundred years each thousand persons now would be represented by 3600. If, then, the superior and inferior elements of society started out exactly equal, at the end of a century the ratio would be 1:6, while in two hundred years it would be 1:30. It is evident that it would require only a very few generations for the superior, and at present dominating, American stocks to commit race suicide, to be utterly and forever swamped in this biologic flood of predominant but inferior fertility.

The important question for us to ask to-day is, From what levels of society are we recruiting the race; who are the parents of the offspring who are to become the controlling factors of the next generation?

Until about fifty years ago it was the proper thing in all English-speaking countries for the better classes of society to have large families, but a gradual change has been taking place regarding this matter. Now large families are rare in the upper classes of the community, and even in the ranks of the skilled artisans, but the same old-fashioned large families still come to the homes of the thriftless, the unskilled laborer and the feeble-minded and lower classes of the social order. At least it has become true of the better classes of English-speaking peoples—and

(Continued on Page 58)

The Revolt of Julia LeClair

By ANNE GERTRUDE SNELLER

THE time is the present; the place, anywhere;
And the curtain arises on Julia LeClair.
Julia LeClair was a trainer of youth
In wisdom and truth,
With a college degree,
A hard-earned A. B.,
And a Phi Beta Kappa, including the key.
I confess she was short on the heroine dope;
You could view her without making plans to elope,
For whatever of knowledge she had in her head
Her hair remained red;
Her nose, somewhat freckled, turned up in surprise
Toward her kindly blue eyes;
Her mouth sat in judgment on conduct and creed
And betokened that word would be followed by deed;
But her friends and the children were firmly agreed,
Though no hunter of "Follies" would look at her twice,
Miss Julia was nice.

The house that she lived in stood next a garage
And scantily sheltered Miss Julia's ménage—
An elderly mother,
An invalid brother,
And at regular seasons some cousin or other;
And in keeping them cheerful and soothing their ills
And earning the money for paying the bills
And being their comfort, their prop and their stay,
Miss Julia was busy an eighteen-hour day.

Now leave we this near-proletariat section
And fly with our Muse in a different direction
To the City Hall towers—late Gothic, restored—
Where assemble the gentlemen forming the Board.
The Board was elected for three years' duration
On the classical platform in representation,
That it takes politicians
To fill such positions,
Since they best understand why we need education.

The Board was entitled to special renown
Through its genius in keeping the school taxes down
By contracts with teachers who lived in the town.
They said that it fostered municipal pride
(They never resigned, or got married, or died)
And since living at home is much cheaper, you know,
(And undoubtedly less for a woman than man)
You must use local talent as far as 'twill go,
And save when you can!
Their duty was clear:
Eight hundred a year
Was a proper reward for Miss Julia's career;
And out of eight hundred the members were sure
She could care for her mother and give to the poor.
So serene in the feeling of duty well done,
The Board motored off on a country-club run.

"How unfair," says the public, "that teachers are free
At half after three!
Why, just look at me!
I stay on till four
Or a few minutes more—
Unless there's a strike;
Then I quit when I like.
But teachers! I'll say
They don't earn their pay."

Behold now the pupils, assembled in row,
With Julia to train them the way they should go—
Isaac and Rastus and Tony and Pat,
Ivan and John Quincy Adams Dorratt,
Victorine, Angeline, Judith, Donnetta,
Chloe and Bridget and Mary Gambetta.
The Reds and the Blacks in the most approved manner
Saluted each morning The Star-Spangled Banner.

Miss Julia, believe me, found plenty to teach;
She straightened their shoulders, their morals, their speech;
The sun's early beams
Found her marking their themes;
She dramatized plays
For the school holidays,
And gave without price
The most expert advice
From the heavens above to the waters beneath—
The social advantage of brushing the teeth;
The books that they read and the movies they saw;
Respect for the law;
The feeding of babies that fell to their care;
Some general suggestions on washing the hair;
The treatment of immigrants just off the boat;
And the civic importance of going to vote.

But prices in peace times continued to rise,
While Miss Julia's eight hundred remained the same size.
Insurance and veal,
Tea and cornmeal,
Needles and rubbers and paper and rent,
Carfare and coal
Each made a hole,



And the lighting bill swallowed the very last cent.
Miss Julia was feeling a good deal depressed
When Cousin Eliza arrived for a rest,
The invalid brother developed a cough,
And—just as a climax—the ceilings came off.

Now it chanced that the paper on Saturday morn
Gave a list of the bargains of Curtis and Thorn.
Miss Julia was looking for something in shoes,
When a prominent headline stood out from the news:

SOCIETY LEADERS ARE TEARING THEIR HAIR!
NO COOKS ANYWHERE,
WELL DONE OR RARE,
TO PEEL OR TO PARE!
MRS. BURNS-LYMAN VOORHEES IS QUITE IN DESPAIR!

When seen at her home by a Post-Herald man
Mrs. Voorhees reclined on a pale-green divan
Becomingly gowned in a silk robe-de-chambre
Embroidered in fur—
A popular fashion created by her.
Mrs. Voorhees said frankly: "I fear from the looks
That the country is facing a shortage of cooks,
Since two hundred a month and a bonus for pay
Won't tempt them to stay.

Without shredded wheat
We'd have nothing to eat!
I myself am intensely distressed by the question,
For I'm writing a series of books on digestion.
I can't work on my book
Till I hunt up a cook.
I will pay any price to someone who will try it,
While I finish the chapter: Do Bolsheviks Diet?
I feel that the problem admits no delay
Or the homes of the nation will fall to decay."
Our readers remember,
No doubt, last December
The very delightful readings she gave
From her earlier volume: Do Bolsheviks Bathe?

Miss Julia read on to the very last word,
And wrath in her bosom was suddenly stirred:
If a cook earned the wage Mrs. Voorhees was giving,
Could it be that a teacher was not worth a living?
But just as she threw down the page with a sigh
The following item attracted her eye,
Tucked in with a number of trivial features:
"The Board meets at ten,
And will take up again
Their recent discussion of raises for teachers."

Miss Julia arose and put on her hat—
Not merely last season's, but five before that!
Her head was awhirl, and her pulses were dizzy,
But a clear, inward voice whispered: "Julia, get busy!"

The Board had recorded unanimous ayes
On certain commissions allowed on supplies,
When a vigorous knocking struck loud on the air,
And the office door opened on Julia LeClair.
The chairman came forward, extending his hand,
With a welcoming smile that was slightly too bland.
As a brewer of beer
And a war profiteer,
He had modestly garnered a million a year.
He gave her a seat where his colleagues could see
And urged her to tell what her errand might be.

They waited in silence for her to begin,
And Julia plunged in:
"I've a question or two
That I want to ask you.
I read in the paper, cooks constantly leave,
Though two hundred a month is what they receive.
Do you think it would take
Much more effort to make

A salad and pudding and broil a beefsteak
Than to fit mind and soul
For their ultimate goal
Of living—each one for the good of the whole?
Do you think it is true
That concocting a stew
Is a matter of magic, confined to a few?
Do you think sinks and drains
Need superior brains,
While working with children is not worth the pains?
Do you really believe that a cook requires skill,
But that teaching's a job any person can fill?
And if you don't think so, why are you so slow
In giving the raise we earned long ago?"

The Board was unable to listen to more.
Had a Red Revolution walked in at the door?
Were people who teach
To have freedom of speech?
They all felt a horror undreamed of before.
The chairman first rallied, and then took the floor:

"But, my dear Miss LeClair,

Are you not aware
That taxes are high, and the public won't stand
To let us throw money about on demand?

I have listened with pain
To the socialist strain
That seems to suggest that your thoughts are on gain
Instead of on character, noble and great,
Which you train for the state.
Oh, think of the field
And the harvest 'twill yield
When you sow the desire
For things nobler and higher!
Your mission is something so great and divine,
No weak words of mine
Can express half the feelings that gush from my heart
When I think of your part
In guiding and guarding these earlier years —"
He paused, for his eloquence moved him to tears.

But said Julia LeClair,
Sitting firm in her chair:
"I'm not here for praise;
What I want is a raise."

The shocking rejoinder deprived him of speech.
Had the woman no heart that a tribute could reach?
He consulted the others what course to pursue,
Then turned to Miss Julia and started anew:
"The Board as a unit is willing to do
What is just to the teacher and taxpayer too;
And since we desire our teachers to be
Contented, and free
From financial distress,
With an ample allowance for extras in dress—
Since everyone knows
That suitable clothes
Are bound to react on the taste of the scholars—
The Board will be glad,
For the next year, to add
An annual increase of twenty-five dollars."

Miss Julia LeClair
Got up from her chair
With the will to be heard and the courage to dare.
Her skirt had been dyed
And hung on one side;
Her shoes had been tapped;
And her fingers were wrapped
In gloves she had bought at a Thanksgiving sale;
Her stockings were frail
(It is scarcely worth while
To note—they were lisle);
But the spirit of Liberty blazed in her hair,
And the goddess had nothing on Julia LeClair.

"Such a generous increase I did not foresee;
But I can't have your consciences troubled for me.
Since cooking's important and also well paid,
And society women are calling for aid,
And since freedom from kitchens means writing a book,
Why," said Julia LeClair, "thank heaven, I can cook!
You may keep as home missions
Your teaching positions;
And someone may have mine—
For I herewith resign."

Mrs. Burns-Lyman Voorhees is quite at her ease;
Her dinners are famous, and so are her teas.
Her table is covered with sumptuous fare
Prepared by the fingers of Julia LeClair.
Mrs. Voorhees has finished The Bolshevik Church,
And will take up home topics for future research.
She plans a campaign to discover the reason
Why teachers are scarcer than ever this season;
She feels that the problem admits no delay,
Or the schools of the nation will fall to decay.

Here's Nature's prescription for every description
Of "fever" that comes in the Spring.
To fill you with vim, make you frisky and trim
This Vegetable Soup is the thing!



15 different vegetables
nourishing cereals—rich beef broth



Enjoy them all in this delicious Vegetable Soup!

In every tempting plateful of this soup you get the iron of the green vegetables, the beneficial salts, the strength-giving cereals and the invigorating meat stock that your appetite relishes and your system needs. Nature's own spring tonic—healthful and delightful.

Choice white potatoes, Jersey "sweets," Chantenay carrots, tender yellow turnips—all daintily diced. Luscious tomatoes, sliced Dutch cabbage. Country Gentleman corn, baby lima beans, small peas, selected barley, alphabet macaroni—all blended with a rich stock made from fine beef, flavored with fresh herbs and tasty seasoning. Almost a whole meal—and what a good one!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

How to improve your appetite

Eat good soup at least once every day. Have it piping hot. You will notice in a short time that you are more hungry and that all your food tastes better. The hot soup causes the digestive fluids to flow freely. Your appetite is increased and your digestion is better.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Why Do Our Mothers and Babies Die?

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

A STRIKING cartoon appeared recently in a European paper. Three men, labeled Business, Reformer and Labor, are talking together, and out of the mouth of each comes the words: "We must plan for the future." Over in one corner, sick and neglected, is a baby, and below this tiny atom of humanity appears the statement: "Have you forgotten that I am the future?"

Isn't that just what we are forgetting in this country? Here we are, the most prosperous, the richest and industrially the most advanced nation in the world. Herbert Hoover said not long ago: "The attitude of a nation toward child welfare will soon become the test of its civilization." How do we in the United States stand this test? We have done a great deal for the child of school age. We have reduced the death rate of babies from digestive diseases to a considerable extent, but the death rate among our mothers, due to conditions relating to childbirth, and the deaths of babies during the first month of life have not been decreased; on the contrary, they have shown in many parts of the country a distinct increase. Of seventeen leading nations of the world, the United States stands at the bottom of the list as far as the death rate of its mothers from accidents and diseases of childbirth is concerned, and sixth in the list with regard to the death rate of its babies.

In a report issued by the Federal Children's Bureau some years ago, it was stated that of the large cities in the United States that were studied, the maternal death rate showed a distinct and decided increase in every one of the cities, with the exception of New York.

During the nineteen months we were at war, for every soldier who died as a result of wounds, one mother in the United States went down into the valley of the shadow and did not return. Whatever we may think of the necessity of war, we realize that, once started, it cannot be called a safe occupation; in fact, the risks and hazards of fighting are too well known to need more than mere recognition of their existence, but the risks that women take in fulfilling their destiny as mothers of the next generation are almost entirely unnecessary. These risks are being prevented in many other countries; they can be prevented in the United States.

A Poor Record for the United States

WHAT are those other nations doing for their women that we have neglected in this country? In countries like England, Wales, Scotland and New Zealand, where the public has recognized the common justice of protecting women and has formulated state-wide systems of public instruction of expectant mothers and provided for decent care at the time of confinement, the death rate of women from causes incident to the bearing of children has steadily declined, and the former high death rate of infants during the first month of life has shown a corresponding decrease. In the other countries that show a more favorable maternal death rate than the United States, there has been for many years a recognition that the midwives who attend so many of these women must be educated and supervised; consequently, in the countries where the use of these trained midwives is almost universal, the death rates of mothers are not so high as they are in the United States where the number of births reported by midwives varies from 30 per cent in some states to 70 per cent in others, where midwives are untrained, unsupervised, ignorant and harmful. The standard of medical practice is just as high in the United States as it is in any of the foreign countries. The difficulty, therefore, would seem to be in the lack of opportunity to secure good medical care from physicians, and the consequent dependence upon untrained care at this most important period in a woman's life.

Conditions in the United States, as they exist to-day, are certainly not to our credit. More women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years die each year from accidents and diseases connected with childbirth than from any other cause except tuberculosis. Moreover, throughout the United States, out of every one hundred babies who die during the first year of life, forty do not live through the first month of their existence. This is a situation of neglect. Women who are anxious for information, who want to live and to bring up their children to be strong men and women, often have no opportunity of getting the simple information that will help them. In many of our large cities where this information is available there are still vast groups of women who make no effort to inform themselves regarding the simple methods of care that are necessary to insure their own health and the health of their little ones. Throughout the United States there are areas where women are living thirty to forty miles from a doctor; there are many counties where there are no hospital facilities whatever, and there are remote residences so inaccessible that little or no aid can ever be given personally; therefore there are thousands of women who at the present time are going through all the experiences of bearing and rearing families without any help other than the untrained assistance that can be given by some member of the family or a near neighbor.

The time has come when we should no longer make a mystery or secret of the facts that mean life and health to

so many of our mothers toward first birthdays is baby comes we acknowledge. The proudest new father and mother, first baby, but during mother should be filled the thought that she is world, when everyone honor her for her condition have a mind that is free knowingly or unknowingly surround her with a mental attitude that is not conducive to that serenity of mind and joy in the future that makes for her own and her baby's well-being.

Bringing children into the world is a normal process. There is no reason why the great majority of mothers who are now subjected to risks at the time of childbirth should not live and be strong and well, and there is also no reason why the great majority of babies who are born should not live. Those babies who give up the struggle for existence during the first month of life are those who have not had a chance to live, because their existence invariably depends upon the health of the mother before the baby is born. Of the three hundred thousand babies under one year of age who died in the United States last year, one hundred and twenty thousand died because their mothers were not well and strong enough themselves to give their children strength and vitality to live longer than one month.

The lowest maternal mortality rate in the world is that of Italy, where for every one thousand births, two mothers died. Certainly, we can afford our American mothers the same protection Italian mothers receive. In Germany and Japan, seven mothers died for every two thousand babies born. In England there were eight maternal deaths for every two thousand births, while France had nine deaths of mothers for every two thousand babies born. In the United States there were thirteen mothers who died for every two thousand births. It is difficult to establish a standard in this respect, but the ideal to be reached by any community certainly should not be more than the two maternal deaths per thousand births which are now recorded by Italy.

Reducing Maternity Risks

AS FAR as death rates from accidents and diseases of childbirth are concerned, one feels that there should be no death rate at all. As a matter of fact, there probably will always be some risk, just as there is always some risk at any time of life, but the risk and hazard should not be any greater at the time of maternity than it is at any other time.

The problem is not confined to any one section of the country. From one coast to the other mothers are asking for help for themselves and for their unborn children. Curiously enough, this situation is one that varies in our different race groups, but is not affected by what is known as "social position." The highest baby death rate we have during the first month of life is among the babies of American mothers. Every race group of foreign birth we have in this country shows a better record in this respect than our native born. As far as their own health and welfare are concerned, mothers of the well-to-do classes seem to have the best chance, but this is because they often have the opportunity of obtaining the best possible maternity care. The same good record does not hold true with their babies, for while mothers who have little, if any, money to spend may suffer because they cannot have the services of good doctors and nurses, it is also true that ignorance of proper methods of personal hygiene and baby care bear very little relation to the possession of wealth or even moderate means. The rich mother may be just as ignorant as the poor one, and

ignorance must bear an equal share of blame with lack of facilities for proper care.

The methods of reducing the risks of maternity and the baby deaths during the early part of life are so well known and have been so well proved that it is difficult to understand why every woman has not had the advantage of them long before this, and why we have been so neglectful of our own that our country occupies its present humiliating position with regard to its lack of care of its mothers and children.

What is known as "prenatal care," which should be available to every mother in the country, means the kind of instruction that may be given to them so that they may keep themselves in good physical condition before the baby comes, be assured of competent maternity care at the time of birth and give to the baby in its early life every possible chance of health and strength. In all the states and cities where the public health authorities have assumed responsibility for this problem and have sent out literature on maternity and prenatal care, where they have provided nurses to go into the homes, on request, and instruct mothers in the simple methods that are necessary to keep them well, where they have raised the standards of maternity care so that women need no longer fear the unnecessary perils of this time, the results have been truly marvelous.

Conditions in New York City may be mentioned to show what can be done. The city of New York has a lower death rate of mothers than any of the other large cities of the United States where proper statistics are available for study, and a lower death rate of mothers from preventable causes than any of those cities in the United States or any of the cities of Europe where the facts and data are available. This is due to the fact that for many years New York City has maintained supervision over the practice of midwives, requiring them to be educated in a municipal school maintained for the purpose, and issuing permits to practice only to women who show that they are educated, competent and clean. It is now as safe for both mother and child for a baby to be born in New York City as anywhere else in the world.

Federal Aid for Maternity

AGAIN, in New York City, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other places where prenatal work has been carried on, it has been found that if mothers can be given the necessary health instruction along simple lines during the months before the baby comes, their own health can be assured and this appallingly high death rate of babies in the first month can be reduced at least one-half and frequently two-thirds. This condition stands out in striking contrast to conditions in the United States as a whole. William Travis Howard, Jr., of Johns Hopkins University, in commenting upon the maternal death rates in this country, states: "Maternal death rates [in the United States], whether viewed in comparison with the rates for England and Wales or considered alone, are appallingly high. . . . These rates . . . are probably unparalleled in modern times in a civilized country. They are 120 per cent greater than the average rate for England and Wales for 1911 to 1915."

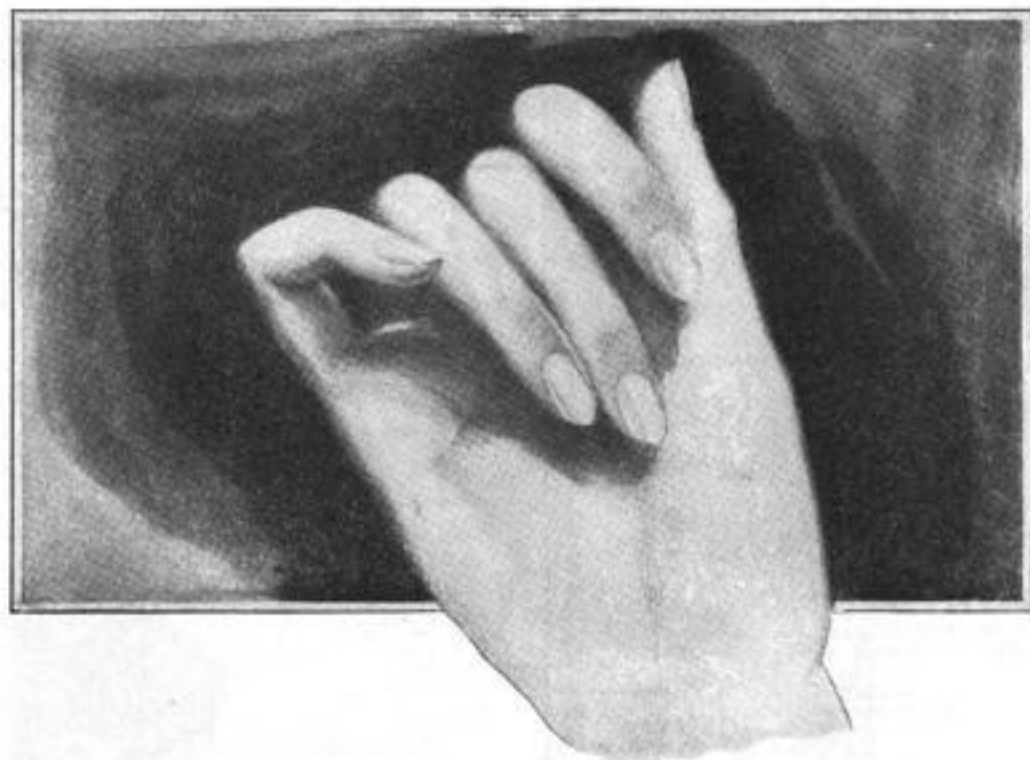
The first public recognition of the great need of mothers and babies in this country was brought out by the Federal Children's Bureau, under the wise and efficient leadership of Miss Julia C. Lathrop. A bill for Federal aid for the protection of maternity and infancy was introduced in the Sixty-fifth Congress by Miss Jeannette Rankin, the first woman member of Congress of the United States. The bill was favorably reported out of committee, but did not pass. It was again introduced in the Sixty-sixth Congress by a Democratic member of the Senate and a Republican member of the House of Representatives. It passed the Senate, went to the House, was favorably reported out of the House Committee, but was not voted upon. Again, in April, 1921, in the first session of the Sixty-seventh Congress, the bill was introduced and was passed by the Senate in July, 1921. It was passed by the House in November, 1921. This bill was known as the Sheppard-Towner Bill.

The act provides that the United States shall give to every state in the nation ten thousand dollars to start a system of maternity and infant care, and shall thereafter give to each state, in proportion to its inhabitants, a pro-rata part of the one million dollars to be appropriated by the bill, provided each state raises an equal amount. A central Federal committee, consisting of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, the United States Commissioner of Education and the Chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, are required to pass upon all plans made by the states for their maternal and child welfare work. When the plans are approved, however, the money is paid to the state with the sole requirement that it shall be spent under the authority of its state division of child hygiene, or, if there is no such division, under a special state agency created for such purpose.

There was nothing in the Sheppard-Towner Bill that warranted the criticism that was made of it or the opposition that was brought out. The act does not allow a health visitor to go uninvited into any home, nor does it take

(Continued on Page 174)

Doctor Baker, who, as Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the New York City Department of Health, has been responsible for an unprecedented reduction in the infant mortality rate of the city, has prepared for the Home Journal a series of nine letters to the expectant mother, with exceedingly valuable timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. On receipt of your name and address, together with 25 cents to cover the costs of printing and postage, these letters will be mailed monthly. Address Service Department, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.



Two New Nail Polishes—*just perfected*

Entirely new formulas that give a quicker, higher brilliance—that *lasts*

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

Northam Warren
ORIGINATOR OF CUTEX

NOW, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The **Powder Polish** is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand are sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it.

The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth—the unpleasantly gritty quality that is so characteristic of powder polishes having been entirely overcome. And it has a "body" and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully. It is not in the least drying in its effect and will, therefore, never roughen the cuticle or make the nails brittle.

On account of the present vogue for pink finger tips, we have given it a somewhat stronger tint than our former polishes. And finally, we have added to it a delicate elusive fragrance.



The new Powder Polish
At last—a powder polish that is practically instantaneous and that retains its brilliance despite frequent washings.



The new Liquid Polish
Just stroke each nail daintily with the rosy fluid, and behold—a jewel-like luster that will last a week. A wonderful protection to the nails.

In the new **Liquid Polish** we have one that is entirely free from the objections to all former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster—just like the inside of a sea-shell. It requires no buffing, of course, and it will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish, taking one

nail at a time, and wipe it off quickly before it dries. This will leave the nail clean and ready for the new application. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last three times as long.

Really, you should try these two new polishes. Geraldine Farrar said when she tried them: "They are a revelation of what a nail polish should be." You will be amazed and delighted with their quickness, their brilliancy and their lasting quality. The Powder Polish is 35c a box and the Liquid Polish 35c a bottle.

The new Cutex Five-Minute Set at \$1.00, announced below, contains the two new polishes. Other Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.

Send 5c today for samples of these two new polishes

We want you to try these two new polishes without delay. Fill out this coupon and mail it to us with five cents in coin or postage to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send you samples of both. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York. Or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 104, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 5 CENTS TODAY

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Dept. 104, 114 West 17th Street,
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City and State _____

The new Cutex Five-Minute Set with these two new polishes

Cutex announces a new assortment called the Five-Minute Set containing full-sized packages of these two new polishes, with a full-sized bottle of the Cutex Cuticle Remover, orange stick, and package of emery boards—exactly what you need for the quickest, easiest manicure. The price is \$1.00.



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listed in order of release

March 1, 1922, to May 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when
he will show themWm. S. Hart in
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By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production.Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Peter Ibbetson"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production."The Mistress of the World"
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures
With Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Higgler.Wallace Reid in
"The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Loudon.Gloria Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger.Wanda Hawley in
"Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production.Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production.Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production.Betty Compson in
A William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner.May McAvoy in
"Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production."Find the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production.Ethel Clayton in
"The Cradle"
Adapted from the play
By Eugene Brieux.Mary Miles Minter in
"The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production.Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by
George Broadhurst.Pola Negri in
"The Devil's Pawn."Dorothy Dalton in
"Tharon of Lost Valley."Wanda Hawley in
"The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production.John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade"
By Maurice Hewlett."Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson
and Walter Hiers.In Production, two Great
Paramount PicturesCecil B. DeMille's
"Manslaughter"
From the novel by Alice Duer MillerGeorge Melford's
"Burning Sands"
From the novel by Arthur Weigall.
A Man's Answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's
"The Sheikh"

*"I have just phoned the theatre—
there's a Paramount Picture on tonight.
We're all going; come on and join us!"*



HERE is the way to be sure of a
great evening.

If the box office says *Paramount*,
all further questions are wasted breath.

This is the smart, modern way of
buying entertainment, the way of
avoiding the tedium and exasperation
of wasting a couple of hours
looking at film below your standard
of taste.

The up-to-the-minute way is to
buy by *name* in everything.

The name in motion pictures—
the standard, guaranteeing the finest
screen art, the foremost direction,
acting, presentation, is Paramount.

Ten years of motion picture lead-
ership are represented in that one
name, the ten years it has taken
Paramount to lift the screen from

a stunt to the national entertainment.

Discriminate as to where and when
you see photoplays—choose the Para-
mount occasions—and you are all set
for a great time.

Telephone the box office and ask
the question straight, "Is it a Para-
mount Picture tonight?"

If the answer is "Yes", you will
know without asking that Star, Plot,
Direction, Presentation, and every-
thing that goes into a picture, are the
very best.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation
is continuing to spend millions of
dollars to draw to its ranks all the
greatest talent to keep Paramount
foremost.

Take advantage of this when you buy
entertainment. Don't be a guesser.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town





If cretonne schemes, in all their magnificence, were duplicated more often, what gorgeous and expensive-looking homes we would have, to be sure!

Furnishing the Small Apartment for One Thousand Dollars

By Ethel Davis Seal: Drawings by Marion Dismant

THERE is rarely anyone who does not desire a home that is, from some point of view, remarkable. Joy may be added to life in just such proportion as we surround ourselves with refinement and beauty, and as we and our things are appreciated. If we have achieved a beautiful home, the certain remarks of admiring friends, such as "What an adorable room this is!" and "If only I were as clever at fixing things up as you are!" and "Where do you get the ideas for your stunning effects?" and "What lovely furniture you have!" all leave our hearts quite warm with pleasure, and fired with the desire to work harder than ever to continue to beautify this home that has been so auspiciously begun, this home that is remarkable already for its color harmony or its fine furniture, its restful backgrounds and gay curtains, its cheerful hearthfires—its whole cozy and homelike atmosphere.

But for the past few years there has been a growing belief that the furnishing that can be compassed by the modest income does not include any but the barest and most uninteresting necessities, which almost always seem fated to be bare of beauty too: stern library tables; smug, tufted tapestry sofas; uninviting and shiny cane inset chairs; hopelessly round pedestal dining tables, accompanied by most usual chairs with leather seats; maybe, even, beds of polished brass! Not a single imaginatively alluring thing to bless ourselves with, when all the while our mouths are watering for chintzy overstuffs, dropleafs, ruffles and paint!

You who long for modern magnificence, take heart! You who would have the full equal of choicest decorated eggshell enamels, up-to-date daybeds, taffeta bedspreads, floor reading lights, colors rich and daring, and so often the prerogative of wealth—in a single word, "smartness"—just show

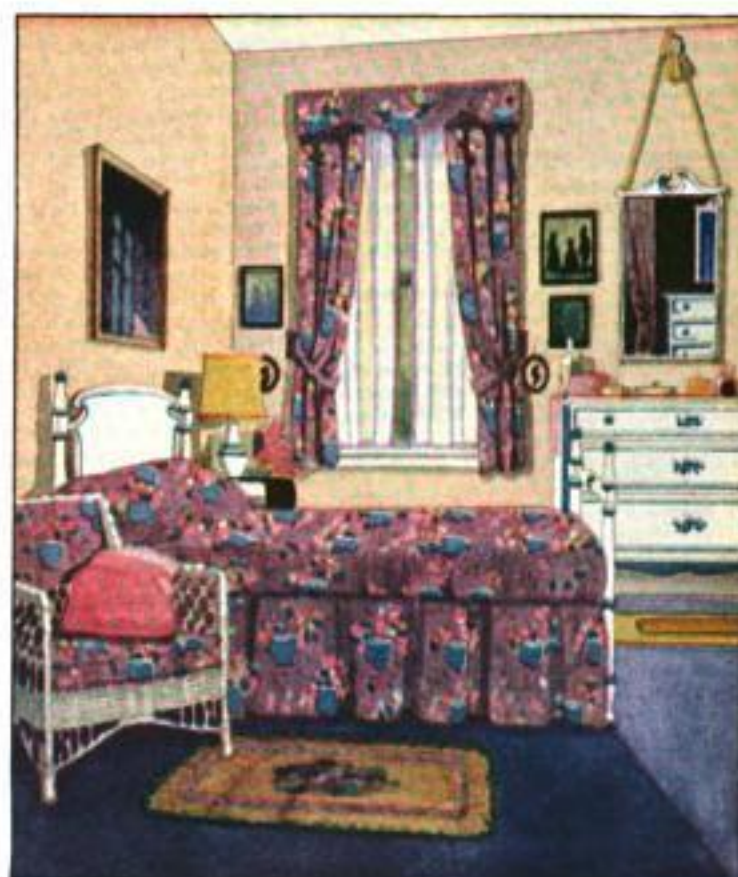
the tiniest tip-corner of your thousand dollars, and begin to-morrow the gayest and most effective of tiny homes. . . . And while we all know that without careful planning a thousand dollars doesn't accomplish the miracle toward setting up housekeeping that it used to do, in the hands of a clever and capable woman who has informed herself about the latest furniture offerings and values, and who is backed by an artistic inspiration, it may go amazingly far.

More than ever, young couples are deciding in favor of the small apartment: it is convenient, and cozy, and, oh, joy! there are not so many rooms to furnish! If the thousand dollars is spread over just three important rooms—the living room, the dining room and the bedroom—one has something worth while when moving to more spacious habitations.

(Continued on Page 102)



The dining room furniture may be bought in the suite and may be had in walnut for \$275.00, including buffet, extension dropleaf table, with three extension leaves, and five chairs.



The bedroom furniture is enameled in white with soft blue beadings and decorations, and is extremely low priced at \$48.00 for the double bed, and \$45.00 for the bureau.

The Eskimo Twins in the Winter Night

(A story to be read in connection with the Eskimo Twin paper dolls on page 38.)

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

Illustrated by the Author



IF ONE cold day last winter you had flown away northward on the wings of the wind, clear across the day and over the boundaries of the Arctic night, you would have found on the shores of the frozen sea a little Eskimo village of five igloos. To be sure, it would have taken sharp eyes to find it, for at this particular time the moon and stars were blotted out by whirling snowflakes, the wind blew in great gusts over the whole region, and the five huts were nothing but five white mounds strung in a row along a strip of snow-covered beach.

It would have seemed as if no human being could possibly live and be happy in such a desolate place; yet if you had been able to peep inside of the first of the five little snow-covered huts, this is what you might have seen: Tumbling about on the piled-up skins of the stone platform which was their bed were twin children, a boy and a girl about six years old, and tumbling about with them were their two little dogs, Nip and Tup. The children were laughing and the dogs were barking so you would hardly have been able to hear yourself think. Nip pretended there was a hare down a chink between the stones of the igloo, and scratched and barked and jumped about with his ears cocked until he really came to believe himself that there was one there.

Koollee, the twins' mother, was seated in a snug nest of furs at one end of the stone bed sewing on a coat of blue and white fox skins for Monnie, the little girl. She hadn't many clothes on for the igloo was warm, and her bare toes stuck up out of the white bear skin she was sitting on. Tup saw them wiggle and barked and nipped at them with his sharp teeth for a joke until Koollee boxed his ears and sent him howling back to the other end of the bed where sat Keshoo, the twins' father, making a fine new sling shot for Menie, the little boy. Here he seized the leather thong of the sling shot and shook it, growling as fiercely as if he were engaged in a heroic battle with some wild beast, until Keshoo also boxed his ears and sent him howling back to where Nip was still barking down the crack, where there wasn't any hare.

THEN Menie and Monnie each seized a dog by the back of his neck, and Menie said, "Come on, let's go over to Koko's hut"—Koko was their best friend—"and make a harness for Nip and Tup. We'll take them along."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Koollee promptly. "The snow is up to your necks now and you couldn't take a single step in it, much less go clear to the other end of the village."

"But what can we do then?" cried Menie. "We're tired of playing with Nip and Tup and it isn't time to sleep again! We just woke up a little bit of a while ago."

Now Keshoo, the father, was a great story-teller as well as a great hunter and a wonderful kayak man; in fact, there were very few things that have to be done by the Eskimo that Keshoo could not do better than anyone else in the village.

"You keep quiet like good children, and keep the dogs still, too, and I will tell you a story," said Keshoo.

Menie immediately snuggled Nip in his lap and Monnie cuddled Tup in hers and the story began. The little dogs were not interested and went to sleep almost at once but the twins sat up with their ears and mouths both wide open and listened with all their ears; and this is the story they heard:

"Once upon a time," said Keshoo, "there was a season of great hunger among the Innuits. That is the Eskimo name for human beings. The winter had been long and hard, but few bears had been killed and there were not enough seals stored away to feed the people. The salmon which they had caught in summer and kept frozen for winter use were all gone, and starvation stared them in the face."

"The wise men of the village met together to consider what should be done."

"I TELL you what we should do," said the wisest man. "In a village to the south I have heard there is a powerful Angakok who understands all magic and can work miracles. Let us send for him to come, and if he can break the evil spell that is laid upon us and bring back the seals to our shores we will pay him well."

"You'll have to pay him anyway, or he will not come," said another.

"What have we to give?" said a third. "There is no meat."

"We can give him a fine reindeer skin," said the wisest man.

"So they sent for the Angakok, the great medicine man from the south, and when he came all the people met together in one of the houses, the lights were put out and everybody sat in silence and darkness for the length of a long sleep while he made magic to bring back the seals."

"The sky was red when at last the Angakok broke the long silence, saying in a loud voice: 'Open your eyes, my children. I have been on a long journey with my Tornak as guide. Your troubles are over. Go now to your hunting.'"

"It was still too early in the season for the sun to come up over the rim of the world, but the hunters set off at once in the red dawn light with joy in their hearts, expecting to come home laden with seal meat for their hungry wives and children. But, alas, though they searched far inland and



went far out on the ice, they came home empty handed. There were no seals, no bears had been seen, and as for reindeer, it was as if none had ever been.

"Meantime the Angakok had taken his fine reindeer skin and gone away to his home in the south. The people grew hungrier and hungrier. Again and again the hunters went out to search for game, and as often they came back with nothing. At last in despair the wise men of the village met together once more and sent for still another Angakok, and again when he came the people all sat obediently in silence and darkness while he worked his spells."

"Just as the other magician had done, he told the people that they must keep their eyes shut tight until he returned from his journey to the ends of the earth to bring back with him the seals."

"Now," said Keshoo, and his voice grew very low and impressive, "there were in that company two little orphans, a boy and a girl, just about as big as you, Menie and Monnie, and although no one knew it at the time, they were really great Angakoks themselves. Think of it! Two little children no bigger than you could do magic!"

"WHEN the magician had taken his place in the middle of the igloo and all the people had shut their eyes he said in a loud voice, 'Now, my children, I am going away. I am going to disappear through the earth. Even if you were to disobey and open your eyes you would not find me. With my Tornak I shall go on a journey to the ends of the world. Now I am on my way, I am sinking, sinking through the floor! While I am gone let no one so much as peep through his fingers! I am almost gone! Good-by, good-by!' His voice grew fainter and fainter, there was a rustling sound in the middle of the room and then all was still."

"Now the two orphans, being Angakoks themselves, had never so much as winked their eyes, and they saw that instead of disappearing through the earth the old impostor was lying on the floor all the time. So one of them called out, 'Look, look! The Angakok has not gone away at all. He's lying on the floor. Bring a light!'"

"Hi," shouted Menie, "that was just what Koko did to our own Angakok! Don't you remember the time he got stuck in the tunnel and then afterwards when he said he could go through the earth or fly through the air any time he liked, Koko called right out loud, 'Why did he get stuck in the tunnel then?'"

The twins laughed aloud, for they remembered how funny their own Angakok had looked stuck in the entrance of their igloo with Nip and Tup barking at him; and then Menie said, "Do you suppose Koko is an Angakok too?"

His father chuckled a little at that. "I've never seen any signs of it," said he. And Koollee said, "Children, you must not laugh at the Angakok. It isn't safe. He might lay a spell on you."

THE twins stopped laughing at once and Keshoo went on with the tale: "When the lamp was brought in, there was the Angakok, just as the orphans had said, and he was a very angry Angakok too. He got up off the floor and pointed his finger at the two children and said, 'Very well, if you believe these two wicked, impertinent young ones know more than I do let them get back the seals and find food for you! Let them try to make magic!'"

"Of course he never thought they would do it, and neither did anyone else; so you can just think how astonished all the people were when one of the orphans said, 'Very well then, bring in the boat skins!'"

"The skins were brought in at once and placed on the floor. Then the two orphans put out the lights, put on their bird skin garments, got down on the floor and ran about in circles around the edge of the skins, and what do you think?"

"Away they went right through the earth! The Innuits watched through the window and saw them come up through the sand on the beach and disappear over the ice."

"For a long time the people waited and at last in the dawn the orphans came back through the floor of the igloo and took off their bird skin garments."

"Look!" they cried. "Seals in great numbers are coming, but no one must kill two. You may capture one apiece and no more, or the supply will give out."

"Away went the hunters like the wind. It was a miracle! There was a great herd of seals sprawling about on the ice, and in a little while each man came back bringing one with him. For a time the whole village gave itself up to feasting and rejoicing, but when their stomachs were full they asked the children to tell them about the marvelous journey they had taken to the ends of the earth, and how they had found the seals."

"When we had gone a very long distance," said the little girl orphan, "we came to a great chasm which we could not cross. At last after much labor we bridged it with a seal and passed over it to the other side. In the distance we saw a house. It was the home of the Water Witch. We went to her house and entered. There sat the witch. She was fearful to look at. Her hair was dirty and hanging about her ugly face. Everything about her was in disorder and she herself was as angry as she was ugly."

"We went boldly up to her, washed her hair and set things to rights for her. This pleased the old witch so well that she stopped being angry and said: 'What do you want? It is a long time since I have seen any human beings.'"

"Then we said, 'Our people are all starving; we beg you to let us have some seals.'"

"THERE were two beds in the old witch's room. She called under one bed 'Many seals come forth,' and under the other she called, 'Many white whales come forth.' Soon a pretty little seal came out from under the bed. I seized it, pulled off some of its hairs and wound them around my finger."

"When the girl orphan reached this point in her story, one of the women called out, 'My husband brought home a pretty little seal. Maybe it is the same one.'"

"The seal was brought in and if you will believe it, there on its skin was the very spot where the little girl orphan had pulled out the hairs. So the woman gave the skin to her for a coat."

"What did the boy get?" asked Menie.

"I suppose he got another skin," said Keshoo.

"What happened next?" said Menie.

"Well," said Keshoo, "of course, the old Angakok was very angry and said the children were not really Angakoks. But the people believed them because they had brought back the seals; so the wisest man said: 'Let's see what can make the best magic, the old Angakok or the children.'"

"Then they had a great magic match. The old Angakok did his greatest marvels, but each time the orphans did something more wonderful still. Finally the old Angakok wanted to stop the game but the children said: 'No, let us see if you can do this.' Then the boy took a seal lance in his hand and glided right out over the sea without sinking in at all! The people stood on the shore watching him."

"You do it! You do it!" they cried to the old Angakok. He was afraid to try, but finally, because they kept showing at him, he took his seal lance in his hand and started to follow the orphan, who was now quite a distance from shore and watching too."

"He ran down to the water but instead of gliding out as he fell in with a great splash. Then everybody laughed at him, and that was the end of the Angakok business for him, and that is the end of the story too."

"Tell us another," said Monnie.

"NOT now," said Koollee, putting away her needle. "It is time to get something to eat." She climbed down from her seat and put some seal meat to warm in the stone pot hanging over the lamp. "You children can go out and see if it is still snowing as hard as ever," she said.

Menie and Monnie jumped down off the bed, the little dogs jumped, too, and began to bark, and all four scuttled down into the tunnel. There was just enough space about the snow level at the mouth of the tunnel so they could look out. It had stopped snowing and the moon was sailing the sky like a great round boat, and the stars were winking down at them.

"The storm is over," they shouted back.

Then Keshoo came scraping along through the tunnel with the big snow shovel in his hand. "We can begin to clear a path to the dog house," he said. "They haven't been fed for two days and they'll be hungry enough to eat the bones off of us. Get your little snow shovels and help."

The twins crept back to the igloo where Koollee was busy keeping the moss wicks of the lamp burning brightly, and soon they were out in the snow with their father.

When the dogs had been freed from their snowy prison and fed with frozen salmon Koollee's voice came rolling through the tunnel. "Come in to your dinner," she called.

Keshoo and the twins dropped their shovels and dashed into the tunnel, and in a few minutes each was gnawing at a piece of seal meat with a face all wreathed in smiles.

NOTE—The folk tale given in this story is adapted from an Eskimo legend given by William Thalheimer in his book on the Eskimo.

What Proper Shampooing Will Do for Your Hair

HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR HAIR BEAUTIFUL—KEEP IT SOFT and SILKY, BRIGHT, FRESH LOOKING and LUXURIANT



Get up a big, thick lather by first wetting the hair and then applying Mulsified. Rub in thoroughly.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



When the hair is dry always give it a good, thorough brushing.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out real life and lustre, natural wave and ring, and makes your hair soft, fresh looking and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, stiff and gummy, and the strands stick together, and it feels harsh and greasy to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, naturally fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps.

Free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women everywhere now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to remove the dandruff and small particles of dust and that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, wash the hair and scalp thoroughly, always using clear, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again rubbing up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet,

will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WHAT A CHILD'S HAIR NEEDS

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For either a boy or a girl, simply moisten the hair with warm

water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



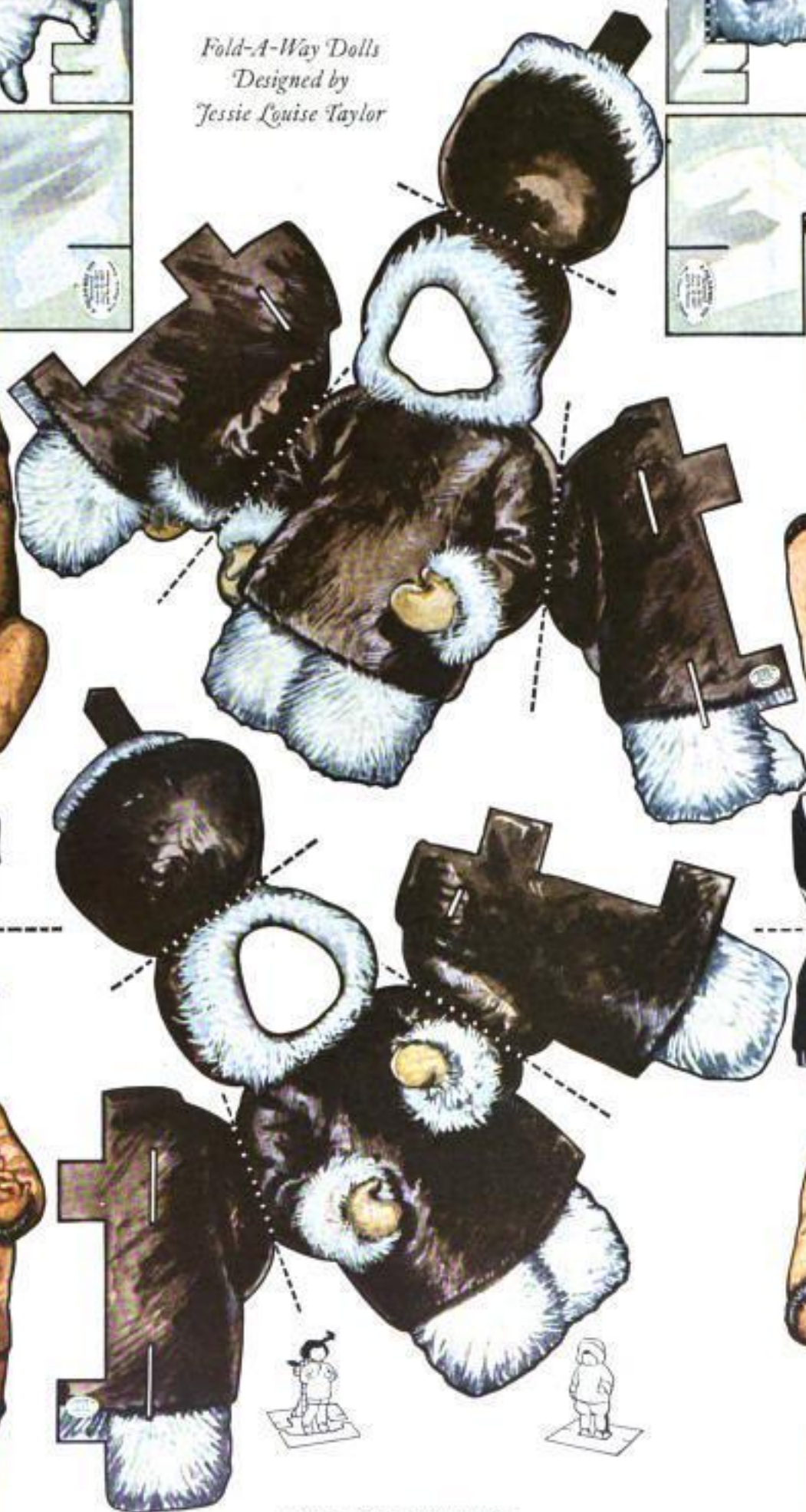
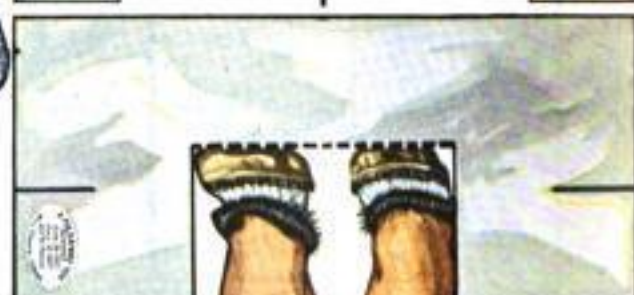
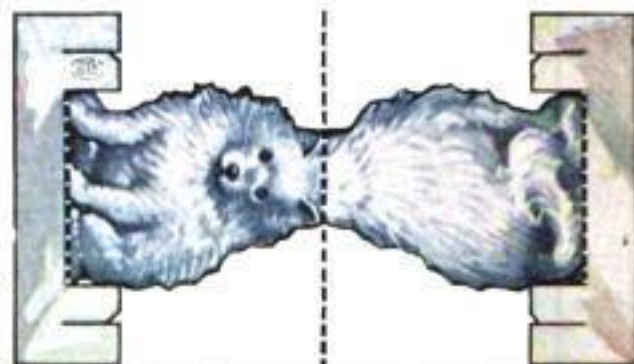
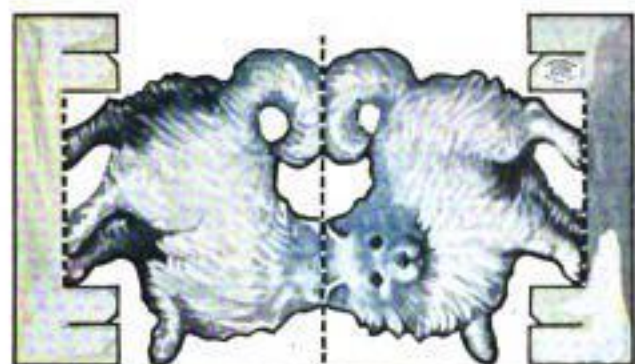
WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Eskimo Twins

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

(The story of the Twins is on page 36.)

Fold-A-Way Dolls
Designed by
Jessie Louise Taylor



DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FOLD-A-WAY DOLLS

Mount dolls on old magazine cover or letterhead. When thoroughly dry cut out all around dark outline and cut into lines on base to make the locks, also cut slits in body into which the dress tabs fit. Fold over directly on the dotted lines at the top of the head and the dotted lines at the feet, but in opposite directions, as shown on the little figures. Bring boxes together and slide locks from one side into the slits on the opposite side. Doll will then stand alone. The clothes need not be mounted, but will last longer if mounted on light paper before cutting out. Cut into the slits and fold directly on the dotted lines; clothes will then go on and off almost like your own garments. The tabs on the back of the boots should be fitted into the slits in the back of the coat.

In cutting out the dress follow the same method as with the dolls.

Jessie Louise Taylor

Every normal skin needs two creams

*One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night*



*To protect the skin against wind and dust,
apply Pond's Vanishing Cream each
time before you go out*



*To cleanse the skin thoroughly use
Pond's Cold Cream before retiring*

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil, that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin.

Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base you will find that the powder lasts many times longer and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight, as if the muscles under it were tied in little knots, touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? Fine lines become wrinkles before you know it, and wrinkles are almost impossible to erase. The way to prevent them is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream stimulates the skin, lubricat-

ing it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently with the lines, not across them. Use a gentle motion always, for too strenuous rubbing is apt to be harmful. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin until the pores are saturated with it. Let the cream remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today

Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist and the department stores carry both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
*Vanishing Cream to prevent chapping
and to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
109 Hudson St., New York.
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of
the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for
two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



In the stroke of a brush

A Week's Nail Beauty

For the Fashionable Manicure, without Buffing

Thousands of women with little time for the infinite details of the modern toilette are keeping their nails fashionably manicured by merely brushing them once or twice a week with Glazo.

Lightly stroked on with a brush, and with no buffing whatever, this simple, new liquid nail polish dries instantly, and gives your nails a beautiful, lasting lustre. In between times, no matter how stained or soiled the nails may become, a simple washing will restore their freshly manicured beauty.

For a perfect and even cuticle

For the cuticle there's gentle magic in the beautifying touch of Glazo Cuticle Massage, a dainty cream that's used with your orange stick to shape the cuticle before applying the polish. Massage it in now and then and leave it overnight. It will preserve the soft, velvety charm of your nail sheaths, and hang-nails will never trouble them.

You'll find the Complete Glazo Manicure at almost any good toilet counter—place it first on your shopping list today.

Write Today for this Chat about the Hands

A charming little booklet telling how you may have lovely hands, always, without being a slave to your toilet table, will be mailed you free, if you'll simply send your name and address. The Glazo Company, 27 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GLAZO

Glazo Liquid Polish with Remover - 50c
Glazo Cuticle Massage - 50c
Combination Set, 75c



John A. Huston Co., Selling Agents for Canada
60-62 Front St. West, Toronto



IN A LETTER of a Yale student to his father that I came across in a bundle of old papers the other afternoon I found this sentence, heavily underscored:

The greatest day of my life so far was Tap Day! And I've been "tapped," so now I can go in and out of the same door that you went in and out of when you were a junior! Come up and let us go in together.

Tap Day at Yale University when that boy and his father were young was, I am told, more trying to the nerves and more dramatic than the Tap Day of the present, because there was more publicity about both the successes and the failures of the boys to "make" the secret societies which on that occasion notify the upper classmen of their election by a tap from one of their members in passing.

To wait for that tap to come in the crowded campus, that friendly yet peremptory tap that is the open sesame to a much-coveted honor, and to wait in vain, is a great blow to young ambition; just as to wait with a humble sense that it isn't for you and yet feel it tingling from your shoulder to your heels makes a moment in life that few men would care to forfeit.

Fortunately it is not his only great hour even in the university, and for those that miss the "Tap" in their college career there are greater and more momentous taps ahead which life itself provides. Only, and this is the great difference between Tap Day at Yale and Tap Day in the world, the boy on the campus recognizes it as a command, to be accepted or refused right there on the spot; out in the world when we receive our taps we often do not recognize them as having been a summons until long afterwards.

If we have failed to respond we call them "lost chances," and are forever perplexed at our blindness and dullness in not having understood what they meant; if we have responded we often speak of them as "lucky chances" and are half amazed that we had the wit or daring or sheer luck to take them up.

For my part I've come to the conclusion that "nothing just happens" in life. A door does not open before you or close back of you without a hand that opens and shuts! Not your hand or mine. Not blind Fate. But One Who Knows.

"Nothing Just Happens"

IT IS this knowledge that it is One Who knows which makes life so dramatic a sensation and which turns the common, everyday episode of our weeks and days into momentous parts of a great whole.

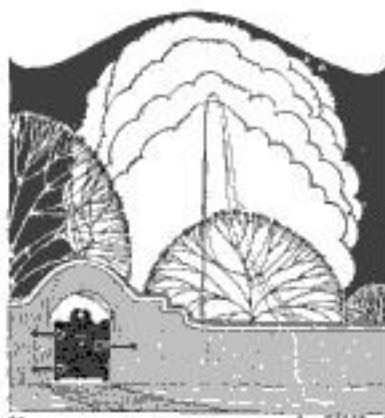
Looking back I remember the day and the hour when this belief that "nothing just happens" became for me a certainty.

It was the spring after my mother died, and I was for the first time in my life responsible for the affairs of a household and all the hundred and one outside connections of a household that make it a part of the community. Coming downstairs to go out one afternoon, I was given a message from a colored woman who had worked for my mother, off and on, for years back as a sort of general stand-by for extra occasions, house cleaning, company, sickness, sewing, and so on.

The message just briefly informed me, "Louisa is very sick"—that was all.

Ours was not the only family that employed Louisa, and I had a pretty full afternoon and the little street upon which she lived was quite in the other direction from my errands. So I felt that I had three very good excuses for letting her summons wait over until the next day. For although her message only said that she was very sick, I realized that her sending it to me was in itself a summons. I also knew that if it had been my mother who had received it she would have gone at once to see Louisa in her emergency, just as Louisa had always dropped anything that she was doing to come to us in our times of stress.

But I said to myself: "I am not my mother, nor am I the only friend that employs Louisa. She must have sent this message to all of us. To-morrow will be time



Life's Pathways

enough for me to go to her help." And with that I left it or, rather, tried to leave it.

I was late, as it was, in getting started with my afternoon of engagements; this interruption of Louisa's message had delayed me.

It is a curious thing about us humans who ask and expect God to plan our lives for us that we reserve the privilege of planning our days for ourselves, and that we always speak of any outside interference with those daily plans as an interruption. I did not realize at the moment that Louisa's interruption was a summons to me that had anything to do with the life that I had put into God's keeping to plan for me. I did not recognize it as a tap on the shoulder, only as an interruption not to be considered in the stress of the afternoon's activities.

I went about those other errands, those important errands, until four o'clock, when something that had been working in my heart and made me very half-hearted in their performance suddenly brought me to a full stop. I could not get Louisa out of my mind. That something in my heart grew in insistence till I gave up disregarding it and turned and went to see Louisa.

I knocked and I knocked at her house, with no answer. Finally a woman next door but one opened an upper window and called down to me that the house was empty. "The woman is sick and gone away," she said.

I asked her where she had gone, and she said an ambulance had come and taken her to the hospital. She slammed down the window before I could ask her to what hospital, and I stood puzzled and considering on the dingy step. There were so many hospitals that it would take hours to find out which. There was a colored hospital, however, in the next block and to that I went, on a chance, before going home. Yes, Louisa was there! Yes, she was very ill, and was to be operated on at once. The clerk glanced up at the clock in the office; the operation was scheduled for four-thirty and it lacked only a few minutes of that. Louisa was up in the surgical ward being got ready.

How the Lesson Was Learned

OF COURSE I knew that I could not see her; visiting hour was over for all patients in the wards, the clerk assured me, so I made no attempt. But I asked to send a message up, which the office nurse agreed to take in person. When I came to my own name in the message both the clerk and the nurse looked at each other and smiled.

"Oh, you've come, then," said the nurse; "we did not know it was you, ma'am."

"You are expected, and the doctor gave permission for her to see you no matter when you came," the clerk explained. They were both hurrying me out of the office to the stairway.

"Expected!" was all I could say. "Expected by whom?"

"She said she had sent you word, and that you would be here. She has something on her mind that you were to attend to when you came," they both explained.

All through my interview with that pain-racked, work-worn figure on the bed that whispered to me so trustingly her anxious last-moment preparations for the financial stress that was before her in her sudden withdrawal from work, I was saying to myself: "Oh, suppose I had disappointed her trust and had not come!"

It was very easy for me to arrange her affairs and to put her case in such a way to her other employers that her place was kept ready for her return and certain sums paid her in advance. She had not wanted charity, she had not known how to ask for a loan, and she had been too ill and weak all of a sudden to explain to several people what I, bending over her, could see at a glance and put into words for her. Quite obviously I was the person she should have sent for in her extremity. If I had failed her she would have gone into her life-or-death struggle with pain and weakness handicapped by anxiety. She had been so completely sure that I would be there that to this day, years afterwards, I tremble at the thought of how near I was to failing her. And not only failing her, but failing the Being to whose keeping I had given the planning of my life.

For, lacking that afternoon's experience of the significance and the far-reaching effect of casual decisions and unconscious acts, I might very well have lost the chance to learn once and for all that "nothing just happens."

I was trying to explain in simple terms how I had grown to feel about our acts having the greatest consequences for ourselves and for others to a young chauffeur the other day, who in these days of hard times had come upon lower wages. He was for putting his own failure to succeed down to the hardness of employers' passing him by without a chance. He assured me that he had answered every kind of advertisement and applied at every sort of garage. I said that in my experience one's chances came mostly from persons needing help, who did not advertise and in some cases could not employ. He stared heavily at me and remarked that he wasn't "working for nothing, and never had."

Christ's "Chance Encounter"

I SAW a letter from a farmer's wife a while ago complaining of the terrific sameness of her life. It was a Western farm of the big type. Her husband was young and ambitious; her children were little; her neighbors were few and distant; she felt that she had much to learn. She wondered if going to the city in the off season and taking special courses in the state college might not lift "the sameness." I find myself often thinking about her. With two little children and an ambitious husband and a score of employees, and with neighbors, even though they are distant, she has more already in her life than most college women. Is she possibly missing her great chance because, in scanning the far horizon, she misses the creative part she has offered to her on her own threshold?

I sometimes read for my solace and inspiration the story of Jesus of Nazareth and the woman of Samaria in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, because in it are all the human conditions that go to make up the drama of what we are wont to call our "chance encounters," and because, in His recognition of the opportunity that chance encounter afforded Him, Jesus proved that He of all men believed that "nothing just happens."

The situation of Jesus when the woman of Samaria came out to draw water at the well by which He was resting was a very human situation. If ever He had an excuse for standing aloof from a woman, one would think that He had one there. But He received her as a direct summons from His Father. He trusted her with a great truth, and He sent her into her town as His spokesman. The story and its results make it plain that her being where she was and at the hour she came was part of the great drama of love and forgiveness to which time has not yet put the finishing act.

If Jesus had refused that chance He would have lost some loyal friends, the woman and her townfolk would have lost the great moment of their lives, and the world would have lost a supreme truth.

So much depends on—so little: our recognition of a summoning touch.

Sarah D. Louisa

700 letters from those who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Doctors, mechanics, stenographers, housewives—teachers, nurses, clergymen—farmers, policemen, architects—in all, men and women in 113 different occupations recently wrote about their experiences with eating fresh yeast.

THE reports came from all parts of the United States. Lawyers, artists, lumbermen, wrote in. Housemaids and private secretaries. Dressmakers. Even a boxer told how he had added Fleischmann's Yeast to his daily diet.

These 700 letters reflect the growing realization of men and women all over the country that American meals are often lacking in certain essential food factors.

"We now know definitely," writes one of our greatest authorities, "that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

This is what has caused fresh yeast to assume such a new and startling importance in our food.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly the food factors they need. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary vitamin-B.

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps in eliminating poisonous waste matter. Fresh compressed yeast is recommended in American medical literature.

Why the body needs fresh yeast

It is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process. Fresh yeast gives you the health essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a fresh food is just the natural corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should

be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance, especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The natural way to improve digestion

More and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Because of its wonderful effect on the digestion and its laxative action Fleischmann's Yeast clears up skin disorders, ailments so often due to faulty eating.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

The ways they liked to eat it best

Some of these 700 men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in coffee.

Add 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference.

Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

Send for free booklet telling what yeast can do for you. Use coupon addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 104, 701 Washington St., New York City.



Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food
which builds up the system naturally

Mail this coupon today

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 104, 701 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"
(Please write plainly)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



**Wringer
Dry-
without a
wringer**

"If it
has a
Wringer
it isn't a
Laun-Dry-
Ette"

The electric
washing machine
that does more
than wash

THE Laun-Dry-Ette dries a tubful, (averaging six sheets or thirty pieces) wringer-dry in one minute without a wringer.

It washes linens and lingerie, or rag rugs, blankets and comforts with equal facility and without adjustment—and dries them all "wringer-dry" in one minute. It even washes feather pillows and extracts the water from them. Its versatility is amazing.

**Doesn't smash buttons,
hooks nor fasteners**

One user writes "not a button to sew on in a year". Clothes washed "The Laun-Dry-Ette Way" are easier to iron because there are no creases to iron out.



Prevents Red Hands

No need to put hand in the water at any stage of the wash. This wins enthusiastic approval from those who appreciate good looking, well groomed hands.

Extra tubs not required

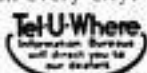
because washing, rinsing and bluing are all done in the Laun-Dry-Ette. This saves the cost of extra tubs and saves space. Many use the Laun-Dry-Ette in kitchen or bathroom.

Yet with these exclusive advantages it costs you no more than ordinary machines. The Laun-Dry-Ette is in its seventh successful year and bears the approval seal of the Good Housekeeping Institute. You take no chances when you buy a Laun-Dry-Ette.

**Write for "The Washing
Machine That Does More"**

—a booklet that tells all, sent free on request with "The Laun-Dry-Ette Way" which describes this modern way of washing in detail.

Any Laun-Dry-Ette dealer will demonstrate for you. If there is none in your town take this advertisement to the nearest electrical or hardware dealer and have him order for you. We guarantee satisfaction. Authorized dealer wanted in every city. Write.



The Laundryette Mfg. Co.
1193 East 152nd St., Cleveland, O.

LAUN-DRY-ETTE
electric washing machine
WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER

Easter Morning: By Anice Terhune

Allegretto.



1. Do you know why the flow'rs are so gay, lit - tle child? Why we've
2. In the tops of the trees, far and near, lit - tle child, There's a
3. All the day—like the flow'rs and the birds, lit - tle child— You can



lit - ties in bright - est ar - ray, lit - tle child? 'Tis an hour set a - part In each
cho - rus of song full and clear, lit - tle child. For each flute - throat - ed bird A soft
make the world sweet with kind words, lit - tle child. And so this you must do, For Christ



dew - la - den heart! 'Tis the dawn of a glad Eas - ter Day, lit - tle child.
whis - per has heard That an - oth - er bright Eas - ter is here, lit - tle child.
rose for you, too! Yes, for you, and the flow'rs, and the birds, lit - tle child.



EASTER CHILDREN: I wonder just what Easter means to each one of you.

Of course we all know that when Easter comes we have vacation—school vacation for a week, sometimes two weeks. And our big brothers and sisters come back from college or boarding school for a few days, looking and acting a little more grown up, somehow, than they did in Christmas vacation.

They seem almost like strangers and we stand a little bit in awe of them just at first—until we find that as soon as their newness wears off they are just the same as they always were.

Then at Easter time there are such fascinating baby rabbits in the store windows—live bunnies with wiggly noses. One always flattens one's own nose against the window pane to watch them, and hopes that Daddy or someone will give us such a pretty Easter present—and more often than not Daddy or someone does.

And besides the rabbits and the downy baby ducks there are always Easter eggs—the kind one colors oneself, with mother's help, and the frosty, hard kind one buys, that looks like twinkling snow crust; that is the kind I like best. It has a little magnifying glass at the end, and a wonderful picture inside; so that when you shut one eye and look through the bit of glass with the other you seem to be in a beautiful garden, with

people in lace collars and large sashes; and with dogs and kittens walking all around.

Once, when I was your age, I had an Easter egg like that. It was as big as a casaba melon! I wish you could have seen the picture inside!

In those days they didn't have the lovely chocolate eggs that they have now, with soft cream inside, that one eats to the very end and then feels like licking one's fingers so as not to lose a scrap!

Nicest of all, there are the ice-cream eggs, in the spun sugar nest, for dessert at Easter Sunday dinner.

But, though these things are delightful and it is right that we should have a good time and enjoy them, Easter means more.

DID you ever notice, if you live far enough south to hear the birds in the trees at Easter, how much more sweetly they sing than at other times? And if you live in the North and go to a church where, during Easter service, they sometimes have canary birds in cages hidden among the flowers—have you noticed how loudly and joyously they sing? It seems as if they must burst their little fluffy yellow throats with happiness.

Now something makes them sing like that. What is it?

I'll tell you in a moment; but first I want to speak about the flowers at Easter. You know, without my telling you, that they are more lovely than at any other time during the year. I don't mean just because there

are so many of them in all the windows and in the churches; but they hold their heads so high and are so sweet and fresh, and lovely in color.

There is a special reason for it; it is because, like the birds, they know and understand the wonderful meaning of Easter.

THEY know that each year, at Easter, Christ gives us another chance. That if you have been naughty, or lazy, or forgetful, or selfish, all you have to do is to be truly sorry for it and put it all behind you. Then, on Easter Sunday, make a brand-new start—fresh and clean and sweet—like the flowers, and with a song in your heart like the birds, to make those around you happy.

When Christ rose for us all on Resurrection Morning everything received a fresh start, and that meant that each Easter we could start again. And that is what is so very wonderful about it all. If you fail in your lessons at school the teacher puts a mark against your name. But Christ does not do that; he gives you another chance!

So if you understand these things—and no matter how little you are you can understand if you really try—this will be the happiest Easter morning you have ever known in all your life.

And if sometimes—even after Easter has gone by for this year—you will sing the little song I have written for you, it will help you to remember just what Easter means "for you, and the flowers, and the birds."



Libby's Peaches—big, golden, juicy, ripe

Have them tonight! *Libby makes this summer delight one you can enjoy the whole year 'round*

PERHAPS where you live the peach trees are covered now with clouds of soft pink blossoms—fragrant—fairylike! But for your fill of peaches and cream, you need not wait till August, till the ripened fruit loads down the boughs.

Libby has made it possible for you to serve peaches and cream at any time of the year—whether you live close to city markets or on a Western cattle ranch.

From the Pacific Coast—to you

In the sheltered valleys of the Pacific Coast, Libby picks peaches for you the minute they are fully ripe—big, sound, fine-flavored peaches that have come to juicy perfection in the sunshine of long summer days.

And right in the heart of the orchard land there are spotless Libby kitchens. There the peaches are packed for you in all their first freshness—these perfect peaches—these golden balls of summer's sweetness. And you can have them now!

Such interesting ways to serve them

You will like these delightful new ways of serving Libby Peaches that the Libby chefs have worked out for you.

Try the Dutch Peach Cake. Just a tender piece of pastry, topped with golden halves of Libby Peaches, sprinkled with sugar and nutmeg and baked to a tempting glaze.

And here's a salad and dessert in one—these delicious peaches with a delightful dressing made of cheese and Libby's Evaporated Milk!

This milk, Libby's chefs have used in all these recipes because they can be sure of its richness, its purity.

Try it in your own household once—and you, too, will be delighted with its creaminess and its convenience.

Pure cow's milk—rich enough to whip!

Libby's Milk is just cow's milk, rich and pure—cow's milk evaporated to the consistency of cream. And what gives it its cream-like richness? Simply this:

Libby condenseries, located in the richest dairy sections of the country, get each day a supply of tested milk from the herds of sleek, well-cared-for cows on the big dairy farms

near by. And half the moisture is removed from this milk! Nothing at all is added. Then it is sealed in air-tight cans so it will keep fresh and sweet till you are ready to use it.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is so rich it whips like cream and it costs not half as much.

Milk and cream from one Libby can

Libby's Milk is delicious in coffee, or tea, on cereals, or fruit! It adds such creamy richness to soups and sauces, such tenderness to cake. Use it in all your cooking—for cream, just as it comes from the can—for milk, diluted with an equal quantity of water. It is so convenient, so economical.

Order a supply of Libby's Evaporated Milk and Libby's Peaches from your grocer today. He has them or will get them for you. Surprise the family with peaches and whipped cream tonight!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 104 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

Libby's Dutch Peach Cake

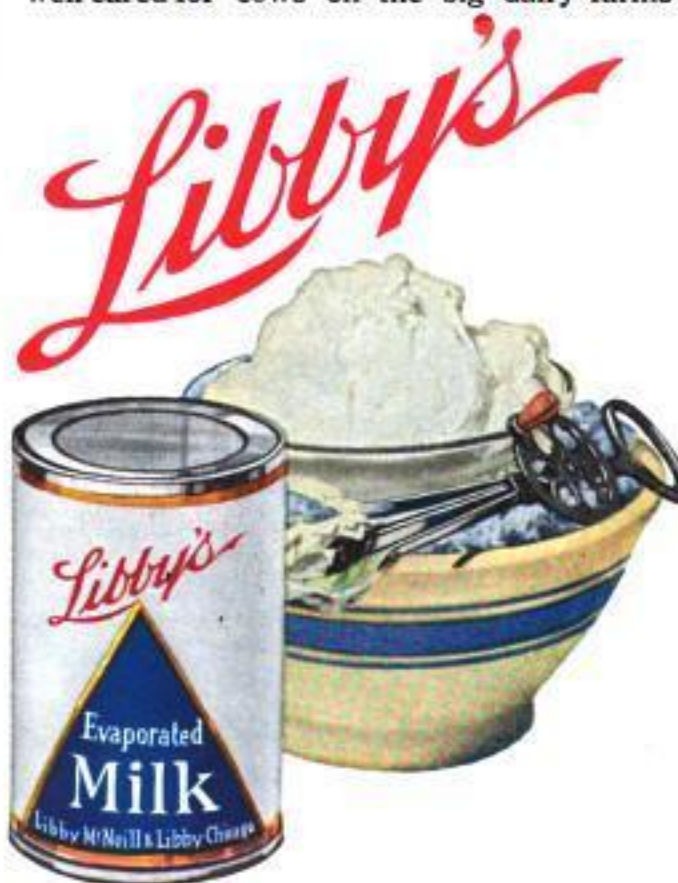
Mix and sift 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 2 cups flour; add 5 tablespoons butter or substitute and work into the flour, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Roll $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter; make a depression in the center of each round and place in them halves of Libby's Peaches. Sprinkle generously with sugar and nutmeg and bake in a hot oven eight to ten minutes. Serve with a lemon sauce.

Peach Salad

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon flour; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Libby's Evaporated Milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, boil two minutes. Pour over the beaten yolks of two eggs and cook one minute, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter. When cool add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of vinegar and 1 pkg. cream (Neufchâtel) cheese which has been put through a sieve. Serve halves of Libby's Peaches on crisp lettuce and fill the center of each with this cheese dressing.

To whip Libby's Evaporated Milk

Put the milk in a bowl and set it in a larger one that's filled with cracked ice and salt. Chill for 5 minutes, then beat 10 minutes with an egg-beater. Soak one-half teaspoon gelatine in one tablespoon cold water and place over boiling water to dissolve. Add this to one and one-half cups of the cream whip; beat again for a few minutes and chill.





*Puffed Rice with cream and sugar.
The queen of breakfast dainties.*



*Puffed Wheat in milk—for supper, for
luncheon, for bedtime.*



*Add melted butter, for hungry children
to eat like peanuts after school.*

Try New Delights

Learn all the joys that Bubble Grains can bring

Puffed Grains are both foods and confections. You can use them in countless ways.

They have a nut-like flavor, due to intense heat. So they add what nut-meats add to candy or desserts.

They are as flimsy as snowflakes. They crush at a touch. So they add delight to any fruit dish, fresh or stewed.

They form crisp, toasted wafers, almost light as air. And that adds many uses.

The scientific side

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains steam exploded. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process.

The object is to fit all food cells to digest.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for one hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot the steam explodes. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete. Every element is made available as food.

The delightful side

The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. They come out crisp and flimsy, almond-like in flavor. So, when you add cream and sugar, fruit or butter, they form delicious tidbits.

As a cereal dish, morning, noon or night, there is nothing else that children love so well. Millions of mothers know that.

But use them in other ways, at other times, as well. Let these whole-grain dainties take the place of things less good for children.

Try all the ways suggested by the pictures.

Puffed Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Wheat

Whole grains steam exploded



*Flimsy, flavorful bubble grains to blend
with any dish of fruit.*



*Use as garnish on desserts—like toasted
nut meats puffed.*



*Use as toasted wafers in your soups—
crisp, flaky, flimsy bubbles.*

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Programs for Children's Week

By H. AUGUSTINE SMITH

THE overwhelming responsibility for building a new world rests on the children of to-day, twenty-five million American boys and girls. If they be not clean-eyed, pure of heart and courageous unto death, to-morrow is cataclysm. Juvenile crime, the child pervert of eight, the immoral girl of thirteen, the bandit gang of boys in their teens, thirteen million American children without ethical or religious instruction of any kind—is this the loose and violent mob to which we are to pin our hopes for a new America and a new world? And what of the twelve million other children whose spiritual nurture is limited to thirty minutes out of ten thousand minutes a week—a half hour sandwiched in between a belated preaching service and an American Sunday dinner? Has religious education no finer and larger place in their lives?

Children's Week is strategic for Protestant, Catholic and Jew alike. It holds eight days for the evaluation of child life, when homes, schools, churches and communities are to work together, to arrange mass meetings, to organize festivals of song, pageantry, pictures, story-telling, to conduct surveys and exhibits, to parade to the music of children's voices and the zigzag of their pennants. Children's Week this year is dated April thirtieth to May seventh.

Four Kinds of Programs

PROGRAMS for Children's Week should include, first, Sunday services, with special mass meetings and conferences on adult training for child leadership; second, church and church-school festivals of music, pageantry, pictures and story-telling; third, community parades, exhibits, booths and week-day schools of religion; fourth, survey of the homes of the community with particular reference to children.

The following program material for Sundays at home combines variety, novelty, self-expression, education and religion:

1. A family sing of famous hymns—Hymns from many lands and many centuries:
Asia Minor, second century—*Gloria Patri*.
Egypt—*Shepherd of Tender Youth*.
Japan—*Let There Be Light*.
Lord God of Hosts.
China—*In the Cross of Christ I Glory*.
India—*I Would Be True*.
America—*O Beautiful for Spacious Skies*.

Marching songs of the church—pilgrimages, processions, crusades:
Ninth century—*All Glory, Laud and Honor*.
Seventeenth century—*Fairest Lord Jesus*.
Nineteenth century—*Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

Hymns associated with our Presidents:

Abraham Lincoln—*If You Cannot on the Ocean*.
William McKinley—*Nearer, My God, to Thee*.
William Howard Taft—*The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.
Andrew Jackson—*How Firm a Foundation*.
Theodore Roosevelt—*How Firm a Foundation*.

2. Singing and dramatizing folk songs, in costume:
La Marseillaise.
Santa Lucia.
Song of the Volga Boatmen.
Tannenbaum.
Comin' Through the Rye.
Old Black Joe.

3. Characterization of person or event whose anniversary falls on or near the Sunday:
Sunday, April 2—Return of the Mayflower, 1621. See Boughton's picture of the event.
Sunday, April 9—Lee and Grant at Appomattox, 1865. A timely characterization, as this year marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Grant—April 27, 1822.

Sunday, April 16—Easter, a day for caroling and for nature music.
A guessing contest on themes or melodies from classic springtime music.

Mendelssohn—*Spring Song*.
Rubinstein—*Melody in F*.
Nevin—*Narcissus*.
MacDowell—*To a Wild Rose*.
Cadman—*From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water*.

Sunday, April 23—Shakspeare's birthday.
Sunday, April 30—The Inauguration of Children's Week throughout America.

4. The Story Hour should feature lessons in obedience, unselfishness, helpfulness—the rubrics of daily living. These stories should lead to self-expression on the part of the children. Pictures and music should be used as the basis of story material and interpretation.
5. Stereopticon pictures with the interpolation of music have immense possibilities. Stereopticon machines can easily be connected with electric-light current, and travelogues and nature studies, industrial welfare and manufacturing processes are accessible through thousands of well-colored slides.
6. Clean, wholesome games and experiments have their place in the Sunday program.

Drama and Pageantry

THE second agency for the proper observance of Children's Week is the church and the church school. The Christian church still makes the mistake of buying her music when she has youth yearning for drama and pageantry. Here is a program of the fine arts in the service of religion:

1. A program of music, including congregational singing and choirs of children and adults.
2. A story cycle with the accompaniment of music and pictures.
3. A visualization program including:
(a) Stereopticon slides of famous children's pictures and their messages to adults on behalf of child life:
Caritas—Thayer.
The Children's Hour, Sweet and Low, Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, Children are an Heritage of the Lord—all by W. L. Taylor.
Wisdom Teaches—Walker.
Madame Lebrun and Daughter—Lebrun.
A Child's Grace—Jessie Willcox Smith.
The Hope of the World—Copping.
Boy and Rabbit—Raeburn.
(b) Living Pictures or the posing of art masterpieces:
Reynolds' *Samuel*—signifying Obedience.
Benouville's *Joan of Arc Listening to the Spirits*—Vision.
Watts' *Sir Galahad*—Purity.
Renl's *St. Michael and Dragon*—Courage.
Renoul's *A Helping Hand*—Helpfulness.
Willard's *Spirit of '76*—Patriotism.
Johnson's *The Boy Lincoln*—Industry.
Breton's *Song of the Lark*—Happiness.

Smith's *Dawn*—Reverence.
Abbey's *Oath of Knighthood*—Loyalty.

4. A Pageant of Child Rights, of Religious Education.

The community is the third interested party in the propaganda for a sane Children's Week observance. Her appeal to adults in behalf of childhood will be made through:

1. A parade of all Sunday schools of the city, showing by orderly units, by flags and transparencies, by floats and pantomime, by bands and choruses, the strength of the religious forces of the city. Certain pictures may be posed with telling effect, such as Walker's *The Wisdom of the Law*, Simmons' *Justice* and Copping's *The Hope of the World*, with a Sunday-school teacher taking the center of this latter picture.
2. Booths and store-window exhibits will further emphasize the varied influences at work.
3. The week-day schools of religion will have large place in the parade, the exhibit and the conferences, showing how a new moral force is at work with the children of school grade.
4. A house-to-house canvass will finally reveal the weak spots in the life of the community—the unchurched child, the spiritual illiterate, the family without a conscience or spiritual guide.

Why Millions eat them



HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

HERE's the real baked bean flavor and real bean nutriment assured by the Heinz method of real baking by dry heat in real ovens.

And a distinctively different good taste—that flavor of the delicious tomato sauce famous for its use in Heinz Oven Baked Beans.

Eat them often, instead of many other foods that are not so good for you, not so completely satisfying, and cost so much more.

You will save money. You will save time and fuss in the kitchen. You will better your health. First of all, you will like the Beans, like them so well that you will never tire of them.

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup





Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

MANY a girl is unaware that her skin is disfigured by blackheads—for she *does not see her skin as other people see it.*

The ordinary shaded light of indoors never shows you your skin as it really is.

Can your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear? or do ugly little blackheads, whose presence you never suspected, become visible?

Blackheads are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment and see how quickly you can overcome this defect:

EVERY NIGHT before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, *in the right way*, to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn sensation will

disappear. At the same time you will begin to notice how much firmer and clearer your skin is becoming.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your skin* needs.

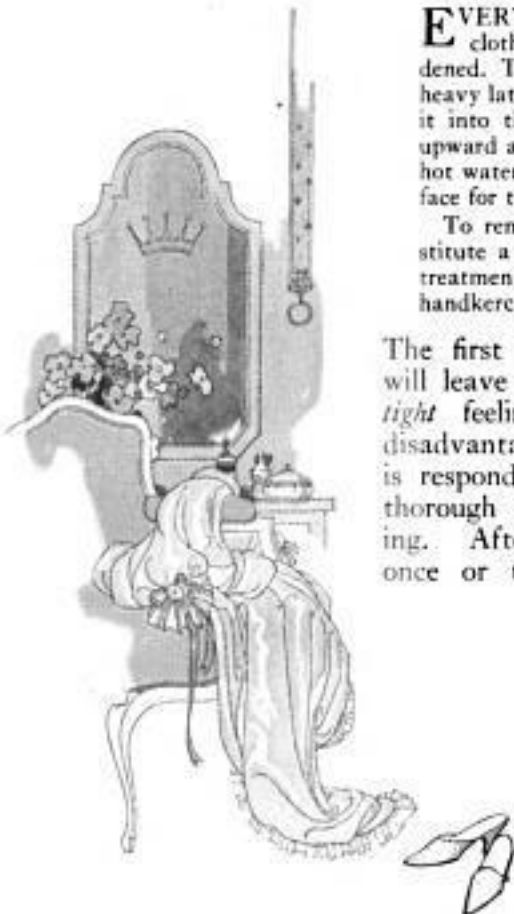
The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 104 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 104 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



Resurrection: By Alma Adams Wiley

O LIFE that leads us by the ways of death!
O death that crowds life into glorious bloom!
These Easter lilies bring on incensed breath
The oft-told message from an unsealed tomb;
"Now Life the Victor rolls the stone away!
Arise! It is the Resurrection Day!"

Too long the world has looked upon its crosses,
Too long stood impotent before its tombs,
Mourning its vanished dreams, its poignant losses;
With eyes bent earthward, dulled by funeral glooms,
It cannot count the three steps of the Way—
The Cross, the Tomb, the Resurrection Day.

What is this surging at the heart of life,
This giving up that thereby we may hold,
Except the law of growth be one-half strife?
These lilies—were they seeds cast in black mold?
So waxen white, so pure, "To you," they say,
"Love waits to bring the Resurrection Day."

The cross whereon was nailed some hope, some dream,
Who has not borne? Despair's last numbing blow
Who has not felt? And yet One found the gleam
That lights the dark, by which our souls must grow!
Freely, O lilies, spend your incensed breath
To tell all doubting ones there is no death!

"The Home I'd Like to Have"

(Continued from Page 27)

giving perfect privacy while preparing to serve a meal, or clearing the table, no matter who may be in the living room. The French doors from dining room to porch give the housewife a direct view, through the glass peephole of the kitchen-dining-room door, of anyone standing at the living-room door. And the distance from kitchen to porch is only the width of one room.

The basement holds laundry and heating plant. The attic is floored but not finished. In winter the front porch is glass-enclosed, making a delightful sun room. If more porch is wanted a flat-roofed affair, giving a pergola effect, like the porte-cochère, may be built across the front.

Miss Smith suggests "wide siding and green shingles," for this bungalow; so I have developed it thus. But almost any material might be used with very good results.

A Modern Farmhouse

BURNETT PETERSON is a North Dakota farmer; and his prize-winning Northwestern one-and-a-half-story, eight-room farmhouse is everything that a modern farm home should be. Very few of us realize that a farmhouse must be planned quite differently from any other sort of home; it must serve as workshop, boarding house and farm office. Mr. Peterson's letter makes that very clear:

"The farmhouse plan presented here is large enough to accommodate the average family one usually has to have on a farm. Bearing this in mind the washroom was planned to eliminate the annoyance of having the men standing around the kitchen when one is about to serve a meal. This room is accessible from the outside, and opens to the hall, so that any room in the house may be reached. The office is a necessity on any modern farm. It may be entered by way of the wash room, without disturbing the privacy of the family or tracking dirt through the front of the house.

"There is ample wall space in the kitchen, where cabinets and cupboards may be built to suit the taste of the housewife; no matter where a pantry may be placed it increases the number of steps that she must take. The double cupboard opening to dining room and kitchen saves steps, both in setting the table and putting away the dishes.

"The large screened porch, with doors to kitchen and to dining room, is very necessary. In hot weather meals are served on it; preparing vegetables, canning and preserving may be done here.

"Upstairs are four good bedrooms, also a little sewing room. The balcony is very convenient for airing bedclothing, shaking rugs and so on. The first story and gable walls may be given a stucco finish, using hollow tile or concrete block as a base."

The Western bungalow is a wonderfully clever little home of the general type that one sees in the bungalow courts of Pasadena or San Diego. Only three real rooms, but these three do double duty.

"I prefer a few large rooms to several small ones," says Mrs. H. H. Cox, of Los Angeles. "By combining three rooms in one the expense is lessened—and also the housework. The disappearing bed, beneath the bookcase buffet, takes care of the overnight guest; the big closet, with the floor raised two and a half feet, is large enough for a dressing and sewing room. A gate-leg dining table stands at one end, though most meals will be served in the breakfast nook.

"The cooler has slat or wire-net shelves opening at top and bottom to give the necessary draft of cool air."

The Heating Question

A PAIR of curtained French doors connect the bedroom with the living room; for large social affairs these two rooms may be thrown together. Later another room may be built on at the left as outlined.

Mrs. Cox does not say what materials she prefers, so I have developed the design in the typical Southern California style, with hollow tile walls, stuccoed; flat roof, lined with heat-proof fabric, red-tile copings, casement windows, and so on. The kitchen porch, where the laundry trays stand, is screened for summer and glass-enclosed for winter.

The plans do not show any cellar or heating plant; Californians shiver through the chilly winter mornings and evenings, hovering over oilstoves and fireplaces, and protesting that "We don't need heat out here!" A cast-iron wood-stove, built into the fireplace, is very comforting at certain seasons in such a bungalow; the cellarless heating plant, with a tiny furnace in the kitchen or even the living room, from which pipes lead to radiators in other rooms, is advocated by many and is thoroughly practical; or you may have a gas-fired pipeless furnace, with pilot light and first-floor control. Such a furnace needs a cellar; you can have one if you choose with stairs going down from the screened porch, through the closet, as the dotted lines indicate.

NOTE—We can furnish working blue-prints of any prize house at one dollar per set. Write to the House Plan Contest Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Enclose check or money-order for one dollar. Specifications are not furnished because your local builder can help you write these to suit your local conditions.



A Delightful Test To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Now you should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And it forms the basis of dingy coats.

The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar. These coats, more or less discolored, spoil the luster of the teeth.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Modern authorities endorse them. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise remain to form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

An ideal diet, rich in acid-bearing fruit, would bring like effects. But Pepsodent brings them regularly.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

10-Day Tube Free ⁸²⁷

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 724, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



The Dance of the Perfumes

OUT of the hush of the vast and slumberous Orient teeming with fragrance and romance come the inspiration and the essence of Win-Sum Flowers, Vantine's modern most elaborate step in the evolution of the age-old Witch Dance of the Perfumes. The murmur and scent of the mysterious East, the veritable brooding soul of Asia is caught and held in the sweet imprisonment of Vantine's Win-Sum Flowers.



This 4 oz. bottle of Win-Sum Flowers Toilet Water and the 1 oz. bottle of Win-Sum Flowers Extract in six alluring effects: Pagoda Rose, White Lilac, Violet of Siam, Nile Lily, Heliotrope and Orchid. \$1.00 the bottle.

Never has the Vantine Buddha of Perfumes placed a choicer offering upon the altar of imperious beauty. Over Rajputana's burning desert sands and through ice-bound fastnesses of Himalayan heights toil caravans and hardy bands wresting from nature the priceless elements of rich exotic Win-Sum Flowers products. In Vantine's perfume studios, masters of aromatic art blend craftily and bind tenaciously together the haughty, haunting and elusive fragrances that enter into Win-Sum Flowers toilet waters and perfumes.



At Stores and Departments where toilet goods are sold your individuality will find its echo and its faultlessly harmonious note somewhere in the grand scale of Vantine's perfumes, toilet waters, incenses and boudoir requisites.

Vantine's
The Buddha of Perfumes

68 Hunters Point Avenue, L. I. City
NEW YORK

Bumbleton Folks

By
CLAUDE CALLAN

Illustration by
Thomas Fogarty



"OLD UNCLE FRANK STEVENS, WHO HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING DEAF, IS A HAPPY MAN. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN WILL TELL ANYTHING IN HIS PRESENCE AND HE ALWAYS KNOWS THE BEST NEWS IN TOWN."

MR. McSPAT doesn't like to receive a letter from his sister. In fact, he doesn't like anything to happen that will upset Mrs. McSpat. When he reached home yesterday afternoon he immediately saw that his wife was angry and that it was the worst form of anger. For a moment she was silent, and then in an injured tone she said to him: "There is a letter on the table from Mattie." Poor Mr. McSpat shuddered. He knew he would have to answer for Mattie's mistakes. He read the letter hurriedly, threw it aside and began talking about something else, but Mrs. McSpat could think only of the letter. "Your sister is very much concerned about your health," she said. "She doesn't seem to think that I am interested in your health or that I am competent to take proper care of you. And I see that as usual she omitted inquiring about my health. My health that I have broken down waiting on you and these children is of no concern to Mattie or to any of the rest of your people. It is always John's health. If John is all right they don't care what becomes of his wife. That is the McSpats for you. They want to know that the McSpats are doing well, and they don't care for another soul on this earth. I see that they are keeping two cows now, and that Mattie wishes you could be there to get all the sweet milk you could drink. That is a hint to me to see that you get plenty of milk and the proper kind of foods. She doesn't think I am intelligent enough to feed you, unless she reminds me of it occasionally. I think I'll write and thank her for her hint and tell her I will see that her dear brother gets enough to eat. I noticed that when she was about to close the letter she happened to think of me. She wants you to give me her love, but you needn't mind about doing it. I can get along without Mattie McSpat's love."

MRS. GRISTHOPPER is the best hand in the world to get the whole story, and a young wife especially is helpless in her hands. Mrs. Gristhopper's plan is to take the part of the other woman's husband and his people in a half-hearted manner, and by this means compel the other woman to submit all her evidence. One day last week, after Mrs. George Barker had told a lot of things about George and his mother and sisters, Mrs. Gristhopper said to her: "Well, now, don't you think it is possible that you are mistaken? I agree that it isn't right for Mr. Barker to deny you things in order to help his people, but it may be that he hasn't actually given them any money since he has had his salary reduced." The helpless Mrs. Barker was so determined to carry her point that she told Mrs. Gristhopper just how much money George had given to his folks. "Well, that may be true," said Mrs. Gristhopper, "but I am sure Mr. Barker is proud

of you and that he would be glad to have you fix up and look nice all the time. I just know he would." In order to convince Mrs. Gristhopper that she was wrong, Mrs. Barker quoted several mean things that George said to her recently, and added that he actually tried to get her to go to work and earn money to pay for her clothes. "Now, I want to tell you, Mrs. Barker," said Mrs. Gristhopper, "that I am sure he was only joking about that. He doesn't want you to go to work. I just know that if it came right down to your going to work he wouldn't bear to it at all." This brought from Mrs. Barker the information that he already had asked her to try to get a position in one of the stores. When Mrs. Barker left, Mrs. Gristhopper knew all that was worth knowing about the Barkers.

MRS. NATHANIEL RIPPLE began a general housecleaning Tuesday, following a visit to the doctor Monday, at which time he advised her to take a good rest. Monday evening Mrs. Ripple told her husband what the doctor had said and that he had given her a prescription for a tonic, and early the following morning she plunged into the housecleaning. Mrs. Ripple felt that if she got down Mr. Ripple would be to blame for it, and she wanted to make it plain to him that he cared nothing for her health or happiness. The further she went the madder she got at Mr. Ripple and the more determined she was to humiliate him by having a long sick spell which he and everybody else would know was brought about by his allowing her to clean that big house when she should have been in bed. She took down curtains that had been washed only a few weeks ago, and when it looked as if there wasn't enough work in the main part of the house to put her in bed she began cleaning the attic. She kept count of the number of times she went up and down the stairs so she could tell her husband about it and make him feel ashamed of himself. In the evening when Mr. Ripple reached home he found the doctor's prescription on the table in the front room and asked his wife why she had not had it filled. "We are at so much expense," she said, "that I thought it would be best for me to do without the medicine. I guess I can pull through without it and I don't want to be any more of a burden to anybody than I can help." Mr. Ripple said he thought it would be best to economize on something else, but she was determined to economize on medicine. For three days Mrs. Ripple tried hard to bring on a long sick spell, but fate was against her, and now she feels that the result of her efforts has been to make Mr. Ripple expect more of her.

THE time china closets were the rage in Bumbleton, Mrs. Trundle was happier than she ever expects to be again. Mr. Trundle was very poor, but he was a young man with his future before him and he and his

wife did not doubt that he would some day be very wealthy. They lived in a small house that they rented for ten dollars a month and hoped some day to own, and they made it as comfortable as his limited means would permit.

This was the state of affairs when the china-closet craze reached the town. Nobody seemed to know where the craze came from, but all of a sudden everybody in Bumbleton wanted a china closet. One family bought the only closet that the furniture dealer had on hand and the dealer then began ordering closets for his customers. At first any kind of china closet would do, but in a few weeks each family was anxious to get a nicer one than other people had, and finally the Silverspoons ordered a massive closet that put all the other closets to shame. Mrs. Trundle saw this china closet at the store before it was delivered to the Silverspoon home and she asked her husband to take a look at it. When Mr. Trundle saw it he made up his mind to do something rash. He realized that it was foolish for him to spend a lot of money, but he wanted his young wife to have some one thing in their home that would be just as fine as anyone else in town owned. Even if he had to make out with very ordinary things as a general rule, he wanted to stand on his toes and touch luxury just once. And so for the sake of his young wife he ordered a china closet just as massive as the one the Silverspoons had bought, but he paid five dollars more to have leaded glass in the doors. When the beautiful closet came some people thought it was not in keeping with the rest of the furniture in the Trundle home, or even with the house itself, but it was a source of great satisfaction to Mr. and Mrs. Trundle to have the reputation of being the owners of the best china closet in Bumbleton.

Old Uncle Frank Stevens, who has the reputation of being deaf, is a happy man. Both men and women will tell anything in his presence and he always knows the best news in town.

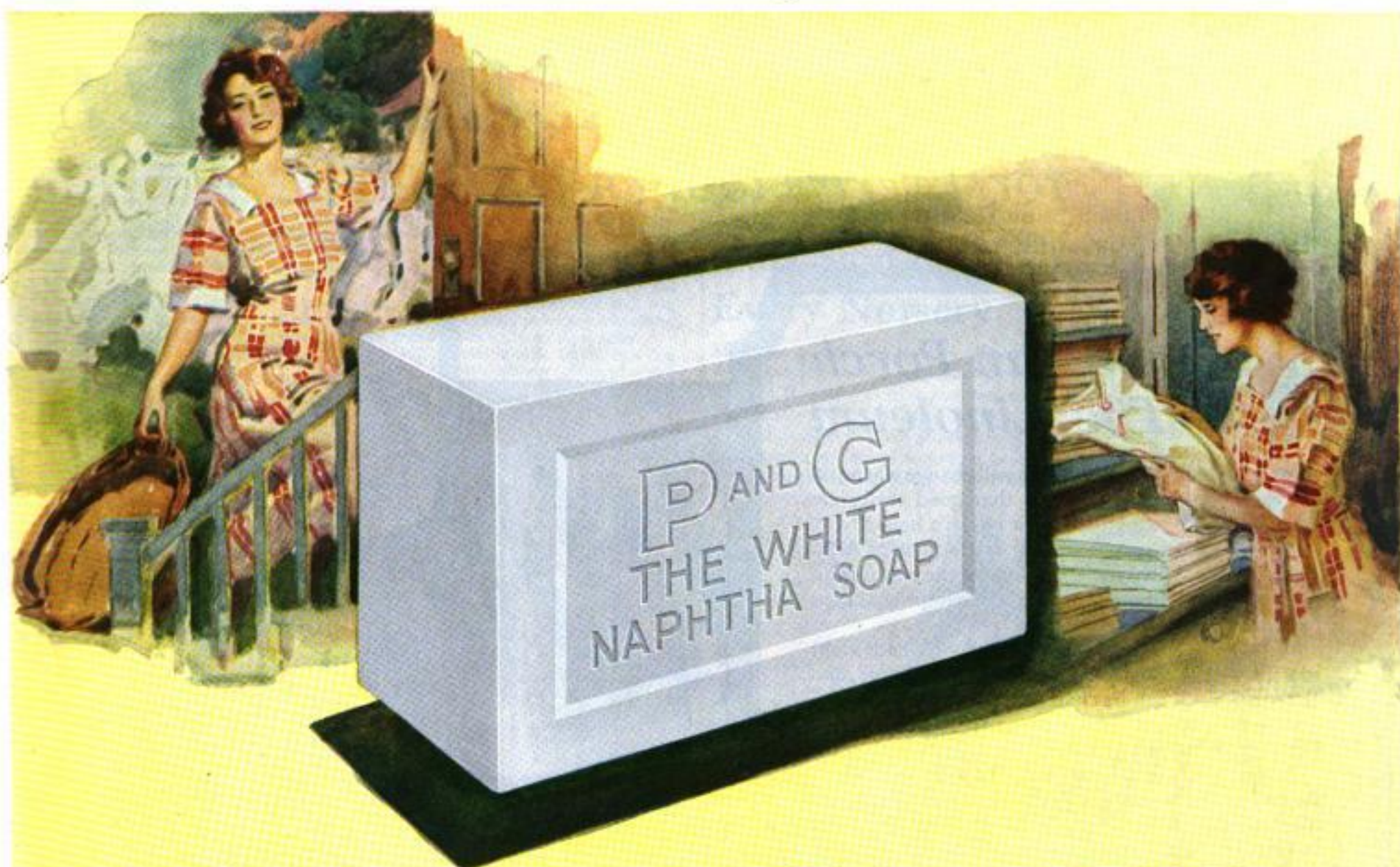
When Mr. Buttercup finally bought the white china his wife had been wanting ever since they married, she decided not to paint it. She was afraid it might not show up well because her old art teacher would not be there to touch it up a little.

After Floss Potter wore a boy's ring one day she was sure of one thing—her parents had to treat her right or she would leave home.

Dad Darnier thinks people who ride on trains all the time must be miserable. It is bad enough to get a cinder in your eye once every year or two.

Mrs. Henry Nimble has asked Henry to take a good look at Mrs. Will Nimble's hands the next time he sees her. It is an important matter because Mrs. Will claims to wear size six gloves, and Mrs. Henry just knows that Mrs. Will's hands are larger than hers.

The bachelor uncle's marriage will prove a great blow to the children's toy banks.



SPEED + SAFETY

DO you know that the two universally desired qualities in laundry soap—speed and safety—qualities that always seemed as far apart as the poles—are now available in a single cake?

Your clothes are on the line earlier without hard rubbing, and with or without boiling, as you wish. The work is done with all the speed and ease of naphtha soap.

But you sacrifice nothing to obtain this freedom from washday drudgery. Not a thread is harmed. Not a color that you would wash in the ordinary

way is faded. Not a fabric that you always put in the regular washing is shrunk or injured in any way. Your clothes enjoy the complete safety of the best white laundry soap. Every piece is sweet, clean and beautiful, yet you have saved your time and strength. This combination of speed and safety in washing clothes and in all other house work is now a demonstrated fact every day in millions of homes. P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the single cake that gives you all the advantages of naphtha soap and white laundry soap. Do you use it?

*Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.*

Used in more homes than any other laundry soap in America.



The immense demand for P and G The White Naphtha Soap reduces its cost to the minimum. Raw materials are bought in tremendous quantities and, therefore, at lowest prices. Factories located in different parts of the country make for short hauls and less freight expense. Millions of housekeepers use P and G The White Naphtha Soap because they consider it the best value on the market.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

For Your Sun Porch Inset-Tile Linoleum

ALL your ideas about linoleum will change when you see the new kind of linoleum that good stores are offering as permanent floors for modern homes.

The sun porch in the picture has a floor of Armstrong's Inset-Tile Linoleum—one of the newest and most distinctive designs in which this improved type of linoleum is made.

Here is a typical case where the floor blends right in with the color scheme. The pattern is simple, and the furnishings can be changed to suit the season.

This floor is easily cleaned, and an occasional waxing keeps it in perfect condition.

A sun porch of average size, 12 x 14 ft., can be floored with the Inset-Tile Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about \$75.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This linoleum is cemented down firmly over builders' deadening felt—the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

You can identify Armstrong's Linoleum by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
925 Mary St., Lancaster, Penna.

If you prefer any of these Armstrong patterns for your sun porch, order by number from your linoleum merchant. The design in the picture is No. T43.

Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
trademark on
the burlap back



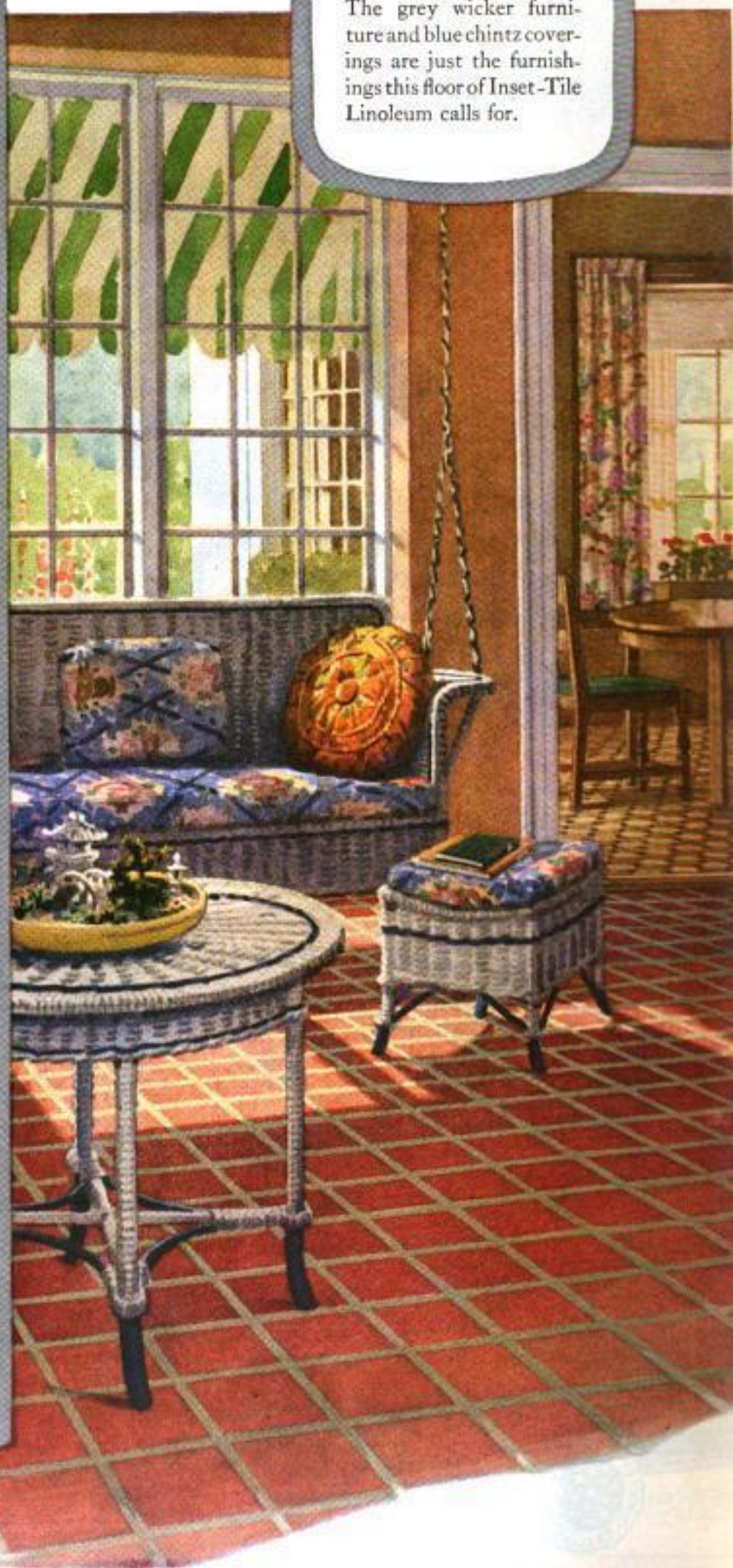
T40

M62

783

The Sun Porch

The grey wicker furniture and blue chintz coverings are just the furnishings this floor of Inset-Tile Linoleum calls for.



Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 20)

would be accepted as dowry. The intention was, of course, to have the rash young man lose his life in the attempt. But David went out with his own company and slew two hundred; so Michal became his wife. His popularity increased enormously; in the quaint Bible phrase, "his name was much set by."

It is a pity that this marriage, which began as a love match, should have ended in a quarrel; but the cause of the separation was quite natural. King David was coming from a victory, bringing back the ark of God. He was in such high spirits that he danced before the Lord with all his might, very scantily dressed; as the procession entered the city, Michal looked out of a window, and saw her husband the king leaping and dancing in the street. With that regard for conventional decency so much stronger in women than in men, she despised him; she thought he was making a fool of himself. It is easy to understand her rage and shame; no woman likes to have her husband make himself ridiculous.

David came into the house in bright glee and wholly satisfied with himself. His wife greeted him in a manner that first amazed and then infuriated him. She told him acidly that he had made a vulgar and silly exhibition, that everyone was secretly laughing at him. "You thought you were just wonderful, didn't you? Well, you made an ass out of yourself." David's male pride was horribly hurt; he answered brutally, and as so often happens in domestic quarrels, he insulted her family, reminding her that he had been chosen over her father; that he was better than any person in her father's house. Now he was going to do as he pleased; he would dance even more vilely than she had seen him. This was the end; he never spoke to her again. Unfortunate, but human.

When David saw that everything he did only increased Saul's anger, he had a long talk with Jonathan about it, and the two young men swore eternal friendship, Jonathan begging David not to forget his children when they were fatherless. He seems to have been certain of the speedy approach of disaster to the king, and he knew that he must fall with his father, like a loyal prince of the house.

It is pleasant to observe that he never joined David in public opposition to the king, though doubtless he wished to do so.

Jonathan Proves a True Friend

AT THIS time they arranged a system of signals. The next day was the feast of the new moon; and David knew that his absence from table would be observed, though he did not dare to be present. The dinner-time came; Saul took his accustomed seat by the wall, and Abner, the captain of the host, sat at his side; the king glared at David's empty place, but said nothing. On the second day, however, he asked Jonathan what had become of David, for he knew well enough that Jonathan could tell him, if he would. The prince began to defend his friend, and Saul threw a javelin across the table at him; Jonathan rose, wild with rage, and walked out, leaving his dinner untasted.

The following day, by a previously arranged signal, Jonathan went out in the field with a lad carrying his arrows, ostensibly to practice marksmanship, but David was hidden. When Jonathan shot the arrows beyond the place where his friend lay, and told the boy to pick them up, David knew that the king was obdurate. The boy took the bow and arrows and returned to the city. No sooner had he disappeared than

David sprang up; the two friends embraced and renewed their vows of friendship in one of the most deeply affecting scenes to be found in literature. Jonathan returned to the city, and David wandered off into exile; it is impossible to say which of them suffered most.

Although David behaved toward Saul with forbearance and loyalty, the king was determined to make it a case of civil war. He proclaimed David to be a public enemy and pursued him with the royal army.

While still in exile, David, in a dramatic manner, obtained a new and beautiful wife. It seems that he and his followers had protected the vast property of a rich farmer named Nabal; being in need of food, David sent his young men to this plutocrat, requesting assistance. Nabal was a hard-bitten old skinflint, and he said: "Who is David? Am I going to hand over my goods to a runaway servant?" When this message was brought back, the impulsive and passionate young leader flew into a tempest of rage and sallied out to destroy Nabal, his family and his entire possessions. There was no doubt that he would have done this, if it had not been for Nabal's pretty wife, Abigail. She secretly took an enormous heap of costly provisions and went to meet the avenger. David was extremely susceptible to beauty, and when this "woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance" looked him in the eyes and spoke flatteringly and soothingly, he melted like snow in the sunshine. She was as fair in speech as in face; she said: "The soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

David blessed her for coming, and for saving him from the guilt of murder. She returned home.

"How are the Mighty Fallen"

THAT night old Nabal gave a big dinner and got dead drunk. He was feeling bad the next morning, but so much worse when his wife told him of her doings that he had a stroke and in ten days was dead. David shouted with delight when he heard of this and immediately asked Abigail to become his wife. She accepted with alacrity.

There were two fine qualities in David that were never understood even by those closest to him; one was his reverential loyalty to King Saul, the other the strength of his family affection. Both were greater than his concern for his personal glory or safety. David was at Ziklag one day when a messenger came from the field of battle bearing the news that Saul was dead and saying that he, the messenger, had at the king's request killed him. To the astonishment of the visitor, David was struck with horror. "Wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?" And he had the man killed on the spot.

Then he composed an elegiac poem for Saul and Jonathan, which in immortal phrases sets forth the passion of loyalty and friendship:

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

(Continued on Page 52)



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

I'd Like to Nail This Sign in Every Nursery

Mothers—please be regular. Baby's tiny anatomy should keep time like a watch. If it is fed at any convenient hour, bathed when you feel like it and allowed to sleep or wake at irregular intervals, you are bound to have a badly disorganized little anatomy to care for.

A baby is so logical. When everything is right—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But upset the schedule and everything is all wrong.

Take such an ordinary thing as talcum. You know that Mennen Borated is right, just as your Mother and Grandmother knew it was right. But suppose you experiment with a very cheap talcum or one without a properly balanced formula, or with one too strongly scented, or one which doesn't adhere to the skin. Baby's petal skin will show the difference very quickly.

While we are on this matter of skin, I want to tell you all over again about wonderful Kora-Konia. I'm sorry for any baby whose mother doesn't know about Kora-Konia. It's the most amazing remedy I have ever employed in my years of baby raising. Almost unbelievable, are the results I have observed in cases of prickly heat, teething rashes, or inflammation caused by damp diapers.

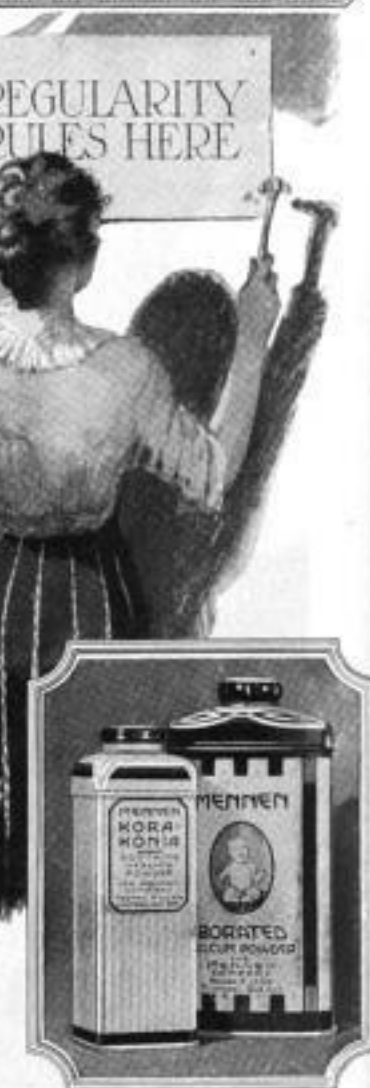
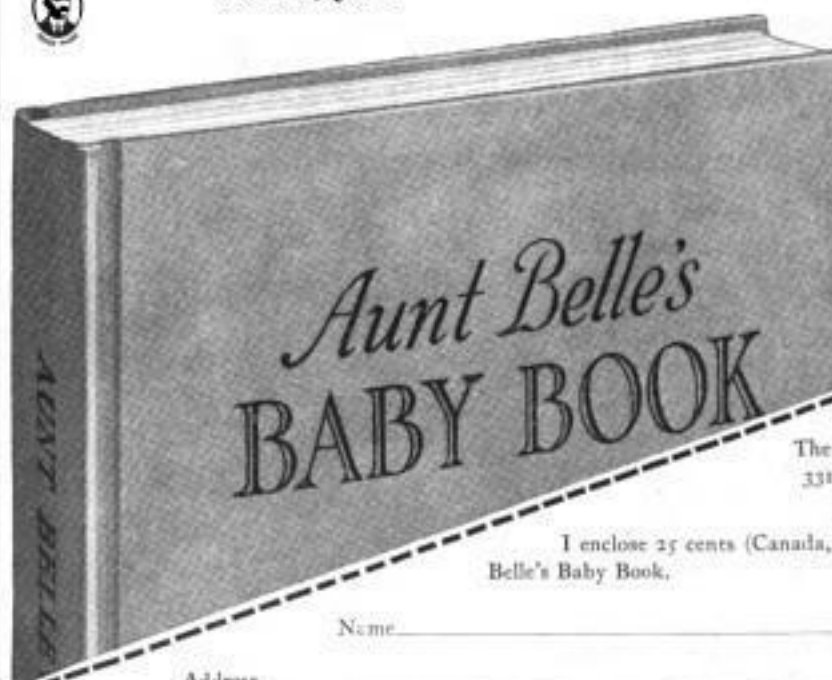
Kora-Konia is not just another talcum. It isn't talcum at all, but possesses remarkable protective and curative virtues. It lays on raw inflamed flesh a velvety film of healing powder which clings for hours, protecting while it soothes and heals. Please try it. And do send your 25 cents at once for my Baby Book (35 cents in Canada). I know you will like it and get a lot of help from it.

Lovingly,

BELLE.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
Montreal, Quebec



Have you written for Aunt Belle's BABY BOOK?

It's the most helpful, scientific, comforting little book that ever guided a young mother through the wonderful trials of her first baby.

Thousands and thousands of babies are stronger and happier and will be more useful in the world, more successful, just because of Aunt Belle's practical day by day advice. Aunt Belle's only ambition is to be the world's greatest mother. She wants millions of babies.

That is why this invaluable book, beautifully printed, bound in stiff board covers, is sold for only 25 cents, 35 cents in Canada.

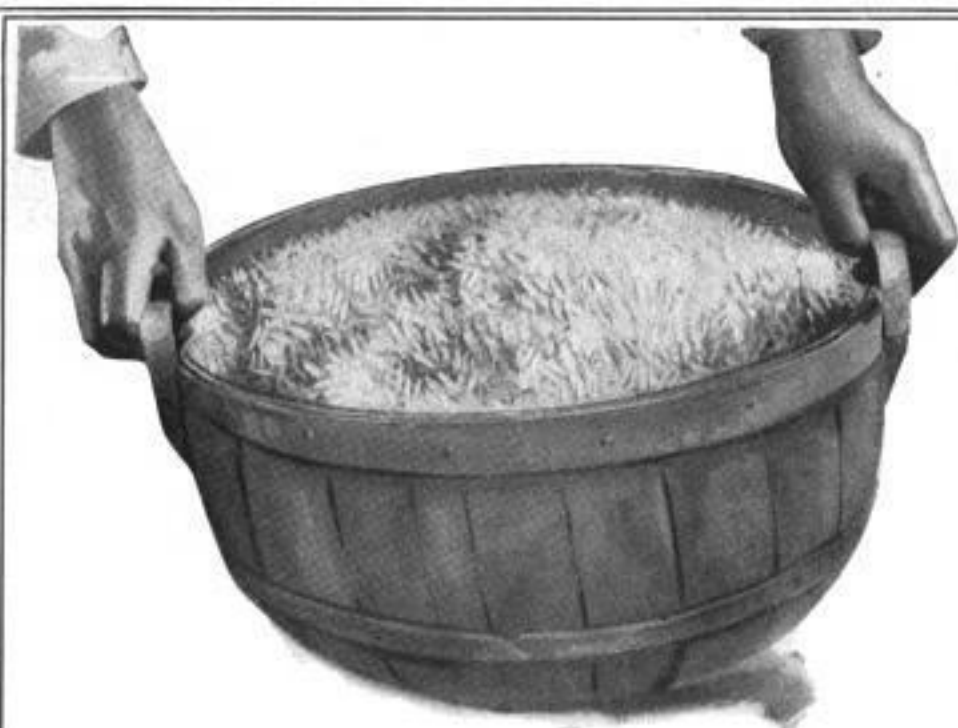
Send the coupon for your copy.

The Mennen Company,
331 Central Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

I enclose 25 cents (Canada, 35 cents) for Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

Name _____

Address _____



One Bushel

yields only three packages of these
extra-flavorful oats

From a bushel of choice oats we get only three large packages of Quaker.

That's because we use the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. All unripe grains—the puny and insipid—are discarded.

You get just the cream of the oats—just the luscious flakes—when you order Quaker Oats. And that extra flavor costs no extra price.

That's why oat lovers, all the world over, have flocked to Quaker Oats. Many of them send ten thousand miles to get it.

Many millions of children have derived their love of oats from these delicious flakes.

The oat dish is important. As a vim-food and a body-builder nothing matches oats.

It supplies 16 needed elements in almost ideal form.

Why not serve such a food at its best?

When you order oat flakes, specify the brand.

Quaker Oats

The favorite of fifty nations

An oat confection— Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 51)

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

Saul's son, Ishbosheth, was crowned king of Israel, and David king of Judah. Civil war began, and nearly all the forty years of David's reign were filled with fighting against foreign and domestic foes.

King Ishbosheth was assassinated and the murderers brought his head to the horrified David, who reminded them of what he had done to the messenger who came from dead Saul, "who thought that I would have given him a reward for his tidings." He gave orders; the messengers were killed and their bodies hanged over the pool in Hebron.

David was then anointed king of Israel; he reigned seven years over Judah and thirty-three years over the united countries. Jerusalem became the seat of the monarchy and the city of David.

It is pleasant to remember King David's kindness to a son of Jonathan, who was a cripple. This was Mephibosheth, who was permanently injured, as so many babies have been, by the carelessness of a nurse. He was five years old when the news of the death of his father and grandfather came; his nurse picked him up and started to run and in her haste dropped him. As a result he was incurably lame. Years later David inquired if there was anyone left of the house of Saul to whom he might show a kindness for Jonathan's sake; a man named Ziba appeared and told the king of Mephibosheth. The lame young man appeared in the royal presence with fear and trembling and did obeisance; but David told him that he would always care for him for his father's sake; he should receive back the property that he would have inherited from Saul, and he should be a perpetual guest at the king's own table.

It turned out later that either Mephibosheth or Ziba was a liar; it was one of those innumerable cases that depend on human testimony, the least dependable thing in the whole world; the testimony is flatly contradictory, and both puzzled and disgusted David, so that he finally settled the matter with a contemptuous gesture.

Was Mephibosheth Ungrateful?

IT SEEMS incredible after David's kindness that Mephibosheth should have behaved with rank and treacherous ingratitude; but it would not be the first or last time in history.

When David was in sore distress during the rebellion of Absalom, and the opportunists were in doubt which side to support, Ziba appeared before the king with an immense store of provisions, and in response to David's question as to Mephibosheth, Ziba replied that the lame man stayed in Jerusalem, rejoicing in David's downfall, and believing that the house of Saul soon would regain the throne. This sounds like a huge lie; but David apparently believed it, for he told Ziba that the property of Mephibosheth should thenceforth belong to him.

After Absalom's death, when King David reentered Jerusalem, who should come to meet him but Mephibosheth, looking like a vagabond; he had neither dressed his feet, nor trimmed his beard, nor washed his clothes from the day David had fled. This looked like sincerity of mourning; and the king inquired: "Why did you not go with me, Mephibosheth?" And he answered that he had planned to ride to the king, but that Ziba had slandered him. In this mental morass the king floundered, and then said impatiently that the property must be divided between Ziba and

Mephibosheth. The latter answered humbly that he was willing to have Ziba take all, he was so happy at the king's successful return.

All we can say is, somebody lied.

Later, when David thought it necessary to hang seven of Saul's sons, he spared Mephibosheth, apparently not out of pity or friendship, but solely because of the oath he had made years before to Jonathan.

It is sad that after recording the fidelity of David to the memory of his best friend, we should have also to write down one of the blackest crimes of his life. But although David is one of the heroes of Israelitish history, the honest old chronicler set down the most damaging facts, for only one reason—because they were the truth. David's adultery and murder have made a tremendous impression on the world, just as Napoleon's murder of the Duc d'Enghien has shocked people more than the hundred thousand murders he committed to satisfy his selfish ambition; what should one be among so many? But most readers have so little imagination that the fate of one well-known person of high social position stirs them more than thousands of nameless sufferers.

"Thou Art the Man"

TOWARD the close of a summer day, David walked on the roof of the royal palace; and in the dusk he saw a woman bathing. He sent a messenger to inquire her name, and upon learning that she was married to Uriah the Hittite, he took her himself. It has often been the royal prerogative to take anything that happens at the moment to seem attractive; one reason why so many kings have no true appreciation of beauty is because admiration with them is always mingled with predatory desire; they have about as much artistic discernment of beauty as a thief has of the beauty of the plate and jewels he steals.

David sent Bathsheba home again, and after a time she sent him word that she was with child. Her husband Uriah was away with the army, fighting for his country, which does not add to the attractiveness of David's conduct. The king sent word to General Joab that he wished to speak with Uriah. Accordingly the soldier, who seems to have been a rugged, upstanding man at arms, came into the presence of the king. In vain did David attempt to persuade Uriah to go to his house; Uriah said that his comrades were fighting at the field, and he would be ashamed to sleep in comfort while they were in hardship and peril.

Doubtless this was not the real reason; he must have suspected the truth the moment he looked into the king's face.

So David sent the brave fellow back to the camp, with instructions to Joab to put him in the most dangerous position in the battle. Joab knew what was expected and why; and in the dispatch he sent home it appeared that among the casualties was Uriah the Hittite. The greedy monarch then married Bathsheba; but although he forgot God, God did not forget him.

Nathan, the prophet of Jehovah, appeared before David and told him a pathetic story of

the cupidity and cruelty of a rich man in dealing with a poor and defenseless person; the king's anger was aroused—we always despise our own wickedness when we see it in others or on the stage—and said that the rich man must die. Then Nathan pointed his finger at the king, and said, "Thou art the man." He prophesied three evils that would come upon David, because of his sin: the sword should never depart from his house; his own wives should be publicly

(Continued on Page 54)



Keep the story with a KODAK

Today it's a picture of Grandmother reading to the children. Tomorrow it may be Bobbie playing traffic policeman or Aunt Edna at the wheel of her new car or Brother Bill back from college for the week-end or—

There's always another story waiting for your Kodak.

Free at your dealer's or from us—"At Home with the Kodak," a well illustrated little book that will help in picture-making at your house.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

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GIFTS THAT LAST



"Boys, if I could say anything, I'd say it!"

The familiar faces of the old crowd gave no inkling of what was about to happen—when, suddenly, one of the boys set before him a Chest of Holmes & Edwards silverware!

My, what a gift! How the eyes of the bride-to-be will shine when she sees it.

The quiet distinctiveness of the exquisite Hostess pattern, in its handsome Haddon Hall Chest, brings to mind a vision of pride and happiness in the years to come.

In Silver-Inlaid, solid silver where it wears:

Tea Spoons, set of six, \$4.50

In Super-Plate, protected against wear:

Tea Spoons, set of six, \$3.75

At the Better Dealers in Silverware

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successors

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Manufactured in Canada by

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The HOSTESS PATTERN

HADDON HALL CHEST
in illustration

English Finish Paneled
chest with soft gray
chamois lining; contains
26 pieces dinner set.

In Silver-Inlaid - \$46.00

In Super-Plate - \$40.00

The House of
HOLMES & EDWARDS

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Human Nature in the Bible

(Continued from Page 52)

dishonored by another man; and his child by Bathsheba should die. All three came true.

The only creditable part of this melancholy story is David's behavior to Nathan. Instead of striking him down, or rebuking him, or trying to explain his own conduct, he said frankly, "I have sinned." He confessed and he repented. In spite of the care of the royal specialists, the child died, and David said: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

He kept his wife Bathsheba, for what would have been her position if he had sent her away? She always retained her influence over him, and later became the mother of King Solomon.

Little pleasure had David in his children; little pleasure in anything. As in the life of Saul, the careless days of his youth were the only happy ones he knew. In order to retain his throne and to save Israel from foreign domination, he could never sheathe the sword; bloodshed was chronic.

The Traitorous Son

PRINCE ABSALOM inherited all the manly beauty of the house of Jesse; "from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." Especially noticeable was his magnificent hair; it was so thick and glossy that every year when he had it cut, it was like taking a harvest off a field. But he had no more moral sense than Alcibiades; he was a traitor to his father and to the nation. He stole away the hearts of the people by promises as fair as his face; and finally he felt himself strong enough to organize open rebellion.

The uprising was so general that David left the holy city in shame and disgrace, like a hunted man with a price on his head. But in a decisive battle, in which the king's forces were led by the two sons of Zeruiah, Joab and Abishai, Absalom's forces were routed. Before the battle, David gave public orders that no harm must come to the person of Absalom; as so often happens in tragic quarrels between fathers and sons, the father loved his child with a passionate intensity greater than in harmonious days. Anyone who has observed life must have seen this, which, if we did not know something of the strange workings of the human heart, would be indeed a mystery.

Joab was a plain fighting man; he saw in Absalom the most dangerous foe of the state and, when the retreating prince was caught by the thick hair of his head in the boughs of a great oak, Joab slew him with no more compunction than one would kill a rattlesnake.

The king sat between the two gates, awaiting news from the front; he was far more interested in the welfare of Absalom than in his own kingdom. The watchman, standing aloft, saw a man running alone, followed soon by another. Ahimaaz arrived first, and shouted joyously the news of the great victory; but the king inquired, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ahimaaz did not dare tell him, but muttered something about a great tumult, the significance of which he had not waited to know.

Then Cushai arrived in the same spirit of exultation; and the king asked, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Cushai, with diplomatic tact, replied, "May the enemies of the king all be as that young man now is." The overwhelming grief in David's heart left no room for any other emotion; all his personal gain was forgotten in the loss of his selfish and cruel son. No cry of anguish that has come down from the immeasurable woe of the past is more poignant than David's lamentation:

O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

The years of imperial pride and glory, which have made monsters out of so many men, had never hardened the nature of David; the tenderness of his heart was ever greater than his ambition.

General Joab was disgusted with David's behavior, and he told him exactly what he thought of it. David had never liked Joab

or his family, and he did not forget this speech, which was like a knife in a green wound. He appointed Amasa in Joab's place; but he did not live to take it. Joab came up to Amasa affectionately and said, "Art thou in health, my brother?" and took him by the beard to kiss him, and with the other hand ran him through. Amasa wallowed in blood in the midst of the highway; a crowd gathered about his dead body, for this cold-hearted and treacherous murder shocked the whole nation.

Joab retained his position as captain of the host, and David seems to have been afraid of him; but after a long career of fighting loyally for the king, his good sense deserted the old soldier at last, and he made the fatal mistake of supporting Prince Adonijah, who, in David's old age, rebelled against his father and announced himself king. David was too feeble to exert himself; but Bathsheba came in and reminded him of his promise that Solomon should be his heir. He therefore made a public proclamation to that effect, which caused such general rejoicing that the followers of Adonijah disappeared like a mist and left him in ridiculous isolation.

On his deathbed David sent for Solomon and said, as Joshua had said before him:

I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man;

And keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways . . . as it is written in the law of Moses.

He left two death warrants for Solomon to execute—one for Joab and one for Shimei, a blackguard who had cursed him during the temporary success of Absalom. But those who then stood by him were to be remembered in kindness by his son.

He Holds a Big Place in History

NO FIGURE in history is more real than David; he stands before us with his grandeur and his littleness, his virtues and his crimes. No warrior was ever more beloved by the mighty men who fought for him, and the episode where he refused to drink of the water that his captains had brought to him at the risk of their lives—for they had to fight their way to the well, and then fight their way back, spilling blood without spilling water—is perhaps the most charming in his career; for it shows not only the greatness but the fineness of his nature. In view of his immense achievements as a leader and statesman, in view of his magnificent contributions to literature, it seems strange that Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History," should speak of him with contempt. He passes him over with a few words. "The long intrigues of the adventurer David against Saul are told in the rest of the first book of Samuel." And after speaking of the death of Saul, "David (900 B.C. roughly) was more politic and successful than his predecessor, and seems to have placed himself under the protection of Hiram, King of Tyre. This Phœnician alliance sustained him, and was the essential element in the greatness of his son Solomon. His story, with its constant assassinations and executions, reads rather like the history of some savage chief than of a civilized monarch." There are many who will read H. G. Wells who will not read the Bible; would they obtain from this meager and slighting reference a fair estimate of David the poet, the statesman, the soldier, the friend and the father?

Is his loyalty to Saul correctly reported in the words, "the long intrigues of the adventurer David against Saul?"

No modern historian, whatever his personal bias, can injure David or blacken his memory, for the simple reason that we already know the worst that can be said against him; the Bible does not spare him. But in the opinion of most unprejudiced readers, David is not only an imposing but an attractive personality; we admire the great king and we love the true-hearted man.

NOTE—In the next, the seventh, article of this series Professor Phelps will tell of Solomon in all his glory, the Queen of Sheba and the temple, the romantic figure of Elijah, and the chariot of fire.

Makes paint look like new

The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, and brings back the bright, fresh, clean appearance to painted woodwork.



Helps the washing-machine

It pays you to chip Fels-Naptha into the washing-machine to get the benefit of naphtha. The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes away all the dirt.

For fine lace curtains

With no other soap can you wash lace curtains so snowy white and with so little effort as with Fels-Naptha. It soaks the dirt loose, and safely makes all filmy fabrics thoroughly clean.



Be sure the soap you use has real naphtha in it. Smell it! The clean naphtha odor proves there is real naphtha in Fels-Naptha.

Takes spots from rugs

How easily and quickly Fels-Naptha cleans and brightens rugs, carpets and draperies! The naphtha dissolves grease, loosens dirt, and restores perfect cleanliness.

The double cleaner for easier housecleaning

Quickly, thoroughly, and safely, Fels-Naptha makes everything it touches clean, sweet, sanitary. And a thoroughly clean home means better health for the family.

Because Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and real naphtha, combined by the original Fels-Naptha method, it gives a soap-and-water cleaning and a naphtha cleaning at the same time. That makes it different from all other soaps.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naphtha soap—of your grocer. The clean naphtha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

**Soft blankets and
woolens**

White and fluffy they come from a Fels-Naptha wash! The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt; the soapy water flushes all dirt away; the naphtha vanishes, carrying all odors with it. Then the woolens are clean through and through.



FREE

If you haven't had an opportunity to prove that Fels-Naptha is a superior soap for the laundry and all household cleaning, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



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The golden bar
with the clean naphtha odor



The Happiest Time of Her Life

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman's life.

To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It's a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold

cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrate the tiny skin pores and fill them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

How soap beautifies

Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

When your skin is thus cleansed, it quickly responds with fresh, smooth radiance. The healthful stimulation results in natural, becoming color.

And the lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keep your complexion delightfully soft.

Now, when your skin is healthfully clean, is the time to apply cold cream. Now, powder and that touch of rouge are harmless.

You can perfect your good complexion and beautify one not so good by the means of this simple cosmetic cleansing.

Cleopatra's way

With all classic peoples, bathing was a daily rite never neglected. The ruins of Cleopatra's sumptuous marble bath are ample proof of her faith in this ancient beauty secret.

Palm and olive oils were the cleansers used—the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive.

The lotion-like qualities which made them the most highly prized of all old world beautifiers, are imparted to Palmolive Soap.

A 10-cent luxury

The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers cost. If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for only 10 cents. Thus you can afford to share Cleopatra's favorite luxury.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for only

10c



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A Shower of Showers

IF THERE is any truth in that familiar old adage about burning ears, Elizabeth Sayre's must have been pinker than ever that day in early spring when her friends gathered at Polly Ewer's to discuss her newly announced engagement to young Tom Wythe.

"Well, I'm going to give the first shower," popped out Lois Wilson.

"I guess we'll all want to do something for her," Ruth said, "so we'd better decide right now to keep things simple and inexpensive; then it won't be a drag on us all and make us sorry Bess is engaged."

"You're right, Ruthie. Let's try to make it as much fun as expense, but still give Bess things she can use later."

And they did just that. Two mornings after the conversation at Polly's, ten of Bess Sayre's best friends received the following invitation from Lois:



By CLARE WALLIS
and
UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

At last I've found something different in showers!

Whatever you bring Bess, please "Say it with flowers."

Prepare it as if a bouquet you had brought her.

And don't let it cost you more than a quarter.

As Lois knew they would, each girl tried her best to outdo the others in clever wrappings, and she arranged each "bouquet" in a vase on the living-room table. Then she called Bess and the girls from the sun parlor where they sat sewing and asked them to be judges at a flower show. It was some seconds before Bess discovered what the "show" really was. The girls were told to pin a bit of blue ribbon to the cleverest bloom. The most artistic bore Ruthie's card. She had folded diagonally a small American-beauty-colored linen handkerchief and rolled it into a gorgeous rose attached to a stem and leaves from her millinery box. Nancy Merton's offering was a stiff old-timey bouquet made from a small hammer wrapped in green paper, the head in pink paper, and having attached to it with picture wire small bunches of various-sized tacks and screws, each bunch wrapped in a different-colored paper. A lace doily and tinfoil on the hammer handle made it most realistic. But the prize was Polly Ewer's calla lily. It grew out of a pot of earth, three gorgeous blossoms of washcloths folded in cornucopias and sewed to tall sticks.

Judith Wakefield, who taught "math" with Bess in the high school and boarded at Mrs. Pepper's, invited Bess and the girls to lunch on Saturday afternoon at the country club. She asked each girl to send her beforehand a handkerchief for the guest of honor. Then she bought a small notebook, covered it with pink paper, pasted a Cupid on the cover, drew a border of geometrical figures around him, and labeled it "Love's Geometry." Each handkerchief she folded and pressed into a geometrical figure, pinning it to one page of the book. Two were folded into long strips and laid parallel to each other, and under them was written "Love's lines always run side by side"; under the triangle was "This is the figure that causes trouble. Beware!" and under the circle, "Like true love it has no end." Showering Bess in this way made no confusion in the public dining room, but plenty of fun for the tableful of guests and the delighted Bess.

A Shower of Tin

HENRIETTA GORDON'S tin shower was another success. "Henry" wrote the invitations in her best Spencerian manner to formally announce the marriage of Mr. Thrift and Miss Romance and invite the girls to the reception. Some of the mothers came, too, so there were over twenty guests. They had been asked to send their gifts the day before, and "Henry" and Judith spent a whole evening putting them on display in one of the bedrooms. Each had a card with white ribbon tied to it to look like the traditional wedding gift. Six tin teaspoons, for instance, were wonderful on their bed of crimson velvet. Judith's cross-stitched towels were hung on the wall and marked "From

the Gobelin looms." Polly's egg beater lay in a berry-spoon box, while Sybil Fairbanks and her mother contrived a marvelous compote from a deep fluted mold and a small funnel. When Bess had been properly surprised, tea was served from a typical bride's table with white flowers and a big decorated cake. Bess had to cut the cake—which contained fortune symbols and couplets—with a new kitchen knife tied with long white streamers.

"I expect Bess will quite put my nose out of joint when she becomes the town bride," Nancy Merton told her husband the morning after Helen's riotous party. "But to show there are no hard feelings I'm going to give her a shower."

"Why don't you let the men in on these once in a while?" David asked.

Men Also Invited

SO THAT Bess knew the younger married crowd that Bess day received invitations for a How-to-Keep-Your-Husband's-Love shower. They read like this:

To shower our Bess with advice is my plan,
Bring a gift that will help her to hold her new man.

And to prove that you know well whereof
you may talk,
Bring the best man you know by eight of the clock.

Each girl brought her husband or the beau of the minute and something that she guaranteed would keep a man's love. They found the living room arranged like a lecture hall, and when they were seated Nancy ushered in David dressed as the typical old maid who would give a lecture and exhibit on "How to Keep a Man When You Get Him." He singled out Betty to come up on his platform and unwrap his exhibits. He then improvised as he went along, inspired by the articles in the bundles, presenting each to Bess with a line of good advice. There was a cookbook with a white oilcloth cover that Dave called "a learned treatise on the short cut to a man's cardiac region," a frilly little kitchen apron, a set of hair curlers "to be used in daytime only," a bag of buttons and a box of patches, a budget book, an alarm clock, a box of checkers, and a subscription to the morning paper to begin the day after the wedding.

Ruthie Miller's invitations to all but Bess had a big black S O S at the top, and written under it:

Emergencies will happen in the best families, not excepting Betty's. But we can prepare her to meet them with courage. Bring the makings of your favorite emergency dish to my house next Wednesday afternoon and the recipe for it.

When they arrived each girl was given a notebook and pencil in which to record the recipes. Then to Bess's very honest surprise

Ruth brought in a pretty enameled-metal shelf and presented it to Bess, telling her to keep it filled and she need never fear the visits of the unexpected guest. The girls then gave their recipes one by one, each one at the same time telling a harrowing experience of how her pet recipe had saved her life.

By the time Polly Ewer's turn came to entertain for Bess, she began to feel that there was very little left for her to give. She planned a luncheon and, as the weather by that time was getting very warm, drew inspiration from the thermometer. Her table was lovely; in the center was a big cube of ice which she had had the iceman split exactly in half, had hollowed out with a warm iron enough to hold a bouquet of flowers and had then put the halves together again. The first course was frapped fruit, the pièce de résistance chicken in aspic jelly, the salad frozen.

After what Bess thought merely a very pretty and original luncheon they took their sewing to the porch, only to have their chatter interrupted by loud cries of "Ice!" It was Bud Ewer, Polly's brother, dressed like an iceman and carrying by the tongs a big square hat box wrapped in white paper, sprinkled with Christmas frost and dripping with paper icicles. He dropped it at Bess's feet and in it she found all sorts of fittings for her refrigerator. There were a nest of glass bowls, some square agate pans, ice pick, tongs, ice shaver, ice blanket, a brush for the drainpipe, cheesecloth bags for green things, a butter dish, and a bag and mallet for breaking ice for the freezer.

It was Aunt Hetty Lewis who had asked to give Bess her linen shower. She sent word around that a woman was coming to demonstrate a new washing machine, and she thought they would all be interested. No one dreamed that the shower for which she collected the linen would be given at the same time, so that all the guests, including Bess, were surprised to find a sure-enough washing machine decorated with big ribbon bows and flowers holding the place of honor in the living room.

Aunt Hetty's dearest friend, Laura Chester, acted the part of a very talkative professional demonstrator. To illustrate the merits of the machine she put into it a pile of much soiled old rags and then, asking Betty to help her, she proceeded to turn out the neatly folded pieces donated to the shower.

It was about this point in the succession of festivities that Tom showed signs of getting jealous of Bess's popularity. "Never see half enough of her," he grumbled; "always going to something or other. Silly things, these showers. Glad nobody ever gives a man a shower," and so on.

"Let's show him what fun a shower can be," laughed Mrs. Billy Pratt when Doctor Pratt repeated it to her. If you'll round up the men, I'll rustle the eats."

Giving Tom a Shower

DOCTOR BILLY agreed; he got the artist of the crowd to draw a caricature of Tom peeping inside a circus tent, and had it printed on folders with the words "Peep inside" underneath. Inside the folder was a long humorous harangue, telling how they would give Tom a helping hand, "lubricate his way by a copious shower of neckties (gaudy but neat), socks (9½ or 10), collars (14½), handkerchiefs, and anything to make his voyage of discovery easier. The local downpour will be at the home of Bill Pratt, Wednesday evening, May 21. It is an absolute secret—that's what we hope anyway. Come early so the attack can be made en masse."

The men arrived early, burdened with their gifts. They included not only things for Tom's personal adornment, but foolish trifles also, wrapped in yards of paper and much advice. When Tom, unsuspecting, paused in the doorway of what seemed an empty living room, he was met by a barrage of packages from every corner. At first he was naturally combative, but soon his good humor asserted itself and he was grinning sheepishly over the gifts and the humor that went with them.



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Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing. If you are 50, 60, 75 lbs. overweight I require a little longer. But the results are the same; a normal figure, symmetric body and limbs, remaining flesh firm and smooth, and a glorious state of health.

Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. and I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all! You have brought a blessing into my life—(Mrs.) Mildred M. Sykes, 300 N. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger. —(Mrs.) Grace Horschler, 4625 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months—(Mrs.) V. W. Skinkle, 914 N. 40th St., Omaha, Neb.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter—(Mrs.) Esta Arbaugh, Mandamin, Ia.

Free Proof I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I can reduce you by Nature's own laws, with perfect and permanent results. I'll prove that I can—before you pay a penny. Fill in coupon and I'll send free and prepaid, plainly wrapped, full-size record for five-day trial. Use it, and note the result. That's all I ask!

Wallace

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Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me to buy.

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A Loveliness that is American

YOUR PERFUME enfolds you as does your cloak and always about you is its fugitive loveliness. The fragrance you wear is an expression of yourself which you have made a part of you. This is true only if you have really chosen a favorite perfume—a single flower, or the mingling odors of a bouquet.

A way to find your choice in perfume was recently offered by the International Perfume Test.

Many women used to be prejudiced against American perfumes because of the foreign perfume tradition. They didn't know that a great American perfume house searches the world for the finest flower essences, rare spices, precious oils—to be blended into perfumes. They didn't know that the house of Colgate uses the same lovely floral essences—from southern France, from Far Eastern hillside, from blossoming valleys all over the world—which the great foreign perfumers use. But the imported perfumes cost more—therefore, many women put them on a higher plane than American perfumes.

It took the International Perfume Test to overthrow this tradition. This is how it was done:

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of all selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated—before the Test—a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet in the Test—Colgate's Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

COLGATE'S Florient Perfume Flowers of the Orient

The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage then playing in New York, women of prominence—all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. H, 199 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal. Offer good only in United States and Canada.

College Women and Race Suicide

(Continued from Page 29)

it has become the national menace of France—that we have "more coffins than cradles."

The birth rate, however, has not declined among "the idle who will not work, the unskillful who cannot work, and the criminal classes who cannot be trusted."

In a survey of different sections of London it was found that in three of the better-class boroughs the birth rate was 20 per 1000; in nineteen intermediate boroughs, 24 per 1000; while in a group of seven of the poorest districts of the city the birth rate was 30 per 1000. It is obvious that this will not have to proceed very far until we shall have a repetition on a vast scale of Pharaoh's dream, wherein the lean kine ate up the fat kine.

While this phenomenon of the suppression of the best blood of the nation is an alarming eugenic malady which has appeared in this country only during the last generation, nevertheless it is not a new phenomenon in the annals of history. The historian calls our attention to the fact that an analogous condition of affairs has been the prelude to the decline and fall of every great civilization of the past.

While numerous influences have been assigned from time to time to explain the downfall of nations, such as slavery, avarice, militarism, disease, ethical decadence, and so on, and while these influences may have been minor factors contributing to national weakness; nevertheless, the last analysis always shows a marked decline in the racial status of a nation just before its end. That is, the superior social elements inaugurated a régime of race suicide, while the inferior racial elements continued to reproduce at the same old rate.

This arrangement requires only two or three generations to bring about such a high degree of racial decadence as to result in sudden national collapse.

Heron has called attention to the fact that the birth rate is particularly declining among the professional classes, whereas in all districts characterized by pawnbrokers, child labor and pauperism, not to mention overcrowding and tuberculosis, the birth rate is higher.

English-speaking peoples are reproducing themselves from the bottom, not from the top. Of course the death rate is higher among these lower classes of society, but it is not enough higher in any way to offset their exceedingly high birth rates. In other words, the net fertility of the undesirable classes is greatly in excess of the net fertility of the desirable classes.

Declining Birth Rate in College Women

THE lessened birth rate among college graduates is typical of the declining fecundity of the better classes of American society. A study of the graduates of Wellesley yields the astounding information that the graduates of that old and exclusive woman's college contribute less than one child apiece for the next generation. In fact, instead of reproducing the four children apiece required to maintain a stationary status for the race, they do not produce on the average quite one child apiece. And it would seem, the better the student the less showing they make in regard to offspring. For instance, "The Wellesley alumnae who are members of Phi Beta Kappa—that is, the superior scholars—have not .86 of a child each, but only .65 of a child; while the holders of the Durant and Wellesley scholarships, awarded for intellectual superiority, make a pathetic showing in comparison with the whole class."

We have not singled out Wellesley as an exception in this race suicide tendency. Other schools make just as bad a

showing. For instance, look at the figures that have been compiled for Mount Holyoke, as shown in the following table:

DECADRE OF GRADUATION	CHILDREN PER MARRIED GRADUATE	CHILDREN PER GRADUATE
1842-1849	2.77	2.37
1850-1859	3.38	2.55
1860-1869	2.64	1.60
1870-1879	2.75	1.63
1880-1889	2.54	1.16
1890-1892	1.91	0.95

In Bryn Mawr College less than half of its able graduates marry, and of the married graduates there is less than one child per family (.84), making only .37 of a child per graduate.

Professor Sprague's study of Vassar graduates deserves consideration at length, as his analysis is so complete that it sheds great light on the conduct of the students of this type of college subsequent to graduation. His figures covering the period from 1867 to 1900 are as follows:

CLASSES FROM 1867 TO 1900	
Number of graduates	1739
Number that taught (46 per cent)	800
Number that married (49 per cent)	854
Number that did not marry (51 per cent)	885
Number that taught and afterward married (31 per cent)	294
Number that taught, married and had children (69 per cent of all who taught and married)	203
Number that taught, married and were childless (31 per cent)	91
Number of children of those who taught and had children (1.57 children per family)	463
Number of children of those who married, but did not teach (2 each)	1025
Total number of children of all graduates (.8 child per graduate)	1488
Average number of children per married graduate	1.74
Average number of children per graduate	0.8

Taking the Vassar figures from 1867 to 1920, which of course embraces all recent marriages, many of which are so recent as to afford no opportunity for study from the standpoint of the size of the possible family which may ultimately develop from these unions, these up-to-date figures are as follows:

CLASSES FROM 1867 TO 1900	
Number of graduates	5790
Number that married (46.7 per cent)	2704
Number that did not marry (53.3 per cent)	3086
Total number of children of all graduates	3779
Average number of children per married graduate	1.45
Average number of children per graduate	0.65

One thing is certain, something is radically wrong. The graduates of an ideal woman's college should show at least a higher marriage rate; and if not a higher birth rate than the average of the population, at least a rate of reproduction equal to that of the better classes of society. There can be no excuse urged or explanation offered to justify the fact that our exclusive women's colleges actually disqualify their graduates for motherhood. The American people should see to it, and that immediately, that the girls' schools of this country have their curriculum reformed.

We do not mean to place all the blame upon the woman's schools, for the exclusively masculine educational institutions are not free from fault in this respect, as witnessed by the investigations of Miss Smith, who found that: "Among the college graduates of the eighteenth century in New England, only two per cent remained unmarried, while in the Yale classes of 1861-1879, 21 per cent never married, and of the Harvard graduates from 1870-1879, 26 per cent remained

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It is an interesting fact that more and more particular people everywhere are coming to Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath because of its very simplicity.



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And just as Fairy Soap is the whitest soap for toilet and bath, so is it the safest for laundering your finest fabrics as well as for the more particular cleansing uses about the home. It is an everyday friend with a silken caress, the choice of discerning people to whom *white cleanliness* is a natural habit.

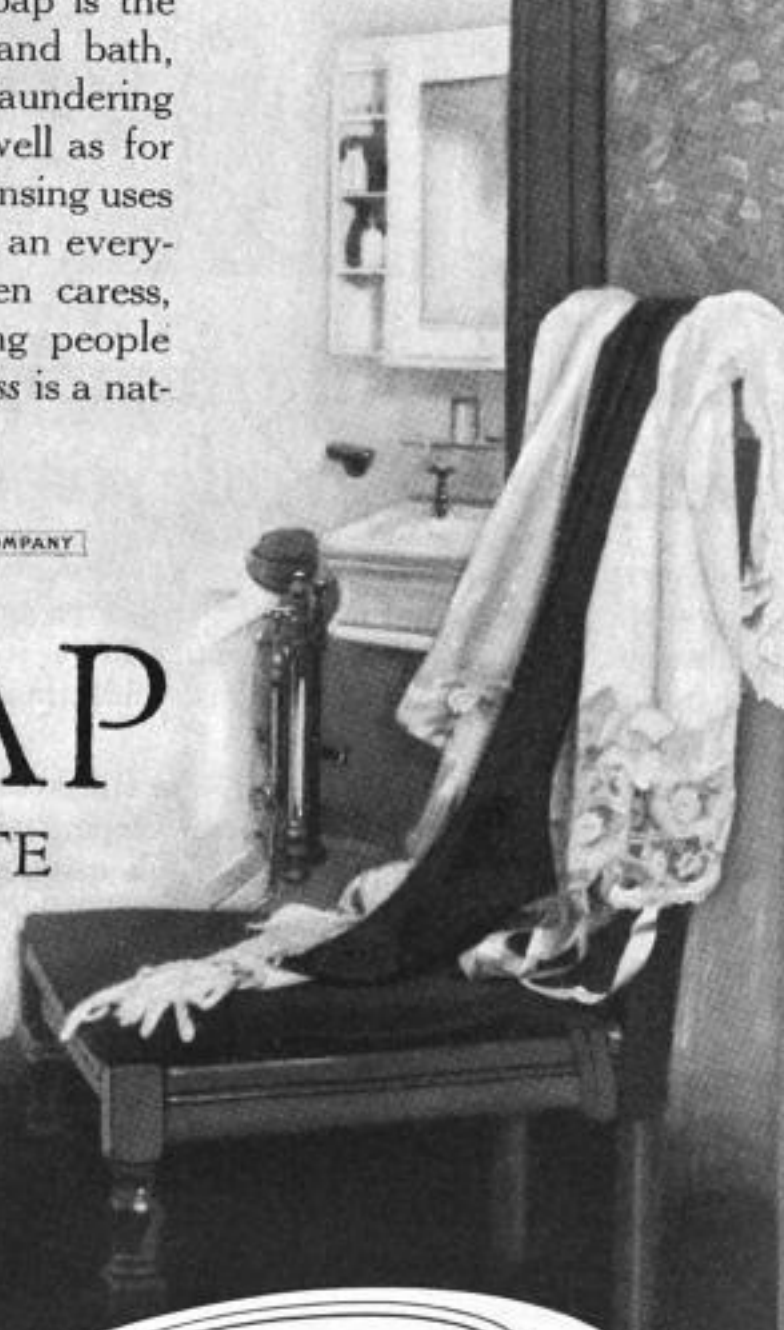
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College Women and Race Suicide

(Continued from Page 58)

single. The average number of children per Harvard graduate of the earlier period was found to be 3.44; for the latest period, 1.92. Among the Yale graduates it was found that the number of children per father had declined from 5.16 to 2.55. Other studies of Amherst graduates, while not complete, suggest the number of children per married man to be 1.72, while the graduates of Wesleyan averaged 2.31 children apiece.

Phillips, who made a careful study of the graduates of Yale and Harvard, summarized his findings as follows: "Roughly, the number of children born per capita per married graduate has fallen from about 3.25 in the first decade to 2.5 in the last decade. The per cent of graduates marrying has remained about the same for forty years, and is a trifle higher for Yale; but the low figure, 68 per cent for the first decade of Harvard, is probably due to faulty records, and must not be taken as significant."

Marriage Rate of College Graduates

THE next most interesting figure is the "Children Surviving per Capita per Graduate." "This has fallen from over 2.5 to about 1.9. The per cent of childless marriages increased very markedly during the first two decades and held nearly level for the last two decades. For the last decade at Yale it has dropped slightly, an encouraging sign. The number of children born to Yale graduates is almost constantly a trifle higher than that for Harvard, while the number of childless marriages is slightly less."

Not only are the exclusive men's and women's colleges yielding an increasingly lower birth rate, but the birth rates of the graduates of even coeducational institutions are not at all satisfactory. Banker, in an analysis of the graduates of Syracuse University, one of our oldest coeducational institutions, found that the number of children born to these graduates decreased with each decade: "Thus married women graduates, prior to the Civil War, had two surviving children each; in the last decade of the nineteenth century they had only one. For married men graduates, the number of surviving children had fallen in the same length of time from 2.62 to 1.38. When all graduates, married or not, are counted, in the decade 1892-1901, it is found that the men of Syracuse have contributed to the next generation one surviving child each, the women only half a child apiece."

Since the superior individual is not marrying as often as formerly nor as early, and since the marriage statistics of the nation show no decrease but a slight improvement as before noted, then it must be that the shortcomings of the better class of society in this direction are more than made up by the increased matrimonial activities of the less desirable classes of society. If this is true, it presents at least a forbidding aspect from the standpoint of the future upbuilding of our national stock.

Our concern in this matter is further aggravated by a study of the women college graduates of the country. Going back a number of years, figures from Wellesley College suggest that only about 35 per cent of graduates were married within ten years after their graduation, whereas within twenty years 48 per cent, almost half, had married. A study of Mount Holyoke College over a period of half a century showed that whereas 85 per cent of the graduates married at the beginning of this period, only 50 per cent married at the end, showing a gradual decrease from one decade to the other in the number of women college graduates who marry.

"Bryn Mawr College, between 1888 and 1900, graduated 376 girls, of whom 165, or

43.9 per cent, had married up to January 1, 1913." Studying the Vassar College graduates between 1867 and 1892, Robert J. Sprague found that 509 of the total 959 had married, leaving 47 per cent celibate. Adding the classes up to 1900, it was found that less than half of the total number of graduates of the institution had married.

The eugenist suspects that women's colleges of this country are not conducted with a view to turning out wives and mothers, and he fully recognizes that their influences, in addition to college training, have been operative in lessening the number of marriages among this class of women.

It has been asserted recently that college women marry as early and as frequently as other members of their families, even though they may not compare favorably in this respect with women from the lower social levels; but these facts are hardly borne out by statistics compiled by Miss Smith, who, after making a thorough investigation, makes the following report as to the age at which college graduates and members of their families marry:

	YEARS
College women	26.3
Their sisters	24.2
Their cousins	24.7
Their friends	24.2

	PERCENTAGE OF MARRIED	COLLEGE	EQUIVALENT NON-COLLEGE
Under 23 years	8.6		30.1
23-32 years	83.2		64.9
33 and over	8.0		5.0

From all sections of the country it seems that for a period of about fifty years the marriage rate for college women has steadily declined. Castle's investigation of the ages at which eminent women of various periods have married is interesting in this connection, in spite of the small number of individuals with which it deals:

CENTURY	AVERAGE AGE	RANGE	NUMBER OF CASES
12	16.2	8-30	5
13	16.6	12-29	5
14	13.8	6-18	11
15	17.6	13-26	20
16	21.7	12-50	28
17	20.0	13-43	30
18	23.1	13-53	127
19	26.2	15-67	189

Even the women in the educational institutions in the Central and Western States show a decline in marriage. Forty years ago, in the Iowa State College, 95 per cent of the women graduates married; twenty years ago, 69 per cent. During the same period the women graduates of Oberlin declined from a marriage rate of 65 to 55 per cent. In the University of Illinois from 1880 to 1905, 54 per cent of the women married, and this is about the same percentage to be found in both Ohio and Wisconsin—and mind, that means ten years after graduation. Something is wrong when only a trifle over half of such superior individuals are married ten years after they are graduated, and remember that, as university courses are conducted at the present time, they are well along in the twenties before they graduate.

Comparisons

IT WILL be seen that men are doing some better, for from the available data from the study of Harvard, about 74 per cent marry, 78 per cent of Yale, and during the last half of the nineteenth century the age of marriage advanced only about one year, that is, from 30 to 31.

Statistics from Stanford University offer an interesting comparison, because they are available for both men and women. Of 670 male graduates, classes 1892 to 1900 inclusive, 490, or 73.2 per cent, were reported as married in 1910. Of 330 women, 160, or 48.5

(Continued on Page 63)



Pompeian Beauty powder



They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists', 60c each.)

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have ever offered. Art store value 50c to \$1. Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfactory. With each order for an Art Panel we will send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talc). With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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Here is a soft, fluffy duster, generous in size, with dust-absorbing strands that reach the tiniest crevices. The long handle gives a hold and makes it easy to get at the under parts of furniture. It may be washed and wrung, dries out like new and retains all its dust-gathering qualities. The Fuller Duster is one of forty-five "Fuller Necessities" for household and personal use. All carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag—your means of identification.

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ciency. These men are a never-ending surprise—their knowledge of the care of the home is so complete—the short-cut methods they suggest are so thorough and time-saving. Identify the Fuller Man by the Fuller Trade-Mark Button he wears. He will never over-urge anyone to buy. He serves by showing how brushes can be used to daily—almost hourly—advantage.

We are the largest buyers of brush material in the world, therefore get better quality at lower prices. So do the users of Fuller Brushes.

May we send a Fuller Man to see you—and also send you a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"? Write us.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

College Women and Race Suicide

(Continued from Page 60)

per cent, were married. These figures are not complete, as some of the graduates in the later classes must have married since 1910.

The conditions existing at Stanford are likewise found at Syracuse, on the opposite side of the continent. Here, as H. J. Banker has shown, the men graduates marry most frequently 4.5 years after taking their degrees, and the women 4.7 years. Of the women, 57 per cent marry; of the men, 81 per cent. The women marry at the average age of 27.7 years and the men at 28.8. Less than a quarter of the marrying men married women within the college.

Says one writer: "Particularly pernicious in tending to prevent marriage is the influence of certain professional schools, some of which have come to require a college degree for entrance. In such a case, the aspiring physician, for example, can hardly hope to obtain a license to practice until he has reached the age of 27, since four years are required in medical college and one year in a hospital. His marriage must, in almost every case, be postponed until a number of years after that of the young men of his own class who have followed business careers."

This brief survey is enough to prove that the best educated young women—and to a less extent young men—of the United States, who for many reasons may be considered superior, are in many cases avoiding marriage altogether, and in other cases postponing it longer than is desirable. The women in the separate colleges of the East have the worst record in this respect, but that of the women graduates of some of the coeducational schools leaves much to be desired.

Since it is desirable to increase the number of superior marriages in the nation, it may be well to consider some things which may promote such marriages, and such influences may be summarized as follows:

1. IMPROVED SEX INSTRUCTION. There must be brought about a changed attitude concerning sex matters. In our efforts to teach chastity and purity, care must be taken not to present sex as an evil thing in and of itself. The sex-hygiene movement of recent years was a well-meant propaganda, but it has not always been wisely and helpfully carried on. Unfortunately some phases of it have been more or less antieugenic. False ideas of sex and sex relations have undoubtedly directly contributed to increasing celibacy on the part of many sensitive young women. Especially is this true when they have been unfortunately taught by unhappy mothers on the one hand, or abnormal teachers on the other. How much better it would be discreetly to present our teachings regarding sex ethics in such a way as to lift the whole subject upon a high level, and thus be able everlastingly to glorify parenthood?

2. BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF MARRIED LIFE. Superior marriages would be promoted if we could have a better understanding of what married life really is. There is too much coarse joking about matrimony. Not but that it has its comedy features, but the whole question is not properly dignified, particularly in the minds of our youth.

3. EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN. The young man must be taught a greater personal regard for the individuality and rights of the wife. There was a time when men bought their wives. Later, in early Babylonia and Assyria, they gave valuable presents for them. It has required several thousand years to bring about feminine emancipation from the thralldom of servitude, and more high-class women are going to marry to-day if the men will prove willing to give them suitable recognition as equals in the partnership of matrimony, and recognize them as

"pals" while they play the game of life. The well-educated girl shrinks from the prospect of becoming a domestic servant, purely and simply, for life, without even the assurance of a stated and dependable compensation.

4. WRONG RELATIVE VALUATIONS. Inordinate ambition, overworking, dollar chasing interfere with marriage on the part of both men and women. The greed for wealth, the craze for luxury, the desire for amusement, the determination to have a good time are exerting a decidedly unhealthy influence upon the cause of matrimony, particularly as it concerns the better classes, the superior biologic strains. The author was right who said: "Love is so undervalued as a source of happiness, a means of grace and a completion of being that many men would sooner work to keep a motor car than to marry."

5. MORE MARRIED TEACHERS. Our system of higher education needs to be reorganized, the time to complete the courses reduced, and more men need to be put on the teaching staff of not only the public schools but in particular the women's colleges. The author feels, very strongly, that more married men and women need to be employed as teachers in all educational institutions, and further that these married people should be of the average, common type of the fairly happy married folks, whose very presence would be a recommendation to marriage, and whose teaching would indirectly exalt matrimony as the normal and much-to-be-desired goal of all education and training—yes, as the goal of life itself.

For instance, Sprague calls attention to the fact that in one woman's college with 114 instructors and professors, 100 are women, only two of whom were ever married. How can we expect graduates of such a school to go out and seek matrimony as the chief object and great purpose in life? As this writer says: "Is it to be expected that the curriculum created by such a staff would idealize and prepare for family and home life as the greatest work of the world and the highest goal of women, and teach race survival as a patriotic duty? Or would it be expected that these bachelor staffs would glorify the independent vocation and life for women? The latter seems to be what occurs."

6. PROMOTION OF EARLY MARRIAGES. To increase the opportunity for young people of the better class to meet each other, and to seek to change the attitude of public opinion about early marriages, we must come to adopt the view expressed by Gallichan, who says: "The promotion of marriage in early adult life, as a part of social hygiene, must begin with a new canonization of marriage. This is equally the task of the fervent poet and the scientific thinker, whose respective labors for humanity are never at variance in essentials. . . . The sentiment for marriage can be deepened by a rational understanding of the passion that attracts and unites the sexes. We need an apotheosis of conjugal love as a basis for a new appreciation of marriage. Reverence for love should be fostered from the outset of the adolescent period by parents and pedagogues."

7. SIMPLE STANDARDS OF LIVING. We must bring about an economic readjustment and a reform in our standards of living, which will make it possible and agreeable for young people to be married upon a modest income, and make an end of this notion that they must be able to live in high style and exquisite luxury, that the head of the family must have an enormous income before he has a right to get married. We should glorify the spirit of adventure which would characterize a young couple of good stock who would dare to marry at a reasonably early age on a very modest income.



The little hidden hollow of the underarm decides your daintiness

Odorono—the underarm toilette—furnishes a new conception of cleanliness which women everywhere now practice regularly

LAST year it was told in several magazines how I first started making, in my home, a physician's formula for a toilet water to correct the disagreeable odor and moisture of perspiration.

The letters and inquiries I have received since then make me realize more than ever how generally women need and how keenly they want such a corrective.

As one letter declares: "You have set up a new standard of personal cleanliness, Miss Miller; and every day women are accepting the necessity of the underarm toilette as they do that of the teeth, the skin and hair."

The plain physiological facts about perspiration

While most women now know the facts about underarm perspiration, there are still many who do not recognize it as the subtle mischief-maker it is.

There is a peculiar physiological condition to cope with here. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

The insidious danger is that you may so easily offend *unconsciously*. For it seems impossible to detect the disagreeable odor about oneself, while others are instantly conscious of it.

Soap and water cannot safeguard you from this subtle offense. Immaculate cleanliness is not enough. Your personal daintiness can be insured only by the regular and special care given to this little hidden hollow—care easily and daintily found in Odorono, the underarm toilette.

The dependability of Odorono

Odorono was the first perspiration corrective to be perfected.

And now it has a permanent place on

more than a million dressing tables. Thousands of men are also using it.

Originally a physician's prescription, years of exhaustive research work and hundreds of tests by the chemists in our laboratories and other leading chemists of the country have made it as perfect as modern science can.

Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving perspiration trouble.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

A clear, clean, antiseptic liquid, Odorono is easy and delightful to use.

One application assures complete underarm daintiness for at least three days. Regularly used twice a week, Odorono will keep your underarms always dry and odorless in any weather, under any circumstances. And your dainty lingerie and frocks will always be protected from perspiration taint.

Odorono is obtainable at all toilet counters in the United States and Canada. 35c, 60c and \$1.00, or by mail prepaid.

It helps me in my work to know of your experiences with perspiration annoyance. If you will write, I will gladly advise you or send you free, our new booklet of information on the subject, together with a sample of "After Cream."

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 717 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co., Ltd., 60-62 Front Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Odorono—the underarm toilette, is also used on the hands and feet wherever excessive perspiration annoys





The Summer Bride and Her Belongings

ALL during the cold winter months and even when March winds are blowing, the bride is reconciled to marriage in her going-away suit or an afternoon frock, but with the first spring days of April there comes a sudden demand for orange blossoms, bridesmaids, satin ribbons and all the delightful nonessentials of a formal wedding. The conventional white satin demanded by such a wedding is, fortunately, becoming to almost every bride, but it must not be forgotten that in the making of the frock the beauty of the satin can be either greatly enhanced or entirely lost. The happier of these results is perhaps more often obtained when the satin is combined with chiffon or lace, provided simplicity is never sacrificed to over-elaboration. The lovely wedding gown sketched above

has a simple foundation of lace, a satin skirt draped and tied on one side over the lace, and a straight train of chiffon-lined satin, which hangs from the shoulders. Later the train may be removed and the dress becomes an informal evening frock. Simplicity of arrangement marks also the long tulle veil, which is caught at each side of the head with a small cluster of orange blossoms.

For spring bridesmaids the youthful frock of orchid-colored silk crêpe over silver cloth, sketched at the extreme left above, is appropriate to both season and occasion. The girdle marks an interesting trimming note, with its embroidery of crocheted two-toned orchid metal ribbon. Two long, looped streamers of crêpe over a side opening reveal, panelwise, the silver.

Chiffon in orchid and the palest of the harmonizing fuchsia shades conceals only partially the shadow lace of the bodice lining in the maid-of-honor frock sketched in the center above. Silver cloth makes the sash ends and the girdle, which is closed with a small bunch of chiffon flowers in two shades of orchid. Graceful hats of orchid-colored horsehair faced with flesh-colored chiffon or with silver cloth are worn by bridesmaids and maid-of-honor. For later spring or June weddings, both frocks and hats could be worked out most attractively in soft shades of rose.

Fluffy white chiffon for the cunning flower girl and a glorified sailor suit of white satin for the page make these small but important persons a delightful addition to any bridal procession.



The bride's trousseau might well include for formal afternoon wear the good-looking frock of reseda-green silk crêpe, with open sleeves and inserts of self-colored embroidered mousseline de soie, which appears between the bridesmaid and maid-of-honor on the preceding page. The Paris hat which accompanies it was designed by Lewis, and is of soft brown rice straw with flowers of brown cellophane.

When planning a trousseau, the bride who is wise will choose clothes which accord with the newest mode, but avoid so carefully its extremes and exaggerations that she can wear them for more than one season with a comfortable consciousness of being well dressed. All the clothes on these pages are of a mode that is both smart and lasting.

Those who do not find a skirt and separate blouse becoming will welcome a "going-away" suit such as is sketched second from the right above, for on removing the loose jacket one has the good-looking frock at the extreme left. Navy-blue wool rep is the material used for the coat and for the bottom of the

one-piece dress. The upper part of the dress is of tan-printed radium silk, gay with bright reds and blues and touches of black. The coat is lined with plain tan radium, and its sleeves are slit several inches up from the cuff at the back, so that the figured sleeves of the blouse are revealed at each movement of one's arms. The seated figure wears a small hat of navy satin straw, while that which accompanies the suit is of navy Milan, with loops of sand-colored ribbon, and was designed by Lewis of Paris.

For informal dancing or restaurant dining, the bride will feel delightfully matronly and sophisticated in the dinner dress of Oriental metal brocaded chiffon sketched above. Panel ends and inserts of royal blue crêpe de Chine give warmth and color. It is the sleeves, however, caught together only at the inside of the elbow and extending themselves into most amazing panels, which reach, when the arms are lowered, almost to the floor, that make the frock distinctive.

When dignified maturity begins to pall, a sports dress of red flannel, trimmed with red ice-wool lace,

will convince the very young matron that life still holds much of fun and frolic. Such a dress demands youth and good looks—and rewards them accordingly. The crocheted trimming, which is used as inserts on the sleeves and the aproned skirt, and also as edging, is a new note that promises to be repeated many times upon the sports clothes of this spring and summer season. A narrow string sash of self-material, tied tightly about the hips, gives the slight but necessary blouse to the upper part of the frock.

Blue serge with borders printed in white is a fabric sponsored by Rodier. At the extreme right above it makes a smart little frock of the type which every bride needs in her trousseau, since it can be worn for everything from shopping to a tennis match. The front panel and collar of white piqué, the narrow black patent-leather belt and the tie of black grosgrain ribbon all add to its youthfulness and charm. The good-looking hat is of black vegetable straw with an oddly shaped pin of tortoise shell. It was designed by Jeanne Vivet of Paris.



Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be. Yet not one of them possessed more grace or charm or beauty than she.

And as Miss Proctor's birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

Your mirror can't tell you when your breath is not right. And even your most intimate friends probably won't.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

That of course is when halitosis is a symptom of some deep-seated organic trouble a doctor must correct. Or maybe a dentist.

But so commonly halitosis is rather a temporary or local condition that will yield to more simple treatment.

Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, possesses wonderful properties as a mouth deodorant. When regularly used, it arrests food fermentation and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

As such it becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. Provide yourself with a bottle today and use it regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
USE
LISTERINE



Minimum of Seams With Maximum of Style



SO SURELY as April showers bring May flowers, the sudden appearance of new fashion magazines, the snipping of scissors and the busy whirl of mother's sewing machine mean jolly new spring clothes for all good children. Even the youngest understands and tries not to wiggle while being "tried on."

Of first importance to the modern child is the bloomer dress, for play or school. This is most acceptable under any circumstances, but when it is made of woodsy-brown Japanese crepe and has cuffs and collar embroidered in orange wool and an orange worsted-cord tie—as in the sketch at the left—one hates to take it off even at bedtime. Linen, in brown, tan, blue or green, or checked gingham with plain collar and cuffs, would also be fine for this pattern, which may be had in sizes 2 to 10.

The boy of the family will consider a suit of navy or brown Devonshire cloth or linen, with straight-hanging blouse and separate straight trousers, quite in accord with his newly developed sense of masculine dignity. The pattern comes in sizes 2 to 10 and provides for short sleeves—which would be nice for the smallest boys—as well as long.

Spring parties will be doubly enjoyed if one has a new frock of white

batiste, Persian lawn or voile, made with deep scallops on aproned skirt and sleeves. The scalloped aprons may be attached to the narrow sash and the dress worn either with or without them. Made in a flowered voile, with the scallops of plain material matching in color the flower in the voile, this would be most attractive in pale pink or daffodil yellow and white. The pattern comes in sizes 4 to 14.

In batiste, Persian lawn or nainsook, with narrow lace edging around neck and sleeves, the frock above is a most becoming one in which to be crowned Queen of the May. If flowered dimity or dotted swiss is used—and either would be charming—the edgings should be of matching plain material, used as bias bands or, better still, if one is all of six, as the pointed trimming originated by Renée, which is illustrated on page 172. For every day, checked gingham might well be finished with rickrack braid. The pattern comes in six months' size, and one, two, four and six years'.

Various combinations of material and color are possible in the good-looking dress at the extreme right above. A jacket of plaid woolen material, dress and tucked vest of navy serge, white linen collar and cuffs and a belt of black patent leather would be smart, as would also a jacket of navy serge over white linen or all linen in two different colors. The pattern comes in sizes 6 to 14.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.

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TO get delicate flavor and light flaky texture in white, chocolate, spice or fruit cake, use *leaf lard*. It has a richness and delicacy unsurpassed for making fine cakes and pastries.

Simon Pure is 100% *leaf lard*. It is made from that choice, firm, creamy-white leaf fat, of which we obtain only a very small portion from each Government Inspected porker. You probably have "tried out" leaf fat in your own kitchen when you wanted an exceptionally choice cooking fat. But this extra work and uncertainty of results are avoided by asking for "Armour's

Simon Pure Leaf Lard." (In small pails and cartons.)

"Simon Pure" is rendered in open kettles. It is a slow method, but it prevents scorching or undercooking, allows all moisture to escape, and brings you leaf lard at its best—with the incomparable "Simon Pure" flavor. Tell your grocer or market man you want *pure leaf lard*—"SIMON PURE."

Write our Department of Food Economics for a copy of "Pastry Wrinkles"—sent on request

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Ask your dealer for these:

STAR HAM
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best CANNED MEATS
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CLOVERBLOOM BUTTER
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best EGGS



Open the airtight can and find SNOWDRIFT as fresh as the day it was made.

Just melt a bit of Snowdrift on a dish of piping hot peas—and see how much richer they are and how their flavor is improved.

We would like to send you a copy of the new Snowdrift Cook Book, with our compliments. Just write "Cook Book" and your name and address on a postal to

SNOWDRIFT
120 Broadway, New York City



Drawings by
Torre-Beuans

Lingerie from Premet for American Brides

IT IS only the Chinese who really understand the paradoxical femininity of trousers, so it is to them that the great French houses turn for inspiration when bifurcated lingerie is to be designed. In the glorified pajamas sketched above washable Chinese brocade in a golden yellow is combined with trousers and trimming bands of soft, plain gray. She who is so fortunate as to wear them will surely dream of dragon boats and poppies!

At the left above, washable pink satin is trimmed with cream lace and caught together at the sides with ribbon bows in a knicker combination as French as it is feminine. Premet, who is the designer, proclaims his nationality in clusters of tiny tucks; for even a French laundress, unless you forbid her, will return your plainest,

straightest nightgown daintily tucked. In America garters may be substituted, if one wishes, and fine nainsook or dimity used instead of satin. The piquant cap is of flowered muslin, printed batiste or lawn, and is edged with plaited fans of plain material.

The cleverness of the Premet negligée of pink crêpe Georgette at the right above lies in its ability to suggest the charm of youth without straying into insipid prettiness. Rows of narrow tucks and inserts of lace about the sleeves and the deep V-shaped neck are the only trimming. Lavender, pale apricot or any of the pastel shades would of course be quite as lovely as pink for this negligée.

The attractive and ingenuous dressing jacket on page 70 may become, when one analyzes it, simply four straight pieces of coral crêpe de Chine banded with écarle lace and tasseled at intervals; but in order that we

should discover this, it was first necessary that one of the great French designers should put those four pieces together. The simplicity of the process being understood, we may well adapt it to our own uses in many colors and many materials. With the jacket is worn a cunning boudoir cap made from a man's fine linen handkerchief and trimmed, rather in the manner of a Jack Horner pudding, with narrow coral ribbons, which tie in a bow on top and hang in long streamers down one's back. Colored lawn may be substituted for the ribbons.

The nightgown of plaited pink crêpe de Chine sketched on page 70 owes its reputation—and that a most excellent one—to the quaint yoke and tiny flaring sleeves of écarle lace. Premet, who is again the designer, places a cluster of small silk flowers on each shoulder, just where the yoke and sleeve

(Continued on Page 70)



Intangibly alluring, exquisitely delicate, "Flowers of Love" is a charming thought which only the most exquisite fragrance may express. It is the fragrance of a sweet and abiding memory, once known, never to be forgotten.

Fleurs d'Amour is not an accident. It is the supreme result of three generations of continuous, artistic effort on the part of an old firm of Parisian parfumeurs, famous the world over—the house of Roger & Gallet.

Fleurs d'Amour
(FLOWERS OF LOVE)

The Most Luxurious
Perfume in the World

In all the most necessary
toilet articles:—Extrait,
Eau de Toilette, Poudre,
Talc, Sachet, Savon,
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For the chapping winds of early
Spring use Roger & Gallet Lip
Sticks. Absolutely pure they
protect and beautify the lips. In
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BERKEY & GAY *Furniture*



"The Winthrop"— A Demonstration Value

You never pay more for Berkey & Gay quality—often less—than for makes of unknown worth. As striking evidence of this, foremost furniture stores invite you to see this Puritan dining suite.

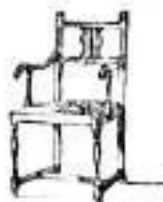
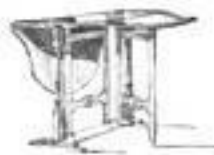
In it is reflected the spirit of the Mayflower. The sturdy honesty, the simplicity, the insistence upon genuine goodness that characterized the Puritan home.

Native oak, typical of the period, is the wood used—embellished with walnut and fancy ash burls. Mouldings, carvings, and turnings are softly fashioned by hand. Mellow coloring suggests generations of loving usage.

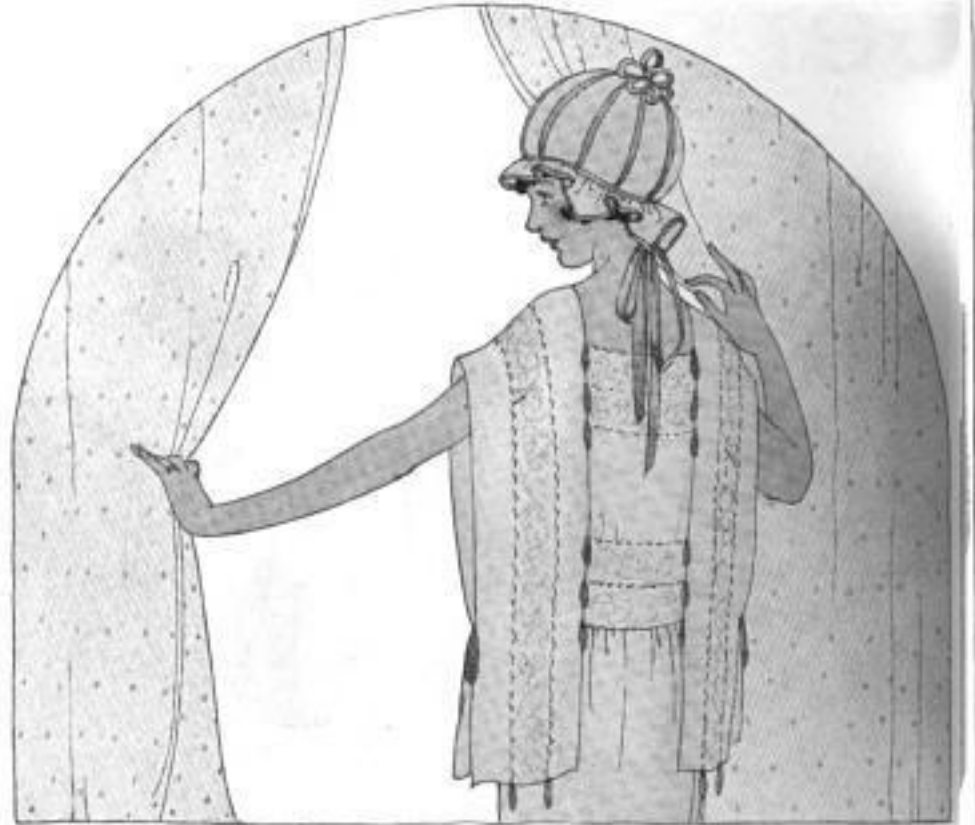
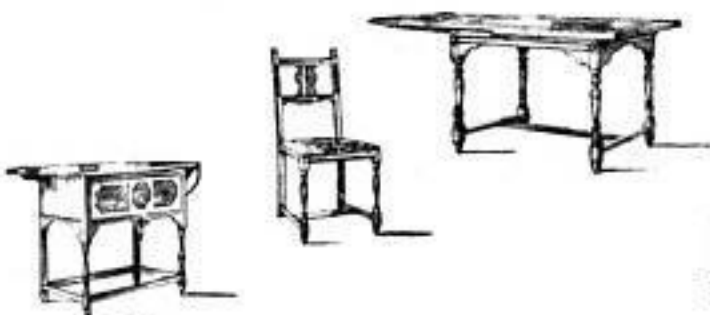
During April, "The Winthrop" is featured in a nation-wide quality demonstration. Its special value creates a buying opportunity of rare interest.

Our Brochures, describing "The Winthrop" and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer, sent on request.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
440 Monroe Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan
New York Wholesale Showroom, 119 West 40th Street



This shopmark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after.



Drawings by Torre-Bevans

Lingerie from Premet for American Brides

(Continued from Page 69)

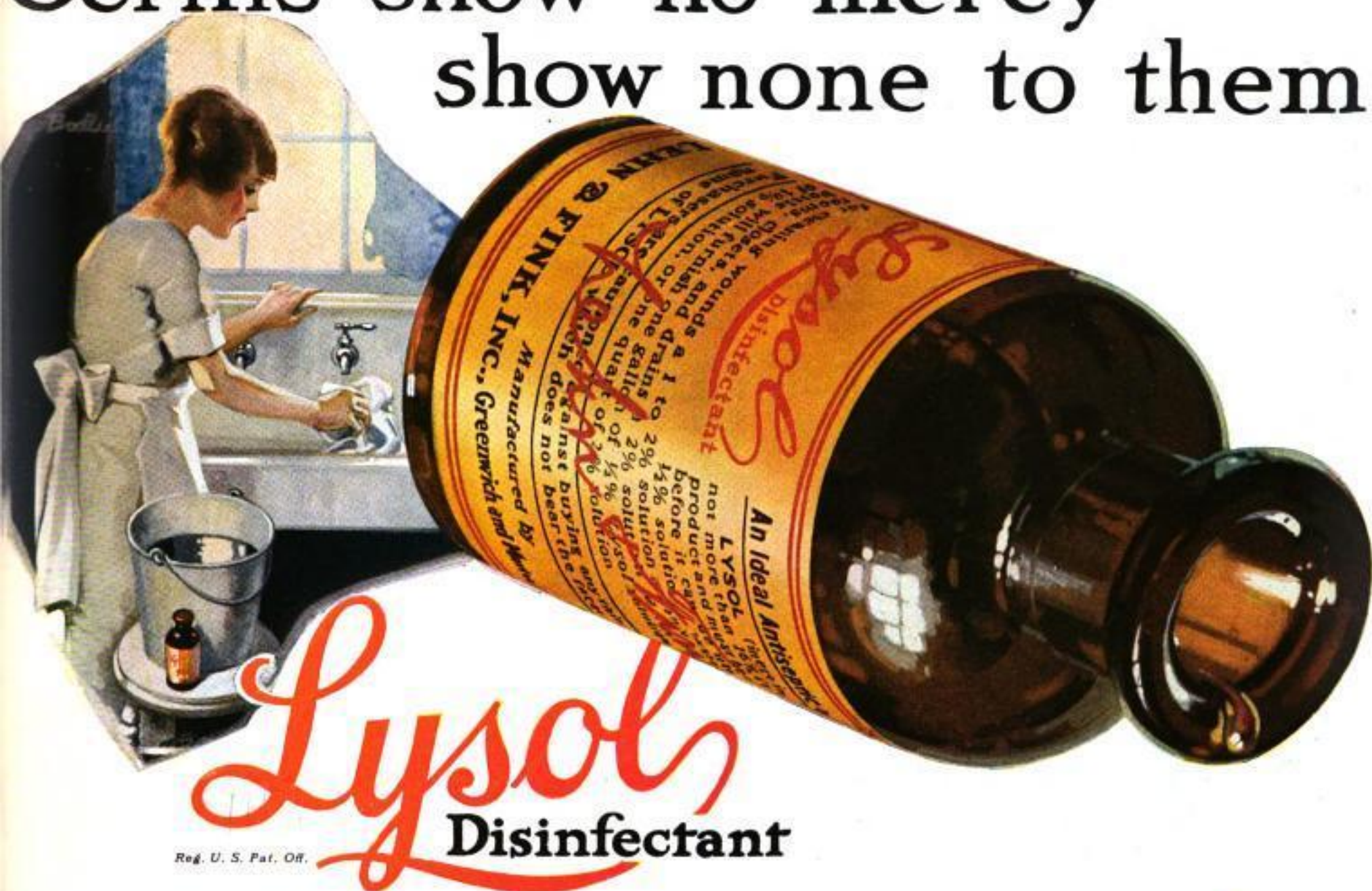
are joined. In any of the fine white materials with embroidery or a washable lace, this nightgown would also be delightful. Two pieces of white muslin or batiste are edged with narrow plaiting and trimmed with ribbon to match one's negligée for the frivolous cap sketched below.

In connection with lingerie, it is interesting to note that the uncorseted effect still prevails here, as abroad. The effect, however, is more often than not deceptive, for there is in reality a corset, but it is so low and soft and pliable that it is the last word in comfort. In Paris corsets are little more than close-fitting silk tricot bands, which, curiously enough, are worn next to the skin under the combination, and are often trimmed with the tiniest silk flowers.

Even Paris is beginning to admit the necessity of a petticoat with the fuller skirts of our new frocks, but, since almost everything still hangs from the shoulders, it has a top to it and is a near relation of the slip we wear under costume blouses and sheer frocks. Chiffon linen is the fabric most liked by the French for evening petticoats, either in black, plaited upon a tiny waist of ochre lace, for instance, or in such gay colors as emerald green, flag blue, cerise or red. When this slip-like petticoat is worn under a transparent frock, the material chosen for it is, of course, a supple satin or soft taffeta. The plaits are then confined to panels under the arms, or directly in the front and in the back. The brassière is almost invariably of a fine white net.



Germ show no mercy— show none to them



Kills Germs

DISEASE germs are dangerous enemies. They attack unseen, unfelt, without warning. The first notice of their presence comes when someone in the family falls sick.

Can you afford to show mercy to an enemy that fights in such a deadly way? Start at once to guard against this real menace. Proper disinfection is the weapon to use.

Sprinkle a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant, mixed with water, into sinks, drains, toilet bowls, garbage cans, dark, out-of-the-way corners, on dust-covered surfaces,

and all such spots where germ life breeds. Do this at least twice a week. Lysol Disinfectant kills germs.

When cleaning, pour a little Lysol Disinfectant into your scrubbing water. Being a soapy substance, Lysol Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects.

Use it in solution according to directions on the package. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

Send for free samples of other Lysol products

You can purchase a 25c bottle of Lysol Disinfectant for trial purposes at any drug store. We shall be glad to mail you free samples of the other Lysol products.

Shall we send a sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the

health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of Lysol Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin.

Send name and address on a postcard.

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Jack Tar Togs

Rub 'em - Tub 'em - Scrub 'em They come up Smiling!

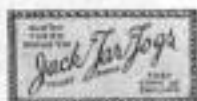
"**THANK GOODNESS!** They are made for boys now!" myriads of mothers are saying with a smile.

For years the accepted standard regulation wear for girls, Jack Tar Togs for boys are now ready for your choice in America's better stores.

Jack Tar are real, *honest-to-goodness* boys' togs, made in a variety of absolutely guaranteed, fast-color fabrics, tailored perfectly.

Make a "regular fellow" of your boy — put him in Jack Tar Togs! Write for Style Book and dealer's name, addressing Dept. F-2.

THE STROUSE-BAER COMPANY
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



The Label
of Honor



The Bride and Two of Her Guests



MOST becoming to the spring bride is a wedding gown in which heavy white crêpe de Chine is used for the bodice, side panels and train, and fine thread lace for the sleeves and flounced skirt. After the wedding she need only cut the train to length of side panels to have an attractive frock for informal evening wear. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42. For attending a wedding, one may well choose the frock of silk crêpe and lace sketched above, in all black, gray or yellow or in navy with copper-colored sleeves. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 44. Equally appropriate is the good-looking frock of smoke-gray crêpe de Chine and embroidered chiffon sketched at the right. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 44.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from The Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Transfer, 30 cents.



"Mary, let's go out this evening."
 "Why, John, you seem a new person; you used to want to stay home every night."
 "Oh, but I am feeling so much better, and I am so much more alert and energetic since I began eating Yeast Foam."

Is it modern life that exhausts folks so quickly?

No, it is modern foods, medical experts say

MANY people wrongly think that hard work and long hours are responsible for the physical and mental exhaustion which we see everywhere we go.

What is wrong? The trouble, according to the very highest authorities, lies in the food we eat.

Such world renowned bodies as the Lister Institute and the British Medical Research Committee as-

sert emphatically that modern foods are responsible for ill health of many and serious kinds.

By this they mean that many modern foods, prepared by processes of drying, heating, freezing, sterilization, etc., are in these very processes deprived of their vitality. Their *vitamins* are lost.

Vitamins are indispensable to health. Do not be misled into thinking that you will be well and strong simply by eating large quantities of even carefully selected food. Unless your food contains sufficient vitamins you can enjoy neither health nor strength.

Yeast contains more of this essential vitamin than does any other known food. We can therefore recommend Yeast Foam, for the purposes indicated, as a nutritional aid of extraordinary merit.

Eat a third, half or whole cake three times a day before meals

It's the same Yeast Foam you know so well as a bread raiser.

Yeast Foam is easily eaten; it is a wholesome, edible food and you'll soon like the taste.

Many eat the cake plain. Some follow it with a little water or milk.

Some mash it fine with a rolling pin and mix it with other foods.

Others dissolve the cake and drink off the water containing the yeast.

You'll find it convenient to carry a package of Yeast Foam around with you, eating a cake at convenient times.

Begin eating Yeast Foam today while awaiting more interesting information which we shall be glad to send free.

Magic Yeast—Yeast Foam
 —just the same except in name.
 At your grocer's—10c package.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., Dept. M-16.
 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an Aid to Health," telling the interesting story of the wonderful new use of Yeast Foam.

Name _____
 Address _____

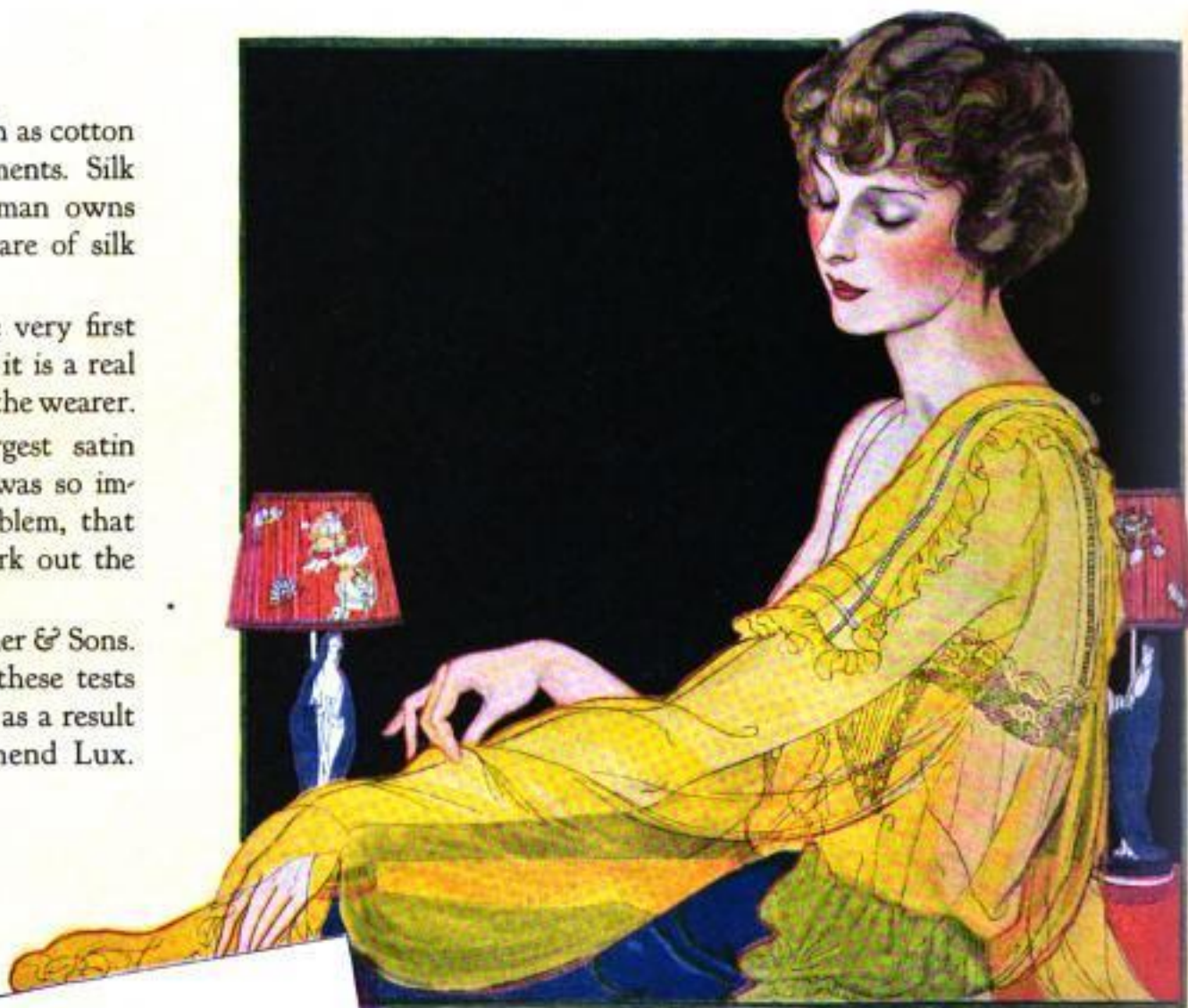
Great silk manufacturer makes tests and finds safest way to wash silks

TODAY silk is used almost as much as cotton in making women's washable garments. Silk blouses and silk stockings every woman owns—usually many of her underclothes are of silk as well.

Silk can so easily be ruined in the very first laundering that the safe way to wash it is a real problem to the manufacturer as well as the wearer.

William Skinner & Sons, the largest satin manufacturers in the country, felt it was so important to solve this laundering problem, that they had thorough tests made to work out the safest way to wash silks.

Read the letter from William Skinner & Sons. It tells you many interesting things these tests showed about washing silks, and why, as a result of them, they unqualifiedly recommend Lux.



William Skinner & Sons



Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had samples of our various wash silks laundered in Lux—Peau de Cygnes, Charmeuse, all silk satins, etc. Each sample was given the number of washings the average silk garment gets in a year.

We found that at the end of the washings none of the silks had stiffened and in no instance did the delicate threads fray or rough up. We noticed particularly that the Peau de Cygnes did not "pull" or become wiry as frequently happens after washing, and that the satins retained their suppleness.

All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,

William Skinner, Pres.
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.



How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel or lay flat between Turkish towel, so that the excess moisture will be absorbed. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

For colored things, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Dept. A-4, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

*Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm*

Matrons' Frocks With Youthful Lines



A FROCK of wool cashmere or crepe for afternoon is a good-looking and eminently satisfactory addition to the young matron's spring wardrobe. In the sketch just above, cream-colored material is used for the upper part of the frock and a woody brown for the skirt and the cuffs. Brier-stitching in brown wool covers the seams. Linen, in two colors, or checked and plain ginghams are also good materials of which to make this attractive dress. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 44.

For sports wear, the frock at the center above is distinctive in brown homespun with sleeves, collar and pockets of bright silk crepe, and a fancy girdle of metal or bone, or in cream-colored rough wool crepe trimmed with canna-red handkerchief linen. Equally smart, and very generally wearable, is the combination of light tan homespun and dark brown silk crepe. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42.

Reseda green, a color that is much worn on the Riviera this season and promises to be very smart for summer, is especially lovely in silk crepe, as at the right above. The frock is of a type generally

becoming, and is well suited to afternoon wear by the young matron throughout the spring and summer. The pattern, which may be had in sizes 16, and 36 to 42, provides also for V-neck, long bishop sleeves and a straight hemline, should any of these variations be desired.

At the left, gray crepe de Chine studded with tiny steel nailheads makes an afternoon frock of much distinction for the matron. The bishop sleeves of gray chiffon have a cape effect at the back that is both new and smart, and the skirt is in four pieces, each piece having a point, so that an uneven hemline results. The pattern may be had in sizes 16, and 36 to 44.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.



Light-weight smooth-fitting cool, absorbent

Women who get the most out of life—

are not necessarily those with the most money to spend, but those who, as the English say, know how to "do themselves well" on what they have.

These women know it is difficult to look well dressed unless one feels comfortable, and that dress comfort starts with underwear. They can appreciate the many advantages of Lawrence Tailored-Knit Underwear.



The celebrated Lawrence Union Suits, Shirts and Drawers for men are the ideal all-season underwear.

This wonderful underwear is made of *combed* yarn—a Lawrence process that eliminates all but the long, perfect, silk-like fibres, which make garments as soft as silk and much less costly, as dainty as nainsook, yet *absorbent*.

You know how unpleasant certain kinds of undergarments are on warm days. Lawrence keeps the skin dry and cool.

Lawrence Knit Underwear is elastic—its smooth, slender lines are a joy. It is cut *by hand* to individual patterns, so is absolutely correct in size and proportions. Though daintily finished it will wear amazingly and launder easily. You will wonder at its moderate price when you see its quality.

In the newest and most approved styles, including:—

Union suits with round or bodice top—in white and pink. Loose or ribbed-cuff knee—closing flap made wide. No buttons.

Under-vests with round or bodice top. Bloomers roomy and comfortable.

Look for the Lawrence label on each garment. If your dealer hasn't the style you want, write to us.

LAWRENCE MFG. CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Established 1831

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

E. M. Townsend & Co., Selling Agents, New York City.



LAWRENCE

Tailored Knit

UNDERWEAR

Why Ipana is good for gums

IPANA tooth paste contains Ziratol, a healing agent to the gums.

This unique property has made Ipana a favorite tooth paste with dentists, who, better than all others, know how vital gum health is.

Over 2000 dentists have told us that Ipana makes firm, healthy gums that can resist danger—and they have told their patients too, and that's how Ipana got its first great start.

Ipana, in addition, does everything that a good, pure tooth paste can do—and its smooth, snappy and delightful flavor is something you will think of as a treat.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 44 Rector Street, New York City.



To think that Paris fashions are extreme and only for city wear is a mistake that many of us make. As a matter of fact, Paris leads the world in clothes, and every detail, from the bateau neckline of our gingham house dress to the side drapery on our best gown, originated with or was inspired by the fashion creators of Paris.

Sketch Book



Here is a Powder your skin specialist will approve



First of all, your skin specialist will tell you, a face powder must be pure. He will insist, too, that its ingredients be carefully selected, properly balanced, blended with exact nicety, and that it be scented delicately, with natural flower essences.

Skin specialists approve *Freeman's* because, from its introduction almost fifty years ago, it has adhered to these standards. Fluffy stearate of zinc, so soothing to the most tender skins, and the finest of air-floated talc, are combined with the fleeting fragrance of fifty different blossoms to make *Freeman's* the ideal powder for every complexion.

To know for yourself the genuine goodness of *Freeman's*, send us ten cents in stamps for four dainty samples. With them we'll include our new beauty booklet, "The Etiquette of the Powder Puff," which will tell you much you should know of your skin and its care.



Know your skin and the care it needs—send for this booklet today



Freeman's, velvety soft and smooth, awaits you at any of the better drug stores, department stores, or beauty shops.

—Since 1876—
Freeman's
FACE POWDER Talc-Rouge

For a Charming Complexion
Mail This Coupon—TODAY

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
2004 Norwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen:—I am enclosing ten cents in stamps for four samples of *Freeman's* and a copy of your new beauty booklet, "The Etiquette of the Powder Puff."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Paris decree of low waistlines, wide sleeves and straight, bouffant or side-draped skirts will be more or less in evidence in everything we purchase. In gloves we shall be more conservative, though the Paris suggestions are amusingly interesting.



Fit for a Queen— Priced for a Housewife

THE SECRET of distinction in "QUEEN MAKE" wash dresses lies in the fact that they are dresses so smartly tailored and so modish that you naturally appropriate them for street wear. Frocks which create for you that chic daintiness that all women desire.

You may choose from the "QUEEN MAKE" wardrobe for Spring a frilly frock of dainty tissue trimmed with organdy—a simple straight line, one-piece slip of linen—or veritably any kind of dress fashioned from the new cottons in the happiest designs and colors.

A cotton frock to hold its style, color and freshness must be just twice as well-made as one of cloth or silk. "QUEEN MAKE" dresses retain their daintiness and charm after repeated laundering and the hardest usage.

Queen Make
WASH DRESSES

The leading stores of the country sell "QUEEN MAKE" dresses. If yours has not your choice of these three styles, send us a money order and we will see you are supplied.

Send for attractive booklet A showing many other styles. Mailed free.

"THE HOUSE OF QUEEN MAKE"

L. GINSBERG & BROS., 102 Madison Ave., New York
Makers of "QUEEN MAKE" Wash Dresses, Aprons, Nurses' and Maids' Uniforms.

The Three Smartest Sports Costumes



VERY smart for sports or general wear is the dress at the upper left, which boasts a slip-on blouse and a separate side-plaited skirt. Many combinations in both colors and materials are possible: a white cotton or linen blouse over a skirt of English print or cretonne; canna-red crêpe de Chine over white flannel; or silk or wool jersey all in one color. A light-weight éponge would also be most attractive. The pattern is in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 42.

For sports wear, too, is the sleeveless jacket above at right, which was so much worn on the Riviera abroad and at our own Southern winter resorts. It may be of the same material and color as the skirt, or may contrast as in the sketch above. The pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, and 36 to 40, also provides for a collar and long bell sleeves if one wishes them. In the cape and frock at the lower left the new dandelion-yellow silk crêpe is bound with the same material in dark brown; or tan wool crêpe may be trimmed with brown, or green with black, or white with canna. The cape is No. 3516, and comes in small, medium and large sizes, while the chemise frock is No. 3326, in sizes 14 and 16, and 36 to 44 inches.

Black taffeta is edged and sashed with canna red or jade in the bathing suit above. The neck may be oval or V-shaped. Sizes are 16 years, and 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52 inches.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Bathing Suits, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents.

Interesting side panels form the new uneven hem line. Double collars and cuffs of white organdy. In green, blue, brown and red checked gingham. (Top)

No. 576. \$5.75

Organdy inserts give the slightly bouffant effect of the skirt. Collar and cuffs of white organdy. In heliotrope, blue, brown and black checked gingham. (Bottom)

No. 505. \$7.95

Fashioned of pure linen—finished with cord binding—this smartly tailored dress may be had in rose, blue, heliotrope, brown and gray—trimmed with white of the same material. (Bottom)

No. 506. \$12.75

All three dresses may be had in sizes 16-18-20 and 36-46.



Painted by Worth Brehm. © E. L. W. of G. E. Co.

The first night away from home

A BIG strange room—a big strange bed—a big strange house full of big strange sounds—

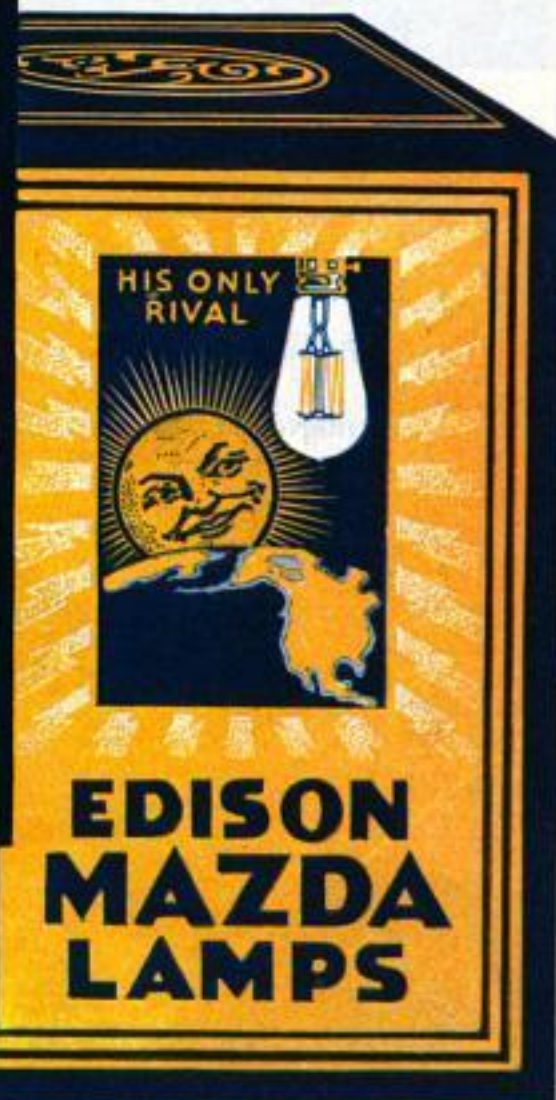
And such a little mite of a girl.

But the good fairies stand guard while you sleep, little girl. And if you wake in the darkness, stretch out your hand. A touch and the big room is smiling with friendly light.

ARE there any rooms in your home that still need the friendly cheer of Edison MAZDA Lamps? Nothing will add so much to the beauty of your other furnishings at so little cost; nothing will add so much to the convenience of your daily life at so little trouble.

Step into the store which has the Edison MAZDA Lamp Girl in the window. The merchant who owns the store has accurate standards from which to prescribe *just the right lamp* for every room and every sort of fixture.

THE mark MAZDA on a lamp is your guarantee that it is the most perfect which Science has thus far developed. And when MAZDA Service, working in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, develops a better lamp, that, too, will be an Edison MAZDA Lamp.



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Deep Brushing

DEEP brushing—when you can feel the brush on your scalp—that is the sort of brushing that stimulates the scalp, keeps it free from dandruff, and promotes the health and beauty of the hair.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor is the brush designed to give you all the benefits of thorough brushing and scalp massage.

The bristles in this brush are set in tufts widely separated so that they penetrate clear through the hair to the scalp.

Daily brushing with the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor will show good results in a short time.

And it makes hair dressing so much easier. It guides every hair, every wayward lock, into position.

Made in several different styles and finishes. Always sold in the yellow box.

For sale at any store where hair brushes are sold

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Florence, Mass.
Canadian Agency: 247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



Fashion Decrees the Two-Piece Suit



3484

3473



3483

THE wearing of a one-piece dress beneath one's jacket, instead of a skirt and blouse, has a foundation of common sense and economy, as well as of smartness. It eliminates the "initial cost and upkeep" of numerous crêpe de Chine and Georgette blouses, and provides a costume that is becoming and in good taste when one's coat is removed; whereas the suit with separate blouse is coming more and more to be considered appropriate only for street wear.

Another decree of the season is that the entire suit need not be of the same material. This makes possible such delightful combinations as a jacket of navy wool cloth over a Canton crêpe frock of navy or contrasting color; a dress of plain navy serge with its coat of navy serge plaided in white; or, for midsummer wear, a jacket of bright red flannel over white crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or linen. Another possibility is to have the jacket and dress skirt of the same material—gaberdine or heavy silk crêpe—and the upper part of the dress of a colorful printed crêpe or radium silk. Among the best materials for both coats and suits this spring are gaberdines, tricôtes, homespun, heavy silk or wool crêpes and the various charmois-like weaves.

When the first spring breezes lure one out of doors a suit of sand-colored

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Jackets, 30 cents.

tricotine, such as is sketched at the upper left of the preceding page, is distinctly in keeping with the joyousness of the occasion. A pattern for the jacket is provided in sizes 16, and 36 to 44. Any simple skirt pattern or chemise dress may be used, although a skirt with inverted plaits which comes just beneath the openings in the coat, as in the sketch, is particularly attractive.

Navy serge will always be a favorite material for spring, but the smart lines of the suit at the right of the opposite page and the trimming of flat black silk-braid lattice-work give new strength to this favoritism. The pattern for the coat comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 46, and may be combined with any plain skirt pattern or worn over a simple one-piece dress of serge.

Made of soft duvetyn or a kindred material in a woodsy brown, the graceful coat on the opposite page conforms to all that is newest in the French mode. The oddly shaped narrow panel attached on its shorter side down the right-side back is an interesting French touch, but may be omitted if one prefers. Pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 44.

For the smart blouse sketched below, which is of henna crêpe de Chine with a braided trimming, the pattern may be had in sizes 16, and 36 to 42. The color may of course be varied to match one's suit or to

afford the most effective contrast. In every case, however, the braiding should be done in self-color.

A double-breasted coat with raglan sleeves and a convertible collar, such as is shown below, is of the type best suited to sports and general-utility wear, and at the same time is not difficult to make. In waterproof gaberdine it would make a splendid raincoat and motor coat, and be both serviceable and good-looking. It would look well also in gaberdine, tricotine, homespun, or one of the chamoislike fabrics, in brown, tan, gray, or any shade of blue, or in a tweed mixture. The patch pockets may be omitted if one wishes, but they help to give the somewhat masculine effect that is considered so good this season. The pattern may be had in sizes 16, and 36 to 46.

The navy tricotine jacket below could be worn to good effect over a one-piece dress of tricotine or Canton crêpe. It is attractive either with or without the trimming of narrow flat silk braid. The kimono sleeves, cut in one with the side sections, the narrow shawl collar lapped in front to give a surplice effect, and the long, slightly bloused waistline, marked by a narrow belt of the material, all identify the coat as distinctly of this season's mode and at the same time emphasize the youthfulness of its lines. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 36 to 42.



Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from The Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Suit Coats, 30 cents.



Another Bed in Your Home

You would be proud of a davenport such as this in your home. Faultless in design, construction and workmanship and rich in finish and materials it is really a beautiful piece of furniture. At 5:16 no one would ever suspect its night-time usefulness—yet when the occasion demands, it is quickly converted into a full size, restful bed.

Northfield Bed Davenports

There is a Northfield for your home—whether you expect to use the bed feature frequently or not. Primarily a davenport, you feel secure in the knowledge that with your Northfield an extra bed always awaits the extra guest—the emergency.

Made in period styles in walnut, oak and mahogany, as well as attractive models in popular fibre-reed, Northfield Bed-Davenports are designed, finished and constructed appropriately for every home. A chair and rocker match each davenport.

Before you buy any bed-davenport see the Northfield showing. There is a dealer in your town.

Let us send you "The Davenport with a Secret"—a little booklet illustrating several attractive styles—a revelation in bed-davenport beauty and usefulness.

The Northfield Company
Makers of Good Furniture
SHEBOYGAN WISCONSIN



GOLD DUST



WINDOWS

How Gold Dust does banish the haze! Leaves glass sparkling. Clear as crystal. No rubbing. Clean in a jiffy.

© 1922,
N. K. F. Co.



BATHROOMS

Tiles and tubs kept shimmering white. It's easy with Gold Dust.



FLOORS

A little Gold Dust in the cleaning water keeps them like new.

Cleaner Cleaning

The Mop's Best Friend

WOOD floors and tile floors! Woodwork and windows! Bathroom and bedroom! Kitchen and parlor! Gold Dust spreads springtime all through the house. Removes all the dirt and grime of winter. Brings a wonderful, sweet cleansing to everything it touches. Leaves the whole house sanitary because it purifies as it thoroughly cleanses. Be certain to have Gold Dust on hand this housecleaning time. You'll find it your most helpful friend.

It's wonderfully simple. A little Gold Dust and warm water—and you're ready. Be sure it really is Gold Dust you buy. Look for the name Fairbank's and the Twins on the package.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Let the Gold Dust



Twins do your work

Jersey-by-the-Yard Makes the Blouses

But the Trimming is Handmade



THE smart sports skirt revealed beneath the bulletin board in the sketch above is of gray cloth, with checks of scarlet wool embroidered above the hem and a fringed edging that is often a part of this season's sports clothes. The pattern comes in sizes 16, and 28 to 36. The sweater-blouse having been enthusiastically sponsored by Paris now appears in an interesting variety of styles. Two of the most attractive of these blouses are sketched above and patterns are provided for them, in sizes 16, and 36 to 42. They may be made of either wool or silk Jersey in any of becoming spring and summer colors, with matching trimming of silk or wool looped fringe. The tight hip band of the blouse at the right is a new feature that is seen also in many of the spring suits.

When cutting Jersey, it is well to remember that generous seams should be allowed and the seam line stitched with fine basting thread, to provide for the raveling that inevitably occurs in this material while it is being worked upon. In sewing Jersey on the machine always have a loose tension, for it will pull badly if too tightly sewed.

The looped trimming used to such good effect in both of the blouses above may be either knitted or crocheted. For the knitted loops cast on eight stitches, knit across. Second needle: Insert needle in stitch, as if to knit, wind wool over the needle and around forefinger of left hand four times, bring wool up and around right hand needle, then knit the stitch which will appear like four stitches in one. Repeat this in every stitch. If a less heavy loop is desired, wind only twice. Repeat the first and second needle until the necessary length is made. Cast on more stitches, if a wider band is desired.

To make the crocheted trimming, chain ten, and work one row of single crochet stitches. Always chain one for turning. Second row: Use a pencil or a thick knitting needle, hold this at the back of the piece you are working on, insert needle in stitch, having yarn over and around thick needle, thereby forming loop. Finish single crochet as usual. Work next row in plain single crochet without loops. The thickness of the needle, over which loops are made, will determine the length of loops.

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A Necklace of 250,000 words

Ever at hand, hanging by its ring on the attractive ribbon guard, is her EVERSARP Pencil. She uses this handy pencil at home, for office writing, for the jotting down of countless daily items that are not to be forgotten. In EVERSARP is lead enough for a quarter of a million words.

EVERSHARP has helped to emancipate woman. It has multiplied her business efficiency. No more pencil sharpening; no more hunting for a pencil. Women carry EVERSARP with them, as they would a watch. It indicates alertness and efficiency. And like a watch, it is mechanically perfect.

No other pencil can be like Eversharp

EVERSHARP Pencils are in gold, silver and enamel, in many styles; priced from 50c to \$50. Each is matched in writing perfection by the Wahl Fountain Pen, with the all-metal barrel that holds more ink. Factory-tailored to fit your hand. Sold everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO

EVERSHARP
matched by
WAHL PEN



Use only Eversharp Leads—12 in a box. They fit accurately. Seven grades from extra soft to very hard; also indelible. Look for the name Eversharp on the red-topped box.





Even the woman who knows all there is to know about Black Cat Hosiery, appreciates the purpose of the Allen A Brand

The wearers of Allen A Black Cat Hosiery constitute the largest and most substantial group of fine Hosiery buyers in America.

This means also that they are the keenest on money's worth. Careful buyers. More than a little critical, but quick to respond to integrity in manufacturer and merchant.

By adding the Allen A Brand to the Black Cat name on every piece of genuine Black Cat Hosiery—the makers put on record their personal responsibility for every detail of money's worth in this celebrated Hosiery.

Always full size; always full length; always at the top of the style; always beyond comparison in value.

In Silk, in Lisle, in Wool, in Cotton—for Men, Women and Children.



Allen A Black Cat Hosiery For Women

For dress wear, business, street and sport's wear and Knickerbocker use. Silk, Lisle, Wool and Cotton.

Look for this Master Brand—Allen A.

It carries with it the personal pledge of the maker's responsibility for uniform high quality and money's worth. Allen A is the maker's Mark of Identification on the genuine

BLACK CAT Hosiery

COOPER'S-BENNINGTON
Spring Needle Underwear

ALLEN A Summerwear

The Allen A Company

Kenosha, Wisconsin

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The School Clothes of the Well-Dressed Child

BOUND for school on a sunny spring morning, the youngster at the left above wears a good-looking coat of homespun, which is quite smart enough to serve also as her "Sunday best." The shawl collar may be worn open, as in the sketch, or rolled high about the neck, and the wide, set-in sleeves need not have cuffs unless she wishes them. The pockets, too, may be omitted without detracting from the appearance of the coat. Navy, tan and brown are good colors for spring; the pattern comes in sizes 4 to 14. In cravenette or similar showerproof material, the double-breasted coat at the right above is splendid for April weather. With its raglan sleeves and convertible collar it is a most becoming type of sports coat and can be made with equally good effect in serge, covert cloth, cheviot, tweed or camel's hair. The pattern comes in sizes 6 to 14. For the small boy a suit which combines a box-plaited waist of tan linen and straight little trousers of brown wool is most attractive. Interesting color combinations are always possible in a suit of this sort, even if one prefers to make blouse and trousers of the same material. The pattern comes in sizes from 2 to 12 and can be varied to suit the individual requirements of the heir apparent by omitting box plaits, adding a pocket to the blouse or substituting elbow sleeves. In addition to possessing the simplicity and good lines that are always essential parts of the clothes of the well-dressed child, the top coats and little suit above offer little or no difficulty to the home dressmaker.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East Eighteenth Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents.



Insist on

Gainsborough

Genuine HAIR NET

The Net of the Life-Like Lustre



Matchless in Quality
Yet only 10 cents
Everywhere

THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St.
Chicago

Gainsborough Double
Cap, 15 cents each or 2
for 25 cents.

Gainsborough Double
Fringe, 15 cents each or
2 for 25 cents.

Gainsborough White
or Gray, 20 cents each.

Ask for this package.
For sale by the better
stores everywhere.

If your dealer
can't supply
you, write your
name and ad-
dress on mar-
gin below, en-
close 10 cents—
mentioning
color and shape
desired.



Completes the Hairdress



Mary Brush Williams Writes of Paris Hats

And Irene Castle Poses in Them



To wear with a suit or one-piece cloth dress, one may well choose, as does Mrs. Treman in the photograph above, a small hat of black satin cloth trimmed most becomingly with tan uncurled ostrich.

A large and jaunty bow of navy grosgrain ribbon is the outstanding feature of the smart hat of navy Italian Milan worn by Irene Castle Treman in the photograph at the left.



Photos. by Nicholas Muray



The draped turban of black satin haircloth trimmed with self fringe, worn by Mrs. Treman in the circle photograph, would look particularly well with one's spring suit.

In the good-looking red Milan hat photographed at the left, navy taffeta faces the right side of the brim and finishes in a wing effect on the opposite side on the top of brim.



The large hat at the extreme left is of black Milan trimmed with jet and burnt ostrich. In the lower center photograph, black satin cloth has a draped crown and two quills at the back.

At the right, black visca straw is topped with a latticework of black moiré ribbon and worn well down over the eyes, as are all the smartest hats this spring season.



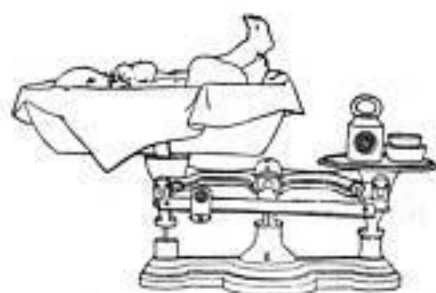
Since white will be a favorite color for spring and summer, a white haircloth hat trimmed on one side with a fringe of narrow grosgrain ribbons is almost a necessity.

Second from the left, a hat of the popular canna-red satin haircloth with a canna-colored wing across the front proves that distinction in millinery is not dependent upon the bizarre in shape or trimming.

NOW is the open season for observing the vast panorama of Paris buying its summer hat. All areas included between the Seine and the Marne, with special emphasis on neighborhoods round Montparnasse, Montmartre, well as the fashionable Bois region, afford vantage points in which to view the scene. Madame Lebrun, who under circumstances pays more than eight dollars for her better linery, "waits in" all one morning and is awfully cross out it, because her little milliner does not limp up the flights of stairs to her apartment to keep her devious. This grande dame lives on a side street the Avenue du Bois, in an apartment which does enjoy the advantages of steam heat and a bath, she is thought by some to disseminate more chic in the Avenue than many of those who live on it drive in their motors to the seat of the original dels, which Madame Lebrun has copied. She does this by employing a little milliner who pays fifty dollars a year rent for a flat, the interior which no customer has ever penetrated. She has showroom and nothing to show. She is a "visit-milliner" who for models patrols shop windows fashion magazines. She comes upon an illustration of one by Reboux, prematurely printed, and she tents with the magazine by fastest bus to Madame Lebrun's apartment. Together the two consider it

(Continued on Page 90)





3 months . . . 12 to 13 pounds
 6 months . . . 15 to 16 pounds
 9 months . . . 17 to 18 pounds
 1 year . . . 20 to 22 pounds

Notice how different is the appearance of the skin of these two babies. That of the tiny baby, but a few hours old, is dark, rather rough and exceedingly tender. That of the older baby shows the result of regular and careful methods of bathing, in its fairness, its fine texture and firm quality.



Send for a set of our Wool Soap Toy Blocks—20 to the set, round-cornered, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches square attractively embossed. The children will love them as a plaything of delightful and instructive amusement. Send 5 Wool Soap wrappers, together with 25c in stamps or cash.

A Fleecy Lather

The new science of bathing babies

Methods followed in large maternity hospitals that mothers can practice at home

HOW do you bathe your baby? While the extreme care used in great maternity hospitals is not always possible or necessary in the home, their general methods should be practiced as far as possible by mothers. In equipment, system and practice, the nurseries of large maternity hospitals are models. Here the bathing of babies is almost equal in importance to feeding.

The hours from 8 to 10 o'clock—before the mid-morning feeding and nap—are considered best for the bath. They are busy hours, full of interest, human and scientific.

The light, sunny bathroom is put in efficient readiness before the bathing begins. The temperature is carefully gauged; the high bath-tables are supplied with every possible needed article, within quick reach.

Dexterous hands quickly accomplish the bath

Each tiny occupant of the little basket nursery beds is carried into the connecting bathroom, stripped and weighed. He is then placed upon the conveniently high bath-table where the nurse's dexterous hands quickly accomplish the bath.

A very soft cloth or piece of absorbent cotton wrapped in cloth, is used for washing. The bath water is just warm enough to feel comfortable to the elbow.

The head and face are first bathed gently without soap. Then the little body is quickly bathed with mild, pure soap suds and patted dry with a smooth, absorbent towel.



A floating white soap

Eyes, ears and nose are each cleansed with separate boracic swabs, after which baby is dressed in fresh garments, ready and eager for his feeding and nap.

Every article used has first been made completely sterile, from bath basin to the tiny garments he is dressed in. Scrupulous care is exercised down to the minutest detail; that not too much nor too strong soap is used on the tender skin; that the rinsing is thorough; the drying gentle.

Importance of the soap used

The soap is of prime importance. A perfectly pure, mild soap, suited to the fine texture of a baby's skin, is a necessity.

Wool Soap is a children's soap, particularly adapted to their delicate needs.

Every ingredient used in it is the purest obtainable; the fats, upon which soap quality depends, are practically edible.

It makes a soft, fleecy lather that leaves the skin soft, pliant and firm, as Nature made it. It cleanses and soothes; softens and strengthens baby's tender skin. What the old imported Castile soap, now so rarely obtainable, did for babies' skins, Wool Soap does today.

A trial cake for baby's bath

Try bathing your baby with Wool Soap, following as far as possible these hospital methods. Send 2c in stamps with the coupon for a trial cake, Baby Bath Size. Swift & Company, U. S. A.

4285

Swift & Company, Chicago:

Enclosed find 2c in stamps for which send me a Trial Cake of Wool Soap.

Name _____

Address _____



For Toilet and Bath



For Children's Skins



A wonderful Invention Makes any sewing machine an electric

There is no secret of dressing well at little cost. It's really ridiculously simple, as every woman knows. She merely does the sewing herself, and has many more pretty things to wear, than another who spends much more.

But sewing on the old fashioned foot-pumping machine is a wearisome drudgery, and to many women, a positive danger. Now this is all changed. One motion of the hand places the Hamilton Beach Home Motor next to the hand wheel of your ordinary sewing machine and makes it a speedy electric.

No tools or screws or belts required. Absolutely no holes to drill or clamps to attach. Your machine is unmarred. And you sew as long as you like without effort or exertion, at a cost for current of less than one cent an hour. You never touch the wheel; the machine always starts the right way; you never break a thread. Just a silent, steady motion, that is exactly as fast as you wish—no faster—controlled by your toe on the speed pedal.



Hamilton Beach Home Motor

A great home helper

The Hamilton Beach Home Motor is only about as big as your clenched fist, yet is so vigorous and sturdy, you just can't heap too much work on it. Heavy material, thick seams, many plies—it's all one to you—just as easy to sew as the sheerest silks. And the very first dress you make, saves you its small first-cost.

Besides, as these illustrations show, with the convenient attachments, the same motor also serves as a wonderful fan in the hot weather, sharpens knives, polishes silver, and whips cream. Change from one use to any other in a moment. Nearly 1,000,000 homes now use it to save time, labor, and health. Absolutely guaranteed by Hamilton Beach.

\$18.50

Attachments Extra

At all good

Electrical, Hardware,
Sewing Machine, and
Department Stores

Hamilton Beach
Vacuum Sweeper

\$58.50

Except West of Rockies

It adds a gale of 219 cubic feet of air
per minute to the motor driven brush

Naturally, it gives double efficiency
Write for FREE folder and full facts



HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., Racine, Wisconsin

Mary Brush Williams Writes of Paris Hats

(Continued from Page 87)

and others, until at length the little milliner takes a bus back to make foundations for the models chosen. They are in white crinoline, and she comes again with them and samples of materials. Madame Lebrun tries them on and decides which make her look not the prettiest, and not the youngest, but the most chic. It hardly ever happens that the samples will do the first time, and so the little milliner limps round the shops again.

The day when she did not come there was a fire that held up the AB busses, and she could just about as easily think of walking as to afford a taxicab.

She used to walk before the bus accident which made it necessary to amputate her leg. Now she wears an American wooden leg, suspended from her shoulder. And so it was that Madame Lebrun's Easter was momentarily endangered. But the little milliner never disappoints anyone. She arrived at the last moment, with one model "lifted" from Reboux, and the other from a less conspicuous artist. The crown of the latter was a little big. It did not shape to the head nicely. But that was not the fault of the little milliner. The crown of the original did not shape nicely.

So few of them do! It is the significant feature of your hat. By it you can tell whether your head covering was made by a mere milliner or an artist. It must be big enough to envelop easily even our rather large heads, and yet look small. It must be long enough to include that wad of hair that settles on the back of almost every American girl's neck, and yet look round. I have seen them look as long as if they were made for a horse's head. It must go down almost to the nape of the neck in the back and to the eyes in front, and yet look low at the top. It must be stiff enough to hold its shape forever, and yet look soft. No domestic-science school can lay too much emphasis on this feature. To produce it requires both art and brawn. Did you ever see a French milliner excavating into crinoline for a crown? You would say she was giving an imitation of digging the Panama Canal.

Sports Clothes Will be Much Worn

THE little visiting milliner does this only when the hats she copies bear evidences of such ground and spade work. She does not seek to improve upon originals, no matter by whom. She never creates and she never falls below her own standard for almost uncanny imitation—and therefore her place in the economic history of humanity is fixed.

Madame Lebrun blames herself for ever filching from any but the best houses, and will console herself on Easter morning by appearing on the Avenue in her perfect imitation of the greater artist's production before that artist's customers have had a chance to see it in her shop.

One of the beauties of her system is that she does not have to work as hard for results as the *grandes dames* who buy the original models. Nobody carries any millinery to them. They spend hours of the most grinding work to get their Easter head

raiment. I was in at Reboux's this afternoon, and it was a lot of fun for everybody except those having hats made. It was like a reception, with men present, and there was a chatter and cigarette smoke, such as you don't associate with an American millinery shop in any city.

From two young women in Reboux's I can tell you to a nicety what some of the spring styles will be. Sports clothes will be awfully smart, even in cities. The French have only just recently heard of sports, and they will eventually beat the world at least on the costuming of them. These young women sat at looking-glasses on each side of a wide door and between tryings-on visited each other.

Silk Jersey Smart for Blouses

ONE had on a very smart slate-colored tailored suit of smooth material, without a touch of garnishment on it anywhere, not even a belt. When she got up she pulled it wide open to adjust her blouse, which was of slate-colored silk jersey, with a long V-shaped collar that rolled. Paris has really gone a little out of its mind over these jerseys, many of them of vegetable silk, and some of them striped in silk and wool mixed.

As for the blouses, they no longer have boat-shaped necks, nor yet do they have the wide sailor collar of old, but they fall very loosely round the waist, sometimes gently belted, and spread into that rolling V at the neck. This girl got too warm in the course of all the cigarette smoking going on round her, and while visiting with her friend she took off her coat. The sleeves of her blouse were long and fitted very smoothly over the shoulders, like a man's. Sleeves of elbow length and shorter are less in the ascendant this year.

When the hat maker returned with the crown she had been excavating, the young woman returned to her seat to try it on.

(Continued on Page 152)



PHOTOS BY NICKOLAS MURPHY

In the circle above, Irene Castle Treman wears a matron's hat of black Milan trimmed with sand-colored ostrich. The hat at the left of the lower photograph is of red Italian Milan and has a canna wing on the upturned front; that at the right has a black Milan crown and a five-petaled taffeta brim, each petal edged with taffeta plaiting. All three of these hats are excellent to wear all during the spring and summer with suits or cloth dresses. Canna-red is the new color.



Emergency Cake

1 1/4 cupfuls SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR, after sifting once
1 cupful sugar
1/4 teaspoonful grated nutmeg (or other flavoring)
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 egg whites
Soft butter or other shortening
1/2 cupful milk

Sift together the flour, sugar, and baking powder. To the egg whites in a measuring cup add enough soft (not melted) butter to half fill the cup; add milk to fill the cup; turn into dry ingredients, add flavoring and beat vigorously 7 minutes. Bake in two layers. Put layers together and cover with the following quick frosting:

Seven Minute Marshmallow Frosting

1 egg white (unbeaten)
1/4 cupful sugar
3 tablespoonfuls water
12 marshmallows
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Put the egg white, sugar and water in the upper part of a double boiler and set it over rapidly boiling water. Begin beating immediately with a Dover egg beater and beat constantly for seven minutes. Remove from stove and add the vanilla and marshmallows, cut in small pieces. Beat until of the proper consistency to spread. Double recipe if more icing is needed.



One-Egg Cake

1/4 cupful shortening
1/4 cupful sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1/4 cupful milk
1 1/4 cupfuls SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla

Cream the shortening; add the sugar gradually, beating mixture hard, then add the beaten egg; sift flour, measure, add baking powder and sift several times, add alternately with the milk, a little at a time. Add vanilla. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Cover with a chocolate frosting.



Marble Cake

1/4 cupful shortening
1/4 cupful sugar
2 cupfuls SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR
3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
1/2 cupful milk
3 egg whites
1/2 teaspoonful flavoring extract

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming the mixture thoroughly. Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, and sift several times, then add alternately with milk to the first mixture, beating batter hard meanwhile. Add flavoring; fold in the well beaten egg whites. Divide the mixture and leave one half plain. Into the other half beat 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa. 1/4 teaspoonful ground cloves. 1/2 teaspoonful ground cinnamon. 1/4 teaspoonful soda.

Put the two mixtures, alternately, by the large spoonful into a loaf tin. Do not stir, but smooth over the top. Bake in a slow oven. This cake does not require icing.



Cup Cakes

1/4 cupful shortening
1/4 cupful sugar
2 eggs
1/4 cupful milk
1 1/4 cupfuls SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful lemon or vanilla extract

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming mixture well. Add eggs well beaten. Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and sift again three times. Add flour and milk alternately to first mixture until all is used, beating batter hard meanwhile. Add flavoring extract. Bake in muffin tins. Ice if desired.



One, two, and three egg cakes easy to make!

"Economy cakes" need not be substantial and breadlike. If you use the proper ingredients you can save materially on eggs and shortening and still attain the soft, fluffy texture that makes cake a delightful delicacy as well as a real food.

For perfect results in all your cake making, use the tried and proved

SWANS DOWN
Prepared (Not Self-Rising)
CAKE FLOUR
Preferred by Housewives for 28 years

It is pure wheat flour, specially ground from selected rich winter wheat, many times sifted through tiny-meshed silk. Nothing is added, only the hard, tough particles of the grain are removed. Cake made from such flour stays fresh and moist to the last piece.

Because Swans Down is feathery fine and smooth as velvet, it naturally makes lighter, finer, whiter cake than is possible with a comparatively heavy bread flour. The economical cakes shown on this page can be made very tempting with Swans Down Cake Flour. Follow the recipes and you will be assured of perfect results.

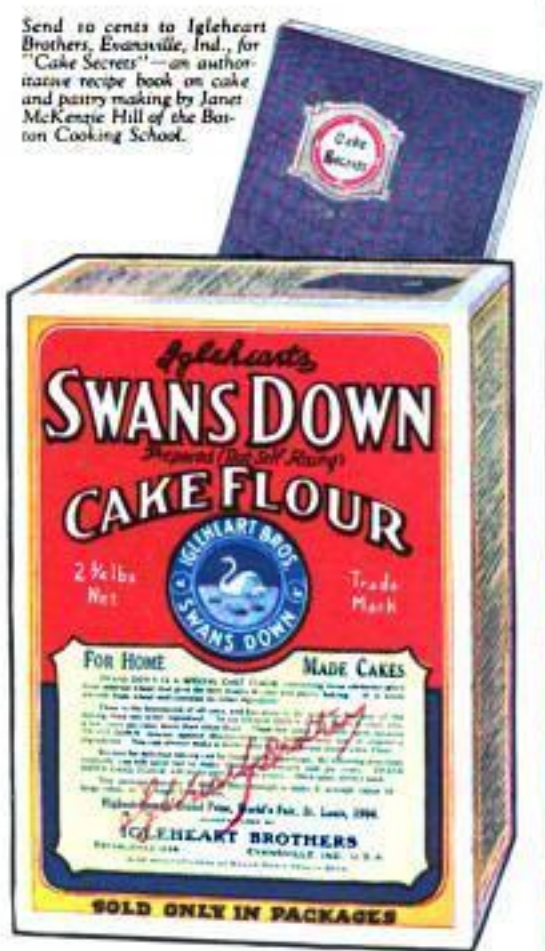
IGLEHEART BROTHERS

Established 1886
Evansville Dept. J-4 Indiana
Also makers of Swans Down Health Bran



INSTANT SWANS DOWN is a dry cake batter. Contains all the ingredients you use in making a white butter cake except the moisture. Add water and bake a cake. The only product of its kind made with the famous SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR. Ask your grocer to get it for you, or write us.

Important: Do not confuse Instant Swans Down with Swans Down Cake Flour. They are two different products.

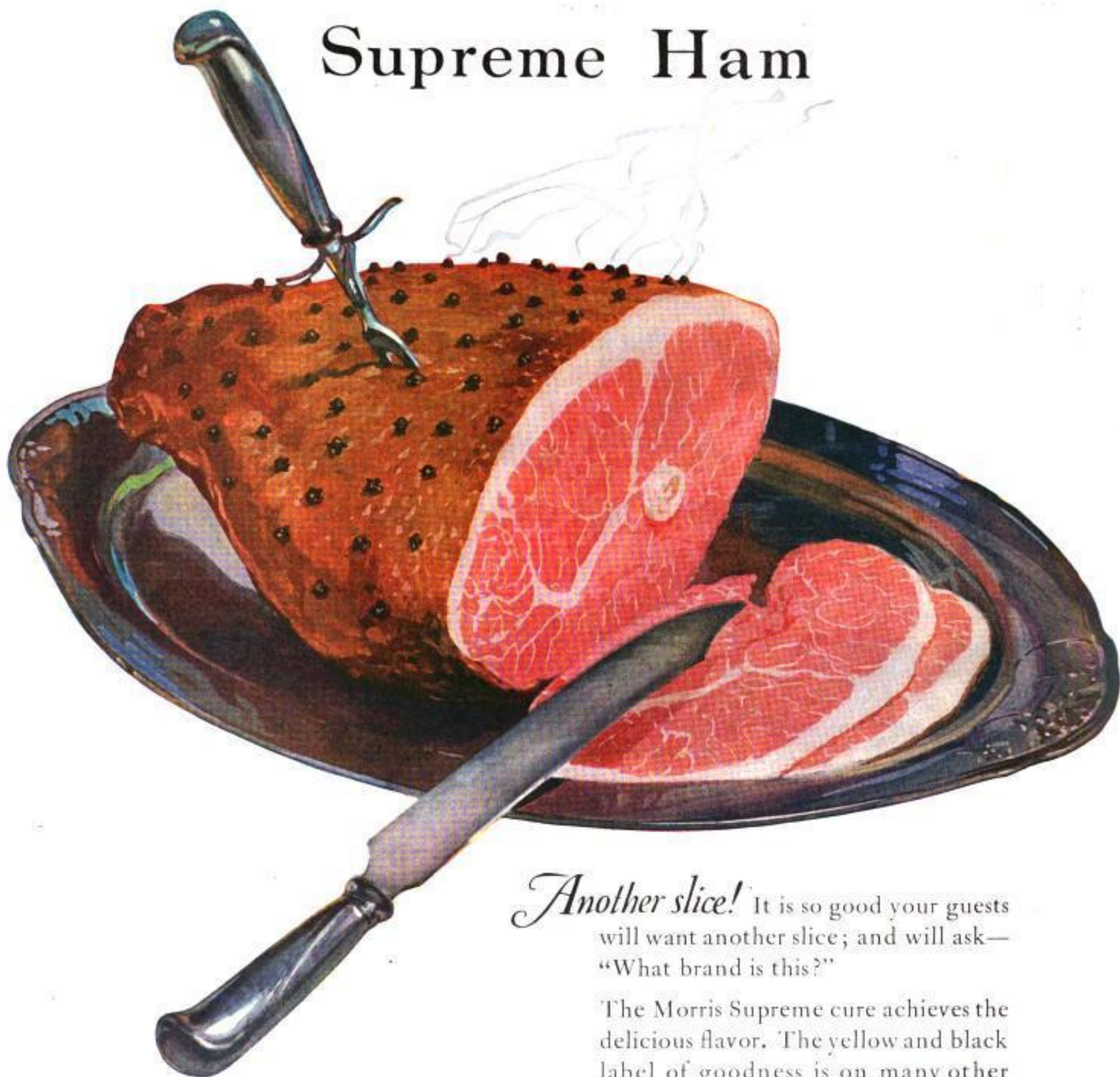


Send 10 cents to Igleheart Brothers, Evansville, Ind., for "Cake Secrets"—an authoritative recipe book on cake and pastry making by Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School.

Cakes pictured above may be made with one package of INSTANT SWANS DOWN (white cake batter, dry). Special recipes on both sides of Instant package.

MORRIS

Supreme Ham



Another slice! It is so good your guests will want another slice; and will ask—"What brand is this?"

The Morris Supreme cure achieves the delicious flavor. The yellow and black label of goodness is on many other Morris foods—all Supreme.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners



Bake one for Easter dinner

The Most Powerful Lobby in Washington

(Continued from Page 5)

which is represented in its entirety at Washington. The demand for suffrage alone was not sufficient to bring this thing about. Nor was the demand for prohibition by itself enough. A third impetus was needed.

To have the story complete it is also necessary to learn when and where it was that the first American woman thought of inviting two or more other women to come to her home to form a club to study the plays of Shakspeare or the poems of Browning. The name Browning Club became generic. Two generations ago the thing that it stood for spread throughout the country. It became as much an object of ridicule as were the causes of suffrage and temperance. But the pretense, affectation and humbug which crept into it were negligible as compared to its training for future usefulness. Whatever it had of faddishness in the beginning was swamped by the earnestness of what grew out of it.

The main point is that women who knew little or nothing of suffrage and had no interest in the temperance movement began to get together in groups with a purpose which they took seriously. They then began to form the habit of studying something in common, thinking no doubt that the literary topic on the winter's program was an end in itself and entirely unconscious of the fact that it was only a part of the beginning of a movement of tremendous historical and political importance to the United States, which their daughters and granddaughters would carry on, not in scattered, isolated parlor groups of a dozen here and a score there, but in organized millions as the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

In the beginning, say the women of to-day who know the history of their movement, these three groups had little in common. The early suffragists talked of their "woman's rights," meaning only the franchise, as something entirely abstract and without much thought as to other matters in which they might exercise those rights. Early temperance workers staked their whole case on morality and the emotions alone, most of them unconscious of the fact that they could never get rid of the saloon until they themselves had political power. And the third group, the social and literary clubs, was made up of the conservative women of their communities who, like their husbands, looked upon the suffragists and temperance workers as fanatics and not quite in the same social set. In the beginning, but of course with exceptions both ways, the financially well-to-do women were those who flocked to clubs, and the less well-to-do were those who rallied to causes.

To-day the clubs and the causes are very much the same thing. The merging of the three forces was inevitable.

"United We Stand"

IT WAS not until after the different organizations had come to Washington and established their permanent camps and fortifications for the close-up war on invisible government and other phases of the régime of things as they were that the women fully learned that in reality they were all aiming at the same goal, that their roads were converging, no matter how far apart they had seemed in the beginning, no matter how little in common their organization titles seemed to suggest. Women agents of various causes had ample time, while waiting together in the lobbies of Senate and House, to compare notes and to learn that they were there for the same fundamental purpose. Under the circle of the Capitol's dome they all saw the same source whence must come eventually the adequate protection of motherhood and childhood, and therefore the best chance for the manhood of the nation.

With this realization they joined their moral, political and social forces by the recent organization of the Women's Joint Congressional Committee. The committee describes itself as "the outcome of a movement on the part of the great national organizations of women to pool their resources and cooperate for the support of Federal legislation which affects the interest of women in particular and makes for good government in general."

There are fourteen constituent bodies in this combination. They are, together with their representatives on the joint committee and their total membership throughout the country, as follows:

1. National League of Women Voters, Mrs. Maud Wood Park . . . 2,000,000
2. General Federation of Women's Clubs, Miss Lida Hafford . . . 2,000,000
3. Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. E. A. Yost . . . 500,000
4. National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Association, Mrs. A. C. Watkins . . . 310,000
5. National Women's Trade Union League, Miss Ethel Smith . . . 600,000
6. Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles . . . 200,000
7. American Home Economics Association, Miss Louise Stanley . . . 1,800
8. National Consumers' League, Mrs. Florence Kelley
9. American Association of University Women, Mrs. Raymond Morgan . . . 16,000
10. National Council of Jewish Women, Mrs. Alexander Wolf 50,000
11. Girls' Friendly Society, Mrs. Graham H. Powell 52,000
12. Young Women's Christian Association, Mrs. Samuel MacClintock . . . 560,000
13. National Federation of Business and Professional Women, Miss Mary Stewart . . . 40,000
14. Women's League for Peace and Freedom, Mrs. George T. Odell 2,500

The Clearing House

MOST of these organizations in the Joint Congressional Committee, with their programs of legislation within the United States, are also, together with Miss Emma Wold's World Committee for Disarmament, constituent bodies of the National Council of Armament Reduction, which is international in its scope. It is a conservative estimate that the women working for world peace at Washington, before, during and since the recent international conference of the governments, directly represent ten million women of the United States. That means that ten million women throughout the country were members either of the various permanent organizations and clubs, which include peace among the things they stand for, or of the many emergency committees created for the sole purpose of stimulating public opinion for peace to support the Government.

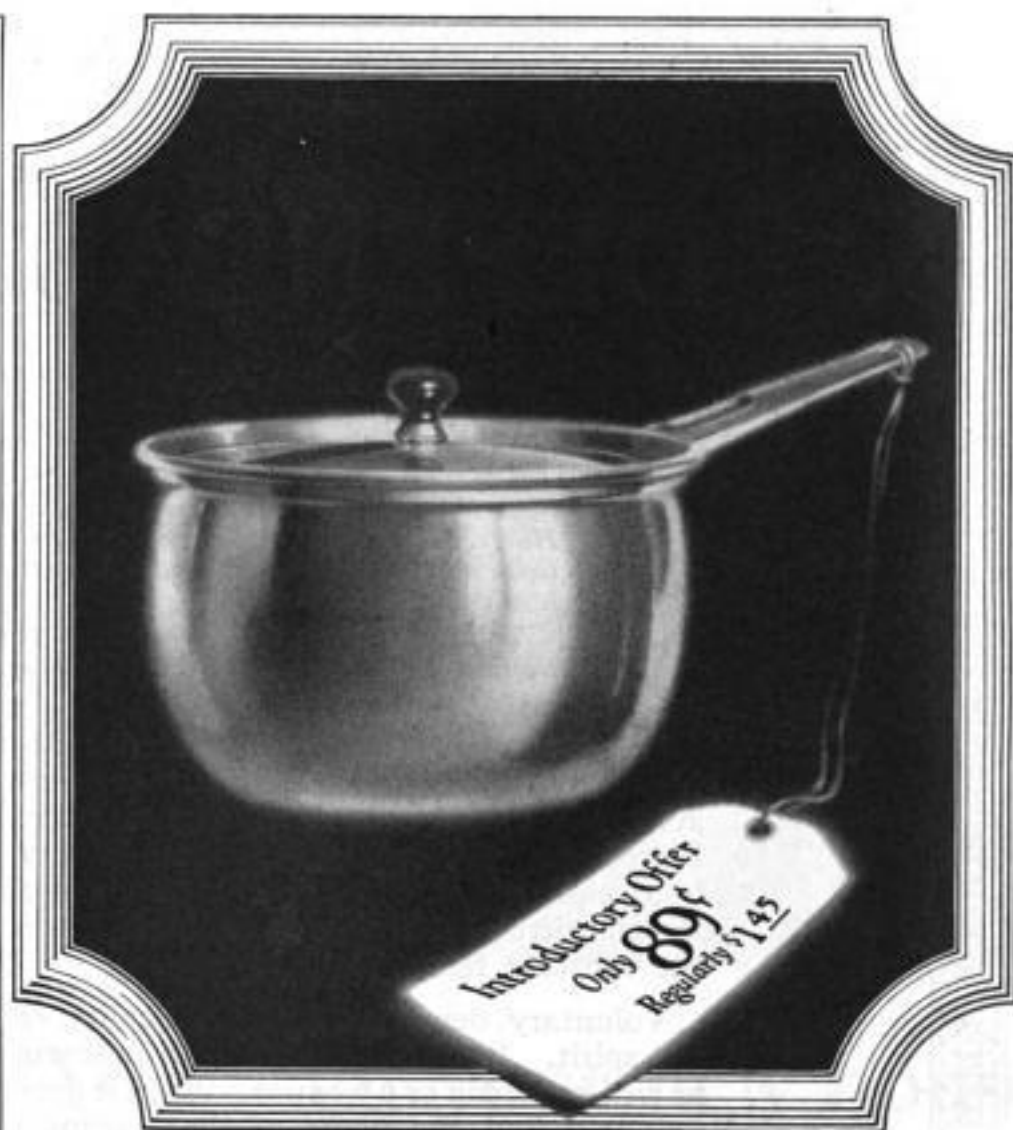
The Joint Congressional Committee alone represents nearly seven million organized women. In the case of either the seven or the ten million the number must be greatly increased to include all the women indirectly represented, those who want the things the organizations are working for but who fail to participate or cooperate through membership in their local bodies. There is also in Washington the Woman's Party under the leadership of Alice Paul. It works alone, not because it is opposed to what the others are doing, but because its policy is to drive at only one thing at a time and without formal alliances with other groups. Its present campaign is to do away with discriminations against women in the laws of the separate states.

The Joint Congressional Committee, as such, indorses no measure whatever. It acts

(Continued on Page 95)



MRS. MAUD WOOD PARK



Get This Quality Mirro Pan Today!

You can obtain this regular \$1.45 Mirro Aluminum 3-Quart Convex Sauce Pan, complete with cover, for only 89c,* if you act quickly.

This is an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the beauty, convenience, and durability of Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils. We know once you use a Mirro utensil you will never use any other kind.

Mirro ware is heavy and durable. Its price is moderate. Every woman can afford Mirro utensils because of their economy in first cost and long service.

Compare any Mirro utensil with a similar article of any other make. Compare the thickness and hardness of the metal, the beauty of design and finish, the many features of convenience, and the low price.

The low price of Mirro ware is possible because of volume production and latest improved manufacturing methods.

Go to your dealer today and get your pan at the special 89c price.* If it happens he is out of stock, ask him to order one for you, or send \$1 (89c for pan and 11c for postage and packing) direct to factory.

*Special Price in extreme South and West, 98c, regularly \$1.60

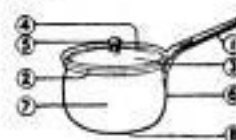
Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum



Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping



Here are the eight special features of this Mirro 3-Quart Convex Sauce Pan:

- 1 Cool, smooth, hollow-steel handle with thumb-grip for easier, safer handling. Eye for hanging
- 2 Tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevices
- 3 Inset cover prevents boiling over—conserves heat
- 4 The bead of cover is upturned, and thus protects against steam and liquid
- 5 Rivetless, no burn, ebony knob—always cool
- 6 Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is drained
- 7 Beautiful Mirro finish; rich, lustrous, silvery
- 8 Famous Mirro trademark stamped into the bottom of every piece. Your guarantee of excellence throughout

"DEPENDABILITY PLUS"

In an unpretentious office in one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the world, there sits a quiet, elderly man who is known to every one, from the president to the smallest office boy, as "Dependability Plus."

For forty years he has been in the employ of this company. There is not a question concerning the business that he cannot answer better than any one else. He is responsible for more than half the improvements in their product; he tests and approves every change in their methods. His achievements have won him world-wide fame.

Yet, if you ask him, he will tell you that his greatest pride is in the affectionate, respectful name by which he is known to all, "Dependability Plus."

For every man who is voluntarily dependable, there are a hundred dependable only through force of circumstance. Placed in positions where dependability is a requirement, it becomes with them a forced virtue—a feeble flame that needs the constant fanning of necessity.

Voluntary dependability is a quality of the spirit. It may characterize a business as well as a man or a woman. When it does you will find the name of that business honored and respected wherever it is heard. And you will find its products of a quality that is rarely equaled.

In the manufacture of pharmaceutical and chemical products Squibb holds such a place. Squibb quality in the products described below is a revelation to persons who use them for the first time.

Squibb's Castor Oil, for example, is not the offensive, unpleasant cathartic that is taken under protest by so many people. By careful refining and purifying, the Squibb product is almost entirely freed from the detested taste and is of *greater medicinal value* as well.

This same thing holds true with other Squibb HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS. At the Squibb Laboratories, for more than half a century, a constant process of testing and research work has raised the purity and efficacy of all Squibb products to a point that never has been reached before.

There is no reason why you should be satisfied with quality that is inferior to Squibb. But there are a score of reasons why you should prefer Squibb quality above any other.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

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Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.
"The Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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The Most Powerful Lobby in Washington

(Continued from Page 93)

as a clearing house for all the constituent organizations so that there may be no needless overlapping or duplication and consequent waste of effort. Just enough overlapping is allowed to prevent gaps and neglect of a vital place in any activity. The women have provided against such accidents far more skillfully and effectively than the men at the heads of departments and bureaus in the national government. Mrs. Arthur C. Watkins is executive secretary of this committee.

When, on occasion, the women organizations see that it is necessary to act unanimously on any measure, as was the case in the Maternity Bill fight, they put into action the most powerful lobby that has ever operated on the American Congress.

The subcommittee—under the chairmanship of Mrs. Yost, of the W. C. T. U., and with the daily aid of Mrs. Park, president of the National League of Women Voters—which had charge of the maternity fight held more than one hundred sessions. The work of checking up on five hundred and thirty-one members of Congress was the daily task of this committee. Hours were spent in studying the attitude of individual senators and representatives. Records of all their votes and speeches on former progressive and welfare legislation were charted and on the table of the committee for its guidance. Every member of that committee had her allotment of congressmen to see. In doubtful cases several women saw the same men and then compared notes as to denials or promises and half promises received.

There were interviews at the rate of fifty a day in the last week of the fight. By order of the subcommittee at Washington the local organizations in the home districts flooded Washington with letters and telegrams to their representatives. Delegations were brought on from the various states to make their pleas in the Senate and House office buildings. Similar pressure was brought to bear upon President Harding.

And so, after repeated attempts in both branches of Congress to let that Sheppard-Towner Bill die of neglect or delay or evasion, after the most violent opposition, it was passed in the Senate by a vote of 63 to 7; in the House by 279 to 39.

Senator Kenyon told me that if the members could have voted on that measure secretly in their cloak rooms it would have been killed as emphatically as it was finally passed in the open under the pressure of the Joint Congressional Committee of Women.

Other Victories

THERE have been various other victories, which the women rate as partial and which leave much to be done; and the women are doing it.

The case of the United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board is an illustration. This board, created as a war necessity, had become an effective agency in the fight against venereal disease. It had four main activities. One depended on Federal funds allotted to state health boards for medical measures. Another provided for the installation of departments of hygiene in educational institutions. A third was the establishment of laboratories in medical schools to develop better measures of treatment. And the fourth was to work among the men of the United States Army and Navy. Congress prepared to abolish the whole thing as a measure of economy, despite the fact that this one item of venereal disease had cost the United States Army alone \$15,000,000 in 1920, not counting the time of men lost on hospital leave.

The organizations of the women took up that fight, this time led by Dr. Valeria Parker, chairman of the Social Hygiene Committee of the League of Women Voters and of the Social Morality Committee of the

Women's Christian Temperance Union. She won to this extent: Congress appropriated enough to carry on for the present fiscal year the work among the soldiers and sailors. Whereupon Surgeon-General Ireland, of the Army, immediately appointed Doctor Parker as executive head of the government board to administer the fund and direct the work. Her appointment was not primarily because she had saved the work from extinction at the hands of Congress but, in the opinion of Surgeon-General Ireland, because she was considered the most efficient person in the United States for the job.

Eight social hygiene experts were nominated for the place, all of them men with the exception of Doctor Parker.

Another illustration of much wider relevancy is that of the fight of the women to get legislation for control of the meat packers, a matter, they say, which has a direct bearing on the kitchens and the household accounts of every home in the land. In that the women "both won a victory and suffered a reverse," according to the report of Mrs. E. P. Costigan, chairman of the standing committee on food supply and demand in the Voters' League and also of the Consumers' League.

What Admission of a Reverse Means

"THE victory," says Mrs. Costigan, "is in the fact that a bill for government regulation of the packers has passed, and the principle has been established that large organizations which control the necessities of life are charged with public use and therefore can and should be regulated. The reverse we have suffered is in the fact that in its present form the law removes the packers from the jurisdiction of the Federal Trade Commission, and this commission can make no investigation of any business engaged in by the packers which relates to livestock or livestock products unless requested to do so by the Secretary of Agriculture."

For these Washington women to admit that they had a reverse is merely another way of saying that they are going to continue the fight.

In the packer fight Mrs. Costigan had back of her not only the organized women but the granges, the National Board of Farm Organizations, various state farmers' unions, the National Milk Producers' Federation, the railroad brotherhoods and several other associations of men; but she held the leadership for the entire group.

A member of the Senate told me that if he were President of the United States he would surely have Mrs. Costigan in his Cabinet. It may be said, in passing, that there is no office in this country—from the Presidency down—which these politically informed and humanitarian women do not expect to see filled eventually by women as often as by men. They

do not except even the State Department or diplomacy. They are equally sure that no English government would care to say that an American woman ambassador to the Court of St. James was *persona non grata* because of her sex.

Suppose Mrs. Costigan should be in some future Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture, for example. A very definite idea of what her policy would be in that office may be obtained from her program for the present year as chairman of the Committee on Food Supply of the National League of Women Voters. The program is of more immediate significance, however, as indicating some of the things which the women will demand of Congress next fall, and also as indicating the direct relationship of all their work to the home.

(Continued on Page 96)



From a drawing by J. Henry Brasher © ARCO 1922

You want your new house warmed, not heated

THERE are two kinds of homes, you know.

The homes where some rooms are heated, and some rooms are cold. And the homes where every room is evenly warmed.

Homes of the second sort are usually warmed by the boilers and radiators of this Company, CORTO RADIATORS and the IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE, if the home is large; American Radiators and ARCOLA if the home is small.

And this better warmth is really a gift—for the products of this Company are designed to pay for themselves in the fuel they save.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Dept. 32 — 104 West 42nd St., New York Dept. 32 — 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Send for this free book. If you are planning to build or remodel, this free book is the first piece of literature to send for. It gives ten secrets for saving coal. It tells why florists insist on hot-water warmth in their green-houses; and why the warmth that is best for flowers is best for families, too.

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Without obligation, send me by mail your free booklet,
"BETTER WARMTH AND BETTER HEALTH."

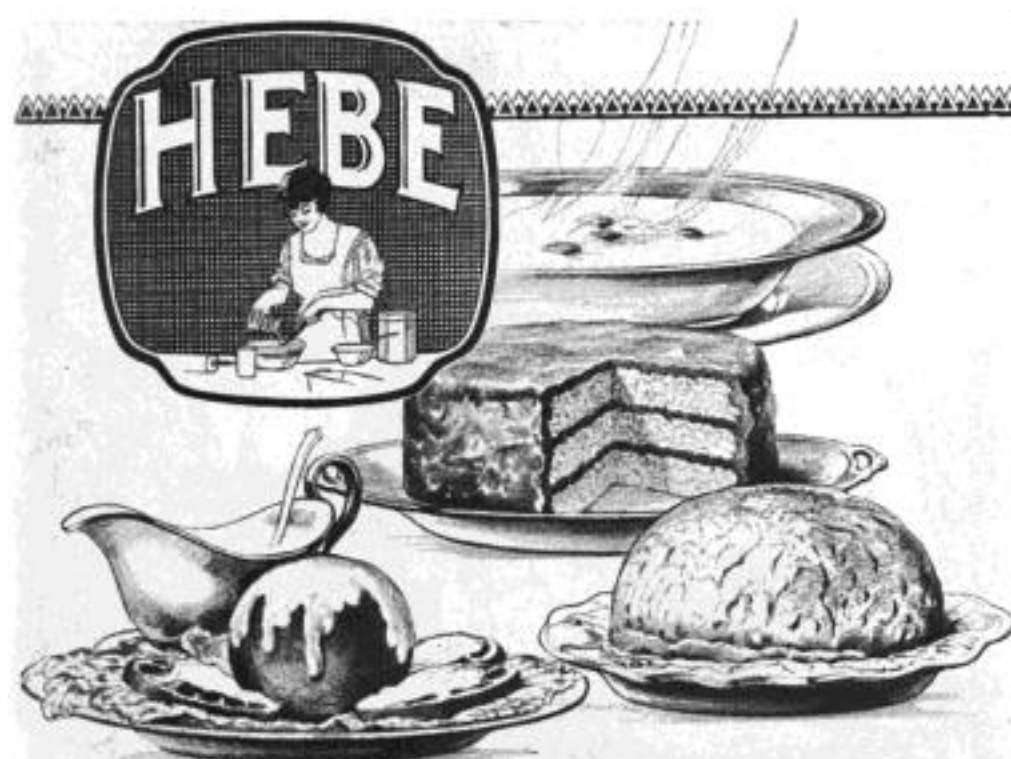
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Better Warmth
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What you can do with HEBE

THINK of the convenience of a cooking liquid that can be used in almost everything you cook! And every time you use it means finer flavor and added nourishment!

HEBE is just such a convenience. It moistens, shortens and enriches—puts new life into old favorites and adds zest to the less expensive cuts of meat and to vegetables. The happy housewife who keeps HEBE on hand and uses it daily for every meal never needs to puzzle over something different to stimulate the lagging family appetite.

You will always get splendid results from HEBE and the economy is really worth while. HEBE is a wholesome, well-balanced food—pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with vegetable fat.

Order several cans of HEBE from your grocer and write for the free HEBE book of recipes. You will find it filled with welcome suggestions. Address 2401 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

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Try HEBE for
Soups
Corn Chowder
Fish Cakes
Chicken à la King
Salad Dressings
Cakes
Cottage Pudding with
Custard Sauce
Tapioca Pudding



The Most Powerful Lobby in Washington

(Continued from Page 95)

In the first place, Mrs. Costigan's committee states as its belief:

That the high cost of living is in large measure caused by unorganized and wasteful methods in the distribution and use of food;

That the unfair manipulation and private control, by large food organizations and combinations, of markets and the facilities for trade and distribution are discouraging production and increasing prices to consumers;

That open price associations, recently condemned by the United States Supreme Court, have resulted in detrimental practices, are preventing the natural decline in prices to normal competitive levels, and are thereby adding to the consumer's burdens; and

That our nation is morally obligated to make it possible for nourishing food to be brought and kept within reach of every home and especially all growing children.

Because of these beliefs the committee recommends four specific things, as follows:

1. The support of Federal legislation removing all legal restrictions which hamper the effectiveness of cooperative associations organized and conducted in accordance with Rochdale principles.

2. The enactment by Congress of a law in aid of local markets, giving such markets the benefits of scientific information, government inspection, certification of products, and the use of railroad terminal facilities.

3. The support of legislation giving enlarged appropriations for vocational education in home economics.

4. That the Government be urged to take the necessary steps to increase the production of nitrates and other necessary chemical elements needed in agriculture, by the completion and utilization of plants in process of construction.

The schedule also includes many supplementary activities to be taken up within the separate states.

What a long way such a program formulated by women for women seems from the tea-table study of Pippa Passes and The Ring and the Book, from the infancy days of rights and the period when working for welfare of the home centered on preventing the drunkard from beating his wife and selling the baby's cradle for more rum.

Clear, Concise and Earnest

TO WIN these victories and partial victories in Congress, only a few of which have been indicated, the women neither promise anything nor threaten anything. They do not invite the country's lawmakers out to tea or dinner. Neither do they cajole or flatter or flirt. They have nothing to say in the privacy of the senator's office which they do not declare to all the world at the public hearing.

"The clearness, conciseness and earnestness with which women present their case are remarkable," says Borah. "They have a real appreciation of the value of a man's time and therein differ from the men lobbyists. Women say what is relevant; they put their argument and then go away. Men who want this or that bill supported hang around and try to act like good fellows. They don't know when to go."

There is another difference, much more fundamental, between men and women lobbyists and their ways. It is this: Men who go to Washington—the perfectly straight, decent and honest ones—go there to advocate legislation in behalf of some interest which concerns them personally or which they are paid to represent; something in the way of banking, trade or manufacturing. The causes advocated by the organizations of women are, on the other hand, never personal but always general and national in their scope, and always concerned directly with the welfare of homes and schools and health.

This is no reflection on the men; for, as a member of the Senate put it, the men do the banking and the manufacturing and the women do not. The men always have thought it necessary to come here to further their special business interests.

It is only very recently that the women have become so thoroughly organized to work here for the things that are humanitarian.

By their study and tact and intelligence they have created a new profession among American women, an entirely new calling.

They are the super welfare workers of the country—of the world. Here is a partial Washington roll call—Mrs. Yost, Mrs. Park, Ethel Smith, Mrs. Watkins, Emma Wold, Mrs. George T. Odell, Lida Hofford, Mrs. Raymond Morgan, Mrs. Alexander Wolf, Mrs. Minnie Fisher Cunningham, Julia Emory and Mrs. Costigan.

To this list could be added many more who are working as the leaders of their organizations in states and towns and villages, the training places of those who finally get to Washington.

There is a calling to which no flapper need aspire. Or as Mrs. Morgan, of the University Women, puts it: "There is no room among them for a soldier of fortune who is out for a lark or an adventure." Brains, tact, intelligence and dignity are the absolutely required qualifications. Without them wealth is no help and with them wealth is no hindrance. Women who have fortunes give of their money as of their time and strength. Women with no money live lives of sacrifice that they may lead in the causes in which they believe. There is no more democratic or rationally patriotic element in the American population than that of these great organizations of women.

And Then—the Right Congresswomen

PLUS the brain and the tact, there must be hard work and hard study; years of both. There is no woman leader in Washington watching and doing her part to mold national legislation who has not served her apprenticeship in the community affairs of her own city or village and who has not carried on her training and ripened her experience at the capital city of her state before her fellow workers deemed her fit to represent them at the national capital.

And promotion to Washington means only harder work, more responsibility and greater anxiety. No leader of the Senate or House, no chairman of a great committee of Congress studies the legislation in his keeping more faithfully and thoroughly than the woman at the head of the committee to which that same piece of legislation has been referred as a measure that must be opposed or advocated.

Incidentally, although it is not mentioned by them, perhaps not thought of by them as part of the required equipment, these women all have charm, feminine charm. If by any chance Nature has cheated any one of them out of something in the way of color or features or wave of hair, the intensity of their interest in things that count has made up for it with the life and expression in their eyes. Also they know when to laugh. But the charm is not consciously used as a tool of the profession. Sex is not a factor tolerated by the women who go to demand things in the name of their citizenship and in the name of humanity.

Why are these women here? Why are they not content, as the men of the country seem to be, to let their elected representatives in Congress go their own way without outside prodding or support? It is because of a firm conviction of the women that men, if left to themselves, not only will not but cannot adequately represent them. They cannot divest themselves of the notion that women are better represented by women than by men in all matters that have to do with the relationship between lawmaking and the home. They agree with men that representatives best qualified should be chosen regardless of sex. They would rather be represented by wise men than by foolish women.

Advocates of the Maternity Bill, for example, take no pride in the one woman now in Congress. But nevertheless the women are becoming more sure every day that men don't know so well as women know what is best for the humanitarian side of national life. "We have reached the point," said the legislative leader of one of the women organizations, "when we must divert some of the energy now exerted on influencing men in Congress to the task of selecting the right sort of women for membership in the Congress."

It is among the probabilities that this next phase will have its beginning this year.



IVORY *Pyralin*

A WOMAN'S dressing table is a true reflection of her personality. In daintiness, charm and good taste, nothing could be more thoroughly appropriate than Pyralin toiletware. Made to give life-long service—in every necessary article from mirror to jewel-box; exquisitely decorated if desired, to harmonize with any color scheme.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
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*You will find the name "Pyralin"
stamped on every article.*

THE illustration shows that universal favorite—the DuBarry pattern in Ivory Pyralin, made also in Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin. Sets can be acquired piece by piece if desired, as all Pyralin toiletware is sold at leading stores everywhere in standard patterns, easy to match at any time.



Bon Ami

for
Windows

Principal uses of Bon Ami

—for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum



Crystal Clear—

Wouldn't you like windows as spotless as mine?

It's easy—with Bon Ami. Just spread the thin, watery lather over the glass—in a minute it dries to a soft, light, powdery film. Then—a few whisks with a soft cloth, and—

Straightway the window shines forth in crystal transparency. Never a smear, nor a trace of cloudiness.

Read the list of principal uses above.

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Creating Color Schemes

The Fourth Article on the Complete Furnishing of the Little House

THERE is nothing in the whole problem of furnishing the house so completely fascinating as the matter of choosing and combining the colors that may make it a wholly individual, satisfying and beautiful home. For with the right use of color any home may be charming, no matter how limited the other factors may be; but with the wrong use of it, unfortunately, the most carefully chosen furniture, the most promising rugs, curtains, upholsteries and ornaments, may be quite ruined in their effect.

The correct use of color in the home has been greatly simplified by the modern insistence upon neutral walls and floors as a kindly background for the exploiting of color harmonies, whether these be subtly or extravagantly planned, for all color effects are more safely successful against neutral tones than they are against other colors, or against self tones that are either paler or deeper than themselves. Place varying notes of rose against ivory and you will have something much finer than if you had placed them against pink; put your glorious yellows and leaf greens against pale gray rather than against lurid blue or brown if you are striving for beauty; and against misty gray also may curtains of flaming orange be for some of you a possible achievement when more positive walls would render them horrors indeed. Isolate your quaint blue stuffs, your blue furniture, your blue dishes, against cream, rather than against the bluest of walls. So you will achieve a faint foretaste of the joyful result a more thorough study of color will give you.

If the course in color that is given in some of the art schools could be lifted bodily into every general school in the land, that every young person's color sense could be properly educated, an enormous measure of pleasure and profit would result. For everyone should know why certain colors go together, and what should be done to make them go, if they don't; everyone should know how to be daring in his or her color schemes without being crude, and how to achieve subtle effects without tameness; people should be taught to appreciate color as they do music, and they should learn to tell off color harmonies with the same ease with which they play Chopin and Mozart. But they should not expect to master color without the study and practice that are required to become proficient in anything else.

The Meaning of Colors

EVERY school child is at least taught the primary and secondary colors that are to be found in the rainbow, or the glass prism that may project these same colors onto the wall. The primary colors are red, yellow and blue; the secondary colors are green, orange and purple. The primary colors in their pure, unmixed strength are the most positive colors there are, and yet all three mixed together in the proper proportion make neutral gray, which is important to remember, for often you will need to know what a color requires to make it less bright and crude or, on the other hand, more brilliant. The secondary colors are obtained by mixing together any two of the primary colors—yellow and blue mixed together make green; yellow and red make orange; red and blue make purple. Each secondary color is called the complement of the primary color that is left out of its make-up; red is the complement of green, or vice versa; orange is the complement of blue; and blue and orange are complements of each other. Always to make a color purer or more neutral, add some proportion of its complement to it; and if you thoroughly master this rule, even in the hunting of a certain drapery fabric or wall paper, you will be aided in stating your desires and in knowing what is the matter with a material that is too bright or not bright enough. Colors that are not stridently green, orange and purple, but which seem softer and older and sometimes distinctly more decorative than these secondary color mixings, are called tertiary colors, the third degree in the mixing of color, so named because some part of all three primary colors enters into their composition. Peacock, old rose, amber, mauve, jade, brown, tan, gray, as well as many others, may be called tertiary colors.

Colors have meanings, which you disregard at your peril, and this is another step forward in the study of color. Red is the brilliant color of blood and fire; it is life-giving, vital and warm, and, used wrongly, it is aggressive and irritating. Yellow is the color of happiness, the light-giving color, and signifies light, life, cheer and happiness; but used wrongly in too large quantities, it is blinding and oppressive. Blue is a color befitting kings; it may be formal and dignified, and the most decorative color we have; it is cool,



By ETHEL CARPENTER

peaceful, pure and restrained; used unwisely, it is discordant, and entirely unrelated to other color harmonies. In figuring out the meanings of the secondary and tertiary colors, one usually combines the meanings of the colors that produce the color under consideration. Green typifies coolness and light, restraint and cheer, since it is a mixture of yellow and blue; orange typifies light and heat, brilliance and happiness, because it is formed of yellow and red. Purple is a color of mystery, since it is hot and cold, life-giving and quietly dignified, a royal color as well as a twilight color.

The meanings of colors must be known and recognized, so that the exposures of various rooms may be dealt with properly, the needs of certain personalities fulfilled.

North, northeast and east rooms require the predominant use of tones from the warmer side of the spectrum; south, southwest and west rooms that of the cooler tones. Of equal importance, however, is the matter of your disposition. If you are despondent and inclined to be morbid, you require plenty of happy, cheery yellow; if you are unambitious or phlegmatic, you require the tonic notes of brilliant red; if you are impulsive, nervous, inclined to be irritable or excitable, you should calm yourself with blue. If you are overworked and weary, envelop your tired nerves in restful leaf green. If you are lacking in purpose and a bit lazy, try some glorious orange color in your room as a spur to endeavor. And if you are perturbed in spirit, perplexed, upset, steady and calm yourself with quieting stretches of wistaria, mauve or heliotrope. Rose color, unlike its parent, red, is the color of joy, and ranks with yellow in its happiness and cheer, having, however, a somewhat more tender quality of appeal.

Neutral colors always may lean or tend toward one of the positive primary or secondary colors. A gray may be cool or warm, as may be a cream or tan, or any of the other neutral tones. Of course, there is a mid-point where the tone seems to be normal, and this point is to be advised unless you are actually striving for a certain warmth or coolness. For instance, neutral pale gray has rose, yellow and blue in sufficient quantities to equalize each other, but if it had an ever so little extra amount of rose it would be called a pinkish and warm gray; if it had a bit more of yellow than the other colors it would be a yellowish gray, also warm, but more translucent and less muggy than the pinkish gray; if it leaned ever so slightly to blue, the gray would be bluish and cold. Thus might we analyze any of the neutral tones that are being continually advised for backgrounds: ivory, cream, putty, tan, and so on.

Exposures Must be Considered

WITH certain well-marked exceptions, you should use in the room with the north or east exposure a background that is tinged by a color from the warmer side of the spectrum, which will result in a warm ivory, cream, putty or tan. The exceptions are when such quantities of the stronger warm colors, such as rose and yellow, are used in hangings and upholsteries, and so forth, that you can risk a cooler tint for the walls. These principles, reversed, apply to southern and western exposures, where cool tints should be used for the backgrounds, such as pale gray, grayish cream, cool ivory, gray putty, grayish tan. Also such cool colors as blues, mauves and greens should predominate in the entire color scheme, though, as in the case of the cold exposures, these proper colors may be used in such sufficiency that a warmer tint may be used for backgrounds, if you prefer.

If you should be struggling with a cold exposure which calls for warm colors and at the same time your temperament requires cold colors, what shall you do? If you are meditating retiring into your own particular little iceberg, which is what your north room will be after you have done it in blue, and freezing there, when you have really pondered the previous paragraph, you will see that this is quite unnecessary. If you love rose color, and your bedroom has a northern exposure, and yet you should be refreshed by the calming effect of blue, the walls might be warm ivory or putty, with woodwork exactly matching this; on the walnut brown floor you may lay a rug in blue and putty color, with enough rose color to prepare for the rest of the scheme; at the windows there may be a cotton cretonne, showing clear notes of rose and clear notes of blue; the chair upholstery should be in old blue, or the furniture painted in it; on the bed there might be a rose taffeta spread, and the

lampshades may be rose colored. You see, there is in this scheme plenty of blue to act as an "influence," and yet there is enough warm color to counteract the northern exposure.

Following this same principle, a room with a southern exposure may have delightful notes of warm color if surrounded by sufficient areas of coolness.

In the old acceptance of the term, a room should never be done in one color. A red, yellow or blue room—walls, floor, upholstery, accents, everything of this one chosen color—would be worse than deadly, and yet most of you can remember when such rooms were used. With a room of each color in the house, the bare walking from one to the other was a shock to the nervous system as well as to the maligned artistic sense. A modern one-color room may be all the more beautiful for the restraint in which that one color is used. For a blue dining room, I see cream walls and ivory woodwork and a dark polished floor. I see furniture of that flat brown of American walnut that goes so preeminently well with blue, furniture of the simple and dignified lines of the William and Mary style; a dull blue-and-black rug gives distinction to the floor. The seats of the chairs should be upholstered in blue horsehair, lined in gold; the curtains could be of cream-grounded cretonne straggled over with Japanese chrysanthemums in blue, with blue foliage trailing after them. I can see china of that Canton ware, but the ornaments used in this blue room should be for the most part in other colors, some orange luster, some old yellow pottery, some brassware and pewter, a peacock bowl filled with yellow tea roses or golden freesias.

The One-Color Schemes

PERHAPS we see more intensely blue rooms to-day than we do rooms done in any other one color, because blue has a strange way of causing people who love it to saturate the very air they breathe with blue, whereas blue can be appreciated wholly only when an atom of entirely different color is near by to intensify its serene beauty. As a separate color, blue is the most decorative one we have, for in its combination with other colors, or isolated against a neutral background, it stands bravely fine and beautiful, as though conscious of a supreme strength of character. Use some blue in every room you have—old flat blues, sapphire blues, peacock blues, king's blue, midnight blue, china blue and the glorious Chinese blue that symbolizes purity.

Red should never be used in any great quantity if we value our peace of soul. Red is a cheering leaven that will vitally bring out the point and strength of many carefully planned schemes. There are certain things that are particularly suitable clothed in red, when they act as the last word in beauty in just the right room: Flowers—dahlias, orange red or dark garnet; stiff little zinnias, blending their many reds into a flaming glow in a copper pot; nasturtiums; bittersweet. Books in rows on shelves, bright red, dark red, dusky magenta, brilliant scarlet leather lettered in gold; red lacquered boxes; the red in fine cretonnes and linens, the red of brocades; the subtle rose red of curtain and lampshade; the occasional piece of furniture in Chinese red; the kochi red china.

The term red embraces many tones besides the rich crimson or scarlet we usually think of as red. There are the copper reds, the orange reds, the rust reds, henna, Chinese reds, cerise, magenta, red mulberry, rose red, American beauty, cherry rose.

Red in some of its modern blendings may be used in any room where it will improve the color effect; it may be used in any season, for there are reds which, combined with white, are as cool as summer itself. A red dining room that

(Continued on Page 102)

Dresses you have never dared attempt you can now make like a professional

A year ago you would have laughed at the idea of re-creating a Paris gown at home—today you can calmly do it

Butterick Design 3651. The bateau neck, the spring version of the moyen-age waist, and the new fabric trimming, lend fresh interest to the simple frock.



DRESS after dress a triumphant success.

This is the experience thousands of women who sew at home are having now.

Now you can know the joy of starting to sew, certain that your dress will turn out a success. You can give it the style, the lines, the perfection of finish of an expensive imported frock.

With the Deltor, now included in every new Butterick pattern, home sewing becomes for you an entirely new thing. The Deltor enables you to re-create an imported dress as perfectly as a professional.

It gives to you the skilled economy in cutting of an expert, the deft putting together of a great dress-maker, the clever finish that spells Paris.

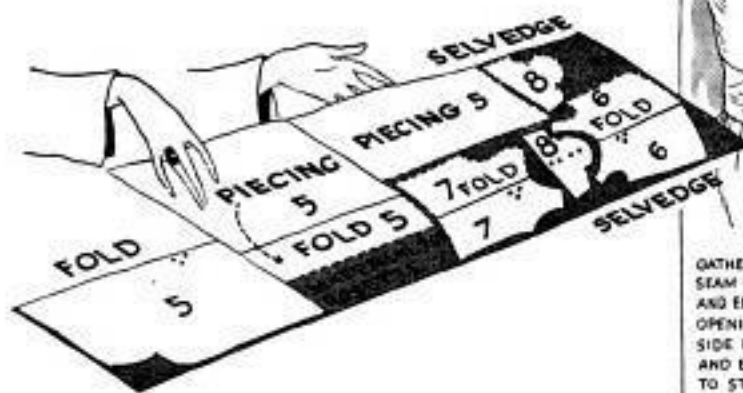
First of all you have a list of just what fashionable materials are best suited to the pattern you have bought, so that you choose your material like an expert. The lines of a pattern cut for a cloth like

Kasha may not look right in a material like the fashionable canton crepe, because of the greater softness of the goods.

Then when you start to cut, the Deltor gives you a picture of the pattern in *your* size laid out on the width material *you* are using. For the first time you are assured of getting a cutting layout that exactly fits *your* case. The Deltor gives you pictures of the pattern in every size laid on every width of suitable material.

You just select the picture of *your* size laid on *your* width material, pin and cut accordingly. You will find you have cut your frock out of from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards less material than you ever used before and saved money and time.

Your dress goes together so easily! A glance tells you just where and how everything goes—no puzzling over where to begin gathering, or start taking in



An individual cutting chart—for your size and your width material

When the designer has made the pattern, men who specialize only in cutting make your Deltor cutting layouts. Not one person in a thousand, however talented, has their skill and experience. You make it your own when you use the Deltor cutting layout. Each Deltor shows a separate layout for every size the pattern comes in, laid on every suitable width of material. You just select *your* size laid on *your* width—and go ahead. You will find your new way of cutting saves you from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material.

"I bought my material first, then when I got my pattern with the Deltor I had $1\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard more material than I needed if I followed the Deltor cutting layout. Fortunately, I was able to return my piece of goods and get the smaller amount, so I saved \$7.50 as my material cost \$5.50 a yard."

So now Butterick patterns specify only enough material to cut the economical Deltor way.

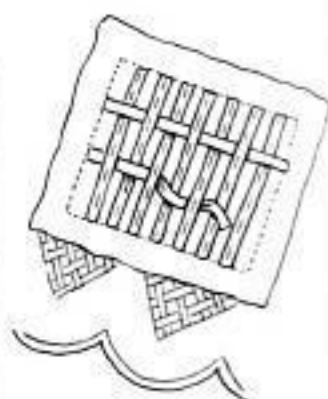


The exact lines of the original model

This modern version of the long moyen-age waist is characteristic of the spring frocks. To keep it slim, yet have that necessary and subtle fullness, might be a pretty problem even for a professional. But, no matter how inexperienced in sewing you are, the Deltor shows you how you can easily handle it just as an expert would.

If you follow the Deltor exactly you are amazed how simply it all goes and how successfully it turns out.

With the Deltor you will find you can make clothes you never dared attempt before.



The professional finish that "makes" a dress

When the great couturier came to the finishing of the model after which this pattern was cut, he selected one of the new fabric trimmings.

No matter how new a method of finishing is, if your frock calls for it, the Deltor shows you exactly how to make and apply it. It is all there for you in pictures and clear directions.

Your frock when done has that intangible something that implies the hand of a master.

500 Designs for the new Spring Season—BUTTERICK

a dart—the Deltor puts it there before your eyes in graphic and accurate pictures.

One enthusiastic woman writes, “I am not a very experienced sewer—I bought a dress pattern with the Deltor. I never imagined sewing was so easy. The dress turned out perfect. Now I am going to make another for myself.”

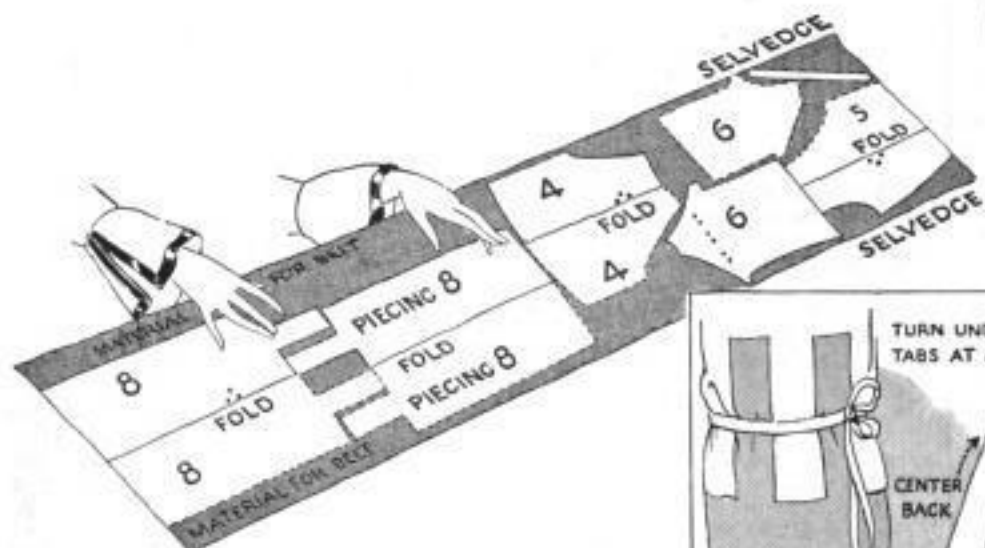
You know how women sewing at home have despaired of ever being able to give a professional finish to their work. Every method of finishing and trimming that made the model you selected so charming, is carefully described in the Deltor. You just follow along, stitch by stitch, and suddenly there is your dress finished, professional in its perfection.

Every bit of the Deltor applies specifically to just that garment on which you are working. It is really a complete, illustrated dressmaking course for that particular garment.

That is why, just as Butterick's fashion service has always been the most complete in the world, now the Deltor dressmaking service is so complete, that with it you sew into your dress all the lines of the original model, the very spirit of the Rue de la Paix, that fashion center of the world.

When you buy a Butterick pattern you will find its Deltor in the envelope. Every new Butterick pattern (30c to 50c) now gives you this complete service. It is the greatest dressmaking help to women since the paper pattern itself.

Butterick, New York, Paris, London.



You save $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards—multiply that by the price per yard and see how much money you save

New York dressmakers, without the Deltor cutting layout, have tried again and again to get the pattern out of the amount of material specified on the pattern envelope. Time and again they have failed.

With the Deltor cutting layout before her, an inexperienced girl pinned and cut the pattern in seven minutes.

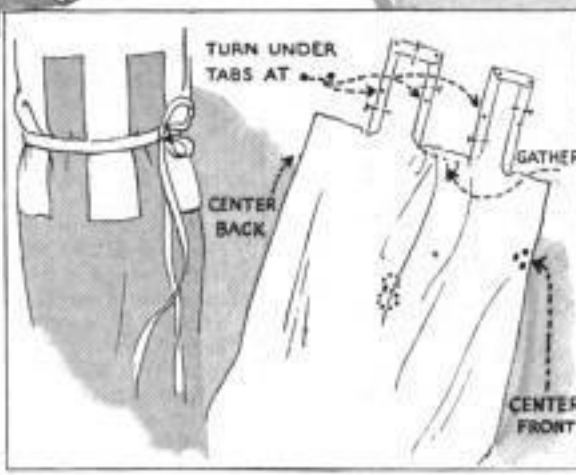
When the designer has made the pattern, men trained by years of experience, who specialize in cutting, make the Deltor cutting layouts. Not one person in a thousand, however talented, can cut as economically. Their expert experience, their careful planning, their skill, become yours with the Deltor. Gone is all the old time fussing, and trying the pieces, first one way and then another, to be sure you were not wasting goods. The quickest, most economical way is there, charted for you. With the Deltor you cut even more cleverly than ever before.

There is a Deltor cutting layout for every size of the pattern on every width of appropriate material. No other pattern gives you this. Select the one made for your size and your width material and you will save from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material and time and money.

Nowadays all Butterick Patterns specify only just enough material for you to cut by the economical Deltor charts.



Butterick Designs 3649 and 3602. Two things say at a glance this costume is new. The cape to which the Parisienne clings even when spring has come to the Bois, with its great flower-like ornaments, and the exaggeratedly low waist-line effect.

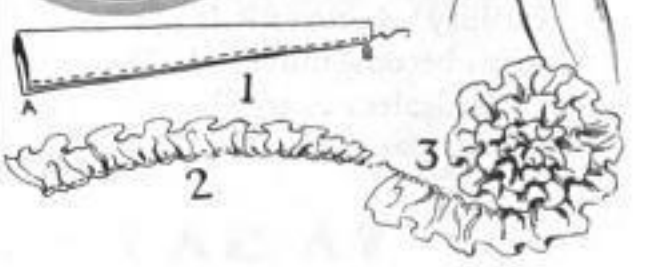


Swiftly, easily, you re-create the lines and grace of the original model

What to do first, what next, is all important in putting together a dress if its lines are to be really perfect.

A professional knows instantly how each dress demands to be put together. This expert's decision for your dress and the exact way in which he carries it out is what the Deltor gives you. You know just what pieces to put together first, at what point setting in the sleeve will be simplest and most successful—it is all in pictures before you.

This frock, for example, is so exquisitely simple that even whether you turn in the tabs before or after sewing on the skirt, makes a difference in its lines. The Deltor tells you just how to put it together correctly, step by step. You just follow along stitch by stitch, and sew into your dress the very lines of the original.



You “finish” your frock as cleverly as an expert

No one in the world is as clever at finishing and trimming as the French. This ability is yours when you use the Deltor. If your costume is the type on which Paris is using one of the entrancing ribbon devices that are so stylish this spring, the Deltor tells you exactly how to make it, shows you in pictures any unusual twist. You can trim and finish your dress as modishly as though it were imported.

When your frock is done, no wonder no one believes you made it yourself—there is the atmosphere of an atelier about it.



"Yes, It's Genuine Jap-a-lac, I've Used It for 25 Years"

"See how smoothly and evenly it flows on. Isn't that a fine new color? And it lasts, too. Some day you'll be using Jap-a-lac."

And so Jap-a-lac has become a household necessity. One generation after another has come to depend upon Jap-a-lac Household Finishes for the renewing of all worn surfaces about the home.

Old pieces of furniture are given many more years of life—and money is saved. Floors are protected against wear and tear. Woodwork is made new easily and quickly—and more money is saved. Jap-a-lac thriftiness is spread around the house adding beauty and utility wherever it is applied. Jap-a-lac usefulness has become universal. Because of this universal demand dealers everywhere sell Jap-a-lac. Be sure to ask for *genuine* Jap-a-lac.

JAPALAC WITH GENUINE JAP-A-LAC



HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

Creating Color Schemes

(Continued from Page 99)

isn't red, if I may be allowed this ambiguous statement, has ivory walls and woodwork, a built-in cupboard which shows, through its glass-paned door, an interior of Chinese red, with shelves set with pewter, iridescent amber glassware, porcelain in brown and écu, with a bowl or so of red kochi, a bit of peacock luster. The furniture itself is of rich putty color, banded in Indian red, a quiet, unnoticeable tone; the chairs are lacquered in this color, and the rug is of tan and black. Usually the few notes of red, echoing the fire on the hearth, are enough to supply one big room with cheer: the flaming red box or bowl, the few colorful books, the Chinese tea cart, the lampshade, the flaming red tassels on a brown velvet cushion, the orange-red fringe on the handsome Italian armchair.

And then we consider yellow. Too many people feel that only yellow goes with yellow, and that its place is strictly in the bedroom where monotonous yellow walls back curtains and bureau scarfs as yellow as themselves. But yellow is the color of sunlight, of gold. Under its name there are the buffs, the butter yellows, the ochres, mustard and orange, with many tones lying between. Yellow should be used in touches here and there, in inner curtains, in bowls, in table scarfs. There is nothing so delightful as spots of sunny yellow in the living room. Can you not see, against gray walls, printed linen curtains of gray and cream overlaid with a design of deep yellow? Set on a dark mustard, nearly brown carpet, the rich mahogany furniture upholstered in greenish stone blue enhanced the yellow of the curtains, the tawny lights of the carpet. And the tones of

pure yellow in pillow and lampshade quite completed the scheme.

A north bedroom has been papered effectively in a sort of saffron cream, enhanced by curtains of pale yellow Japanese crepe, valanced with a deeper yellow crepe, striped in orange and black and tasseled in orange. Mahogany furniture and a gray rug seemed all as they should be, and there was further charm in a slat-backed chair lacquered in lemon yellow and an overstuffed chair upholstered in dull blue. The bed sported a yellow crepe counterpane; there were orange candles, blue pictures and a pot of golden flowers to catch the sunlight.

Color schemes can be created right out of your head. You begin with one general idea, such as a wall tone, plus the principal color you wish to predominate. You get first one thing and, in considering it and its effect, another is suggested. Midway of the plan, quite likely, you achieve a curtain, a pillow or a picture that combines a number of colors and blends with your scheme.

This is one of the most fascinating methods of working out a color scheme. Purposely search for a cretonne, a rug, a vase, a picture, and create beauty from it into your room. If there is a light background it should be duplicated for the walls, and possibly the woodwork. Perhaps the light tone will be found in a flower petal or the wing of a bird. The middle-toned colors should be used for the furniture and the big things, but you may be daring in your pure notes of joy that may be used in the room's accents, found in the most brilliant tones of the color harmony you are copying.

Furnishing the Small Apartment

(Continued from Page 35)

The cost of achieving the living room might be anywhere from \$400.00 to \$450.00, depending upon the person who was doing it. But I have found some very definitely wonderful pieces of furniture that might serve anyone for a nucleus: A desk of mahogany for \$85.00, the like of which has not been seen since before the war—a desk beautifully finished, with claw feet, spacious, and of ample proportions as one wants in the average-sized room; a mahogany gate-leg table for \$34.00, measuring 34 by 42 inches, with leaves extended, and which will cost \$3.50 additional for painting; a wing chair for \$38.50—a ridiculously low price—with a range of a number of nice coverings to choose from, but with a cost of \$6.00 additional if covered to order, before sending home from the shop, with the 75-cent cretonne that is used for the curtains. Another delightful overstuffed chair, done in blue sateen or denim, for \$40.00, though a slightly cheaper chair might be chosen for \$33.00. A Windsor chair in real mahogany for \$22.50, or, if one wanted to make a saving here, a painted Windsor porch chair for \$15.00. The daybed is priced at the amazingly low sum of \$62.00, in mahogany with cane insets; it has real box springs and can in every way hold up its head with the best of them. For those who happen to fancy this particular extravagance, an extra mattress may be added so that the bed may be made up with greater convenience at night for the overnight guest.

The bed proper may be painted blue to carry out the color scheme, and a flounce of the cretonne may be added.

A small tiptop table in mahogany finish may be purchased for \$10.50, a little extra being added if the shop paints it; a wrought-iron lamp to stand on the floor may cost \$12.50, if a plain but effective one with tripod feet be chosen, with \$4.00 for a parchment shade; a taupe axminster rug in 9 by 12 size may be bought for \$56.50; cretonne at 75 cents a yard for the windows, allowing about thirteen yards for two, totals \$9.75, with any used on the daybed to be allowed extra. An attractive mirror may be found for from \$25.00 to \$35.00, or a picture might be substituted. If all the painting of the

colored furniture is done at home, if the daybed is used as it comes from the shop, if one makes the lampshades and dyes the colored draw curtains, chooses a cheaper Windsor chair, and a second upholstered chair for \$33.00, a mirror for \$25.00, the most important things in this room may be purchased for \$400.00.

The dining-room furniture may be bought in the suite, and may be had in walnut for \$235.00, including buffet, extension dropleaf table measuring forty-eight inches, and with three additional extension leaves and five chairs. For \$290.00 this suite may be had enameled in any desirable color to suit the individual taste. An attractive striped material has been chosen for the curtains, in peacock green, purplish blue, black and cream, and this has also been used for the chair seats. Its price is 75 cents a yard. The Colonial rag rug is made of woolen rags dyed the desired colors, and may be made at home at practically no expense if the rugs are begged from one's friends. An oval rush rug may take its place, costing about \$35.00. The picture above the buffet costs \$48.00, and is the sort of decorative still life that is being much used in dining rooms, but a mirror could take its place at less expense. Allowing \$15.00 for the curtains and chair seats, the cost of this dining room is \$388.00, but it can be done more economically by following some of the above suggestions.

At first, at any rate, one can do with a bureau and a double bed in the bedroom. Made of birch, this furniture is enameled in white with soft blue beadings and decorations, and is extremely low-priced at \$48.00 for the double bed and \$45.00 for the bureau, which includes the mirror. A box spring may be had for \$25.00 or \$35.00, a mattress for \$25.00 or \$35.00, both depending on quality, and feather pillows from \$2.50 to \$5.00 apiece. A night table will cost \$10.50, a wicker chair \$15.00, and twenty-three yards of cretonne at 75 cents, costing \$17.25; glass curtains may be had out of ten yards of 25-cent white material, and a bedroom chair to match the suite may be found for \$10.00. A small axminster rug may be found for \$45.00, and at the lowest count this bedroom will cost \$250.00.



Busy-Day Salad

Delicious, Fresh—and *Rich in Vitamines*

THINK of the possibilities, Madam, in this luscious salad that everybody likes.

An incomparable salad that's ready in five minutes, if you have oranges in the house.

Think of the convenience on busy days when you are pressed for time.

And think, too, of the healthful freshness it adds to any meal.

Rich in needed *vitamines*, those elements in food which all scientists agree are vital to real health.

What other single food does so much to simplify housekeeping? Do you know of any other that offers equal flavor or better benefits to health?

Make a Meal of It

YOU can make a meal of such a salad with crackers and a cup of tea—a dainty, time-saving lunch each day that you'll never tire of.

You don't tire of oranges. Their important salts and acids which are natural appetizers see to that.

Then, these salts and acids help to *digest other foods*, as well as add essential *vitamines* to the diet.

So *whole meals* are better for *whole families* when orange dishes are included.

Ask your physician if this food would beneficially reinforce your usual fare. Then serve more oranges or less, according to his advice.

Vitamines are Important

VITAMINES are important and too many meals furnish less than an adequate supply.

That is the opinion of scores of modern scientists who are now studying our foods.

These same men and women recognize oranges as one of the great carriers of these needed food elements.

And oranges supply them in fresh, delicious form—not as medicine, but as food.

Many years ago, long before science knew of "vitamines," an English law was passed forcing all ships to carry lemon juice. That was to insure against lack of certain food necessities in the sailors' meals—now known to be *vitamines*.

Does this not suggest to you the need of more fresh fruit with your repasts?

Learn more about *vitamines*. We'll send a free booklet that tells more about them to anyone who requests it. Ask for your copy now.



Delicious—Attractive

It is called "New York Salad." Made with orange sections on pineapple and lettuce, garnished with dressing and cheese sticks.



Salad and Dessert in One

An old standby that millions of people like—simple and delicious. Simply cut up some oranges and serve with sliced bananas.

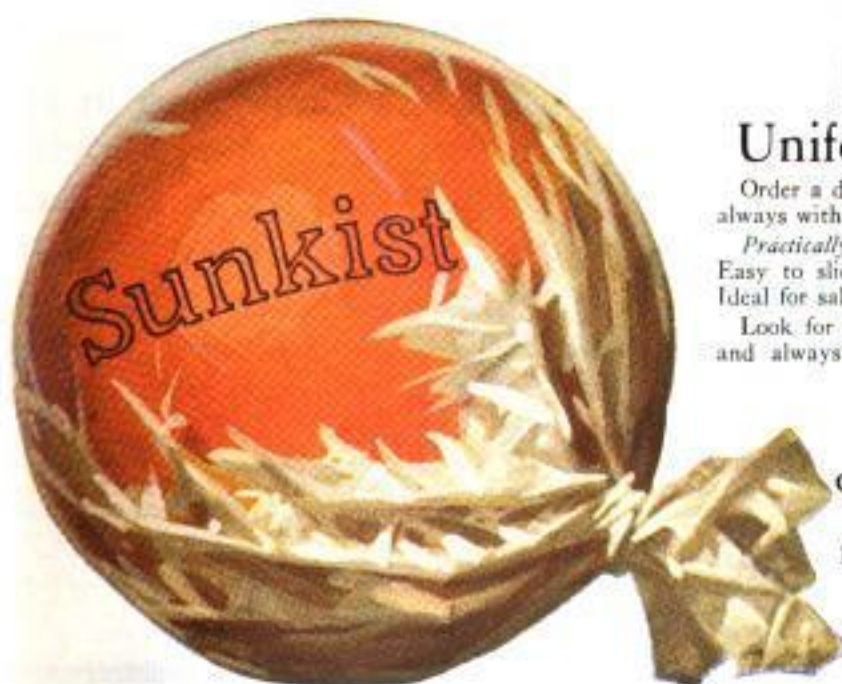


A Beautiful Dish

Prepare it in a jiffy. Orange segments tucked in lettuce leaves make a beautiful as well as delicious salad.



The sailing vessels of olden days were required by law to serve a daily ration of lemon or lime juice and from this custom these vessels were termed "lime juicers".



Sunkist Uniformly Good Oranges

Order a dozen or more now. Keep them always within reach.

Practically seedless, juicy, tender, firm. Easy to slice and separate into segments. Ideal for salads and desserts.

Look for the "Sunkist Tissue Wrapper" and always order them by name. Note our offer of valuable recipe card file in coupon to right.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization
of 19,500 Growers
DEPT. 265, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Mail This

Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards.

Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 25 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c

☐ Complete Box and File—75c (Including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange

Dept. 265, Los Angeles, Calif.

Name _____

Address _____

A Serious Question to Mothers and Fathers

Are you bringing up your Children properly?

NO OFFENSE intended in this personal question to mothers and fathers. On the contrary this message, prepared by an expert in matters of diet, endeavors to throw light on a subject of much confusion to many parents.

It is possible to give children all the food they can possibly eat—and still their little bodies can be under-nourished in certain respects.

For many foods are lacking in the vital mineral salts that science tells us we all need—if we are to build strong teeth and bones, and sound nerves and brain cells.

The food for your children

One of the most complete and best balanced foods you could possibly give your growing children is Grape-Nuts—the rich cereal food made from whole wheat flour and malted barley.

Grape-Nuts contains iron, calcium, phosphorus, and other mineral elements that are taken

right up as vital food by the millions of cells in the body.

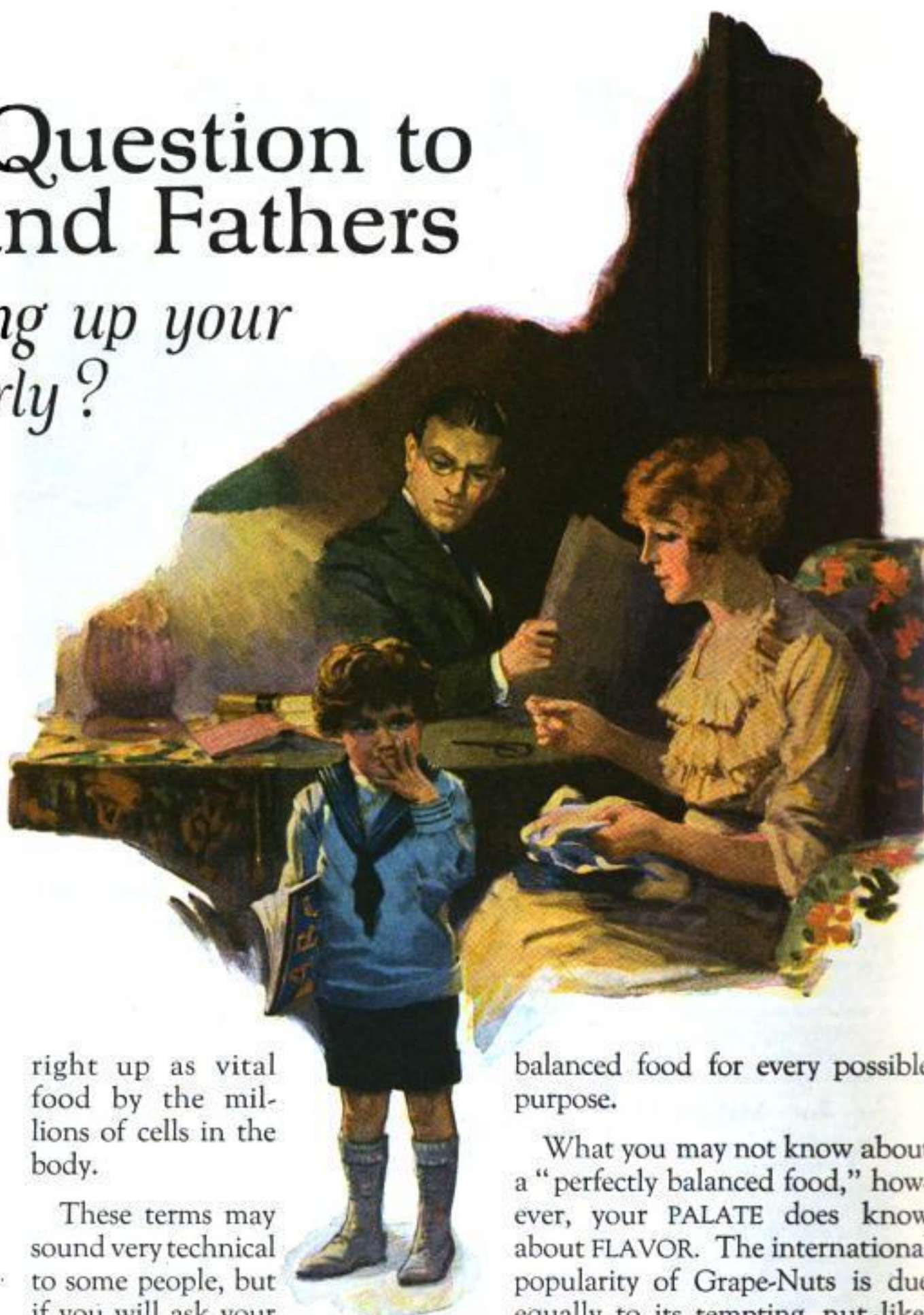
These terms may sound very technical to some people, but if you will ask your doctor you will learn that you could not live long without giving your system the benefit of these vital mineral elements.

With milk or cream, to supply fat, Grape-Nuts is a remarkably

balanced food for every possible purpose.

What you may not know about a "perfectly balanced food," however, your PALATE does know about FLAVOR. The international popularity of Grape-Nuts is due equally to its tempting, nut-like, sweet crispness and to its value as a satisfying, wholesome food.

You'll find Grape-Nuts in the best homes, and in every first-class hotel and restaurant in America, just as you will find it sold by leading grocers everywhere.



Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder
"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 15)

done—or not said or not done—since you arrived, to make you treat me as if I were your valetudinarian uncle I can't imagine. But this I know: I refuse to be considered an instructor in a classroom when I'm out of that classroom, as if I carried the shell of it around on my back. And I want you to know that when we reached that magnificent climax at the end of that last movement my pulse was probably beating only a trifle slower than yours. And it's not slowed down perceptibly since; hence this turning of the worm." His eyes held her; the fire in them was genuine.

MARY responded to it, like the sensitive quicksilver she was. "I do beg your pardon," she said with a change of manner as attractive as it was spontaneous. "I have been thinking you old before your time and hated to see it too. There's something about teaching—it does make men old, if they don't look out. You have just a bit of a stoop in your shoulders, you know; and you shouldn't have, at—what is it? Not forty yet?"

He laughed rather bitterly. "Hardly. Do I really suggest forty at thirty-five?"

"You certainly do—or did. At this moment, with your nice, thick hair rumbled up a bit and your eyes waked up and that attitude which says the male creature is asserting itself, I could easily imagine you a bare thirty. You really—why, I like you better than I have since I was a little girl and you jumped me over the hedge. Goodness! You couldn't have been anything but a big boy then."

"I'm only a bigger boy now, you know," he said. "I can't conceive what's made you so belligerent toward me ever since you came, when you weren't avoiding me completely. We used to be very good friends, I thought."

"Belligerent! It was you who were that. Letting me know the very instant you saw me that you thoroughly disapproved of me. Is that a basis, I ask you, for the renewal of friendship?"

"I DIDN'T disapprove of you, only of one example of your work—of which you disapproved yourself. But, great Caesar! Don't let's go back to that, now that there may be some slight chance of our finding common ground again. See here, Mary! Harriet and I were looking forward with the greatest pleasure to your coming back to us. We thought of you as the open-hearted girl you used to be, who'd be in and out of our little old house—why, I went and invested in two new and decidedly expensive ties and a new hat, particularly that I might not look my horrible age. Harriet—I believe Harriet did something equally extravagant, with the idea of impressing you. And then you came, with a chip on your very pretty shoulder—"

"Which you instantly knocked off," declared Mary. "Yes, you knocked it off, Mark Fenn—Professor Mark Fenn—you know you did—"

"Take back that 'Professor'."

"It's your proper title."

"I won't be 'professed' by you, Mary, of all people."

"Mister, then," substituted Mary wickedly.

"Why not plain Mark? I am plain Mark, I'm well aware, and can't interest or amuse you as the men you know in your own world can do so well. But I mightn't make so poor a friend, Mary. Anyhow, it seems a pity to live next door to each other for a year and keep on—collecting chips. Doesn't it?"

"It does indeed," she admitted. "Well, if we continue to play the classics together,

with an occasional bit of ragtime just to refresh us—" she broke off, laughing at his face. "There you go again! Don't tell me you don't like ragtime. Listen."

She slipped onto the bench again, struck a few gay notes and plunged into a song of the day, with which she did not expect him to be familiar. To her surprise, after the first two measures, a clear whistle joined her, and they finished the dashing lines together.

She swung about upon the bench. "That wasn't so bad, after all, was it?" she challenged him. "How on earth did you come to know it?"

"Pretty bad, though clever enough, too, in its way. How did I know it? You don't really ask me that, in these degenerate days. But after Beethoven and Handel—"

"It was unkind of me. I apologize, though I can't be sorry, for it proved your humanness as nothing else could do. Well, shall we play again some night? I wish we had a violin and could do some trios."

"I can find you one easily. We have an excellent first violin in the college orchestra. He would be mightily pleased to join us—now and then."

SHE noted the emphasis and smiled appreciatively. "I should be very glad to have him—now and then," she agreed. "It will be the best thing in the world for me to have an evening of music when I've been grinding hard, as to-day. I was on the ragged edge of deep despondency when your cello pulled me out."

"Really? I'm glad. I was rather in the dumps myself—though it doesn't seem possible now. Is the work pulling hard? I'm sorry for that, unless it means that something substantial is to be hauled up out of the depths."

"The trouble is, nothing seems to be on the other end of the rope; it's just caught on a snag. I've about given up"—she bit her lip and finished the sentence hurriedly—"about given up thinking work will ever come easily again."

"That's good."

"You don't mean that, Professor Mark."

"Is that my punishment? All right; I won't continue on those lines. Instead, I'll say—"

Miss Graham's old tall clock on the staircase landing clanged a slow, impressive warning. Mark pulled out his watch. "I'll say it some other time," he finished. "Who knew it was twelve o'clock!"

Mary's laugh was delicious. "I did, and loved it that you didn't. Is it a crime to be up at this hour, playing Beethoven?"

"Very nearly, playing anything, on College Hill—unless it's a party."

"It's been the nicest kind of a party, I should say. Let's have 'em often, now we've begun."

"I'll be delighted. Good night, Mary."

"Good night—Mark."

She closed the door upon his ruggedly well-knit figure, recalling the smile which had lighted the rather fine modeling of his face. In the future, she thought, she wouldn't need to avoid so carefully the chance of hearing what he really thought about her work. If he was only thirty-five, could whistle rag-

time, and distinctly didn't want to be given a title, it seemed possible that she might get off more easily than she had feared.

"WHAT on earth can she be doing?" Mark Fenn, on an afternoon in early August, tramping along a woodland path

(Continued on Page 106)



4-Inch Opening

Enables you to pack Fried Chicken, Baked Beans, Boiled Potatoes, Ice Cream. Easy to fill or to empty.

You Can Clean This Jar

Large four-inch opening admits hand for cleaning and drying. Always sanitary.

Carry Food or Liquid Hot or Cold, in New 1 Gallon Thermal Jar

Think of a thermal bottle you can use interchangeably for **foods** or **liquids**! And of a **full gallon** capacity—16 cups.

It's here! The Aladdin Thermalware Jar. Keeps contents piping hot or icy cold for hours. Four-inch opening admits food in large pieces—fried chicken, potato salad, chop suey or ice cream. Or holds coffee, lemonade or iced tea enough for the whole family.

The insulated container is of heavy glass, sealed to the metal jacket by a patent Thermal seal into one inseparable piece. Sanitary glass stopper. High thermal efficiency. An outer steel shell gives additional protection against bumps and jars. Unusually sturdy. Handy bail for carrying. Handsomely finished in Brewster Green Enamel. Capacity, durability and wide usefulness considered, the Aladdin Thermalware Jar is the lowest priced thermal bottle you can buy.

On Auto Trips
Carry a hot dinner. An extra jar supplies whole gallon of hot coffee or cold lemonade for entire family. Be independent of expensive roadside restaurants.

For Sportsmen
Fishing, hunting, camping, yachting—you have a gallon of hot or cold drink for a whole day's outing.

At Picnics
Steaming hot coffee or iced lemonade for all. Or serve hot fricasseed chicken, baked beans, ice cream or other food prepared before you start.

In the Home and Office
Keep a constant supply of cool drinking water—any desired temperature.

Ask for the Aladdin Thermalware Jar by name. In one-gallon and two-quart sizes. Sold by leading Department, Drug, Hardware, Jewelry, Sporting Goods and Auto Accessory Stores.

ALADDIN Thermalware JARS — DISHES

Ask Your
Dealer to
Show You
This New
Thermalware
Dish

—Cooking
—Serving
—Heat Retaining



A wonderful three-purpose Thermalware Dish, consisting of insert, container and cover. Bake or cook the food in insert, place it in container, and put on the cover, which seals by vacuum, and food is kept steaming hot.

With the Aladdin Thermalware Dish, you can prepare soup, vegetables, stews, puddings, griddle cakes, desserts, etc., in advance—have everything hot and tasty to serve at the same time. No matter if some of the family are late for dinner—the food is hot.

Be sure to have your dealer demonstrate this magic heat-retaining Thermalware Dish.

In three styles—Sheffield Silver, Nickel or Copper finish. Capacity, 3 pints. As a serving dish it ornaments any table.

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Domino
Syrup

Foursquare

(Continued from Page 105)

which ran beside a small stream, came to a standstill, staring between the slender trunks of a group of birches toward a spot a few yards beyond and below him where energetic operations of some sort were in progress. A blue-clad figure was staggering toward the brook's edge carrying a stone rather too heavy for a woman's strength. Across the tumbling width of the small chasm an irregular heap of similar stones suggested that the laborer was attempting to construct a bridge.

He removed his pipe from his mouth, softly knocked out its ashes and put it in his pocket, while he stole a little nearer the scene of action. Mary Fletcher as a bridge builder presented a new and interesting study. She was splashed from head to foot, and even as he watched a fresh volume of water rose from the invaded stream in answer to the fall of the latest addition to the spanning heap of stones and turned a large area of blue linen to a damp expanse of deeper blue.

The new stone added nothing, however, to the sum total of its brethren in the bridge, for it very promptly rolled off them, escaping to a deep pool just beyond.

"Oh—hang!" exploded an angry voice.

BUT the next instant Mary was dragging at another and heavier stone, tugging with panting breath, and finally heaving it down upon the wabbling foundation into a position where it hung perilously upon the edge of things.

Mary Fletcher threw up both clenched hands into the air, crying out something unintelligible, and flung herself down upon the bank, a figure of baffled discontent. The next instant she was sitting erect again, startled by a quiet observation from a few feet's distance:

"If it must be done, it must be done differently. Would you be willing to engage an engineer who isn't afraid to wade in?"

"Thank you; I wanted to do it myself."

There was no welcoming smile on Mary's face, and Mark's reflected a corresponding gravity.

"You can't—without getting in. And you need heavier stones than you can lift. Besides, unless you intend to build a dam, you need to leave free places for the stream to run through, or it'll wash everything away."

"I suppose so. Of course I don't know how to do it properly. I did think if I threw on stones enough I might in the end get a bridge out of it."

"About fifty yards below you can cross without one."

"But I wanted to build a bridge," cried Mary.

"All right," Mark said quietly; "let's build it together. Mary's the time I've done it as a boy. I see plenty of good material all about."

Mary rose to her feet. "Go ahead," she said briefly. "I'll help, if I know enough."

Without further words Mark went at it. Coat off, trousers rolled above his knees, he stood in the center of the narrow stream, and began the thing all over again with a well-placed, substantial foundation, wide and compact, such as might be expected to withstand the rush of the current. Mary silently placed within his reach each stone as he indicated it. In due course the task was completed, a structure sufficiently solid to be trusted for the crossing.

Mary stood and looked down at the sturdy, small bridge, and Mark, taking his

place beside her upon the bank, regarded it with the satisfaction the man feels in having relived an experience of his boyhood. At the next moment, however, his thoughts returned to the person beside him, whose moody look had been not in the least dissipated by the labors of the hour.

"It's very fine," she now said slowly. "But I didn't do it myself. The analogy is perfect. I can do nothing myself any more. I can't even place the first stone right."

Mark sat down upon the bank and put on his socks and shoes, resumed his coat, and ran his hand across his hair, thrusting it back into place. He returned to stand beside

Mary, the strong color in his face telling of a healthy circulation, his mind working rapidly. The hour had come, he was sure, when he must try to show her he could really be a friend in need.

"I wonder," he said quietly, "if you'd do me the honor of telling me all about it. Of course I can't help guessing that your work isn't going well, that you're at a standstill. Are you letting discouragement get the upper hand?"

"IT'S not only got the upper hand," Mary answered bitterly, "it's thrown me, and bound and gagged me. I'm helpless, and—I think I'm going quite mad with rage. When I began to build this bridge I thought—if I could build it I should have proved—that I could create something, if only a child's plaything. It seems I can't do even that."

"You tried a man's task."

"I want to do a man's task. That's it exactly."

I'm tired of doing womanish work—of building bridges that won't stand. Besides—building that bridge wasn't a man's task. I could have waded out and laid the bottom stones as securely as you did—and built up just as strong a crossing. I hadn't the patience. I wanted —"

"You wanted to stand on the bank and throw them in and have them lodge by some happy chance just where they needed to be. And then you grew hysterical and unreasonable because they didn't."

"I've always done it—before," Mary cried defiantly; "stood on the bank and thrown the stones, and they lodged, and the bridge was built, and people crossed on it."

"And you didn't get your feet wet?"

"I didn't need to."

"You admitted a minute ago," Mark suggested, "that the bridges didn't always stand."

IT WAS at this point that Mary's nerves gave way completely. "I'm going home," she said unsteadily. "If I don't—I shall go to pieces and cry. I wouldn't cry before you for anything I can think of. I'm not a crying person; I'm not! I won't break my record."

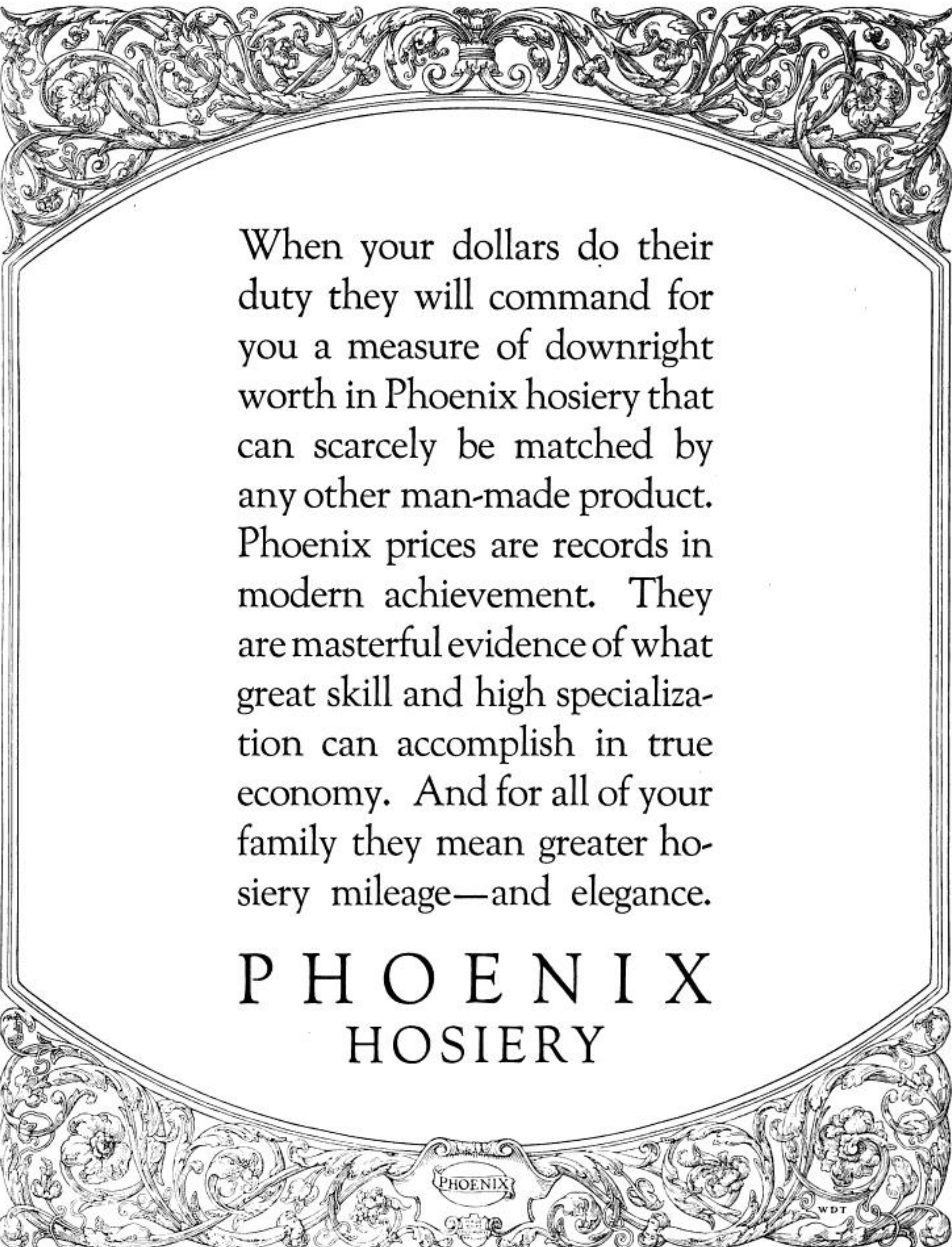
"You shall not," he agreed.

Therefore they walked home together, through wood and lane, and Mark, glancing from time to time at Mary's profile as they went along for the most part silently, thought he saw that the long strain of unprofitable self-communings was telling upon her and that she was keeping a grip upon herself with difficulty. Before he left her, however, he said the thing which he most wanted to say.

"I've wished I could help you," he said. "But I can see that you're not fit just now to talk or think about your work. I wish you'd drop it entirely for a time —"

"I can't," Mary interrupted raggedly. "I've got to think it through. I've got to

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Foursquare

(Continued from Page 106)

get somewhere. I—there's no other way. Never mind; I will—somehow. Don't bother about me. I know I've seemed a little fool this afternoon, but ———" She turned away. "Good-by," she said.

He took a step after her and laid hold upon her hand, which he was startled to find was cold as ice. "Mary," he said to her averted face, "there's one thing I can do for you, and that's to—stand by. Your ship isn't sinking; far from it; and you're not going to abandon her. But the seas seem to be running high, and I think you've got to make port for some repairs to the engines. Meanwhile my ship is going to stand by and keep in touch. I want you to know that. You may not care—much—just now, whether I'm there or not. But sometime perhaps you will. Anyhow, I am there, and nothing can make me change my course from yours, while you're in trouble."

SHE looked around at him. The first smile she had seen on her face this afternoon touched it in answer to this speech.

"I admit I'm quite human enough to have that touch me, Mark. There's nothing you—or anybody—can do for me except that. But if, some night, my ship goes head on, on a rock, and sinks before you can get to me, don't mind too much. Maybe I'd never have made port anyhow."

She pulled her hand away and fairly ran from him towards the house.

Though she went early to her room, it was not to sleep. Daylight saw her dressed for the street, a small bag packed, her room left in order.

When Miss Graham came down to breakfast she found a note beside her plate:

Most Beloved: Mary wouldn't be Mary if she didn't do erratic things, would she? But really this isn't so erratic as it seems. I didn't sleep awfully well, and it suddenly occurred to me that if I could catch Alexandra Warren before she gets away on her fortnight's vacation, and have a good talk with her, it would be worth doing. I know she's on the edge of leaving, and suddenly I want to see her so very badly that I feel I'm justified in startling you this way. I know you get your best sleep toward morning, so I wouldn't wake you. I'll be back very soon; I'm only taking a few things. If I can get what I want down there I'll come back, a more reasonable person. I know I've driven you to distraction for weeks with my moods and tenses. Forgive me, won't you—for I love you very much and shall be eager to get back to you.

MARY.

MISS GRAHAM went up to Mary's room, and found it perfectly in order but for one thing. The small fireplace was full of fluttering ashes and half-burned type-written paper, some of which, by reason of a light wind of the past night, had blown out upon the floor. Miss Graham swept these up herself, setting a match to the unconsumed remains.

"I don't see," she mused as she watched them rapidly flame up, "why it seems to be so difficult for her now, when always before, as she has told me, it was so easy. Perhaps—perhaps she is trying to do something too hard for her. I wonder if that is necessary."

Already, a hundred miles away, Mary could have told her that it was necessary. Her courage had risen a little with the mere getting away.

But the whole journey was to her a mere inescapable interval between the state she had left and that into which she hoped to emerge.

She was making it as one who has suffered a bereavement travels with veil down and eyes averted, the inner consciousness shutting away all immediate environment.

Morning found her where she longed to be. It was barely nine o'clock when Alexandra Warren in her suburban home, stooping over a trunk she was packing, heard a joyful cry.

"Oh, Sandy, Sandy! Heaven is merciful, and you haven't gone! I didn't dare wire before I started, to find out. I had to come, anyway—bless your dear, delightful back. It would have been worth coming for, just to see your back, even if you hadn't turned round."

"Why, Mary Fletcher!"

There succeeded one of those strangling embraces with which Mary had been accustomed, after long intervals of rather boyish distaste for manifestations of affection, to show unexpected emotion over her best friend. The way in which she now clung to Alexandra, laughing and half crying, shed instant light upon that wise woman's mind.

"Let me look at you," demanded Alexandra, holding Mary off at arm's length. "Yes, I thought so. You've been having a bad time over something, and have reached the limit of your restraint. But—my dear—I never saw you so thin and worn. Your eyes—why, child, what is the matter?"

"Haven't slept for two nights; that's all. I'm all right really. That is, I'm—all—wrong."

ALEXANDRA sat down. She pulled a pillow off a couch and dropped it at her own feet. "Sit down there, and put your head on my knee, and tell me all about it," she commanded.

"I shall die if I can't," Mary said, biting her lip, because it trembled. "And I'm afraid I can't. But I've got to make you understand—some of it."

"You may not find me so dull."

"Oh, Sandy——" She put her head down in Alexandra Warren's lap and broke into wild sobbing.

Suddenly, almost as suddenly as it had begun, the sobbing passed. "I won't—any more," a shuddering whisper declared. "I didn't know it was coming or I—no, I think it had to come. I hate to cry; I don't cry; I detest crying women. But——"

"Never mind; the pressure had to be relieved somehow, and you'll be better now. It's not like you, and it makes me anxious. Something must be radically wrong."

I'm afraid you have tried to go to work too soon. Is it the work that worries you?"

SO MARY told her all that she could tell. After all, it was not much. It seldom is much that can be told of the spirit's real distress.

"So I've come," concluded Mary, "to get this over with you, and then go into town and see the one person who can give me back any confidence in myself. He's always done it—I don't know how; and if anybody can now, he can. A month ago I

wouldn't see him or tell him anything, though he came up on purpose. Now, just all at once, I can hardly wait to see him."

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Of course. Oh, my wireless is tuned to his; it always has been, though I wouldn't acknowledge it. The awful truth is—and that's what's been driving me frantic—that the suspicion has been growing and growing that I can't do anything without him."

"Oh, no!" The exclamation was one of deep dissent. "Why, think of the almost two years you were away from him, in France. You were doing absolutely independent work——"

"That was entirely different. I had every stimulus. I couldn't help but write of what

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Foursquare

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I saw and divined. But back here"—Mary made a gesture of unhappy abandon—"oh, perhaps I didn't realize it, but I think I did in a way, he—he—why, he just had me in the hollow of his hand. The only thing I ever did without him was that abominable trash I wrote when I first came back—to prove that I was independent. Do you wonder I ran away? And now—oh, shame on me, I suppose; but I'm so desperate I can't help it—I'm going back to him."

"My dear! Are you sure that's best? Not that I don't admire John Kirkwood and trust his advice—to a certain extent. But I don't like this confession of his power over you. Now that you've broken away from his influence for a time, hadn't you better—well, fight it out, this struggle for independence?"

She sat looking steadily across into Mary's face, though Mary's eyes after an instant dropped away from her. Then in a moment she suffered a shock greater than that which she had lately received. Mary slowly lifted her eyes again, and in them was written a misery so deep that her friend's heart sank.

"Sandy," Mary said very low, "I'd like to take that advice; I would indeed. I've been giving it to myself all these weeks of struggle. But the bitter truth is, I've grown afraid that if I don't write something big and splendid pretty soon, I never will. I'm—why, Sandy, I'm just plain scared. Scared, so that I can't sleep! Scared, so that—oh, I can't tell you! I suppose if I went to a doctor he'd call it nervous depression. It's not that, and I'm not going to any doctor."

"THE only cure for me is to produce something that I'm proud of, so that I can feel again that amazing tonic of success. If I can once do that, even if I do it with John Kirkwood's help, I think I'll be strong again to break away. But it doesn't always do to take the prop away all at once."

"Very well, dear," Alexandra said, rising with decision. "You said you meant to take the next train in to Mr. Kirkwood's office. That leaves at nine-forty. I'll go with you. If need be I'll stay in town until your conferences with him are over, even though they take some days. Or you can come back out with me here each night—"

"Oh, but it's your vacation!"

"That doesn't matter. I'm not specially tired, and can spare a few days as well as not."

An hour later, in the city, the pair were shot upward to the high floor of the crowded downtown building upon which were The Centerpiece offices.

"Mr. Kirkwood's out of town," said a laconic office boy, new to the place and unacquainted with Miss Fletcher's importance there.

"Oh!" Mary breathed it like a sigh of despair.

"When will he be back?" Alexandra asked.

"Thursday."

"Could he be reached before then?"

"Don't think so. He didn't leave any forwarding address."

Alexandra asked for a sub-editor whose name she knew.

BUT Mary hastily interposed under her breath: "No, no, Sandy. We'll go. This is Tuesday. I'd rather wait." Outside in the cab she explained. "I don't want him called back for me; I want to come in upon him when he doesn't expect me."

"Will you go back home with me, dear?"

"No, I'll stay in town. It's not very hot just now."

"Then I'll stay with you."

"No, I won't have it."

"Then you must come back with me. Be reasonable, Mary. You are worn out. The two days' rest will be good for you, before you see Mr. Kirkwood. I can make you very comfortable."

Back in the pleasant suburban town Mary gave herself up to her friend's ministrations,

outwardly at least. On Thursday morning Alexandra took the precaution of telephoning in to the office, learning that Mr. Kirkwood had wired that his return would be delayed until the morrow. At this news Mary went quite out of her head, announcing that she must do something or she couldn't endure it. This time it was Alexandra who yielded, accompanied Mary to a New York hotel, and went with her on a ceaseless round of supposed diversion, beginning with shopping and ending amid the blare of a summer musical comedy offering which outraged every sensibility and left both women feeling besmirched and wearied beyond expression.

ALL nightmares end, however, and this one came to its finish with the announcement of the office boy next morning.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Kirkwood's in. Just got back. Card?"

Mary sent it in, her heart throbbing disconcertingly.

Two minutes later an inner door opened, and a tall figure, clad in the freshest of light summer apparel, came rapidly forward.

The light in John Kirkwood's eyes spoke his astonished pleasure.

"Mary Fletcher! Miss Warren! This is wonderful of you. When did you come? Why didn't you let me know?" His eyes studied Mary's face, and concern appeared in his own.

"I thought it would be rather fun to surprise you," Mary told him. "I ran down to see Alexandra, and—well, I really wanted to see you too—to talk things over."

"You are tired," he said abruptly. "You don't want to talk in this hot office, I'm sure. Just wait, please, while I dispose of a few details; I've been away for a week. Then I'm at your service."

"Are you sure you can spare the time?"

"Absolutely—for you. We'll go somewhere—to a cool and quiet spot, if there's one to be had—and spend the whole day."

It took him long enough, however, to arrange his affairs to prove to his guests that getting loose again wasn't quite as easy as he would have them think. Brief consultations with various members of his staff, rapid decisions of matters brought to his attention by one and another, telephone talks, short personal interviews with persons who had appointments—Alexandra caught enough glimpses of the editor in action to appreciate what he was about to do for Mary.

IN DUE time, however, he came to them, hat in hand. "There's a motor waiting below, and a lunch is being put up at a very good place where we'll stop on our way. If you'll permit me I'm simply going to take charge of things and carry you both off for the day and evening. I think I can plan a program which will prove sufficiently refreshing to justify my being high-handed about it."

"I think we're both glad to have you high-handed," Alexandra assured him.

Kirkwood carried a well-stuffed brief case, and a couple of books besides.

"I've picked up several good things in my absence," he remarked as they fled uptown in a large closed car, so shiningly new and luxurious that it betrayed no sign of having been hired. "These two books I'll engage will keep even such an exacting critic as you absorbed while Mary and I go over whatever affairs she has in mind. I've some matters of my own I want to consult her about as well, if she'll give me the chance. Your coming couldn't have been more timely; I was just 'wishin' to go a-fishin'—and that with Mary Fletcher herself."

His eyes met Mary's. He himself had been away upon a vacation, preceding the interesting business trip from which he had just returned, and she had rarely seen him looking so well. The usual tired lines were gone.

(Continued on Page 111)



After a day of Work or Play

Your tired, irritated skin needs invigorating—toning up—to offset the ill effects of the wind and grime to which it has been subjected.

Give it a refreshing treatment with warm water and Resinol Soap. This relieves the pores of their accumulated dust and oil—permitting them to function properly. It gently removes excess oil and reduces the unsightliness of facial blemishes.

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EVERY inch of your face contains hundreds of tiny pores. Each pore, brimming with natural oil, traps and holds any floating particle of dust which comes in contact with it daily.

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Soap and water alone will not remove this foreign matter and the impurities dammed up behind them. Washing merely clears the surface of the skin—the trouble-maker lodges within the pores. Left to its vicious work, it will undermine skin health and will cause enlarged pores and blackheads.

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Apply Melba Skin Cleanser. Allow it sufficient time to penetrate the pores before removing. The first time you wipe the cream off you will see and feel how much you have needed it. By the end of the first week, you will be amazed at the smoothness and softness of your skin, its new, fine texture. Even when care of your complexion has been sacrificed to other duties, the improvement will be gratifying.

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Foursquare

(Continued from Page 109)

from his face; his lean, long body had filled out by a matter of many pounds; his color was that of the outdoor life he had been for the most part living for a month.

But he didn't tell her what he was thinking—that if she didn't stop growing thin and worn she would some day lose her look of enchanting youth, merely grown interestingly mature, which had thus far persisted through all her days of work and experience. As yet she was simply touchingly attractive in these signs of harassment and fatigue. But he knew full well that all too soon there might come upon her that fatal change which marks the border line between two well-defined stages of life, across which there is no going back. How to arrest her progress toward that line had been uppermost in his mind ever since he had set eyes upon her to-day.

VI

KIRKWOOD could hardly have chosen a cleverer course than that which he now pursued. He wanted to get Mary out of the hot city, and yet the open country was not his goal. She had had enough, he considered, of Nature unshaven and unshorn, of wild-wood and rocky glen. An ordered Nature, an out-of-doors trimmed and finished, reminding of the resources of the city's wealth—this must be the setting for their day together. The car flew toward a certain great estate, the former home of one of the names of American history, closed to the general public, the picturesque old mansion unoccupied except by a caretaker. Kirkwood was confident, however, of securing permission to spend the day in the grounds, and even to take his guests into the distinguished old house, full of relics and of suggestion.

"Oh, what a delightful spot!" Mary cried, when presently she found herself established on a velvety green bank under magnificent spreading trees, the blue river lying broad beneath her feet, with gray-green shores beyond.

Behind her, the ivy-covered stone walls of the famous mansion made a background, when she turned her head, for the figures of her two friends. A caretaker, with a large fee in his pocket, had brought out quaint chairs and a table, a rug and cushions; Mary felt a little like a princess, with anything she might ask for at her disposal. For the moment care dropped away from her; she found herself wishing to see the contents of the hamper which had come on board before they left the city.

"Hungry?" asked John Kirkwood blithely. "Almost famished! Isn't it time to eat?"

"We'll get to it at once. I hope they've put in what will appeal to us."

He had spared no pains, it became evident, to suit what he had guessed might be a capricious taste. As she ate delicious food, and drank pleasing iced beverages, Mary began to feel the weight upon her spirits lift a little. It suddenly occurred to her that she had never quite appreciated, in her association with John Kirkwood in the great city, how almost distinguished he was in personal appearance, not to consider the charm of his manner and speech. Just once, as she sat listening to his entertaining talk, the image of Mark Fenn came into her mind.

THE contrast between the two men struck her afresh as that between the man who lives his life closely in touch with human affairs and interest, and the one who remains secluded in a small world of thought and limited action. Mark Fenn had told her he would "stand by." Could he possibly know how to give her even the beginning of such a sense of well-being and comradeship as could this man? Hardly! There could be but one answer to that. She told herself that Mark Fenn didn't know even the alphabet of the language which John Kirkwood could speak with ease.

The hamper was repacked and set away. Kirkwood made Miss Warren comfortable, pointed out certain outstanding chapters in the books he was leaving with her, tucked a rug and a cushion under his arm, and frankly asked: "Are you game, dear lady, to be left a considerable while? I've a notion we shall be rather likely to forget how time is passing while we talk shop. But we shan't be far away; a call will bring us, even though we're out of sight. I want Mary to forget all sense of duty, even to your kind self."

"You need have none at all," Alexandra Warren settled herself, too accustomed to this rôle to resent it.

A FEW rods farther up the river, in a spot still more coolly secluded by heavy tree growth than that of the lunchtime, though open at one point to the river, Kirkwood spread his rug and placed his cushion.

"How would you like to take a little sleep, while I smoke a pipe not far away and keep guard?" he suggested. "Wouldn't you be fitter for our confab for a bit of rest first? We've all been talking rather uninterruptedly."

Mary dropped upon the rug, took off her hat, and laid her head upon the cushion.

"I'd love it for just a few minutes," she smiled up at him. She felt more like herself than she had felt for many weeks. "I'll just play sleep, for the length of one pipe—and then please come back."

"You tempt me to pack it lightly," he said as he strolled away.

When he glanced back from a discreet distance through the trees, he noted with satisfaction how completely the slender figure seemed to have relaxed upon the rug, with the arms thrown back and clasped above the head, the face turned upward. He thought she was probably staring up into the heavy green leafage above, and knew that if it were so not even sleep could be better medicine for a mind ill at ease. For that Mary's mind was far from being in any sense at ease, he had read at the first glance.

"I WANT," said John Kirkwood slowly, "to tell you a story."

He lay stretched on his side upon the turf at Mary's feet, his head propped upon his hand. He was looking at the blue water shimmering in the distance between the low-drooping branches of the great oaks beneath which the consultation had been held. Consultation? Rather had it been a clinic, or so both had felt, without saying so. Kirkwood, however, had not made a complete diagnosis; for the present he was postponing operation.

Mary had made almost a clean breast of it; she could do no otherwise. He knew now as nearly as she could tell him how deeply despair had laid hold upon her. The one thing she had not told him—could not bring herself to it—was the humiliating fact of her dependence upon him. If he had guessed this feature of her trouble he had shown no sign.

"It's a long story," he said, and filled his pipe again with a word of apology.

He began with deliberation of speech, sketching in the background of his story. He did this vividly, with few words, as a skillful reporter might. Then he began to tell the tale.

As it went forward, presently he drew himself up to a sitting position, though his eyes still remained upon the sparkling blue water through the trees. Then, suddenly, having reached a point in the story where events began to quicken, situations to develop, characters to strengthen, he began to speak faster, and now and again he glanced at his listener. He found her eyes upon him with a peculiar



(Continued on Page 112)

WILSON'S



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Foursquare

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intensity of gaze, denoting entire concentration. He had been a little doubtful, when he had begun, whether he could secure this. She had been so absorbed in her own troubles, he had feared lest he could not obtain complete control of her attention. It was very necessary to his purpose to do this, and as he now received assurance that he had succeeded, his ability to speak effectively increased.

He got to his feet and stood before her, leaning against a tree trunk, his pipe grasped by the bowl, its fires extinct. He needed no other stimulation now than that of her interest. With all the art at his command he brought his recital along towards its climax, each minor crisis a dramatic triumph in itself, the whole effect growing in power with each successive unfolding of the extraordinary plot. As he came to the final scenes he lost himself in his own absorption in his theme. He became actor as well as speaker; unconscious slight gestures with the hand which held the pipe bowl, changes of facial expression illuminating the drama of his conclusion, till, as he ended, he was as a man inspired, the fires he had lighted in his own imagination glowing in his every aspect. Quite of himself, thus, apart from the story he had told, he had become an irresistible object of interest. As for the story itself—

FOR a minute, after the telling had ended, the two pairs of eyes continued to look into each other, each held by the emotion of the story's climax. Then Mary's eyes dropped, and Kirkwood turned away, to stride off among the trees for a few paces. Wheeling, he came back, to see her pressing both hands over her eyes, a great breath swelling her throat.

He dropped upon the ground again and lay silent, his own pulses racing. The tale had gripped him in the telling beyond any anticipation he could have had of such effect. What the hearing had done to Mary Fletcher he could guess from his past knowledge of her and his present recognition of her stirred and shaken state.

He left it to her to end the long silence. It took some time for her to reach the point where she could speak. "Where did you get that story?" she asked at last.

He smiled. He wouldn't have been human if it hadn't given him pleasure to answer that question. But he tried to answer it with modesty. "I've been working it out for a long time," he explained with careful restraint. "Somehow, I had to do it; I couldn't get away from it."

"I shouldn't think you could. Do you mean it is all—yours?"

He nodded. "A poor thing, but mine own. No; I won't pretend I think it poor; it got hold of me too deeply for that. But until you heard it I wasn't so sure. I wanted your reaction to it. I had it. So now I know there's something in it."

"You are going to—write it?"

It was his cue to delay the answer to that. It was for his advantage to keep her in suspense a little longer. He filled and lighted his pipe once more, first knocking out the half-burned contents. When finally he spoke, it was after a succession of puffs and through an ascending cloud of blue-gray smoke. "I wish I could write it. But it's as impossible as any of the labors of Hercules."

"But you could conceive it."

He nodded. "That's different. It's my trade to study construction, to criticize it, to delight in it. But I could no more put that book—it should make a book of good size—on paper than I could build this oak beside us."

"I don't see why."

"Oh, yes, you do. I beg your pardon, but you do see, you know. To change the simile—I've only hewn out the marble till I got a general outline, in the mass, of the figure I'd like to see. It will take the sculptor, the artist, to chip away the rest with a thousand delicate strokes and leave the perfect form."

"Oh, but you've dreamed the dream." Her eyes were dark with envy.

"Have I? You don't know what a great big thrill it gives me to hear that—from you." He smiled at her, but he met no answering smile.

"You've dreamed the dream; you've seen the vision. You've created a wonderful, wonderful thing."

"Ah, but it's not created yet. A dream isn't—"

"It's everything. It's the whole thing really. Making it live in words is nothing—comparatively—if you once have the thought, the plan that stirs you. Why, if in all these months I'd had that great idea of yours—"

"Mary, you forget. It's the long drudgery that tells. If it were as simple as that, I'd have written the book myself. It's not as simple as that. It's as difficult and long as—art."

"Oh, but it's a glorious road to take, once you know the goal. Who would mind plodding, climbing, struggling up the hill of work, if you knew that was over the top? Not I."

"Then—write my book."

Her startled glance leaped to his. He was not smiling now; his intent look met her halfway and held her.

"Oh-h!" There can be no way of expressing literally the strange little wailing sound which escaped her lips. It was as if some starving thing were suddenly shown food—through a glass, darkly.

HE WAS very gentle with her. "Please don't be frightened at the idea. I know it's sheer presumption of me to think of it."

"Oh-h!" It was the wailing note again.

"Oh, don't."

"You mean you wouldn't want even to consider taking my outline?" He knew that wasn't what she meant. "You couldn't be absorbed in it for yourself?"

"Absorbed! But—I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do it! If you mean you're not equal to it—why, that's nonsense. You could do it magnificently. I don't know of anyone who could do it so well. Why, Mary, the central figure, Olivia, is just yourself. You'd have only to live the part. Don't you recognize her? If you don't, then I've told the story badly."

This brought her up short. She considered it breathlessly.

"You see?" He pressed his advantage. "You would have only to live and breathe the character of Olivia, so to speak, use your own reactions to your own experience, and then carry them on logically to Olivia's conclusions. As for Broughton—well"—and he paused, watching her downcast face with

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Foursquare

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its rapidly changing expressions—"if I might dare to serve as a suggestion of him for your use. Or am I too old, too cut and dried?"

She looked at him then, and her lips curved into a hint of a laugh. "You are Broughton," she said.

"Well, then, don't you see? When you came to a place where it might be difficult to work out the psychology of their relations, you would have only to put it up to Mary Fletcher and John Kirkwood, and let them take a day off and have it out. I know this sounds horribly egoistic and perhaps melodramatic, not to say impossible, and yet I have a strong feeling that we could work together in that way and perhaps produce something that neither of us could quite do separately."

"You mean collaboration?" She suddenly put the question as if it had only just occurred to her that he might want to see his name with hers upon the title page of a book thus evolved.

HE WONDERED what else she could call a product the whole scheme for which he was to furnish. Yet it was clear that this thought gave her pause. He made haste to relieve her mind, recognizing that he had touched her pride, and that he must make concession to it—for the present, at least.

"If I might have a share," he said quietly, "a most happy share in any work of yours, by means of any help in my power, direct or indirect, I should be quite content. As an editor you must know I have long been used to doing creative work vicariously through suggestion to other minds, fitted as mine is not for the actual coinage of invention. And you will let me say this: I've never known a creative mind through which I should so like to make this vicarious expression of my own as yours. It seems to me that, if I may so put it, my mind and yours articulate."

She sat staring out at the river through the trees. As the afternoon had advanced the light had changed and deepened. Where the blue waters had sparkled earlier in the day there now lay long shadows of indigo and darkest green, with purple edges outlining the opposite shore far across. Hours had gone by since Alexandra had been left alone with her books; Mary had forgotten that she existed. If Kirkwood remembered, it made no difference to his plan of action. Hours like these were not to be cut short by any recognition of social duties.

HE SAT so still he might have been carved out of stone, while Mary looked away into space; well he knew that she was seeing nothing of the scene before her. He had said all there was any use in saying; that he readily divined. He had sown the seed; if it was to spring up at all, he would not have long to wait. Mary was in no mood to deliberate. She would come to a decision soon, he was sure, for very inability to stand the strain put upon her judgment and her will. That he had tempted her powerfully he knew; it had been in the wail of her tense voice. She was so hungry for the renewal of her ability to work that she was vulnerable now where once she would have been watchful against any declared alliance which threatened her independence, her acknowledged and outward independence. He thought she could not possibly have realized quite all that she had owed him from the beginning, nor understand that the new relation between them would be only a step farther along the road of dependence than the old.

Suddenly a question from her surprised him, and made him sit up rather tensely.

"Would you want to carry out every detail of the story, just as you sketched it?"

"You mean there's something about it you don't approve?"

"I mean there were places in it that seemed to me to—a little—forgive me, please—degrade the whole."

"You don't feel that they were logically a part of the whole and so couldn't be omitted?"

"I have been brought up to feel," she said steadily, more steadily than he would have thought possible just now, "that it is justifiable to introduce immorality only if it is made unlovely. Of course," she went on hurriedly, "I think the whole conception wonderfully fine; otherwise I shouldn't be attracted by it. But the part where Sylvia and Julian are together for so long. You see"—she stumbled over it—"as you told me I got rather the idea that you didn't mind about it, that you thought it—"

Here she stopped and the color rose in her face. But her eyes met his frankly.

He gave her back the look with a frankness apparently as great as her own, though inside he was laughing a little and saying to himself: "You beautiful little Puritan! And I love you for it too."

"I FEEL," he said as gravely as though he felt grave about it, "that it isn't always necessary for the true artist to depict only the phases of life which have the approval of the Ten Commandments. If he can give a faithful picture of the other side, if only to prove that he sees there is another side, and is not blind to it, it seems to me worth while. In my scheme for this book, don't you think the fine relation between Olivia and Broughton will be more than a foil for the questionable one between the other two? Will the reader need to have a 'Look on this picture, then on that!' to point the moral for him?"

She considered it, her brows drawn together. "It all depends, I think," she said, "on the way it is done."

"Of course it does. And in putting it into your hands I should know you'd handle such a situation as the one we're discussing with just those fine shades of discrimination which would redeem it from sordidness."

"I shouldn't want to redeem it from sordidness," she said quickly. "It is sordid; it should be made to seem so. That's precisely my point. As you told that part of the story you—unconsciously, of course—made it poetry. I don't think that's fair. I shouldn't be willing to do it."

He saw that he couldn't confuse her with words, that he must make the concession; that in spite of her longing to attempt this new and fascinating task, her conscience must be satisfied at the very start; that it should never have to impeach her for her methods.

"Mary," he said, "we shall never quarrel over your resolution to keep your work up to the standards you have set for yourself. If you'll write this book, you shall do it in your own way. I'll be satisfied if you'll let a logical realism be its basis, a logical realism, I say, mind you. You need poetize nothing that should be told in unblinking prose, if you'll just be willing"—and he looked keenly at her—"not to generalize when truth and real art demand that you draw no veils over that which should be told. As for the poetry, you can't help putting that in, and not for anything would I have you leave it out. Now will you trust me? And will you—"

HE LEFT the direct question uncompleted, except as his eagerness for the answer was in the inflection with which he began to ask it.

Mary rose to her feet and stood looking off again at the blue-and-purple shadows,

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Foursquare

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while Kirkwood watched her. When she turned to him at length he found himself wanting to put both arms around her, as if she had been a child who was showing both her need of him and her faith in him.

"I think," she said, "I must say 'yes.' I feel like one who has come up against a stone wall, with the tide coming in behind, and no way through the wall. And then suddenly you have shown me a way through, just one way. I must take it or be swallowed up."

"Is it really like that to you?" he said very gently. "Just a way of escape? Well,

then, I want you to believe that on the other side of the wall lies that glorious road you spoke of a while back, and that I can walk along it with you."

They went back to Miss Warren at last, their sense of guilt at their long desertion growing as they approached. But to their relief they found a cheerful lady just emerging from the old mansion, through which a proud and pleased caretaker had lingeringly shown her, both apparently quite content.

"AND now," said Kirkwood blithely as he led his companions back to the car, "we'll have no more of solitude. I've a little program for the evening which looks pretty good to me; I hope it will to you."

He took them to a wayside inn overlooking the river, where they dined upon attractive food and rested in comfortable chairs upon a sheltered balcony until dusk and evening fell.

Then they were in the car once more, flying up the highway in the summer darkness lighted by a thousand lights. Then they were on the ferry, crossing a dusky river, with more lights all about reflected in the water, and the cooling breeze in their faces. Then the road again, in a procession of cars, and a long string of approaching headlights facing them. And at the end of the road their own car turned smoothly in between massive gate posts, lighted fantastically with great particularized globes and hung with flowery garlands.

KIRKWOOD explained: "It's a big countryside festival, an annual affair given by the Ainsboroughs. Everybody is asked. There's everything doing all over the estate, and no rules, except that there must be no disorder. The society people think it a great lark, join in the entertaining and seem to have the time of their lives performing in all sorts of shows for the crowd. It's rather a fascinating carnival, take it on all sides. I thought, after our serious afternoon and decorous dinner, you might enjoy letting out a little."

"I'm sure we should, if you think such clothes as these we're wearing will do."

"Oh, there's no dressing for this. You'll find your hosts in sports clothes, and only a few aspiring neighbors of the newly rich type wearing evening things."

The scene they were approaching beckoned alluringly. The whole area inclosing the immense stretch of lawn lying immediately

before the imposing house was given over to the various tents, stages, and smaller stands which at country fairs contain the various forms of entertainment; only in the present instance the performers—"barkers," food-dispensers and the rest—were people of another class than those to be found in country fairs. Long strings of varicolored electric lamps made all as light as day; an expensive orchestra alternated with an amateur band in furnishing real music and an amusing imitation of the blare and boom of the rustic performers of remote regions.

"Oh, this is a joy!" Mary declared as, an hour after their arrival, the three came out of a great striped red-and-white marquee in which they had been watching several noteworthy people of much social distinction produce a bit of vaudeville not unworthy the professional stage. "I don't know when I've been so amused and charmed."

"THAT'S partly because it really was a clever little show, and still more because it's so long since you've seen anything to satisfy the need of being amused and charmed," Kirkwood declared. "What do you say to a dance now in that orange-and-gold pavilion? The music's enough to pull your feet over there in spite of yourself, isn't it?"

It took but a minute to find a pleasant spot in a sort of improvised balcony for the sitters-out and to establish Miss Warren there.

Kirkwood had suddenly remembered to ask her and even to urge her, against her smiling refusal, to give him the first dance. Released from all obligation he turned away with Mary, himself keener for the coming hour than it seemed to him he had ever been for any similar experience. To dance with Mary Fletcher—he didn't quite know what that was going to be. And yet he really hadn't much doubt that it might be a little better than a first reading of her best work.

AFTER the first ten steps he had no doubt whatever. Where had she learned it? he wondered. All in five circlings of the pavilion floor she had become a creature so radiant it seemed impossible that she could have been a partner in the sober discussions of the afternoon. Kirkwood looked down upon her and marveled.

"I'm a lucky dog," said Mr. John Kirkwood to himself as he skillfully guided this partner of his through the ever-increasing difficulties of a floor becoming more and more crowded. "And it's up to me to clinch things while the iron is hot and the music's in our blood."

He led her away, when the waltz was over, and down a dimly lighted path through the shrubbery, already discovered by several other promenading couples. But he took care not to get beyond the magic of those inebriating violins.

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Foursquare

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"Mary," he said when they had walked in silence for a minute or two, "when will you come back to town?"

She looked up in surprise. "Why, when my year with Aunt Sara is up."

"Do you think you can write that book away from me?"

"You—you could come up and see me now and then, couldn't you?" Her voice sounded a trifle abstracted.

"Once in several weeks, perhaps, not oftener. Would that be enough? Think of the plot of it, of the rush of it. Could you get into the spirit of it all, walking alone along your country roads—in November?"

"I shall have to try." Evidently she was disturbed. In the light of a great rose-and-amber Japanese lantern they were passing her face showed sober again.

He hated to take the light out of it, and yet he felt that if he could ever convince her that she must come back to be at her best, his chance was now. "Remember," he bade her, "how you have struggled and worked in vain, up there in the country. The atmosphere there, for you, isn't the atmosphere you need. Do you venture to go back into it, and stay? The psychology of it, the influence, the suggestion—they're all just now, for you, of failure. Here in the Big Town, they'll all be of success again. It's worth taking into account, isn't it? Let me look you up another apartment, persuade Miss Warren to return with you, go back and let your nice little aunt give a farewell party for you, and then be settled in here for work by the first of October. Six months in the country is enough. Six months in the city will see you with the book half done. Come, tell me I'm right. You know I am."

MARY tried to say she would do it; she really tried. But the words wouldn't come. A sob rose in her throat. She had been through so much during all these weeks and months, was so tired of the long, barren effort. This whole day had been such a contrast to all that—the warmth, the kindness of it, the friendly strength offered her to

lean upon when she felt so weak. John Kirkwood's plan for her was a wonderful one, his scheme for work one to grip her from first to last. But to carry it out—wasn't he right?—she must come back to town, where she could see him, consult with him as often as she needed him.

"Please say you will," said Kirkwood's persuasive voice in her ear. "A friend should be trusted, and I think you need to trust somebody just now. I promise you you shan't regret it."

So Mary promised, with a queer little sinking of the heart she couldn't wholly account for.

BACK at their hotel, hours later, Alexandra and Mary found a slip under their door announcing the arrival of a special-delivery letter for Miss Fletcher at the office below. At Mary's order it was sent up. It bore the Newcomb postmark, but the handwriting was one Mary didn't recall. With some anxiety she opened it, to find within a few lines only, above a familiar name. Somehow the very sight of that name seemed strange to her, here, at the close of the day.

Dear Mary Fletcher: I understand that your ship has reached port for repairs, and I am hoping they may be effective in putting her into perfect condition for many successful voyages. But, somehow, though I can't conceive being needed just now, I can't help standing by, as I told you I should, just outside the harbor.

Yours, as ever, MARK FENN.

As she read the words, in a clear, rather small hand of some distinction, the strange little sinking of the heart came back most unexpectedly. And presently it became a well-defined ache in the throat. But the origin of the ache seemed to have nothing to do with the writer of this rather singular message. It was connected more closely with the image of Miss Sara Graham. Mary could see her quite plainly as she would look when she was told that the year of Mary's stay with her had ended with six months!

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The Pageant Widow

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This metaphor was mixed and far too splendid. Mrs. Clanton murmured something politely praiseful and took her departure, feeling vaguely diminished by this wan little figure in her faded black dress who felt crowns on her head, and called herself a "pageant."

FORMERLY the widow rarely went down into the town. The boys did her errands there. But now every day she might be seen on her way, maybe to buy a chop, and always bound for the post office—a prim little figure in her black dress, very neat, very erect, stepping along with a kind of mincing swiftness, but nothing about her to suggest that she was a pageant wearing crowns on her head. Still, as she passed by, the men sitting in front of the stores frequently rose, stood back and lifted their hats—not that she really saw them, but they saw her. They acknowledged her as men sometimes acknowledge a text from the Scriptures. The sight of her pleased them as the tune of a very old hymn brings memories of goodness and innocence, even if you are long past your own innocence and goodness. Their minds touched the hem of her garments, and all unconsciously a little virtue of her went out to them to make gentle thoughts in harsh breasts.

One day Doctor Plimpton eased back into his chair after she had passed, hooked his heels over the rung, jerked his head sideways at her back and remarked to Colonel Guilford, who roosted similarly on the next chair: "There's a woman for you! Just as God made her, just for what He made her and nothing else."

Plimpton got up and went back into his office. Guilford remained where he was. He began to drum with his fingers on the edge

of his chair, a sort of scale he played of his thoughts, apparently light and strangely frivolous thoughts for a man of his age. He took out his watch and looked at it as if he wanted a certain time of day from it, and could wait, still staring at it, until the minutes intervening passed. Then he snapped the case, thrust it back in his pocket and glanced up the street toward the post office. The widow was coming again in his direction with her swift, short steps, as if she wrote a song on this pavement with her feet.

Fanny Harpeth—Guilford never called her the widow—gave him the briefest nod possible and passed on. There was no reason for a stronger recognition. They had always known each other casually, merely by polite salutations.

GUILFORD sighed and let go the reins of himself. He slumped down in his chair and muttered something which was not an invocation, probably an invective applied to himself. He was a timid man, a bachelor who had never been confirmed in his celibacy. He had never been more than a "valorous worm," romantically speaking. Still in this humble fashion he was valorous, or at least he meant to be.

Late in the afternoon of this same day the widow, seated on her porch, saw someone coming up the hill, a tall man with an opulent figure, wearing splendid tails to his coat and swinging along with an elegant air, although it was something of an effort to climb such a hill with an elegant air.

She recognized Colonel Guilford. Not only this, but when he drew nearer she

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(A real letter from a typical Ohio Electric owner)

The Woman Who Has Children

Philadelphia, Pa.

"I think a woman with children can appreciate best the blessing of a vacuum cleaner. Donald and Mildred are dears, but they have a perfect genius for tracking in dirt and littering the floors.

"Before I bought your cleaner, I seemed a slave to a broom, and even then the rugs and carpets were never really clean. But now the daily cleaning is very simple, and the floors are always perfectly sanitary and safe for the children to play on.

"I bought your cleaner because I found it the simplest and strongest of all I looked at. I have never had the slightest trouble with it, and my friends who have Ohios say the same thing. I have seen nearly all the different kinds of cleaners, but I prefer the Ohio because it has both strong suction and a really good revolving brush.

"Your cleaner is so light I carry it easily, yet it will stand the hardest use. I think it is a real woman's cleaner.

"I bought my Ohio on the installment plan, and found that the economy of it more than paid the small payments."

Sincerely,

(Name and Address on Request)

The United Electric Company
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ELECTRIC CLEANER

Let us send full details and the Ohio divided payment plan.



Big white grains full of flavor

Comet

Uncoated White Rice

ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

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Ever Tired of Potatoes?

THEN try Comet Rice for a change. Cook it the Comet way, and serve with gravy. Comet Rice served at breakfast with sugar and cream is another delicious dish.

There are so many delightful ways of serving Comet Rice. And the family appreciates variety, too.

Comet Rice comes in a clean, dustproof package. It is the finest quality grown in this country.

Order Comet Rice today. Serve it often in place of the everlasting potato and note the appreciation of the family!

Cook Rice Right—THE COMET WAY

HEAT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 20 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. Do not cover—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

TRY COMET NATURAL BROWN RICE. Ever taste whole rice? It retains the vitamins and natural bran coating. Doctors recommend it. Highly nourishing.

Seaboard Rice Milling Co.
Galveston and New York

The Pageant Widow

(Continued from Page 116)

perceived that his eyes were fixed searchingly upon her flowering boxes, as if he asked these blossoms if anyone else was at home.

She stood up, her face merely a whiter bloom above the geraniums. She was always alarmed now when she saw some unusual person ascending the hill; she so constantly expected bad news of her sons. This was why she took no intelligent notice of the way the colonel was wearing his hat.

SHE should have known that a bearer of sad tidings never comes with his hat sitting like a cock robin on his head. He wears it honestly and dolorously.

"Colonel Guilford, has—has anything happened?" she cried to him the moment he came opposite her.

"Why, no," he returned, startled at this question so far from his purpose, which, of course, was a secret purpose.

"I feared, when I saw you coming, that there was a message," she stammered.

"A message?" he repeated vaguely.

"About one of the boys," she murmured.

"You have not heard from them?"

"Not since the St. Mihiel drive—five weeks," she said, her voice trailing into a whisper.

She could stand it, she told him; but nothing could relieve her anxiety until she heard from the boys. He endeavored to distract her attention from this anguishing subject. This could not be done, either. She could think now only of the fate of her sons. She began to talk about them. From that she began to talk of herself. She had so little to do now, since the boys were gone. Nothing to sew or mend or plan. Wasn't it dreadful how the war had dashed all plans and stopped the future from coming on?

He was sympathetic. He would go himself to the post office for the evening mail; perhaps there would be letters for her. Well, if he only would, she entreated. Certainly, he would do anything for her, he implied delicately. But this was not the time to make that as broad and plain and personal as he meant it. What he really said was that he was out for a walk, but he would cut it short and go back for the mail.

Then he took his leave and went down the hill, thinking heavily that he had been near making a frightful blunder. What if he had told her that he thought she had planted a lily among her geraniums, when he came up just now and saw her face above them? What if he had said that, with her thinking only of her sons! He was out of practice, that was it. A man must be as limber as an acrobat, self-effacing at the right moment, tremendously apparent and effective also at the right moment, to court a woman.

THE widow watched him striding back down the hill, his magnificent coat tails convoluting in the soft September air. She wondered why he had never married. He was a "nice man." Then having tacked this little, narrow blue-ribbon adjective to him, she went on thinking about her sons.

There were no letters for her in the evening mail, he telephoned. No doubt she would get them in the morning, and so on, and so forth, but not much "and so forth" because the widow's voice over the wire indicated that she did not care to talk under the circumstances, namely, that William might be dead or wounded in France, and John might be a prisoner in Germany, and she did not know where Roger was.

You may become a sort of physician without ever taking an M.D. degree, and no quack at that. The next afternoon Guilford closed his office at five o'clock and started off to make this kind of professional call. That poor, little woman up there on the hill suffering the anguish of terrible suspense greatly needed someone to look after her. It was not his business, but he would make it his

business! The romantic impulse in its earlier stages is one of the most unselfish and noblest inspirations of which a man is capable. He saw the widow as he approached her house. She was coming down the steps. She was flushed with happiness; her eyes sang at him; her lips were smiling.

"Two letters from William, and four from John," she exclaimed, joyfully waving the sheaf of them over the gate.

Well, he was very glad. He had not rested the night before, thinking of her anxiety, he told her.

THIS was so good of him, she said, but not as if she had time to be more than passingly grateful. She must read William's letter to him. He would see then what a fine soldier William was. He saw and expatiated on the same. But wait! Now listen to this last letter from John! He waited and listened. And having finished she looked at him with that crown-on-her-head look. Wonderful, he vowed. Took courage to sail around fifteen thousand feet up in the air. He doubted if he had such courage himself. It was a sort of instinct with him to keep his feet on the ground. Ah, John was very brave, she returned sedately, as if such bravery was incomparable with that of ordinary mortals, and it was scarcely to be expected that he should even remotely connect himself with it.

She went on talking about these boys. For them her roses bloomed, her eyes shone, her smiles came. He was ashamed of his secret annoyance and made a gallant effort to outdo her in praise of these confounded boys.

The only satisfaction he had as he went back down the hill was that he had pleased her, but not himself.

This was the beginning of his courtship of Fanny Harpeth, one which he was obliged to conceal from the widow herself. He called every day now to get whatever news she had from the Front. If she had none, she entertained him with the whole history of her boys.

He could never break through with a personal word which was not personal to them. Good heavens! Couldn't she think of anything else—himself, for example? He deserved a thought, and he was only an audience.

HE BORE with her through the Argonne battle. Then came the armistice. He thanked heaven, not only for the end of the war, but for his own sake. He meant now to take a firmer hand with the widow. He hoped she had appreciated his consideration in not pressing his suit while the guns were booming along the Front in France. He did not think she was entirely blind to what was in his heart. He had occasionally caught a glance which was personal to him, startled, quickly given, quickly withdrawn, a flash of blue as the wing of her thought disappeared.

The question was how now to proceed. For who by taking thought can tell the east and west of a widow's mind? She may have been watching you through the thin muslin curtains of her mind since the beginning of your affair. She may have refused you long ago and only waits until her own convenient season to tell you so.

One evening late in November the widow's parlor had an expectant air. This was a bright, clean, little room with nothing in it worth anything, only the good, kind look of cherished things. The oak table wore a large, red blotter with two slender brass candlesticks at each end, holding brand-new candles. There were a few books, the only ones she had with gilt edges, so disposed that these edges glistened in the firelight. The red roses in the faded rug before the hearth had been beaten



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"IN BUSINESS
OVER 100 YEARS"

The Pageant Widow

(Continued from Page 117)

and dusted until they bloomed faintly. Pots of geraniums on the window casements flared red clusters of blossoms. The white scrim curtains were looped back and spread their tails stiffly. There was a bookcase against the wall filled with terrible volumes, theological, yielding nothing to the carnal nature of man, but softened now in this room by the deeper shadows; elder gospels in the gloom, with a vivid and opulent panel of roses hung above to catch the eye, like immortal hopes.

A large armchair, cushioned with red and gray rep which had faded, yawned on one side of the fire. A small chair, with a wicker back and bottom in black woodwork, balanced itself delicately on its rockers opposite the big chair, as if not for anything would it lean too far back or cross its legs.

IN THIS glowing, softened brightness the widow moved about in her black dress, very busy, very thoughtful, which is a mature form of being demure. The somber dress brought out the whiteness of her skin, the pale roses of her cheeks, the blueness of her eyes and the dull fairness of her hair; a pretty woman who had forgotten to put on her brows; these little, picked, ragged lines above her eyes showed like the careless stroke of an artist, but honest, when she might have made ends clearer by applying the burned end of a match. This was the best she could do for herself. She dressed and prinked the room instead. Maybe it was her housewifely instinct, maybe it was her womanly instinct. Anyhow, the effect was enhancing chiefly to her, as a rare and beautiful frame brings out the sweetness and purity of a good, worn, little woman's face.

Then the doorbell rang, and old Mary, who always came in for the night, since the boys were gone, let the colonel in.

To Guilford it was like getting into the ever-loving alabaster box to be allowed to enter this room. It soothed him and filled him with longing at the same time for a presence that could make a place like this. She received him neatly, a little primly, as became her dress.

"I am always so glad to see you," she said, when they were at last seated before the fire.

THEY talked about a few things, nothing of any consequence. She was afraid, she said, that it would still be a long time before the boys came home.

"It is bad for you living up here alone," he returned.

"I have Mary," she answered.

"But no companion, no one in whom you can really confide."

"Only you," she answered simply. "You have been so kind. I may have taxed your patience, talking so much about the boys," she added, regarding him entreatingly.

"Not at all," he returned heartily, giving her what she wanted as usual. "It has been, I may say, my chief pleasure to be of some comfort to you."

"Well, the worst of it is over now, and they will come home at last," she said.

"But not to stay."

"Not to stay?" she repeated.

"They will never settle down in Cranbrook. There is nothing here for such men as you have made them. They are different. They belong to the world. They will make their way in it, but not here," he said, giving her a look.

She did not return it. She sat with her hands folded, staring into the fire. "I have thought of that," she answered after a pause.

"Do you know the hardest thing I have had to bear, except the fear of their wounds and death in this war?" she asked.

"This loneliness," he replied.

"No, not that. There has been so little I could do for them, nothing to make or

mend for them. When you have spent your whole life giving and doing and loving, it is like losing your life when there is nothing else to be done for love."

"And you are still young."

"No; not young."

"Yes," he insisted; "too young to have finished with love and living."

A SILENCE fell between them and rested there, like a secret speech each whispered to the other. For one moment the color flamed in her cheeks, then faded. Here was his chance. He knew what to say and—could not say it. He was under "control." She made a gesture, or was it a glance, which said plainly: "I am a trust to keep for my sons. This is my duty."

Women, especially the best of them, are astoundingly unscrupulous.

Here was Fanny Harpeth in bondage to her sons; and yet she had been at great pains not an hour since to make this room the very charm that love makes with far more subtlety than a maid who exploits just herself, and for Guilford who had no notion that she was capable of such duplicity. In fact, it was not duplicity, it was the covetousness of every woman for love. Not one of them ever gets enough.

Guilford went home that night spellbound by a single thought. He had suddenly got a hint of how to win this woman. He

had discovered at last the kind of woman Fanny Harpeth was. She must perform sacrifices and services. Her life had been a ritual of such piety as that. Therefore he need only to prove his need of her. He must appeal to her maternal instincts, show his rags, become a potential Lazarus at the gates of her love. This is the oldest and strongest appeal to women. Every man makes it.

THE next time Guilford called on the widow he wore a shirt with disgracefully frayed cuffs, a mere hint to see how she would take it. He was encouraged. She fixed her eyes at once on these fringed wristbands. She had less to say than usual about her sons. She was distracted by needle thoughts. Guilford added to her distress by pulling off the raveled threads of his cuffs as if he was accustomed to doing this. Also, he gave evidence of deep depression. But to her diffidently expressed concern for his health he replied that he was quite well, only tired of the monotony of life. No real incentive to achieve much for a man in his position. He supposed she knew all about that feeling now? No, she did not. Well, of course, not yet, he answered broodingly, because she had had something to accomplish and live for.

She stirred at this use he made of the pluperfect tense, "had had," a ditch he dug with two words between her busy past and her vacuous future.

"But you will know, now that your sons are grown and out of the way," he went on, giving her a pitying prophetic glance.

She was too much disturbed not only by his ravelings but his mood to make a suitable reply.

From this time forth he went carefully to pieces morally and sartorially. He let her know that his life had been and would be a failure. He played upon her compassion with no compunctions.

One winter afternoon Plimpton entered Guilford's front office, which was already dark in the December twilight. He was about to go on into the private office, the door of which was open, when he was arrested by what he saw going on in there. Guilford was sitting before his desk, grinning

(Continued on Page 120)



Fatigued or just healthily tired?

Specially made to suit you exactly—a corset should be a vitality-giving companion, helping to bring you unfatigued to the close of each busy day

THE end of an active day—does it find you physically and mentally worn and weary, or can you enjoy the relief of relaxing healthy muscles, tired but unstrained? Much of the answer depends upon your corset.

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From the moment your NuBone Corset is slipped on in the morning, you feel its benefits. The first will be that you are so much less conscious of wearing a corset. It supports and strengthens your body in your day's domestic, business, social, or outdoor activities. It never hinders, never stiffens your body in its natural movements. It helps your body to do your alert mind's bidding—adds to the buoyant spontaneity of your enjoyment of a full day's activities.

The NuBone Corsetière will give you freedom from the inconvenience and from the even dangerous results of ordinary corsetry. She is a woman of taste, and experience, and training in the art of corsetry who looks upon the service to her clients as a profession. A NuBone Corsetière will come to you in your own home and there, in its privacy, she will study the lines of your figure; will take the careful measurements required to make a corset to meet your particular needs. Presently she will return to fit your corset, and to reveal to you the secret of correct adjustment. Your NuBone Corset then must meet, as no other corset can, the exact needs of your figure.



More than that, your NuBone Corsetière will give you a corset that will add charm to your most modest gown—she might indeed be suspected of being in league with your dressmaker not only to enhance the natural lines of your figure but to give you the subtle atmosphere of easy grace so envied in the truly well-gowned woman.

And the secret of NuBone's strengthening support, its ready yielding—its flexibility—is the stay of finest woven piano wire. This is the only Woven Wire Stay and is used only in NuBone Corsets. A written guarantee accompanies every NuBone Corset. Look in your telephone book, call the NuBone Corsetière and ask her to tell you more about this NuBone Stay and the Corset it makes possible, or write us at the address given below, and we will immediately put you in touch with her. Be assured that this will not obligate you in the least. We



Bends edgewise as easily as flatwise

The NuBone Woven Wire Stay

NuBone is the only Woven Wire Stay in existence. The machines that weave the strands of finest piano wire into the NuBone Stay are patented, owned and operated by The NuBone Corset Company only. The Stays are used only in NuBone Corsets.

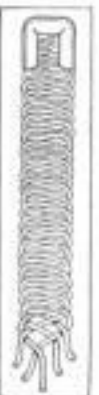
The Woven construction produces a flat, thin, smooth and light stay, having extreme flexibility combined with great strength. It permits the utmost freedom of motion and is guaranteed to support fully any type of figure.

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The economy of NuBone Corsets is due, first, of course, to the moderate purchase price, but then also to the ease and possible frequency of washing. Both the stay and the fabrics can go through many a laundering without showing it.

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A written guarantee accompanies every NuBone Corset, under the terms of which the old corset is replaced by a new one, free of charge, if a NuBone Stay rusts or breaks within a year.



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The lure of the chafing dish is complete when R & R Boned Chicken plays the title rôle.

What is better than Chicken Creole or Chicken à la King served steaming hot from the chafing dish? Or what is so sensible and economical as merely lifting a tin of R & R Boned Chicken from the pantry shelf to make one of these delightful recipes?

Supper is the favorite meal of most folks. Menu-makers should take a tip and reserve a large space on the pantry shelf for R & R Boned Chicken.

Solid chicken meat, with the wholesome country flavor, cooked ready to serve and packed in sanitary tins. For home or outing use, it is a favorite and a convenience.

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Plum Pudding
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(in glass jars)

The contents of a tin are equal to three times the quantity of uncooked meat.

RICHARDSON & ROBBINS
DOVER DELAWARE
ESTABLISHED 1855

The Pageant Widow

(Continued from Page 118)

and very busy. Plimpton saw him hold out one side of the coat he was wearing and cut two buttons from it with his penknife. Then he reared in his chair, looked down at his vest, deliberately chose a crucial button and cut it off.

But it was not until Guilford seized the tail of his coat and tore at the lining that the doctor became thoroughly alarmed. The man was mad, violent. He strode into the room. Guilford looked up, startled. "What's the matter with you?" Plimpton demanded. "Nothing. Why?"

"Well, a man does not tear up his clothes unless something ails him," Plimpton exclaimed, fixing his eyes on a portion of the lining which hung from the tail of his coat. "Are you ill?" he insisted.

"No," Guilford answered mildly. He stood up and regarded himself with interest. "What is the effect you get?" he asked.

"That of a lunatic," Plimpton replied. "Not the one I planned," Guilford mused, still studying this effect.

"What had you planned?"

Guilford resumed his chair; he toyed with the penknife which lay upon the desk, a slow grin beginning to widen every feature of his face. The doctor continued to regard him suspiciously. "You know women, don't you?" Guilford asked.

"I've been a physician for twenty-five years—ought to know women," Plimpton answered; "but what has that got to do with this?" he wanted to know.

"I—well, I was just going up to call on Fanny Harpeth."

"In that fix! And what for?"

"To give her something else to think about besides her sons. I'm in love with her."

"By Jove!" Plimpton exclaimed, dropping into a chair and staring at Guilford.

"I've seen a good deal of her since the boys went over. And the burden of her heart is that she has no one to cook, keep, sew and mend for since they are gone. I have tried every way to change the subject, attract her attention. Finally, I worked it out. For the last month I have been going to pieces before her very eyes. It works like a charm. She is so worried about me, she is beginning to care for me. Understand?"

Plimpton let himself go in a roar of laughter. He held his sides and whooped. "Well, you've overdone it," he said at last.

"No, you cannot overdo it with a woman. I've found that out. They demand the italics of every emotion," Guilford retorted. "This is my last grand-stand play," he said, getting up and putting on his coat and hat.

An hour later he was sitting before Mrs. Harpeth's parlor fire. She sat like a little old daguerreotype of faded prettiness on the opposite side. What a man could do for himself was so well done, that is to say, he was so well shaven and barbered and brushed that she did not at once detect that all the things which only a woman can do for a man needed doing. Then she saw his emergencies, the buttonless coat, the gaping vest, the hem slouching over his heel. Oh, horrors, that breadth of lining hanging from his coat! For some time she had noticed growing evidences of disrepair. The poor man! had he no sense of his condition?

Apparently not. Guilford was talking with a fine disregard for his dilapidated state. "After all," he said, "life is merely an appearance, then a disappearance. Why are we so concerned, then, for our happiness?" he asked her in a fine, rolling bass.

She could not answer. A duty was pressing upon her like a pain in her side.

"I might have been something; but what does it matter? Presently I shall be nothing. Why struggle? I feel myself slipping. Despair—it is a drug, powerful; did you know that? Why, Fanny, what is this?" he exclaimed, looking across at her, startled by the sound of a suppressed sob.

"Oh, it is all so sad," she moaned, her eyes filled with tears.

"That you cannot love me, yes," he said. "But I can. I do!" she cried, regarding him pityingly.

"THAT makes all the difference," he said. A moment later, with her head upon his breast, his arms infolding her.

But only a moment of this, one little moment against so many years to come.

She drew away from him, gently but firmly. "The boys!" she said.

"What have they to do with this, your happiness and mine?" he exclaimed.

"When—you have children," she began slowly, "they—finally—do not belong to you, but you always belong to them."

"Nonsense; we belong to each other now."

"I cannot promise so much now. The world, everything is different; they must find me—not changed—when they come home," she said as one recites a creed.

"But you do not know when they will come. It may be months, a year. We—"

"I had forgotten to tell you, I was so disturbed to see you—like this," glancing furtively at his coat; "but to-day I had a wire from William. They have landed in New York. To-morrow I go to meet them." Then she gave him a tearful smile. "It seems strange I should have forgotten to tell you such news," she said.

It was a compliment to him, this forgetfulness; he admitted that it was. He made the most of it and was obliged to be contented with the best she could do for him, which was that he should wait for his answer until she had welcomed her sons.

Two days later he had a brief note from her, which read:

Dear Colonel Guilford: It is so difficult to write what I must say. I fear you will not understand, but I know you will forgive. My sons claim me. As a mother, I am sacred to them. As your wife, I could not be. I dare not outrage their idealism to accomplish your happiness or my own. Faithfully yours,
FRANCES HARPETH.

Guilford sent his clothes to a tailor and went back to his law practice, so refreshed by this whiff of a romance that within a year he had distinguished himself for the first time in a famous case before the supreme court of the state.

Meanwhile the little widow sits alone in her house. She still haunts the post office for letters from her sons, who are all doing well, she will tell you, in their chosen professions. And yes, she is very well herself—only a little tired with nothing to do. Strange how wearisome idleness is. But the boys take such wonderful care of her. She must rest and do as she pleases. She is the Scriptures for her sons, their poetry and their ideal. It is like being a little gilt-edged book laid away in a drawer, not read, known by heart, sometimes quoted. So she is beginning to fade. She is getting that futile, innocent look of age in her eyes. She has passed. She only wonders vaguely how it happened. And any woman can tell her. But not one of them will do it.





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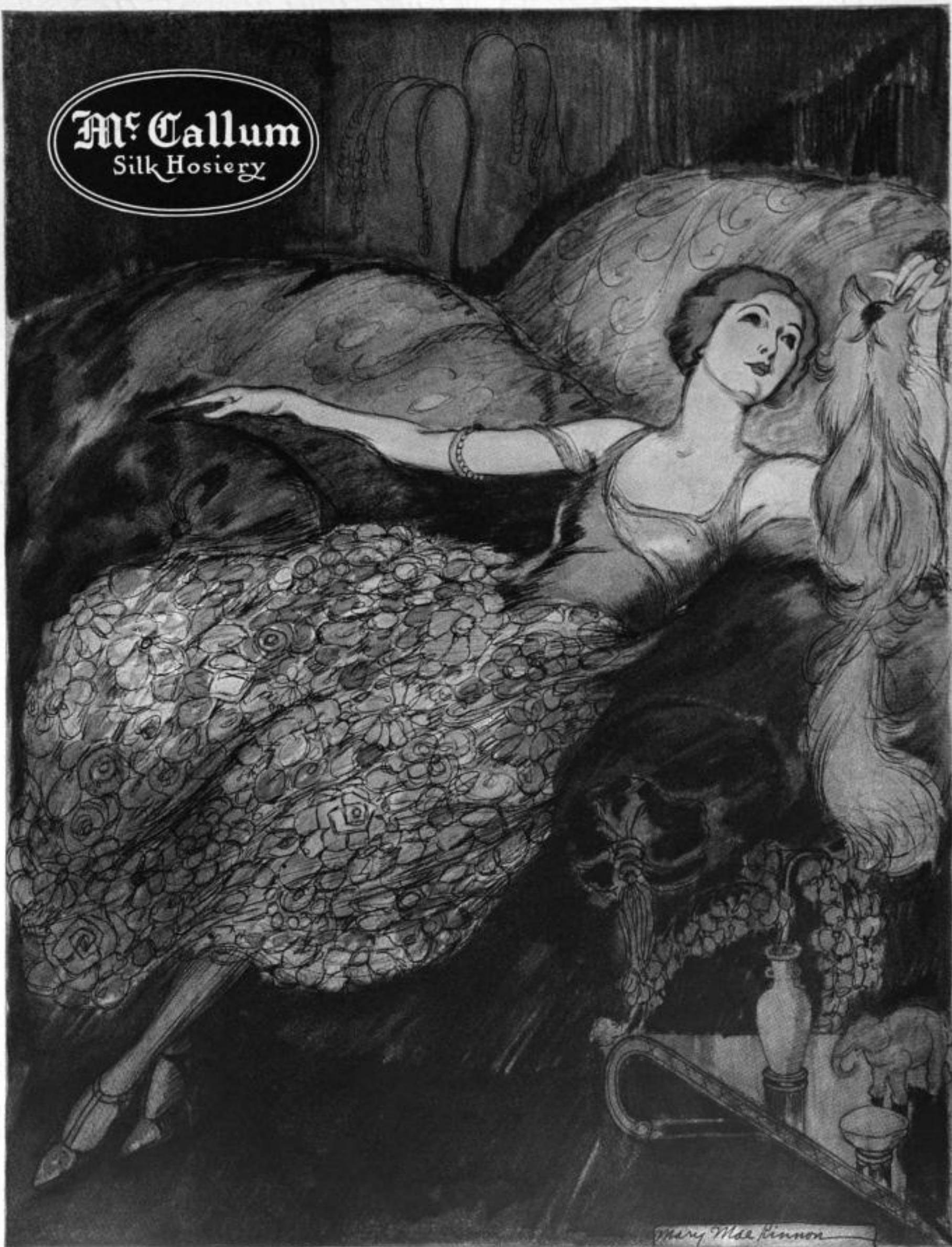
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Where I Test Ladies' Home Journal Recipes



By CAROLINE B. KING

Whose Articles on Cooking and Housekeeping Can Be Found in No Other Woman's Magazine

When I worked out the plans for my kitchen I kept the idea of smoothness before me constantly; I had all the free edges of the woodwork beveled, so that they may be easily cleaned; the plaster is hard and firm; there are no dirt-alluring crevices in the floor, which meets the walls tightly. There is no line to break the wall space, no rail or molding or shelves jutting into the room, no wainscoting, nothing at all to mar the effect of smoothness and evenness. The woodwork, while not quite flush with the plaster, projects so slightly that it is almost on a level with the wall.

All this may sound as though my kitchen might be a rather severe and unattractive place. But I have tried to make it beautiful as well as sanitary and efficient. I spent more time in the selection of its furnishings and decorations than I did on those for the living room, purchasing them not only with a thought for their durability and utility, but their beauty as well. Yellow, the most cheerful of all colors, is the note which prevails. A warm, sunshiny yellow are the walls, with a smooth unglazed white in the woodwork to contrast with them. Both are washable, and so are sanitary as well as cheerful.

The yellow note in my decorations is repeated in the checked gingham curtains at the windows. Yellow, too, is most of my kitchenware and crockery. Some of the prettiest pieces came from the five-and-ten-cent stores; others I discovered in arts-and-crafts shops or department stores.

The floor of my kitchen is of narrow Georgia-pine boards, stained and waxed until they shine. A linoleum rug of tan and brown, extending to within two feet of the walls, adds to the cozy, cleanly effect of the room and harmonizes well with the general color scheme. My floor is easily kept in shining order and has a resiliency which would have been lacking in tiles or cement. In front of the sink is a mat of white rubber bordered with brown that is restful to the feet; and as it may be washed with the hose, it is practical.

Utensils are Systematically Arranged

MY WORKTABLE and a smaller table beside the sink are white, with porcelain tops, and the chairs are also white. So my kitchen, with pots of green herbs and plants in the windows, is one of the pleasantest places in the house.

The dresser and cabinet and cupboard combined, between the dining-room door and the pantry, is a wonderful aid to good housekeeping. Glass doors inclose four eight-inch shelves above the open space, and below it are six drawers, deep and wide. A tall, narrow closet at the right of the dresser is divided into a small cupboard at the top and a long shallow one beneath. The latter provides a place for brooms, brushes, ironing board, clothespin bag, and implements for cleaning silver, brass, windows, and the like, while the small cupboard above is useful for storing extra laundry supplies.

Behind the glass doors of the dresser are stored my kitchen bowls and pottery, my yellow cereal-and-spice jars, my brown casseroles and my glass baking dishes. One shelf is relegated to my cookbooks, for I have quite a library of them in my kitchen.

In the deep drawers beneath the dresser I have established a system which has saved me many an hour, usually spent in hunting for some certain pan or egg beater that never had any place to call its own. My system is that of grouping utensils pertaining to various types of work, so that when one is ready to begin an undertaking everything necessary for its accomplishment is at hand immediately. Thus, everything needful in baking is placed in the upper left-hand

drawer—pan, cutters, and so on, are all right at hand when I want them. In the second drawer are grouped the implements for mixing, beating, stirring, straining, rolling, whipping, and the like; and in the lower drawer my tools for fancy cookery and unusual dishes. The other upper drawer is used for my kitchen office supplies, an inkstand that will not spill, paper pads, pencils, rubber bands, paste and brush, labels, and so on. Here also are toothpicks, skewers, paper napkins, pie collars, chop frills and a pincushion supplied with pins and threaded needles.

The towels and kitchen aprons fill the next drawer. The bottom drawer is used for the ironing tools. The open shelf between the upper and lower sections of the cupboard holds tea caddy, mortar and pestle, and some of my laboratory implements, but nothing more unless it be a pair of candlesticks or a tray, which are permitted because of the nice note they add to the decorative scheme.

The pantry is both a place for food supplies—not kept in either the refrigerator or the cellar—and for the larger utensils. The food products are given the shelves at one end of the pantry, all foods not received in tightly covered tins or cartons being placed in yellow crockery jars or yellow-painted tin receptacles, each of which is fitted with a substantial cover. Canned goods and surplus supplies, and such large utensils as are not frequently required, are placed on the top shelf, which, by the way, is not as "unget-at-able" as most top shelves, for I have a set of small steps, very inconspicuous, but strong and well made, in my pantry, and these, being on rollers, may be pushed from place to place as they are required.

All the other things in the pantry are grouped and so arranged that they are easily accessible. A six-inch shelf, placed midway between two of the wider shelves, is very useful; on it I keep all my flavoring extracts, spice boxes, sauces, baking powder, and the rest of those small articles which, in the ordinary pantry, are apt to be hidden behind larger jars and bottles. A tin box, which also stands on this shelf, holds my little jar of vegetable colors, a small box of candied rose leaves and cherries, another of little silver candies for decorating cakes, some strips of angelica, and the collection of very minute pastry or icing tubes which I use in making the ornaments on cakes or desserts. With this box at hand I find it the work of only a few moments to transform a plain dessert into a very fancy affair, and to make a birthday cake look pretty enough to please the most fastidious little boy or girl.

Ready for Visitors

THE pantry shelves are painted white and smooth, like the woodwork in the kitchen, on both surfaces. They are very easy to keep clean and sanitary when treated in this way, and the decorative note is added in the rather artistic lace-paper edging which I fasten to the shelves with white thumb tacks. This border may be renewed whenever necessary without disturbing the shelves.

Each of the kitchen tables contains drawers, and in these the smaller tools, all classified and grouped, are kept. One drawer holds only knives—chopping knife, paring knives, large kitchen knife, grapefruit knife, spatulas of different sizes and the glass knife for slicing oranges and lemons. In another drawer are spoons, and I have a large assortment of them—for mixing, beating, stirring and measuring. The third drawer contains the tools that any household requires daily, screw driver, hammer, boxes of tacks, and so on.

As to my utensils, I try always to have every convenience that I believe will honestly help me in my work, but not a single superfluous one. I have a whole series of egg beaters, one small enough to beat one egg yolk in a cup, one so large I sometimes use it for beating mashed potatoes. I have a bread mixer, and a pressure cooker, and a most efficient broiler for use on top of the range.

My dish pan is a substantial one of block tin, resting on rubber feet and fitting into the sink in a neat manner, because of its rectangular shape. It has a stopper and strainer. My dish drainer has almost eliminated the drying of dishes.

Among the smaller implements I have wooden paddles, strainers, lemon and orange squeezers, ice shredders, pastry forks for cutting the shortening into the flour, apple corers, vegetable cutters, kitchen shears, a porcelain rolling pin that keeps my pastry cool, and a dozen other tools which, small though they are, I would miss greatly were they to vanish.

As far as possible I have tried to eliminate noise in my kitchen. Therefore, I have had everything that could be so treated fitted with rubber knobs, rubber pads or rubber strips. Rubber heels on the shoes of the helper in the kitchen do much toward maintaining quiet and a peaceful mind.

My kitchen is a busy place while work is going on, but when everything is finished, then nothing is permitted to remain in view that pertains to the working hours. I know that many housewives like the appearance of business which rows of pots and pans on the wall give to a kitchen; but I like the "cleaned up and ready for visitors air" of the kitchen, cleared of working implements, each immaculate utensil in its place on the neat shelves, or in drawers, and the pots and bowls and jars behind the glass doors of the cupboard—all assuring me that not only is my kitchen clean from my housewife's standpoint, but that it is sanitary and wholesome as well.



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Colette Cooks Eggs

By MARIE JACQUES

WHEN the Story Teller said that she

wanted to come and stay I was ever so pleased. For a long while I had liked and admired her at a respectful distance; and the thought of having her under my own roof and all to myself was enchanting. But there was just one thorn in my rose-leaf bed. The Story Teller is a food faddist of a most pronounced type; and what was Colette going to say about that?

I mentioned gently that a lady was coming to stay on Saturday. Colette looked pleased. She likes visitors.

"I will kill the little pig—the one with a black spot near his tail," said she.

"But that's just the trouble," I explained; "this lady eats no meat."

"The fish merchant passes only on Thursdays," said Colette hastily. (She detests fish, and cooks it worse than anything else.)

"She doesn't eat fish either. She lives entirely on eggs."

Colette screwed up her brown old face into the most severe of wrinkles. "Is she a delicate eater?" demanded she.

I hesitated. But truth and a cold in the head must come out sooner or later, so — "Well—perhaps—just a little," I admitted. And I waited, shaking in my shoes.

The wrinkles deepened, wavered, broke, and the whole face beamed out in a broad grin of pure delight. "Ah! *Merci, mon Dieu!*" cried Colette devoutly. "At last I shall have in the house somebody who will really eat and enjoy eggs as they ought to be cooked! Does she stay long, this lady?"

"Fifteen days."

"And she will eat eggs twice a day! *Encore un grand merci, mon Dieu!*" She was quite carried away over it.

The Story Teller hadn't been in the house an hour before she and Colette had fallen on each other's necks, and the result was that Colette's egg cooking became not only an artistic triumph but a work of love. Really, she did some remarkably good things—and quite out of the way, many of them. I will try to tell you about them.

Oeufs aux Petits Pois

THE first evening there was a sort of creamy dish with green peas in it and wee stars of fried bread to decorate the edge. "Eggs with little peas," murmured the Story Teller. "I ate it often in Paris, but it was not so good as this—the peas were less completely mixed into the eggs. I think they cooked the eggs first and put the peas in afterwards, and —"

"Ah, but that is wrong!" cried Colette, quite forgetting that she must not talk when she waits at table. "Listen! This is how I do it:

"I fry my little stars of bread and keep them very hot in the oven till they are wanted. I take one pint of tender little peas, wash them in cold water, drain them well, and toss them in as much flour as they can pick up. In my stewpan I melt a big tablespoonful of butter and toss the peas in it till they are well buttered all over. Then I add one cupful of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, a big lump of sugar, and one little onion, peeled."

"Or one bay leaf," suggested the Story Teller.

"If you choose. Or, again, one may rub the sugar on a cut head of garlic. All are good. Bring the pan to the boil, cover it, let it simmer till the peas are quite tender."

"Now beat up four eggs as if for an omelet. Move your pan to a hot place on the fire. Pour in the eggs and stir briskly with a little

wooden spoon till they just take. Whisk the pan off the fire at once, pour the contents into a hot dish, decorate with the fried bread, and serve without losing a second."

The important thing is that the eggs must not be allowed to harden into lumps, as badly cooked scrambled eggs do. There is just one moment at which, mingling with the sauce from the peas, they make a thick, smooth cream. And that moment is the one in which you must whisk your pan off the fire. Wateriness means that they are done too little and lumpiness that they are done too much. Only creaminess is perfection.

If new peas are not to be had one can very nicely use a can of the smallest peas. Drain them and toss them in flour, as directed above. In a double boiler melt a generous tablespoonful of butter, and add a small onion, grated; then put in the peas and stir until the butter is sizzling. Then add the water, salt, and a lump—or teaspoonful—of sugar and proceed in exactly the same way as with fresh peas.

Next day at lunch there was a little copper saucepan standing before the Story Teller's place. It was a pretty little saucepan, beautifully cleaned and twinkling invitingly; still, one does not, as a rule, put pans on the table, and I began to murmur an excuse.

"It's all right!" she assured me. "That's *fondue au fromage*, and it always must be served in the thing in which it cooked, in order to keep it hot enough. Some people use a copper or fireproof china dish, but I like the saucepan best myself."

A *fondue au fromage* is quite easy to make. Break into your little pan four very fresh eggs. Add a big pinch of pepper, a small pinch of salt and a big pinch of sugar, and beat the whole thing with a wooden spoon till the eggs froth well. Then add four tablespoonfuls of fresh butter and a cupful of grated cheese—Cheddar or Gruyère—set the pan on a very gentle heat, and stir continually with a wooden spoon till the mixture thickens into a smooth cream.

Again, this mustn't be allowed to go into lumps like an omelet or scrambled eggs. As soon as it clings to the spoon and coats it, it is done. Serve it in the pan and give something crisp and crackling to eat with it—potato ribbons, piping hot, sprinkled well with salt and piled upon a folded napkin, are the ideal.

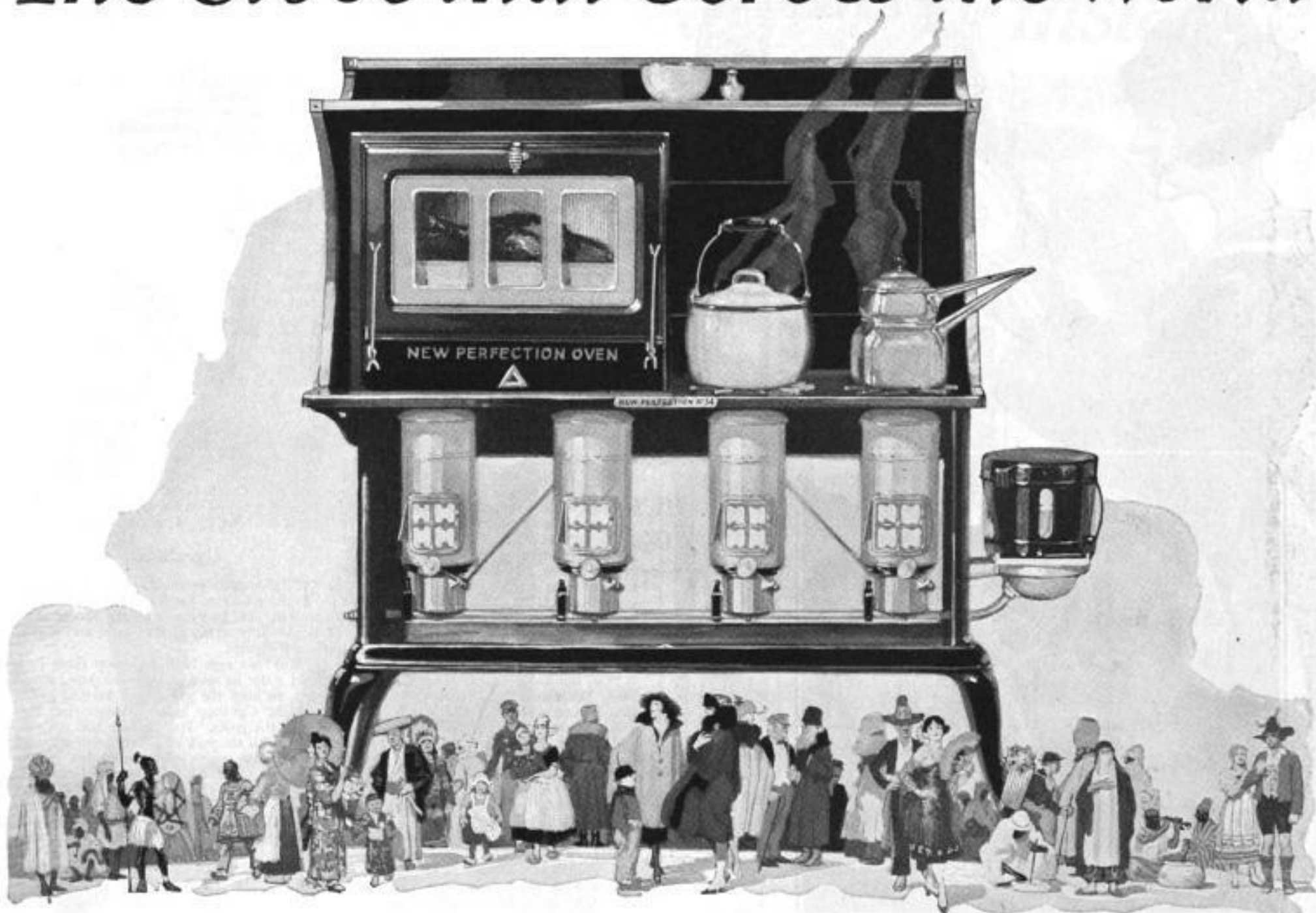
Eggs With Cheese

COLETTE considers this one of the most nourishing of all her egg dishes, quite substantial enough to be the chief course of a meal. She always serves purée of potatoes with it, as the dish itself is rather rich and can well carry off a simple vegetable, such as mashed potatoes.

Allow two eggs for each person—more if you like, of course, but two at least. Get your pan of deep frying fat on the fire and heat it till it comes to boiling point, which it does just a few seconds before it stops bubbling and gives off a thin blue smoke. Then drop the eggs in, one at a time, and poach them in the fat, just as you are accustomed to do in water. They cook much faster in the fat, and you should be ready to take them out as soon as they are set. If you allow them to harden, the charm of the dish will be lost. Have ready a fireproof dish in which you have melted half a teaspoonful of the best fresh butter and one tablespoonful of grated cheese for each egg. The dish should stand in the oven while you are preparing the eggs.

(Continued on Page 126)

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SYRACUSE CHINA

Colette Cooks Eggs

(Continued from Page 124)

and you should stir the contents now and then, so that the cheese may melt nicely without getting browned at all. Arrange the eggs neatly in the prepared dish, spoon just a little of the butter over them, sprinkle them daintily with salt and pepper, and serve the whole thing piping hot.

Take care to drain the eggs when you fish them out of the fat.

If you cannot eat rich things poach the eggs in water. But the dish becomes more ordinary at once, though still nice.

Eggs à l'Ardennaise

"ALMOST as uncommon as it is delicious," sighed the Story Teller, lovingly regarding the snowy mountains of whipped whites, with golden yolks tucked away among them. "Why don't folks do it more often, I wonder? It is quite easy."

Take a rather deep fireproof dish and butter it. Whip up the whites of four or five eggs to a froth so stiff that the fork will stand in it, seasoning them with pepper, salt, a tiny pinch of mixed sweet herbs, just as if for an omelet. Pile the whipped whites roughly in the dish and trickle over them one tablespoonful of good cream for each egg. Slip in the yolks wherever they fit best, and set the whole thing in a brisk oven till the yolks are just set. The white really ought not to brown, although now and then one can't keep it from coloring a little on the peaks. Serve immediately in the dish in which it is cooked.

"What a pity that madame can take no meat!" sighed Colette regretfully. "It hinders me from making her an omelet with croûtons, which is the best of all omelets."

"Oh, but I don't go as far as that!" the Story Teller assured her hastily. "It is not that I have made a vow against meat, my good Colette—it is simply that slices of beef and mutton do not agree with me. But an omelet with croûtons made with a little gravy of veal or chicken—why, that is all that there is of the most delicious, is it not?"

It was. And not quite like any other omelet that I have ever tasted.

Take a good round of bread about a quarter of an inch thick, remove the crusts and cut the white into little squares. Fry the squares in a very little butter till they are just colored. Now put into a pan just enough good gravy to cover the bottom to the depth of about one inch; put in your bread squares, let them drink up all they can, and then add more if necessary, so that the pan is just not dry. Let it simmer gently till the bread is quite tender, adding a few drops more of gravy if they are wanted, but remembering that, in the end, the pan must boil dry. Beat it up with a fork, add salt and pepper to taste, and then beat in four eggs, one at a time. Have ready a little butter melted in an omelet pan, pour in the mixture, and cook like an ordinary omelet, taking care that it does not stick.

Eggs With Savory Herbs

COLETTE gave us soft-boiled eggs several times.

In France they are served very frequently, all kinds of different sauces being put with them—tomato, cream sauce, thickened gravies and others. They are quite easy to do, they are quickly prepared, and many people find them far more digestible than hard-boiled eggs.

Bring a pan of water to the boil, drop in your eggs and let them boil fast for five minutes. Fish them out and drop them straight into the coldest water you can get. Let them stay in the cold water just one minute. Then take them out and peel them immediately. They are not quite easy to do at first, as the shells rather tend to stick to the whites; but a little practice will give you the trick of it. Eggs cooked in this way are well set and yet tender to the touch, and with the full taste, which is lost when they

are boiled hard. Have your sauce ready, and pour it over them at once, before they have time to get cold.

Supposing that you want to do them with savory herbs—you must make the characteristic and delicious sauce.

Put into a small saucepan one teaspoonful chopped parsley, one teaspoonful grated onion, one leaf of mint and a tiny bay leaf, the juice of a large sweet orange, three tablespoonfuls of water and a large tablespoonful of butter rolled in as much flour as it can pick up. Let all boil gently for fifteen minutes, stirring often and adding a little more water if the sauce gets too thick. Strain it. Add salt and pepper to taste. Put the eggs into a casserole, pour the sauce over them, sprinkle with fine crumbs of fried bread, and slip the dish into the oven barely long enough to heat it all up thoroughly, but not long enough either to dry the sauce or harden the eggs. I think you will find your family most appreciative.

"In Italy they leave out the butter, bay leaf, mint and onion, and, instead, they use oil and garlic and just about half of a leaf of sage," said the Story Teller. "I don't know that their dish is better than yours, my Colette—no, that I do not say—but you might try it one time, by way of a change."

Eggs Mimosa

THIS was the prettiest and most tempting thing Colette had ever done, I thought, though the two egg epicures shook their heads sadly at my lack of taste and said it was ordinary.

Boil four eggs hard and drop them into cold water as soon as they are done, won't you, to keep the yolks from turning green outside. Cut them in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks. Make a nice stiff mayonnaise with the yolk of a very fresh egg and pile it in the spaces left in the whites. At the center of a flat dish make a small round pile of finely chopped small salad, tossed in just a drop or two of oil and vinegar. Put the prepared whites all round, radiating outwards from the pile, like the petals of a flower. Hold a fine sieve over the dish and rub the hard-boiled yolks through it so that they fall in fine golden rain. Cool it well before serving.

Gateau Golden

IT'S not a cake at all, but a sort of soufflé. French folks have a way of naming everything that is cooked brown in the oven a "gateau."

"Take half a pound of rice, wash it well, and put it into a pan with enough milk to cover it, the rind of a lemon and salt to taste. Let it simmer very gently till it has cooked itself into a soft thick paste. You may add a little more milk from time to time, but don't let the mixture be sloppy at all; there must be no liquid in it when it is done. Take out the lemon rind, let the rice cool to lukewarm, and then beat in, one after another, the yolks of four eggs. Now add salt to taste, with a dash of red pepper—"

"Somebody once told me to put a very little mustard," murmured the Story Teller.

"A fool!" was Colette's prompt comment. "Mustard with milk? *Mon Dieu!*"

"You are right," said the Story Teller meekly. "Go on."

"Butter a mold thickly—a tin mold is better than a china one—and sprinkle it with the finest browned crumbs. Beat up the whites of the eggs to the stiffest possible froth, fold them gently into the rice, fill the mold not more than half full, because the gateau rises a great deal, and bake it in an oven brisk enough to brown it well, for forty-five minutes. Turn out and serve immediately, before it has time to fall.

"Serve with it any sauce you like. Tomato sauce is delicious with it, and so is the sauce with savory herbs."



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PEACH JUNKET

Dissolve one junket tablet in one tablespoon cold water. Heat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk and two tablespoons sugar quickly in a saucepan, stirring until sugar is dissolved; add $3\frac{3}{4}$ cups milk and heat slowly until lukewarm, no more. Remove from fire, add one teaspoon vanilla or almond extract, add dissolved junket tablet and pour into dish from which it is to be served. Stand in warm place undisturbed until set like jelly, then chill. Serve with one can Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

PEACH TRIFLE

Drain one can Del Monte Peaches and rub through sieve. Dissolve 3 tablespoons powdered gelatin in one cup peach juice and keep hot. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of peach juice and water into small pan, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, bring to boiling point and boil 10 minutes. Add peaches, one cup custard and gelatin. Cool and beat 8 minutes, add 4 egg whites and beat until slightly stiff. Chill in a glass dish and serve with sliced peaches.

PEACH BETTY

Arrange 1 cup of bread crumbs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($\frac{3}{4}$ can) of Del Monte Canned Sliced Peaches which have been drained, in alternate layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkle each layer of peaches with sugar and a little cinnamon, dot with 2 tablespoons of butter, pour $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of water over all, and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

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All about the 1922 contest

This year prizes in the recipe contest will be awarded for the best recipes for soups or sauces or entrées made with Evaporated Milk. Remember, no desserts, no other dishes—only soups, sauces and entrées. Send the recipe only. All recipes must reach the Borden Company not later than June 15th, 1922.

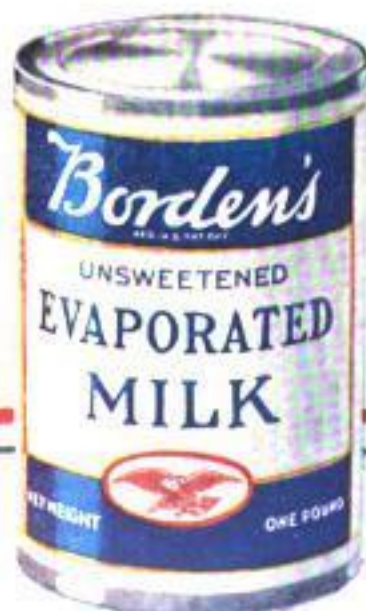
The first prize will be \$100.00. The second \$50.00; the third and fourth prizes \$25.00 each; the ten next best \$10.00 each; and the forty next best \$5.00 each. There are fifty-four prizes in all. This contest is open to everyone.

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A BLACKBOARD in the kitchen, or on the wall of the pantry between kitchen and dining room, will become a real factor in saving time and effort. Here all sorts of kitchen messages and requirements may be quickly jotted—the order for the grocer, supplies needed, a reminder to order coal, a request for the iceman or milkman, or a telephone number frequently used; perhaps a message to the children or cook, when mother has been called away hurriedly, a note to take father's suit to the tailor's; or some other household data. No end of useful plans for the blackboard will occur to one when it is once established.

A SMALL closet in the side of the chimney will occupy space usually wasted and prove as convenient in summer as in winter. One that measures about thirty-six inches wide and twenty inches deep—opening at the side, not in front—will hold five or six logs, with a supply of kindling for building three or four fires. In summer it may be used for storing newspapers and magazines.

VERY light and durable laundry baskets may be made by scrubbing the bushel baskets in which peaches or pears have been packed, and then giving them a coat of flat white paint and one of enamel. These baskets are not only sanitary and good-looking, but since they cost next to nothing one may keep two or three on hand and forestall the dangerous temptation to carry a large basket full of heavy, wet clothes.

A DOOR that sticks may not be in need of the carpenter's attention. Perhaps the screws of the hinges have worked loose, and merely tightening them with the screw driver will remedy the difficulty. Sometimes it is well to replace the old screws with new ones of slightly larger size; this bit of diplomacy is also effective in stopping the rattling of a loose door knob.

DO YOU carry your soiled clothes from bedroom floor to basement laundry? It's an economy to have a clothes chute, for saving strength is saving money in many different ways. One woman, who had to economize on space, had the tread of the next-to-the-top step of her stairway hinged and a chute fitted in. A large clothes basket placed below the chute eliminated further handling. Of course, if her basement stairway had been located directly beneath the other stairs, the chute would have had to be placed at one side.

For use in an old house, a tin chute is usually cheapest and best. It can be made by any tinsmith, and will admit of necessary bends, provided that the angles are not greater than ten to fifteen degrees. One must be sure, too, that the joints or seams are perfectly smooth inside, each length of pipe fitting into the one below it. The chute should be not less than fifteen inches in diameter, but can be made as much larger as you wish.

Another ingenious use of the stair steps is to hinge the tread of the second or third step of the stairs, put in a back and a bottom, and keep in the little box thus formed hammer, tacks, screw driver and other handy tools—or even overshoes. A catch of some sort should, of course, be put on tread.



May Wilson Preston uses ledged and bracketed shelves on her closet door to solve the shoe-disposal-in-limited-space problem.

WHEN the lawn or garden must serve also as drying yard for the laundry, strong, dependable clothes poles that may easily be put up and taken down are most desirable. One need not buy such poles and sockets ready to be put up, for they can be made at home.

First fill a seven-foot length of one-and-a-quarter-inch galvanized iron pipe with cement, directions for the mixing of which will be cheerfully furnished by the seller. This will result in a pole weighing from ten to fifteen pounds. Now attach a hook for the line about four inches below the top by means of a bolt run through holes bored in the pipe, with a nut screwed on the end to hold it in place. To hold the pipe in position, another short length of pipe, about eighteen or twenty inches long and of slightly larger diameter, should be driven into the ground until the top of it is just even with the surface of the ground.

If the soil is sandy the pole will be more firmly anchored by means of a cement block, about four inches square and two feet deep, and this, too, can be made at home. A socket for the pole is provided for when the block of cement is cast, a section of pipe being embedded in the center until the cement has almost set, when it is turned round and round and finally pulled out. This block, buried in the earth, will make a practically everlasting base for the poles. When not in use, the poles may be stored in a convenient spot, and the grass plot is left free for tennis, croquet, and all of the other good home games.

The holes in the sockets, by the way, should be plugged or covered when not in use, to keep out dirt and other undesirable possibilities.

TO REDUCE the gas bill seems to be a universal ambition; one of the most effective means is this small, one-burner

oven, which consists of an iron toaster with an asbestos rack above it, the whole being covered by an inverted sheet-iron pan which serves to hold the heat. In this little oven one may bake potatoes, apples, custards, biscuits and numerous other things, without the necessity of heating the large oven. The cost of such an oven is about eighty-five cents.

YOU may put away wool clothing in your cedar chest with entire confidence that it will not be molested by moths if you are careful first to beat, brush and, if possible, sun all articles before they are placed in the chest. The odor of cedar wood does not, of course, kill the moth miller, nor does it kill the eggs or pupae, but the United States Department of Agriculture has found by careful investigation that it does kill the very young worms or larvae which do the damage to clothing. To prevent undue escape of the aroma from the chests, they should remain tightly closed except when clothing is being removed or placed in them.

If clothing is cleaned and brushed with great care, and immediately rolled tightly with naphthalene in several thicknesses of unbroken paper, it will remain unmolested by moths.

The ends of the package must be doubled back and securely tied or sealed so no moth can crawl in. Clothes moths will not eat through paper under ordinary conditions.

One or two pounds of fresh naphthalene placed in any airtight chest will protect clothing from moth damage.

MOST people are aware of the danger of searching for gas leaks with a match or candle, but not everyone knows that soapsuds spread over the suspected area give a sure and safe test, bubbles being formed wherever gas is escaping. A leak may be temporarily patched up with soap, paraffin or sealing wax, until the gasfitter can find time to repair it.

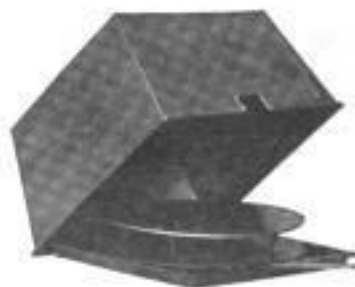


ASHELF or table on hinges fastened against the back wall of the house, close to the door, makes an excellent place for cleaning vegetables, chickens and

all sorts of things in summer. When needed, it is let down from the wall by two strong, light chains, and when no longer required is fastened to the wall with a hook, so that it is entirely out of the way.

Such a working space, with garbage can conveniently near, lightens one's housework considerably by keeping pods, peelings and garden soil out of the kitchen. The same idea can be used in the kitchen itself as a temporary shelf for use in times of stress.

LEATHER furniture coverings last much longer and look better if rubbed occasionally with castor oil or a commercial leather polish, to restore the oil that gradually dries out. The liquid should be well rubbed in and any excess carefully wiped off, so that no film remains to gather dust and so darken the leather. The leather bindings of books should receive this same treatment; books should be kept away from intense heat, however, or no amount of care will preserve them.



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ELGIN TAILORED SHIRTS

Easter Salads and Desserts

By CAROLINE B. KING



AND what shall we have for dessert on Easter Sunday? What dish is so delicate and dainty and tempting as to be a fitting finish to the

dinner which is to usher in the spring? For the feast found its origin in the old, old pagan feast to the goddess of spring, and so through the centuries we have continued serving something unusually nice on this day, though we long ago lost sight of the primitive reason for the festival, and have adopted it for our very own.

For the Easter dinner the dessert should be light, evanescent, almost ephemeral in quality, and therefore dishes composed in part of whipped cream, or the feathery, foamy whites of eggs, or something equally alluring, are in order. The salad, too, must partake of the joyousness of the season; but of that later.

Of course, one may order ice cream from the caterer, and cake as well, but the housewife who is as deeply interested in the culinary department of her home as are most readers of the JOURNAL prefers to serve a dessert rather more distinctive than any that the confectioner can furnish; something which shall have the personal touch, the mark of distinction which she alone can bestow upon it.

AN EASTER DRESDEN CREAM is one of the most delicate and exquisite desserts I know. It is quite simple to make too, though sounding elaborate perhaps. For a party of six persons one will require to make it: Four eggs, four lady fingers, one-half cupful of sugar, one-quarter packet of gelatin (half an envelope), one-quarter cupful of candied pineapple cut in very small pieces, one-quarter cupful of blanched and shredded almonds, half a pint of whipping cream, a teaspoonful of vanilla, half a teaspoonful of almond extract and two ounces of candied violets.

Dissolve the gelatin in one-quarter cupful of cold water, and break the lady fingers into small pieces, but do not crumble; beat the yolks of the eggs to a stiff foam with the sugar and add the flavorings, then stir in the lady fingers lightly. Dissolve the gelatin over hot water and beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; whip the cream solid and add to it the liquefied gelatin and the egg whites, beat for a moment, then stir in the egg-yolk-and-lady-finger mixture, stir lightly and gradually add the fruit, nuts and half the violets, crushed. When all is well mixed pour into a mold dipped in cold water and set away to chill. It should stand for several hours, then turn out on a plate covered with a lace-paper doily and garnish with the rest of the violets. If it be impossible to obtain candied violets, though most confectioners will furnish them if they are ordered a day in advance, substitute candied cherries in making the cream and decorate the dish with fresh violets and sprigs of ferns. It will be very lovely in any event and is most delicious.

MERINGUE WHIP is quite ethereal enough for even an Easter menu, and would make an ideal dessert for

an Easter luncheon. Beat the whites of six eggs to a partial froth, then add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and continue beating till stiff and dry. Now add one cupful of granulated sugar and beat again until the mixture will hold its shape when the beater is lifted from it. Then add gradually another cupful of granulated sugar, beating only lightly this time. Flavor delicately with vanilla or almond, or with orange juice, and spread in two large layer cake tins, buttered lightly and dredged with flour. Bake in a very slow oven—the meringues should really rather dry out than bake, and should be but tinged with brown when finished. It will require thirty-five to fifty minutes to bake the cakes properly. When done remove them carefully from the pans, and cool them. They may be made a day or even two days before they are to be used, as they keep nicely. Now whip a pint of cream to a solid froth, sweeten and flavor it to taste, and spread between and over the top of the cakes. Decorate with candied or maraschino cherries, or halved nuts, or preserved or candied pineapple cut in strips or in fancy forms with little vegetable cutters. If it is desired to make the meringue very beautiful, the stiffly whipped cream may be forced through a pastry tube about the top in fanciful borders and rosettes.

MARSHMALLOW FLUFF is not quite so new, but it is so delicious and so easily made that it must have a place with the Easter desserts. The recipe will make a sufficient quantity for eight to ten persons; for a smaller party it may be decreased proportionately. A pound of soft marshmallows, the kind that are sold in bulk and are usually very fresh and tender, is the first requirement for the dish; tear these into bits and mix them with a quarter pound each of candied cherries and pineapple or apricots finely shredded. Then whip very stiff a pint of cream and flavor it with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix with the marshmallows and fruit, taking care that the latter is well distributed, and arrange in a large mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Or if you prefer, it may be served piled in sherbet glasses, which will eliminate the turning-out process. Place in the refrigerator to chill, and be sure that it stands at least five hours before serving, though a much longer time is preferable. Serve decorated with rosettes of whipped cream, halved blanched pistachio nuts and candied cherries; or, if to harmonize with a dinner representing some color scheme, with flowers.

ROSE PUDDING with Golden Sauce is a most desirable dessert, and one which is less costly than either of the preceding, but very attractive nevertheless. To make it, dissolve one-quarter cupful of cornstarch in one-half cupful of milk, and add half a cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Then add this mixture to two cupfuls of scalded milk, and stir over hot water until well cooked. Now flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and half a teaspoonful of rose water, and beat in the

stiffly whipped whites of three eggs. Divide the mixture into two parts. Leave one portion, which should be slightly larger than the other, plain white, and tint the other a very pale pink with vegetable coloring. Pour the white portion into a pint mold wet in cold water and set away to chill. The pink portion should be placed in very small molds, and also chilled. When ready to serve, turn the



Raw icing, the consistency of dough, makes these stately lilies. A single piece, pinched out to make the petals, is fastened to the stem with thin icing. Stems and leaves are painted with green fruit coloring on the icing of the cake.

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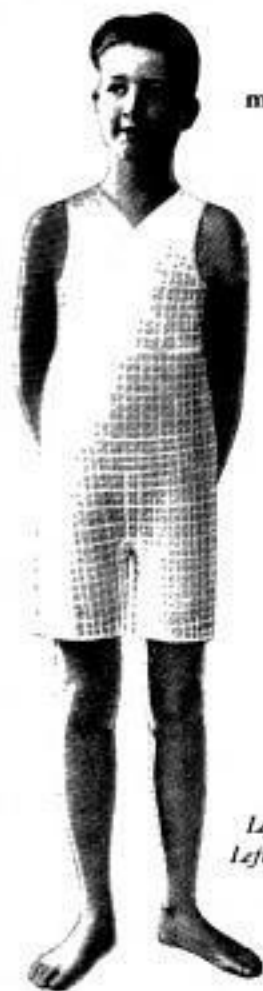
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white mold out on a pretty plate or lace-paper doily and arrange the little rose pink molds about it. A pink flower, sweet peas or carnation with a spray of maidenhair fern will make a most enticing garnish for the dainty dessert.

GOLDEN SAUCE is very fine, both for this and other puddings. Beat the egg yolks left from the Rose Pudding very stiff and fine, then add a cup of powdered sugar and beat till like a batter. Now mix with a cupful of cream also beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla and chill very thoroughly before serving. It will be well to whip the sauce just a little before sending it to the table. If preferred a rich boiled custard made of the yolks of the eggs, half a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of milk may be substituted for this sauce.

SUNSHINE CREAMS make an appropriate Easter dessert. Dissolve a tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in cold water for a few moments, meantime boiling together till a thread is formed, a cupful of granulated sugar and half a cupful of water. Pour sirup over the stiffly beaten yolks of three eggs and add the gelatin and the juice of an orange. Whip till almost congealed, then beat in the stiffly whipped egg whites and pile in tall slender glasses. Decorate with strips of candied or canned pineapple.

MACAROON TRIPLE calls for ten macaroons, one cupful of milk, one quarter cupful of sugar, and a few candied cherries or other glacé fruits. Whip the egg yolks to a stiff froth, adding the sugar and beating till like batter, then pour the scalded milk over them, and while hot add the macaroons. Let stand for a few moments, then flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla and whip in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered dish and place this in a pan of hot water in the oven. Bake about twenty minutes, and serve hot or cold. You may turn this pudding out and ornament it with the candied fruit, or it may be garnished with the fruit and served in the baking dish, which is a very good plan if the dish is one of those attractive glass baking dishes which almost every housewife now uses. Plain or whipped cream may be served with the trifle if desired.

EASTER PLUM PUDDING takes us into the realms of frozen desserts, but it is one which is very easily managed even without a freezer. Boil a cupful of sugar with three-quarters of a cupful of water, to the thread stage, and pour over the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Continue beating till cool, then add a pint of stiffly whipped cream, one quarter of a cupful of chopped pecans, one-quarter cupful of chopped blanched almonds, one-quarter cupful of sultana raisins chopped, and one-quarter cupful, mixed, of candied pineapple and cherries shredded rather fine. Pack in a mold and set in a tub of ice and salt to chill for three hours, or longer if convenient. Then turn out and serve plain or with the following sauce:

MARSHMALLOW SAUCE. Melt one-quarter of a pound of marshmallows in the top of a double boiler with half a cupful of water, add one and a half cupfuls of confectioner's sugar and beat till smooth, flavor with vanilla, then whip in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.

The Easter salads should also partake of the lightness of the season. The heavy mayonnaise of the colder months and the whipped-cream dressings, unless served at luncheon, are not for the Easter menu.

But the French dressing with all its variations, and they are many, is particularly piquant and delicious for the dinner salad. With a dinner of several courses, the salad should be a simple one, merely a taste of something green and refreshing with just enough oil and acid to lend a tang to it.

HEARTS OF LETTUCE WITH FRUITED FRENCH DRESSING is novel and tempting, and makes a very pretty salad too. Iceberg lettuce or any of the more compact head varieties should be used for its making. Wash the lettuce well, dry in a cloth and cut each head in halves, discarding the coarser outer leaves. Crisp on ice until just before serving time, then arrange on salad plates and pour the following dressing over it:

FRUITED FRENCH DRESSING. Blend together six tablespoonfuls of oil and two of lemon juice or grapefruit juice, mixing till thick. Then add one tablespoonful of finely chopped candied cherries, the same quantity of chopped candied pineapple, and a teaspoonful of candied orange peel also cut into minute particles. Season highly with paprika and daintily with salt. Serve as soon as possible after making the dressing, or beat it well just before serving.

EMERALD SALAD is a brilliant and spring-like addition to the Easter menu. It has for its foundation either the crisp cold leaves of the lettuce or Romaine, with its pungent savor. Green peppers, one to each head of lettuce or Romaine, watercress, and tiny green onions in desired proportions with a few sprigs of parsley are also required for making the Emerald Salad.

Wash the lettuce or Romaine and separate into leaves. Wash and drain the watercress and shred it coarsely, cut the onion fine and the peppers into long, very thin, almost transparent strips. Break the parsley into tiny sprays. Arrange the salad in a bowl, in layers, the lettuce first, then a sprinkling of the other green things, with the delicate pepper strips decorating the whole. Garnish with the bits of parsley. Serve with a French dressing to which a spicy green cucumber pickle chopped fine has been added.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN SALAD is another handsome springtime salad. Make it by dividing oranges or tangerines, after peeling them and removing all white skin, into sections and arrange on lettuce leaves in the form of daisies. Fill the centers with chopped pecans mixed with French dressing and serve with French dressing made with orange or lemon juice in place of vinegar.

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD is a fine accompaniment to a rich dinner. Rub a No. 2 can of tomatoes through a sieve, and season highly with pepper, salt and paprika. Then add a cupful of water and a tablespoonful of tarragon or plain vinegar, and freeze. Serve on lettuce leaves. A mayonnaise is always appropriate with this salad.

LATTICE SALAD is made of grapefruit and is most attractive. Arrange tender leaves of lettuce on individual plates, breaking the ribs of the leaves to make them lie flat. Then arrange sections of grapefruit over the lettuce so that they also will remain quite flat and will present a solid foundation. Now form a lattice across the surface of the fruit with strips of green pepper and pimento, both cut very thin and the pepper made almost transparent by cutting away the flesh back of the green skin. Serve with French dressing for dinner, mayonnaise or whipped-cream dressing for luncheon.



The captivating Easter bonnet that unexpectedly tops this cake is easily made of stiff writing paper, sewed together and covered with raw icing. Ribbon streamers in pastel colors and tiny flowers and leaves, fashioned of raw icing and tinted with fruit colorings, trim the hat. All cakes from Marie L. Norfleet.

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Your Garden in April

By J. HORACE MCFARLAND



APRIL is a month of doing things, and a lot of things, in the Middle States gardens. Spring officially arrives March twenty-first, but actually is in the air earlier, and if the ground can be worked, April finds it tenanted with some of the season's seeds of flowers and vegetables that are to produce gratification later for at least two of the five senses, while the framing shrubs of the garden are also in place. If it is to be even a random garden, the ground must be prepared, and not many days of April should elapse, in a broad line across the continent, until that preparation has been completed.

In many places any part of April is late for planting the spring-blooming shrubs, unless they come from a nursery so far north that they have not yet started growth. Lilacs, spiræas, forsythias, deutzias, mock oranges and similar shrubs may yet be planted, if dormant, and while they will not or ought not to bloom this spring, they will get ready for another spring. The summer-blooming shrubs are also yet plantable, and these, when planted, may well be trimmed back a few inches to induce the proper growth. The best of the hydrangeas, popularly sold as "Hills of Snow," and actually *Hydrangea arborescens sterilis*, is a splendid shrub for a half-shady place, and its fine flowers come just after the spring burst of bloom has ceased. The other prevalent hydrangea, *H. paniculata grandiflora*, is a good-enough shrub, but has been planted too freely, so that it becomes a tiresome nuisance, particularly as its big panicles of white flowers turn to a dirty pink and then tempt the unwary to take them indoors to remain all winter as dust gatherers and reminders of a dead garden.

Roses can yet safely be planted in early April, and the hybrid teas will do good business the same season, provided they get a start before the ground is too warm. The catalogues will tell of the new and standard sorts, but I may say that nearly everywhere Gruss an Teplitz is quite likely to give many lovely bright crimson flowers, and Radiance will pinkly justify its name. Duchess of Wellington is a reliable near-yellow, Lady Ursula has vigor and a fine flesh-pink color, and Chateau de Clos-Vougeot—what a name!—is worth adventuring with in the assurance that every one of its deep crimson flowers, when they do come, will be a fragrant event.

What to Start Now

I AM not advising extended rose trials until the gardener gets the fever, when his own instincts and the catalogues will take care of him; but I must not fail to suggest the planting of one or more of the lovely hardy climbers. My own garden at Breezehill now welcomes the June-July bloom feast of seventy sorts, and I am not immune to further attractions! American Pillar is a wonderful red single climber, Dr. W. Van Fleet as a tea-rose pink of lovely quality, Silver Moon for snowy whiteness, and Excelsa as a bright light crimson cluster rose, will make a proper start.

If the garden beginner is living in the chilly regions about the Great Lakes, these climbers will need winter protection, as will the hybrid teas, but he may plant as hardy bushes Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Frau Karl Druschki, Anna de Diesbach and J. B. Clark in assurance that they will stay with him over many hard winters, giving him a feast of flowers about the end of June.

The other flowerful April plantings aside from seeds need to be of the hardy herbaceous plants. Leave places for irises and peonies, of which I will tell in the summer-growth pause, but start now with columbines, the hardy asters and chrysanthemums for fall bloom, coreopsis and rudbeckia of cheerful yellow, the lovely blue delphiniums, in very rich ground, the funkias or "day lilies," the splendid and persistent crimson and gold gaillardias, the hardy phloxes from white to deep scarlet, the fragrant garden

pinks, and a score of other "old reliables," to give you a new garden every growing day. These are hardy, as I have said, and they go well in the garden plan in front of and between the shrubs that make the lines and the background.

April is the time for seed sowing, too, of the vegetables and annual flowers that love cool ground. Peas, spinach, radishes, lettuce, beets, are among these vegetables, and of all of them at least two succession plantings need to be made in April.

The peas are to grow quickly where they are planted. Sow them more thinly than you want to, so that the plants are two inches or more apart. Incidentally, I believe most in the truly sweet or "wrinkled" varieties like Gradus and Blue Bantam, rather than in the extra-early sorts that save or gain only a few days. Radishes need "quick" soil, fertile and fine, and you can have the juicy little globes or pencils of scarlet and white in three weeks if you are right. Spinach comes more slowly, and beets may better be started and thinned or transplanted. The thinnings are delicious as "greens" for the table. Lettuce also ought to be thinned; in fact, it must be if you are to get heads of it that are worth while; so plan to have successive small sowings and space them out so the plants are never crowded. With a little preparation of watering and a good trowel, lettuce plants of some size can be so transplanted that they never notice it; that is part of the fun of gardening that beats golf, for me at least.

Fall Strawberries

CABBAGE ought to have been sowed in March, and if you are inclined toward it, buy a dozen or so plants to set out a foot apart in April. The late cabbage can be sown in early April, and the other crops of the cabbage family—cauliflower, kohlrabi, brussels sprouts and so on—I do not commend to the garden beginner.

Swiss chard is a safe adventure for late April and a vegetable not at all known according to its merit. It is actually a beet, but doesn't look that way. The plants grow up rapidly with broad and sometimes crinkled leaves, each with a thick white midrib. It is these leaves that are eaten as if they were spinach, and the taste is as good, or better. The midrib is sometimes cooked separately, as if it were asparagus. The plants can be cut and cut again, and yield leaves all summer and until late in the fall; indeed, they stand some freezing. Sow thinly in a row and then thin out to three, six, and finally a foot or eighteen inches apart. A row of Swiss chard—Lucullus is the right variety—is a garden reliance.

Toward the end of April preparations are made for the vegetables that need warm ground, like beans, corn and so on. The gardener who has had experience, or who is reading for it, gets his tomato plants started way ahead of the safe time to plant them out—or he buys them, which is not playing the game. Vegetable gardening, even in a back yard, is a good game to play, and the little plot will do wonders if it is handled that way.

I have almost forgotten an April suggestion which can produce a joyous surprise in any community. One year I planted a hundred Progressive Everbearing strawberries on April twenty-seventh, and that same September there was a strawberry-shortcake celebration at Breezehill in consequence. The plants were in rich ground, and I pinched off all the blossoms until late July, then permitting them to form into beautiful scarlet cones of sweetness and flavor. These strawberries do best as an annual crop, planted each year, and they are worth it.

But my space is full, and the garden barely started. I've said nothing about the sweet peas and poppies and marigolds, the alyssum and the zinnias, and all the other possibilities in easy annuals, even in a back yard or a farm corner. They are actually easy; planted in good ground, with garden love to start them and keep them, they pay the largest dividends known.



From a pastel drawing by Neysa McMein



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From the Thousand Window Bakeries

Why Children Lie

(Continued from Page 18)

Perhaps the most painful cases of children's lying come from parents who have wholeheartedly tried to give their best to make the most of their children—parents who gave themselves selflessly, but unfortunately blindly, without knowledge and understanding of their children's particular nature and individual needs, with the result that all their wonderful devotion was sown on barren, sickly soil and in turn yielded sickly fruit.

Such a case was that of Mary. Until about the age of seven the parents could not recall that they had any difficulty with Mary. But from the time she began to go to school a change came over her. Her record at school was a bitter disappointment to the parents. They held her rigidly to her tasks, they tried to drive her; but as the years passed she showed interest in none of the subjects taught her; she did wretched work, barely keeping up with her class; she disliked the teachers, and above all she hated the schools.

But her failure in studies was not the worst of her school record. In ten years she developed into a confirmed liar; she was guilty of every kind of trickery and deception at school, bringing disgrace on herself and her parents. The climax to this phase of her development came when she was seventeen.

One evening both parents went out, leaving Mary at home apparently working on her lessons. At ten o'clock the parents returned and found their bedroom in a topsyturvy condition. In fear they shouted for the missing Mary. A closet door opened and Mary came tremblingly out and told in detail of the dark, whiskered man who had robbed the house, first ordering her into the closet. The parents checked up the loss; the only thing missing was forty dollars in cash, which was taken out of a bureau drawer. They soon realized what had happened, and before long they got the confession from the hysterical Mary. She had taken the money, had taken it for the purpose of running away from home.

The outline of Mary's history was given me by Mary's despairing mother, who in response to questions went on: "The only time she seems like a normal being nowadays is when she's outdoors. Her one delight is to take long hikes into the country, building fires by a stream and cooking her own food over them; and she loves flowers."

Back to Nature for a Cure

THE description of the girl's love for the outdoors suggested the possibility that at the bottom of this girl's lying was only a blind struggle to find satisfaction for some very natural and all-demanding need.

As Mary and I became friends her side of the story came out. Ever since she could remember, school had been to her a prison. She could not stand being shut up in a room with studies that to her were dead. From the time she entered school there was but one thought in her heart and mind and that was how to get away from it.

"I could not tell anybody what I felt. If I only could!" Mary one day told me. "I only knew something, something big, was pulling me somewhere and I was bound to get there."

Mary is now a normal, vital, sympathetic and truthful young woman. And there was no miracle in the transformation; it was a plain case of going to the bottom of the trouble, discovering Mary's particular nature and giving it an opportunity to express itself through the medium which made the strongest appeal to it. She was taken out of school and was sent to live with some understanding friends on their beautiful farm.

To-day, five years later, Mary has a small

flower-garden farm of her own, near the friends with whom she had spent a year. She is at her work from sunrise to sunset; she loves her work, gives herself wholeheartedly to it, and is as honest in all her relationships as she is with her flowers, which she handles with as great love and care as if they were human beings.

But in our efforts to establish the habit of truth-telling in our children we must not fall into the error of regarding any and every deviation from literalness as an essential lie. We must learn to distinguish when a lie is not a lie. Judged from the standard of pure literalness most fairy tales are lies; so are the Mother Goose stories; so are many other of the classics of childhood. However, we do not hold these in reprobation; we accept them for the colorful, stimulating delights which they contain.

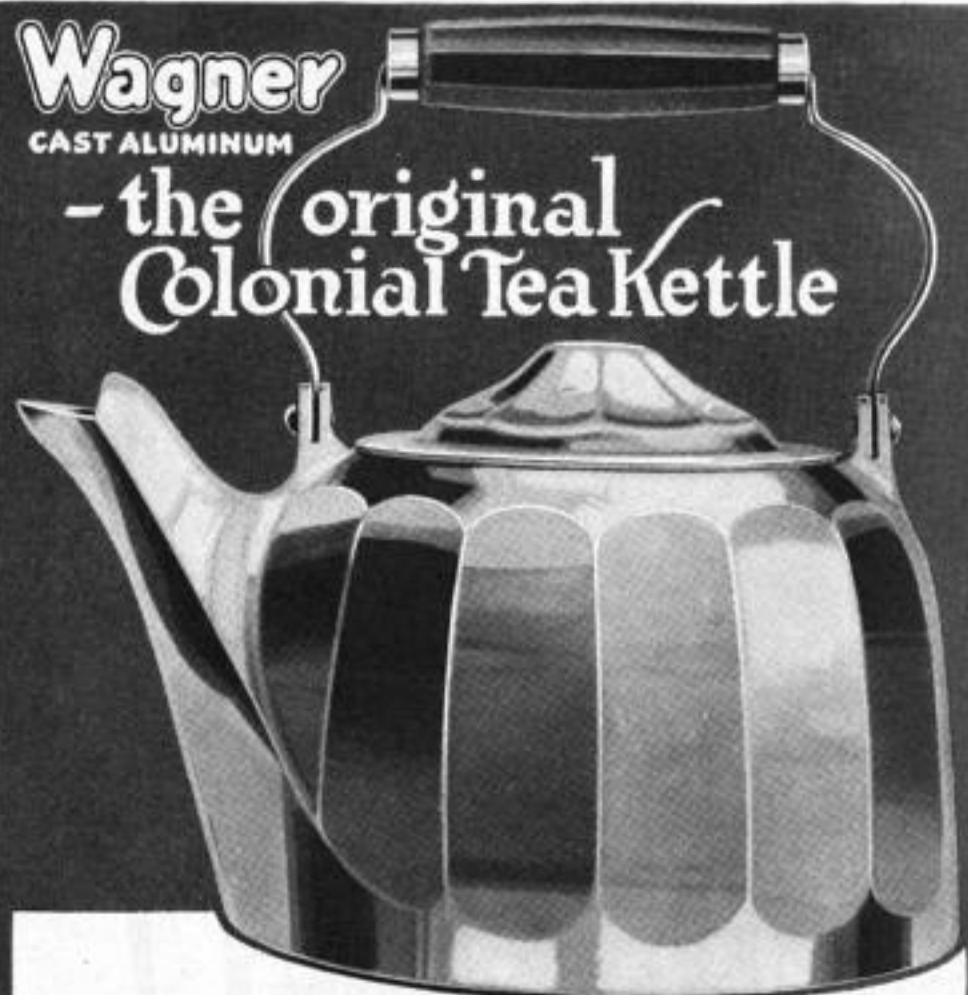
But when these qualities appear in our children we are too likely not to recognize them. We forget that many children live largely in the land of make-believe, and that often there is no difference in actuality to them between the events of their fancy and the events of their everyday life. Both are equally real.

A Decalogue for Parents

WITH lying, as with any other disease, an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. The best prevention, in fact the only prevention which is within our power to exercise, is for us parents to be at all times simple, direct, honest with our children in all relationships. We all recognize the importance of building a sound physical foundation in our children from their earliest years. If we wish to develop all-round, wholesome human beings we must with equal thought lay in our children the foundation for their ethical development. And particularly must we remember that if we are to succeed in this prevention we cannot begin our work too soon.

If a new decalogue could help parents to save their children from the sin of lying, then I would submit these ten commandments for their study and guidance:

1. At all times speak to your child simply and clearly, and in giving directions use as few words as possible so there will be no chance for his misunderstanding.
2. Do not arbitrarily suppress his natural energies and force him to seek a secret and illegitimate outlet for them, which he will be tempted to conceal by untruths.
3. Answer his questions honestly, not with half truths.
4. Satisfy his curiosity wisely, lest he seek satisfaction through unwholesome channels and be compelled to lie to cover his guilty knowledge.
5. Do not emphasize his mistakes and transgressions, making them become black monsters to him and making him ashamed to speak of them freely. Correct his mistakes quietly and constructively.
6. Trust your child. Do not question him with suspicion, lest you stimulate in him the fear of punishment, which will lead him to lie in self-defense.
7. Do not judge children by the adult standard of right and wrong, lest the child, in order to come up to it, will be forced to deception.
8. Do not crush or punish a child's honest, outspoken observation merely because some adult's vanity might be hurt by a true criticism it contains, lest the child be led to hypocrisy.
9. Do not mistake the child's fancy, his imaginative playfulness, for lies. Remember that his imaginative world is as real to him as our material world is real to us.
10. Honor your children. From the earliest years treat them with the same consideration you would give your equal.



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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 17)

"Aw, say," he was holding forth, "Mac isn't the only one that needs an eye-opener. The day we went to the inquest Mac's car ran dry, and we stopped in for water—well, I won't mention where; but the young lady where we stopped offered us tea. Asking farmers questions is dry work, so you bet Mac and I took it and Mac ate about ten sandwiches. He'd been so mad through the whole thing that he had used up all his available food supply and he was hungry, but do you think that girl thought of that? Not she! All she thought of was the way his wife starved him. She told him how nice it would be if he had a useful wife; oh, not in those words, but that's what it meant, and old Mac said he had one better than that."

"Well, he has," said Symmes shortly.

"**Y**ES, the lucky old fool! I wish I'd seen her first. But that's no answer to give a girl who was talking that way. Why didn't he up and say 'She's the most useful woman in the place'? Why, do you know, instead of telling how Mrs. Mac saved Susy's life, this girl says there wasn't a bit of ice in the house for the ice bag needed for Susy's heart. That's her idea of usefulness. She asked Mac why he didn't get an office girl. She said he'd ruin his practice with his wife answering the door. And when we started home Mac was worried. He actually asked me if I thought he ought to get an office girl; he said it seemed a shame to make an office attendant out of a young girl straight from a successful season."

"What'd'y say?" Mr. Symmes was chewing on his cigar.

"I said, rot! Ten to one this was more exciting than a season of débuts, whatever they are. Besides, I said, what would she do if you planted her in this burg with nothing but the social life here on her hands?"

Mr. Symmes broke in: "Oh, you missed it all, you old fool! The thing is that, instead of being useless, this girl is making Mac. What brings these women to his office—his magnetic personality, his good looks, his skill? Maybe, but it's more. It's the girl that opens his door and listens so sweetly to all they say about themselves and what ails them. And some of it is interest in what she does in this house and how she looks and acts. She's advertising him. Of course he has to back it with medical skill, or they'd come only once; but he does that. Isn't it most doctors' troubles that they can't advertise? This girl solves that trouble. If she were like what we're used to here, she wouldn't be any advertisement at all for him, no matter how useful she was about the house."

"**I**F SHE had an immaculate kitchen and regular meals it would be what was expected of her, and Mac's skill could be used on the slums until ten years from now, when he might have a few regular patients. But Alma has told Gerty that Sally left a message for Mrs. Mac on the dust of the table, and somebody else has said you had to stand up in the library for lack of a chair to sit on, and the third person has said that the bathrooms are scrubbed by a shapely girl in pink satin bloomers who hastily put on her real lace nightgown to answer the door bell while the soap suds dripped on the lace. And half of Gordon City has to see this, if they get sick to do it. I call that the finest kind of advertising in the world, and so would any advertising agency—personal, mouth-to-mouth advertising. It would be worth thousands to me. It will be to Mac. It's great!"

Here Neal came out on the porch. "I'd been so interested I hadn't heard him go downstairs. 'What's great?' he asked."

"Your wife's sympathetic manner. Don't you make the mistake of ever letting her get away from the place during the hours your patients are coming. They'll tell her what they wouldn't tell you."

Neal was silent a moment. "You give me an idea," he said.

"Idea!" spluttered Sam. "Are you thinking of what that fool Sally said?"

"Oh, it—it was Sally," murmured Mr. Symmes.

"No, I wasn't," said Neal. "I don't often remember what Sally says for twenty-four hours. I was thinking of a woman patient who will not give me necessary information about herself."

VIII

SO IT was no surprise to me next morning when Neal asked me to drive with him to Adam Fleming's. I thought he spoke to Mrs. Landis about my going a little shortly. "Mrs. Landis, can you get your upstairs girl to help you this morning? I need to take Leila with me."

"Oh," she said, "I wouldn't have Mrs. Gordon stay home on my account. I thought she had household duties to detain her."

"I need her help this morning myself," said Neal.

"Her help?" Mrs. Landis' voice held immeasurable surprise.

I knew Neal was angry, because he offered no further explanation.

When we were in the automobile Neal grew quite grave. "It's a curious thing, Leila, this being a doctor. There are times when it has its old Latin significance of teacher, and adds confessor to it. Not all confessions are intentionally made, or made by words. And there are times when we know that the illness we are asked to heal is caused by an ache in the heart that we cannot reach. This is such a case. A frightened, bullied girl has had a glimpse of a strange doctor who she believes is human, and she has clutched at the humanity to keep her head above water."

"**I**T WAS she, then, who wanted you and not the men. I couldn't see how she even got them to come for you."

"She is efficient. They knew she had to have a doctor, and she refused to have any other. She is a country dressmaker. You don't know, I think, what that is. She goes to these farmhouses and sews all day for a small wage, making over dresses, helping with the dishes at night, staying in the house so she can get at her work earlier in the morning. Most of these women do their own sewing, so she's only called in when there is an emergency. She mixes her stitches with brains; so here in the city they began to employ her, and sometimes she has been taken away to Harbor Beach and Charlevoix for summer sewing, when there was a costume ball or something like that coming on. And all her money has gone to helping the farm; yet in her own trouble—well, her sister-in-law's death has piled work on her so that she will go under if she's not taken away, and neither of these hulking men helps her. Jim Fleming runs a dairy. He wanted his sick wife home to milk the cows. I'm going to ask you to take Elsa home with you for a few days—to help you while Susy stays with us, or to sew for you or for any reason you can think of. Her sister-in-law is buried, and there are enough of the Fleming men to milk those cows."

I thought Adam Fleming looked at Neal sullenly when he let us in. Neal did not consult him about taking Elsa home with us, though he made his request of her in her brother's presence.

I had thought, when she opened the door for us, that she looked very pale and harassed, but she got whiter when Neal proffered his invitation.

"She's needed here," said Fleming.

"She won't be any use to you here. She's not strong enough to churn; she can't stand over a cook-stove; and she oughtn't to carry a heavy milk bucket."

"She can't go to your house."

"Do you want another case like the one your brother's mixed up in now?"

I haven't asked you,



(Continued on Page 137)

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 136)

I've asked her. And she's said she'd come. Can you come now, Elsa?"

"She gave him a long look and left the room. 'If she can't work here, she can't work in your house.'"

"She won't do the work there she does here. She'll sit still and sew a little bit and answer the telephone. Here she's lifting and washing and ironing. She can't do it, that's all."

"If she goes, she can't come back."

"Maybe she won't want to come back. Maybe she'd like to have the use of some of her own money instead of giving it all to you for the privilege of working herself to death in her odd moments."

When Elsa came back she did not have much with her. Her wicker suitcase was pathetically small. There was a white desperation in her face. You would have thought she had been burning bridges that had long been hard for her to cross.

WHEN we got home we found Mrs. Landis had bolted every downstairs door and locked every window. We were kept waiting some minutes before she opened the door.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "I just couldn't run up and down stairs so much to answer the bell. Who on earth—" She swept Elsa with hostile eyes. "Oh, it's Elsa Fleming."

Neal offered her not the slightest explanation, and she stood still watching us as we went upstairs with Elsa.

In the upstairs hall Neal, who had taken Elsa's arm, said softly: "Steady! You are not Mrs. Landis' guest, but ours. See, your room is the whole length of the house away from hers."

When Neal and I came downstairs we encountered Mrs. Landis in the hall where we had left her. She seemed to have been pondering. "I suppose you two don't know," she said, "that there's a great deal of gossip about Elsa Fleming."

"Is there indeed?" said Neal. "Well, this little town has only gossip and the 'movies.'"

"Oh, don't forget its clubs," I said lightly. I didn't like Mrs. Landis' look, and I thought Neal had been badgered enough about Elsa.

Mrs. Landis did what I hoped she would. She took this as the personal affront of the New Yorker attacking a small town. "We have a respect for the integrity of the home that places like New York would do well to copy."

Neal gave her flattering attention. "Are you applying that to Elsa?"

Mrs. Landis pursed her lips. "I would not have her in my home."

Neal surprised me. "But you have had her there—many times."

She gave him a swift look. "What did she say?"

"Nothing," Neal answered curtly.

THERE was a silence so full of crossed emotions that it was louder than speech. "Do you wish us to leave?" asked Mrs. Landis.

"On the contrary, you cannot leave just now; Susy cannot," Neal's face broke into sudden amusement. "By Jove, I seem to be spending all my time these days ordering people to move or not to move. You know, Mrs. Landis, that Doctor Garland's advice would be the same as mine. You have only Susy and Stephen left to you."

Mrs. Landis was not quick of speech. Lacking the words for what she conceived the situation to demand, she fell back on a time-worn formula.

"If not eating our bread will make it easier for you, Mrs. Landis," said Neal, "the place is at your disposal to make your own arrangements. You know what Susy ought to eat and what you yourself want. I will absolve Leila of further care in the matter. If you want to keep the arrangement from seeming quarrelsome, you can put it on the ground of making it easier for

Leila"—he paused, the whimsical look lightening his face—"which ordinarily you might wish to do."

Neal drew me into his office and closed the door, and we grinned at each other.

"Neal," I said at length, "what is the matter with Elsa? You didn't tell me definitely—only that she needed your help."

"AND yours." He reflected a moment. "She's been robbed of vitality by one who should have added to it—as near as I can make out. That's not very clear, but it happens all the time."

"You don't mean Elsa's brothers, do you? If they were my brothers, living with them would take all my resistance."

"No, I don't mean them." "You mean some man?" "Some man is a pretty safe diagnosis in a good many such cases. Yet I think this is a little more complex than this."

At the moment it did not occur to me that Neal probably wanted me to draw my own conclusions. I knew very little then about the power of suggestion or about how much easier it is to act on conclusions you have drawn yourself than to act on somebody else's. I know more about that now. So all I said was:

"Do you know the man?"

"I only suspect him, Leila. That's where I count on your help. There is a big difference between suspecting and knowing. If Elsa would tell me the man's name, I think I could cure her. As long as she does not, I can only hope to strengthen her. Elsa and the man—whatever he is—are up against something big and have too few weapons to fight it."

"Something big?" "The conventions of a small city where there are only gossip and clubs."

"I call that little, not big." "You haven't been up against it. You are from a city where there is no espionage."

"Oh, yes, I have been up against it. I bump into it every time I step out of my house, and if I haven't time to step out, it comes here and walks upstairs into my back hall and my bathrooms."

IX

MRS. LANDIS carried out her threat of not eating our food. Had she done it amiably it would have been a help. But so far as I know she had never thought of herself as a trouble, and she felt now that she was giving us a lesson, though with an inconvenience to herself that she resented. She wouldn't even order of my grocer, though I noticed she also forgot things. I should have liked to have offered her a nice, large black slate with a few appropriate words, but instead I got out of the way when I heard her coming. I got so I could feel her coming by the chills that ran down my spine, and it was worse with Elsa. She used to turn faint and white.

"Elsa," I said as we washed the dishes one noon, "the Gorgon turns you to stone more quickly than she does me."

Elsa's eyes as she looked up at me were the eyes of one who has met the Gorgon and lived through it. "Do you mean Mrs. Landis?"

"Yes; did she ever really hurt you, Elsa, or are you just sensitive, like me, to animosity?"

The girl hesitated. "She has injured me," she replied after a time.

"Does she know it? Is that why she is afraid of you?"

"She knows it." Elsa's mouth shut into a narrow line, whose determination made her look like a different person. Then the

(Continued on Page 138)

Where Walls must be beautiful and sanitary

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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 137)

second half of my sentence reached her mind. "Afraid of me? She—of me?"

"Why, yes."

Elsa leaned over and picked up the dish towel she had let fall. It was one she had hemmed for me in the morning. "How could you suppose such a thing?" she asked under her breath.

"I don't suppose it; I know it."

Quite suddenly the color flooded her face into a rare beauty. I watched her with a faint awe; the spirit was so close to the flesh and in such pain. I put out my hand involuntarily, for the color faded, leaving her face whiter than before, and as I held her, the reason for Mrs. Landis' fear—the only possible reason for such fear—came to me as clearly as reasons can come when they have to be put together piece by piece. I had been piecing this all night, before I slept, perhaps in my sleep. It needed only a question for the last piece to be put into the puzzle. A little sentence of Neal's as he spoke to Mrs. Landis about Elsa's arrival came to me: "You have only Stephen and Susy left to you."

"Sit down a minute, Elsa; you look so white. It is Stephen Landis, isn't it? You know it is safe with me."

SHE sat quite still, trying with infinite pathos to pull herself together.

"Don't you think," I said softly, "that you could tell me about it? Perhaps you might feel better if you did."

"Oh, feel!" She stopped. She had no need to say that she had run through feeling, so that there was little left for her to feel. I tried to think where the hopelessness was, or where she thought it was.

"But if he loves you, Elsa," I said finally, "it cannot be so hopeless as this."

"Loves me," she said, repeating the word mechanically.

For an instant I could not find the meaning of the look in her face; then I knew. It was the hunger Neal had spoken of last night; the love-hunger of one who will willingly starve rather than hurt the beloved.

"It is very plain," I said, gravely offering my little sustenance as I would to one weakened by famine. "It is because her son loves you that Mrs. Landis is afraid of you. What other cause could she have? She knows that gossip would not hurt him; it would hurt only you. And she knows you would protect him to the last moment, even if he had no thought of protecting you. What she's afraid of is his finding out how much more her son cares for you than he does for her, how much more he needs you."

"She need not fear." And every word the girl said came as if it were wrenched forth.

"He will not—he does not choose me." Such a simple statement of fact—a white-faced girl clenching her hands on a newly hemmed dish towel—yet here it all was. She was dying of it, of that choice a man was making; dying not all at once but inch by inch; dying not of denied love—that can be borne—but of love that sees the one beloved turn coward.

I WOULD not have augured her pain by any word against Stephen Landis. "Perhaps you are wronging him by allowing him to make this choice," I said at length. "Sometimes men are hurt by the self-sacrifice of women."

She considered this, clasping and unclasping her hands with their finger tips worn with the sewing of many years. "Even if you are right, what can I do?"

"Perhaps you won't have to do anything—not now. You have no idea how trustworthy my husband is."

She looked at me strangely. "If you knew," said Elsa—"If you knew what it means to have such faith in your husband!"

The wall between our minds must have been thin; or else if you listen with the heart you can always hear. "Elsa," I said, "are you married to him?"

She made me no answer. But she did not need to answer.

"YOU have promised not to tell, haven't you?" For I knew as well as if she had said so that only some promise could have kept her from answering at that moment. "Oh, Elsa, then you are injuring him to let him stand from under his responsibilities this way; to let him have all the privileges of marriage and shoulder none of its duties. Marriage means work together. It is what it is for. It is the reason it is publicly entered into, so that a man and a woman may publicly begin work in which each has a part. If you made such a promise as this, you must release yourself. It is not fair to him, even if you made the promise to him. Have you been thinking of him?"

She gave me a startled look. "I have thought of no other."

The telephone which had been ringing several times and the sound of which had only come to me subconsciously, now gave an insistent twang, and I went to Neal's office to answer it. Even tragedy must yield to the telephone bell in a doctor's house.

It was Sam Poyntz. "Say, Mrs. Gordon, will you tell your husband, when he gets home, that I'll drive out to Loon River with him this afternoon? I felt so badly this morning I wasn't sure I could make the trip, but I feel all right now. And tell him if his testimony sends Jim Fleming to jail all the cherries on his farm will rot."

"Well, you know what Neal will say to that."

"Sure. He'll say they ought to get what's coming to them. But Judge McIntyre—he's here now—says to tell Neal, Fleming doesn't have to go to jail to find out what it means to wish night and day you hadn't done a thing."

"BUT think," I said, "of being sorry you hastened your wife's death just because you need her to milk cows and pick cherries."

When Neal came home he found Elsa and me in the laundry. She was showing me how to wash lace.

"Sam and I are going to Loon River," he said. "But just as I was getting the car out, Mrs. Landis found it necessary to overcome her objection to speaking to me. She wants to know where the carpet sweeper is."

"You tell her I gave her a broom three days ago; and if she doesn't know how to use a broom I'll come up and show her," I said, and spread my lacy garments on towels as Elsa had shown me how to do.

"Elsa," said Neal, "you must get out of this cellar. Come upstairs, both of you."

He drew me into his office when we reached the hall, and let Elsa go on to the kitchen.

"Wise little lady," he said softly to me, "you have taken her secret from the hurt place in her heart. It will get well now."

"Tell me, how did you know, Neal?"

"I saw it in her face. It is Landis, is it not?"

"Yes, it is."

"I thought so, but I could not be sure. Does she love him?"

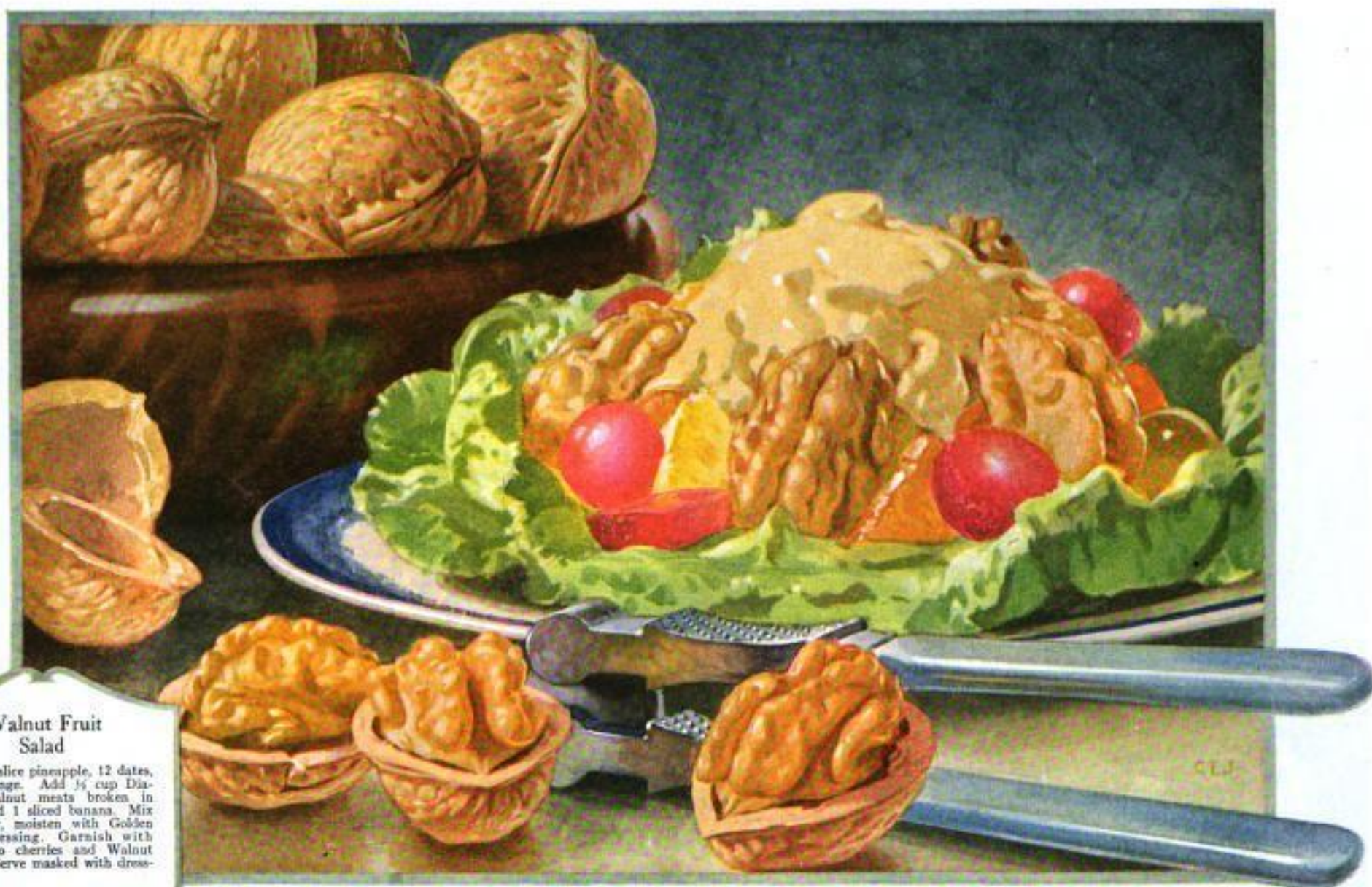
"Hopelessly."

He walked the floor for some minutes, up and down, up and down. When he paused before me his face looked grim. It was his operating look. "I will bring him here to-night. It's what I'm going to Loon River for. Don't tell her beforehand."

X

IT WAS almost dusk when I went to the door to let in Judge McIntyre. "Neal isn't here, judge," I said.

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Walnut Fruit Salad

Cube 1 slice pineapple, 12 dates, and 1 orange. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Diamond Walnut meats broken in pieces, and 1 sliced banana. Mix thoroughly, moisten with Golden Salad Dressing. Garnish with Maraschino cherries and Walnut Halves. Serve masked with dressing.



Meatless Meat Loaf

2 cups cold cooked beans, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup Diamond Walnuts (ground or chopped fine), 1 bell pepper, chopped fine, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into loaf and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Garnish with Walnut Halves, and serve with tomato sauce.



Toasted Walnut Sandwiches

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 6 tablespoons Diamond Walnut meats, 1 loaf graham bread. Mix oil, vinegar, salt, and paprika and then mix with cheese. Cut graham bread in $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices, spread with cheese mixture, and sprinkle with chopped Diamond Walnut meats. Put together in pairs, remove crusts, and cut in finger-shaped pieces. Toast, pile log-cabin fashion on a fancy plate, and serve as an accompaniment to dinner salad.

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Walnuts add essential nourishment in flavory form

OFTEN a few crisp, flavory Walnut meats add just the touch necessary to transform a commonplace dish into one of the family favorites. Their delicious flavor contributes to the goodness of almost any food.

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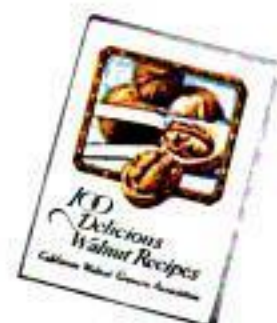
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Diamond Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains Halves for topping and facing as well as Pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected Halves for table use and fancy dishes.

Many recipes just as tempting as these, are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. Send the price per pound you have been paying for Walnuts and a free copy will be mailed you. Address Dept. 13.

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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 138)

He was quite grave. "I know it, Mrs. Landis telephoned me he wasn't here, an hour ago. It's she I've come to see. She sent for me." He hesitated the barest second. Then he said: "Is it true, Mrs. Gordon, that Susy ought not to be moved?"

"I think she can be moved in a few days, judge, if she's carried flat on her back. But any sudden movement might put just the little more strain on her that can't be borne."

"I understand." He looked embarrassed.

"You see, Mrs. Landis wants to get away. I won't go into that; it's natural she should not want to burden you, kind as you've been. But she telephoned Doctor Garland this afternoon, and he would have nothing to do with it. So now she wants to see me. I think we'd best get her away, if we can. She'll have more time to look after Susy if she doesn't spend it at the telephone telling the town her troubles."

I got as angry as any Scotchman could get. "The trouble is on her side, judge. There is no more trouble for us than would be occasioned by any unexpected guest."

"Well, what ails her then?"

"She doesn't like the woman I've engaged to help me."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Excuse me, but what's it to her?"

"It must be a good deal to her, if it stirs up all this."

HE GAVE me a straight look. "I've always said there was nothing the matter with your headwork, Mrs. Gordon. I'm going upstairs in a moment, and I'm taking a man's opinion with me. Susan Landis should have some man about to explain a few things to her. Since she's sent for me I'll do my best to take on that little job for my old friend Landis' sake."

"She has a son," I said briefly.

"Aye, when she has him, which isn't any oftener than he can help, and by now you'll not be blaming the young man much, with the straight way your head works."

Yet working straight or not, this was the first time this particular thought had occurred to me. "What kind of a man is her son? Like Susy?"

Again he hesitated. Again he seemed to feel he could speak. "Not he. He's more like his father. If he gets the other in him beaten out early enough, he'll do. Give him a chance. He only got away a little while ago, and but for outside help I doubt if he'd have managed it. It will be the making of him, if he can keep away. His father was a man. He stuck it out—and died in his forties."

I should never have connected the two but for my work with Neal. And as the warm thought of Neal flooded me, obliterating these disagreeable things, I heard the sound of his car out in the road. "It's Neal," I said joyfully.

AND then my heart skipped a beat. For following Neal was a tall young man whose likeness to his mother was apparent even in the dusk.

"Ah, Steve!" said Judge McIntyre. "Where did you find Steve, MacNeal?"

"Fishing at Loon River, judge. I'll call his mother downstairs, because I don't want Susy disturbed. Will you go into the library, all of you, and wait for me?"

"MacNeal," said Judge McIntyre, "will you just let me go up with you for Mrs. Landis? She sent for me this afternoon. It's the first moment I had to come, and maybe she won't want me now that Stephen's here."

The two men's eyes met. A ghost of a smile lay in Neal's, as he nodded and they went upstairs together.

I took Stephen Landis into the library with my heart going like a velvet-padded gong, for the library opened into the dining room and it was near the dinner hour when

Elsa might be setting the table. But the place was deserted.

The young man stood at the center table, the chandelier lights shining on hair as blond as Susy's, on eyes frowning under light brows at the sudden glare of the room after the dusk, on a full under lip and a lifted firm chin. It was a face that needed only a dark cameo one, like Elsa's, near it to make it striking. It must have been inevitable that these two would attract each other. He gave

me an appraising look; then spoke to me quite simply. Had I not seen that his hands were grasping the table with white-knuckled fingers I would not have guessed at tension. "Mrs. Gordon, Mac says you have—have Elsa Fleming here."

I had not expected it. I had supposed Neal meant to surprise him, even though I had heard Neal say many times not to surprise a man into doing a thing, if you wanted him to keep on doing it; that a minute's preparation was worth an hour's persuasion. "Yes," I said. "She is not very well."

I was feeling my way, and I suddenly found it, almost as if

my hand had been taken. "I don't think she could get well with her brothers. They are—they are terrible people."

I saw him wince, but he made no answer. I let a little frame of silence surround the picture, then I added: "There seems to be no one who cares what becomes of her."

"There is." "Well"—I crossed the room and pulled down the shades and came back with my eye on the swinging pantry door in the dining room, behind which I knew Elsa was working—"if there is, Elsa doesn't know it. And for all the use that it is to her in saving her strength and health, it might as well not exist. It's worse than nothing to have somebody who ought to help and doesn't. Oh"—I found passion creeping into my voice, for all my efforts to say the wise thing—"to have one person you might look to for help and to have that one fail you, it's like taking a crutch from a crippled child or kicking an unhealed wound."

HE UNCLENCHED his hands. "If you mean me, I didn't know —"

But out in the hall I heard the men's voices. Mrs. Landis entered, followed by the two men.

She did not rush to her only son with the gladness of a mother in a difficult position, happy to have him at her side. She stood still looking at him a second. Then she looked furtively about the room and beyond it into the dim dining room. "Well, Stephen," she said, "we find ourselves in a most disagreeable situation. Susy fainted here a week ago, and we have been unable to move her."

She stopped and leaned forward, again peering into the dining room.

The pantry door swung open and Elsa entered with the tablecloth on her arm and a tray in her hand. She stopped at the sound of voices and looked from the dim room into the lighted one. I saw her grope a little with one hand while the tablecloth slipped to the floor and her eyes fixed themselves on the figure under the chandelier. Then she put the tray gently on the table and stood quite still.

"IT IS Elsa, Neal," I said. "Do you want her to come in?"

"Yes, please, Elsa," Neal went to the dining room and brought her back.

"Ah, I see," said Mrs. Landis. "It was a prearranged matter." Her voice was unendurable. Even her son flushed.

Elsa's eyes, resting on Stephen Landis, burned in her white face with an intensity that seemed to filter through the atmosphere of the whole room.

(Continued on Page 143)



The nursing mother

How to guard Baby's health and yours

WITH a keen yearning for baby's welfare, you should watch your own health. You know that your physical condition registers its effect upon baby through the milk.

Be particularly careful to secure regular and thorough elimination of intestinal contents. Such waste, accumulating and allowed to remain in the body, creates dangerous and irritating poisons. An eminent baby specialist says that these poisons, when absorbed from the poisonous accumulation in the intestines, are very quickly reflected in the milk.

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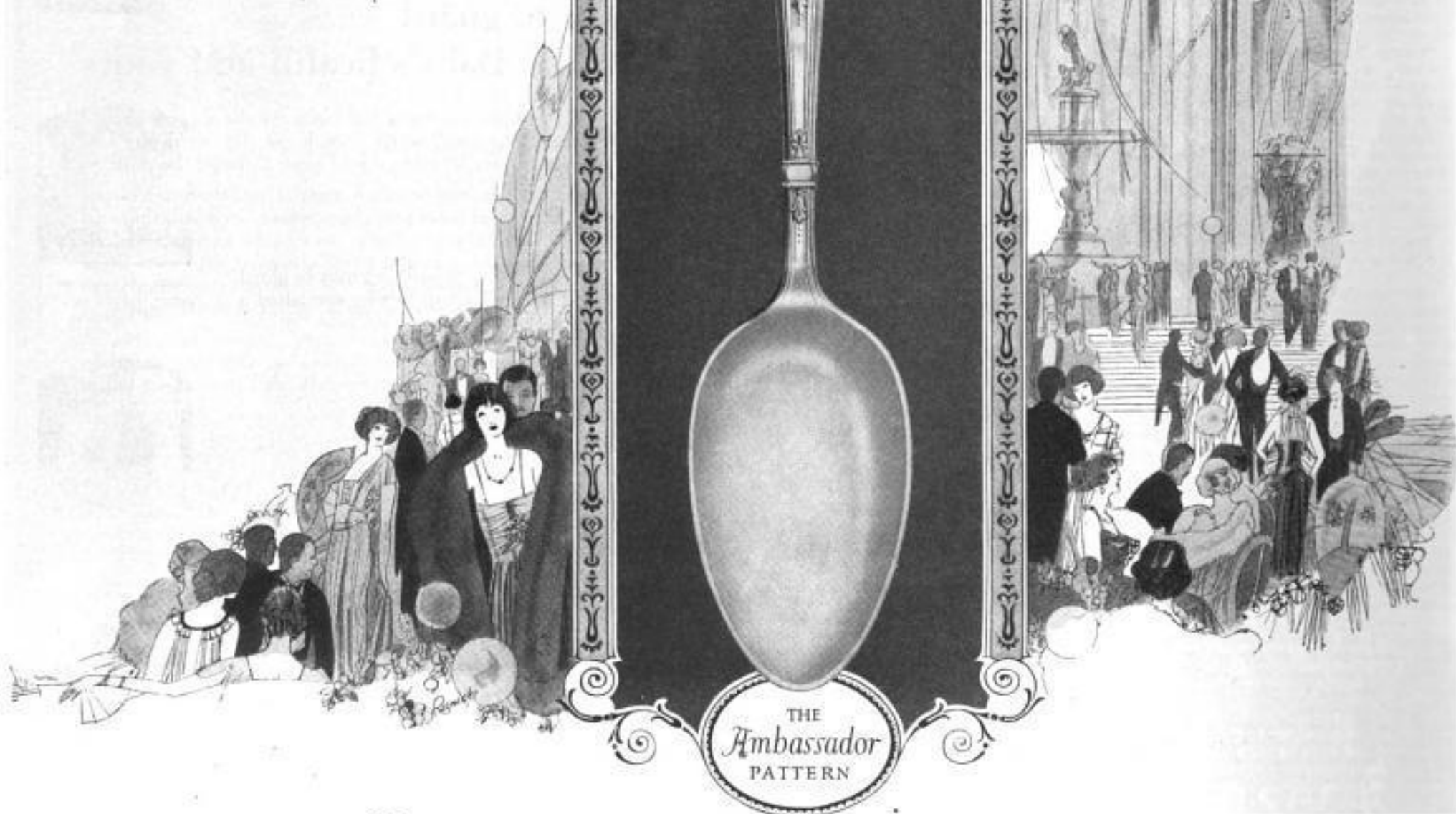
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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 141)

"Some few things, Mrs. Landis," said Neal grimly, "like death and birth, need arrangement."

I don't know what I had expected; perhaps some argument; perhaps even a quarrel. But I had not expected the blank hush that followed Neal's simple speech. Stephen Landis had not looked up when Elsa entered the room, and when he did so he did not look at her. He looked at Neal and there was no warmth in the look. It was the guarded glance of the man who had been trapped into a scene. Distinctly it could be seen that Stephen Landis felt it was a trap. My heart ached for the girl who would have let her own frail body agonize in the trap without one moan.

MRS. LANDIS spoke: "If you have arranged this assembly at a time when I cannot escape it, with the hope that it will be of any benefit to Elsa Fleming, you have taken advantage of my situation to no purpose."

Neal's answer seemed to have no bearing on Mrs. Landis' speech. "Your son is of age, Mrs. Landis, and he is making his own living."

A flush spread over Mrs. Landis' face. "I do not know why you connect Stephen with this, or why you say what you have."

"Perhaps," said Neal, "Stephen knows."

"I feel quite sure," Mrs. Landis answered, "that Stephen does not wish his name connected with this girl's. Any further connection of this sort would start scandal. Even if Stephen felt seriously about her, I am sure he would put the feeling aside. You cannot in this city go on with a thing that provokes scandal. You cannot even begin domestic life, if that is what you have in mind, Doctor Gordon, on a foundation of scandal. I am thinking of Susy as well as of Stephen; and I feel quite sure he wishes to think of us both."

"Have you thought at all of Elsa?" Neal apparently spoke to the mother, but I knew to whom his words were addressed. "Elsa is also a young girl like Susy, only Elsa has worked hard all her life at a work that scandal actually harms. Had your son amused himself with one of the girls of his own set and then left her, there would have been gossip, but no scandal. But in this case her summer's amusement may be followed by the loss of the girl's chance of making a living."

"She should have thought of that herself before she got into this," Mrs. Landis replied. "She is accustomed to taking care of herself. She knows how to do it. If she didn't do it, it was because she didn't want to."

AGAIN Neal's answer was not made to the actual words Mrs. Landis spoke. "If Stephen could repair the damage to Elsa's reputation—and I suppose he can and will—it will take him longer to repair the damage he has done to her faith in him, to our faith in him, and that is a greater waste than the other." Behind Neal's low voice there was a passionate sincerity. For the first time since Elsa had entered the room Stephen Landis looked at her. "Already nothing can ever repay Elsa," Neal continued, "for these days she has had to stand against this public opinion you have helped to create, Mrs. Landis. She has had to stand even against her own family, when by every law of kindness and decency she should have had your son's arm to hold her."

"Oh, all this pious melodrama doesn't alter the case," said Mrs. Landis curtly. "Why do we stand here talking about it?"

There had been an insistent ringing of the doorbell, and Neal now heard it. It is a

summons, as I have said before, that no doctor may deny. Neal opened the hall door. We heard a strange voice and his own in curt reply. I saw Elsa grasp the back of the chair, and Adam Fleming appeared at Neal's side at the library door.

His sunken eyes swept the group within and came to a pause on Stephen Landis. The dull antagonism of his look flared into real enmity. He brushed by Neal and entered the room. "It's time I came to take her home. If it wasn't for this man I wouldn't be facing the chance of a jail sentence. Six months ago Elsa wanted more money, so she could get fine dresses to look like the girls he was used to. So she went out to sew among you women," he flung his hand at Mrs. Landis, "instead of working among her own kind where she would have been safe."

Mrs. Landis stirred, but the man's force could be felt as a tangible thing. "She came home to us," he swept on—"she came home with all her fine clothes, a thing to point the finger at. She had money, and she set herself against us with her money back of it. She put these ideas in my wife's mind. She told her if a woman had her own money she didn't have to take orders from any man, husband or brother. And so when my wife got tired of her own house and filled with these crazy ideas, she left me and took work in another house, to get money; for all I knew to end as Elsa has ended. She didn't get money for work in her own house, so she didn't care. I brought her home. And I'd have done it, sick or well. Better to have her die than be the thing Elsa is."

THE young man under the chandelier had grown whiter. Perhaps some new vision was touching him of what Elsa had been facing. Perhaps merely the old truth had reached him that no one can live to himself alone. Here were death and desperation following his decision and his indecision. "What do you mean," he said to Fleming, "by this thing that Elsa has become?"

The man moistened his lips. "I don't have to tell you."

I cannot describe the insult of the few words. I saw the triumphant thing in Mrs. Landis' face, and I could bear it no longer.

"Adam Fleming," I said, "you haven't anything to tell anybody about Elsa. She is Stephen Landis' wife."

The room became as still as the mountain must have been after the whirlwind passed by. I felt Neal's hand on my shoulder as he drew me against him. Then I saw why he had done it. For Mrs. Landis literally sprang at me.

"It is not true. Ask the girl; she will tell you it is not true."

"It is true," I answered. "Ask your own son. It must be because of you that he is withholding the truth. It is a brave thing you wish your son to do."

STEPHEN LANDIS gave a curious sound. "Is this a Sunday school?" he asked bitterly. "Yes, I am married to Elsa. Why didn't she speak to me, if she wanted to announce it now?"

Elsa came softly forward. "You know I asked you, Stephen, to make our marriage public. You know when and why you denied me."

Landis did not answer her. He turned to Neal. "Where do you come in?"

"I am her doctor."

"I am almost well now," said Elsa, and her voice was clear as a bell. "Go home, Adam, and tell all the family that I was married to Stephen Landis in Grand Rapids on the tenth of June, at the courthouse. Mrs. Landis, I have not found marriage

(Continued on Page 144)



"Mother, what can we do now?"

YOU CAN keep children amused for hours on rainy days with the fun they can have with LePage's Glue.

There never was a boy who did not like to play with soldiers. In the magazines of the past few years there are dozens of pictures of real soldiers, guns, tanks, generals, which he can cut out and mount on cardboard with little props to make them stand up. He can make armies and navies.

The fashion pages of magazines will furnish whole paper families to be cut out and mounted on cardboard for the little girl who likes paper dolls. LePage's will stick the edges of paper and cardboard together smoothly all around.

A broken wooden soldier's leg or doll's leg may be glued as good as new. Make match-scratchers by spreading a thin coat of LePage's over a piece of cardboard or toy elephant's back. Dust sand or emery over it and allow to dry.

If a child's rubbers are a bit loose, he is quite apt to lose them. Give him a small strip of felt or velvet to glue on the inside of the heel close up to the edge. This tightens rubbers nicely.

Needle cases may be made by gluing cretonne over squares of cardboard placed side by side to close like a book, the cretonne forming a hinge. Then glue squares of scalloped flannel inside for needles. Pictures cut from colored supplements may be mounted in scrap books so a child can make a "funny" book of his own.

LePage's Glue is also a household friend, and Daddy uses it on his office desk. Many other practical, money saving uses are described in a book called "LePage's Glue—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending." Send for free copy. Russia Cement Company, Laboratory and Factory, 2 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.



You can make an army of soldiers with LePage's.



Sister, you can make paper dolls. Mother will show you.



A nice little giraffe has his neck mended with LePage's.



You can make a match-scratcher all yourself!

LE PAGE'S GLUE



THE STOPPER IS ALSO THE SPREADER

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

Making Your Table Allowance Go Farther

"I HAVE just so much money each week to spend on my table," a young housekeeper explained to me recently. "Toward the end of the week, particularly if we have been entertaining, I find my allowance diminishing so that I can't afford expensive steaks and chops—yet I always try to set a very nice table. Can't you help me find some really attractive, yet inexpensive, meatless dishes?"

I knew just the recipe she needed, a delicious Salmon and Rice Loaf, molded with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—inexpensive yet attractive and appetite satisfying. She was delighted with it and asked for others, which I gave her, explaining how helpful Knox Gelatine can be in making bits of leftover vegetables, fruits, fish and meats into salads and desserts which the most particular housewife would proudly place on her table.

Here is the first recipe I gave her. I will gladly send you the others if you'll write to me for them.

SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) RICE LOAF

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cupful of cold water 1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful cooked rice
1 cupful milk 1 tablespoon melted butter
1 can of salmon (or tuna fish)

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve by adding hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon (or tuna fish), rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner.

Other Meatless Recipes—Free

There are many other inexpensive, meat-substitute recipes, together with real meat dishes, fruit and vegetable salads, desserts, candies and dainties given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them. They are free. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

113 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."



The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 143)

with your son a very happy thing. I am not eager to hold him either against your will or his own. It may be true that my earning a living in Gordon City is jeopardized, but I think only temporarily. As soon as it is known that I am Stephen's wife, and that will be by breakfast time to-morrow, there will be many homes eager to have me sew. I do not need your son to support me or to stand behind me."

She turned to Stephen and her voice sank to a whisper. "And to you, Stephen, marriage is more than—than love. I learned it in my brother's house, watching its failure there. I have learned it here, watching its success. Marriage is living together with value to each other; working together, I think, with value to others, but working together. When you can work with me, when you are glad to have me with you, not ashamed, nor afraid, then only can I come to you."

She turned away and left the room with a strange look at Neal and me as we stood together. Judge McIntyre opened the door for her and bent his head as she passed out.

Silence fell on us. Stephen Landis stood staring at the floor.

His mother was the first to move. She came to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Stephen, surely we have had enough. Let us go."

He seemed to waken from sleep. Quite gently he lifted his mother's hand from his arm. "I must try to find her, mother, now. Perhaps she will have patience." He spoke shyly, making his faint apology with guarded mouth. Then he went out of the room.

XI

AFTER Neal's office hours were over he had several visits to pay and he did not get back until almost dinnertime. He had been in court in the morning, and Adam Fleming had not been held for the Grand Jury. But Neal said he was not through with him. He had yet to see if there was any reason on Fleming's farm for Mrs. Fleming's typhoid.

"Neal," I said, "Sally McIntyre has called off her dinner at the club to-night. You'll have to put up with my cooking."

"What did she say?" asked Neal.

"That they couldn't get a table because she'd waited too long to reserve one, and she would postpone the dinner until next week."

"Did she name the day next week?"

"No, she didn't. She said she'd call up. Why?"

Neal humped his shoulders.

"And Neal, each person who came to the office to-day tried to pump me about Elsa and about Susy. Neal, I believe something in your visits has made you cross."

"Oh, all this talk makes me cross. I wouldn't mind if they'd get it straight. The town is buzzing with Elsa's marriage. You can hear anything about it, if you listen, except the truth."

"Where have they gone, Neal?"

"Stephen took her with him back to Loon Lake, where he's camping and fishing. It'll be good for her, out in the woods with nobody around. They can get everything talked over before they come back." He fell into thought for a few minutes. Then he said: "Suppose we have a dinner of our own at the club. I'll ask Sam and Mr. Symmes, and if you like we'll dance afterwards."

"If Sally can't get a reservation, how can you?"

"Oh, Sally!"

WE WERE late, because Neal had to stop and see his sick baby and its mother. And the first person I saw as we went into the dining room was Sally, the center of a dinner party, where Neal and I had evidently been the only ones for whom places had not been reserved.

"Why, Neal," I said, "there's Sally and—yes, there are all the rest of the party but just us. That's funny."

I saw Sam Poyntz and Mr. Symmes exchange glances. Sam's face darkened visibly. But Neal looked at Sally with a faint shrug. She had the grace to blush. When the dancing began, she came over to our table and

explained that at the last moment they had succeeded in getting a smaller table that somebody else had given up. She spoke to Neal, not to me, and he heard her in perfect silence. There is something about silence in answer to an explanation that is embarrassing to everybody who hears. I looked across at the table Sally had left, and there was no mistaking the subject of their conversation as they watched Sally.

Sally was no coward. "Mac," she said, "are you deaf?"

"Anything but, Sally! You know what I am. I was born here. There are a few things I won't stand for. And this is one of them. If you or any of your friends could accept hospitality in a desperate situation and then go away and slander your host and hostess, then you—well, I don't have to explain that to you, Sally."

SALLY sent a fleeting glance at me. "They're not slandering you, Mac."

Neal's face got a little white. "Cowards!" Neal looked straight at me. "Thank heaven, we have a few real people in this city. Leila won't have to waste her time and strength on the others much longer."

I didn't enjoy my evening, for all that I had the undivided attention of three of the nicest men in the world. There is a great difference between the look that accepts you at once and the look that hesitates between two opinions. I had never encountered the doubtful look before, either at school or at home or in my own social set. It was strange to me now. You have to steel yourself against it. And the Country Club was not the only place that I met it. I began to expect it and to look for it whenever I went out. At home I missed Elsa; perhaps I missed all the drama that had used our home for a stage. It seemed very quiet and very lonely at night, for Neal spent every spare second with the baby down the road and its mother. Both had typhoid. Neal sent for the father, but he couldn't get a nurse. The small supply of nurses in our own town and those near by was long ago exhausted, and the telephone calls came pouring in.

"I warned them," said Neal. "I warned them all, especially the families at Cone Beach. I tell you, everybody that used that man Fleming's milk needs inoculation. If I can just pull that baby through! It's touch and go. The mother's made of stronger stuff."

I heard him calling Doctor Garland and Sam Poyntz by telephone. He couldn't get Sam. He tried until late at night and again early in the morning.

"LEILA," he said, "try Sam for me about nine, will you? Tell him there are nine cases of typhoid at Cone Beach now, and that I want to see him."

I had central ring four times and then, as I was about to hang up, I heard Sam's voice faintly.

"Leila Gordon, Doctor —"

He broke in. "Tell Mac I'm sick." The telephone grew quiet.

I didn't wait for Neal. I didn't know where to find him. I drove straight to the flat building where Sam lived, and when I couldn't get in his door I got the janitor to take me up the back steps and in the kitchen door, or what would have been the kitchen if Sam had kept house. He lived alone in the only bachelor-apartment building in town.

He was lying across his bed, his face flushed and his eyes bright. "Give me a drink," he said thickly.

The janitor held up his head while I gave him a drink. "Have you been like this long, Sam?"

"Long enough."

"Well, I'm going to get you a nurse. Neal's out, but I'll telephone Doctor Garland."

"But, Mrs. Gordon," said Doctor Garland, "there isn't a nurse in town. I can't even get any more from Grand Rapids."

"Can't somebody come over here and help Sam until Neal gets here, doctor?"

"Try Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Gordon."

"I would stay myself, doctor, but a little baby near us is dying, and its mother is sick

(Continued on Page 145)

SLIPOVA CLOTHES for CHILDREN



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Start your
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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 144)

and they haven't anybody. But I'm so afraid Doctor Poyntz is very ill."

Mrs. McIntyre came in half an hour. By that time the janitor had Sam in bed, but he needed everything—a bath to reduce his temperature, an ice bag for his aching head, and so on. So it was almost noon before I got to the sick baby. Neal was there. He held up a finger as I tiptoed in. The baby was sleeping, with its father's hand held in its thin little fingers. I never heard anybody breathe so fast. The father looked haggard, and his eyes were red with sleeplessness.

"Make him some strong coffee," whispered Neal.

He followed me to the kitchen and I had a chance to tell him about Sam.

"I'll go and see him at once, Leila. Will you stay here until I get back? We'll save this baby yet with a little luck. Don't let anybody in. I'll get an ex-service man to look after Sam, if I can't get a nurse. There are several of the disabled men who could help and who have nothing else to do."

He came back for me in an hour. The baby hadn't stirred, and its father had fallen asleep on the bed beside it. Neal nodded to me and I followed him out to the veranda.

"I'm sorry, dear, to put all this on you, but I want you to telephone the American Legion at Grand Rapids as soon as you get home, and ask if they will round up the disabled service men who can look after the sick—those who have been in a hospital long enough to know a little about sickness. Ask them if they will send them to my house, and I will pay for the expense attached to it. We are in for a typhoid epidemic, I'm afraid."

"It would be too bad, Neal, to endanger these men's lives when they've given so much."

"Every one of them was inoculated against typhoid two years ago. Every service man and woman in town is safe. You get your first inoculation as soon as I get home, Leila. I'll be there in time for my office hours."

"Is the baby still sleeping, Neal?" I asked when he came into the office.

HE SHOOK his head. "If I had a good nurse! But they haven't the money to send away and get one."

"How much money have we, Neal?"

"Hardly any, dear."

"What about Mr. Symmes?"

"It's broken out among his factory men. Mr. Symmes needs every cent he has."

"Won't the city help?"

"It is helping. We all are. But I need more than amateur help. I need expert skill, not only for this baby but for dozens of other cases. It's all a matter of nursing in typhoid."

That night Neal stayed all night with the baby. At six in the morning I asked the milkman if he knew how the baby was. He had come from there.

"I'm afraid it won't live through the morning, Mrs. Gordon. They've put it beside its sick mother, and they wouldn't do that before, on the mother's account."

I stood on the porch thinking of that poor mother who had lain there so patiently watching her baby across the room and who was holding it now, because in all the years to come she might have only this little hour to recall. And I thought of how silly, in the face of such agony, a thing like pride was.

I went indoors and called long distance. "I want Benjamin F. Laughlin, New York," I said. "I want to get him before he leaves the house for the office, and I want the charge for this call reversed. It is Leila Laughlin calling."

I heard father's voice in an incredibly short time, as clearly as if he were before me.

"Father," I said, "you will never have a chance to do more with your money. They are dying here for lack of money. Father, I

want you to telegraph me money, not for myself; I don't want a penny for myself. I want it for nurses and doctors. I want it this morning. If I ever meant anything to you, useless as I am, do this for me. I'll give you an account of every penny spent."

"How much do you want, Leila?"

"I want a thousand dollars. I want more if you'll give it."

"I will telegraph two hundred and mail a draft for the rest in an hour. It should be in your hands to-morrow morning."

Neal came in a few minutes. He was exhausted. I had never seen him so hollow-eyed and tired.

"Neal," I cried, "not the baby!"

"No; not yet. I had an inspiration this morning. I gave the baby to its mother. I think—human will is a strange thing, Leila; that mother will not let her child die. Perhaps it's prayer; I don't know. The baby is alive."

"I have telephoned father for money. I'm to have a thousand dollars to-morrow."

A faint light came into his face. "Then we'll send to Cadillac for nurses—to Detroit, if we need to. I'm so glad."

"You will sleep, Neal?"

"An hour or two; then I must go with the men who are to examine the Fleming well and the cows. No, I don't have to drive. Tom Symmes is driving me there. No coffee until I wake up, dear."

THE telephone rang insistently after Neal had gone away in Mr. Symmes' car. I took down message after message; one from a strange doctor, asking for Neal's help; one from the hospital, now full of patients; a half dozen from people who wanted to be inoculated.

The city was swaying from fear to a gathering of its resources. Scarcely a family that had taken milk from Adam Fleming but was now paying for it in illness. The surrounding country was massed against the city in a solid wall of fear. But it was the women whom the scourge was attacking; all the men who had been overseas or in camps and so been inoculated against typhoid were escaping it now. The inoculation of the community went on as fast as it could be done. Fear-stricken women besought me over the telephone to send the doctor to inoculate their children. I sat at Neal's desk and made out a list of visits, graded according to their importance, and trying to find a place among these visits for him to sleep.

I must have fallen asleep myself, sitting in the desk chair, for I was awakened by the whir of the telephone bell and as I sat up I was conscious that it had been ringing for some time.

AS I TOOK off the receiver I heard Mr. Symmes' voicesaying insistently to the operator: "Try again, won't you? It is of the utmost importance."

"Here I am, Mr. Symmes," I said. "I fell asleep. That's why I didn't answer."

"Mrs. Gordon, your husband—" he paused.

I caught the arm of the chair. "Yes," I said sharply, "I hear you."

"He has been hurt."

Something wrenched at my heart and turned me faint. "Say it again."

"MacNeal has been hurt, Mrs. Gordon."

"Mr. Symmes, you wouldn't—surely you wouldn't tell me an untruth. Neal—he's just been hurt—no more?"

"No more, dear Mrs. Gordon." His voice was kindness itself. "His leg has been hurt. I am bringing him home myself. We had a doctor out here; we brought one with us, you know. No, not Sam Poyntz. He's ill to-day; but we have a pretty good surgeon. And Garland will meet us at your house. Please don't worry. Just make a place for

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Make
Mapleine Syrup
As You Need It
for
22¢ a quart

Yes, a whole quart for only 22c, made as follows:

4 cups sugar	*12c
2 cups water	00
Mapleine (sample)	10
	22c

(*Approximate price of sugar)

And such syrup—fresh, golden, maple-flavored! Made as quickly as you pour hot water from the tea-kettle. Simply dissolve granulated sugar and add the magic drops of

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to impart the delight of maple flavor and the glow of golden color. The ingredients cost so little you can use this delicious syrup freely. A 2-ounce bottle of Mapleine (35c) contains sufficient flavoring for twelve full quarts of Mapleine Syrup, reducing the cost of the syrup to 16c a quart. Make as much or as little of it as desired—fresh and clear—just as you need it.

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No. A3807, here illustrated. The front panel produces a straight front line flattening in effect. The horizontal boning across the diaphragm reduces and gives just the desirable support. This boning is a recent and marked improvement for its purpose and will not wear through. Graduated strips of elastic extending around the waist from the panel give easy but firm support.

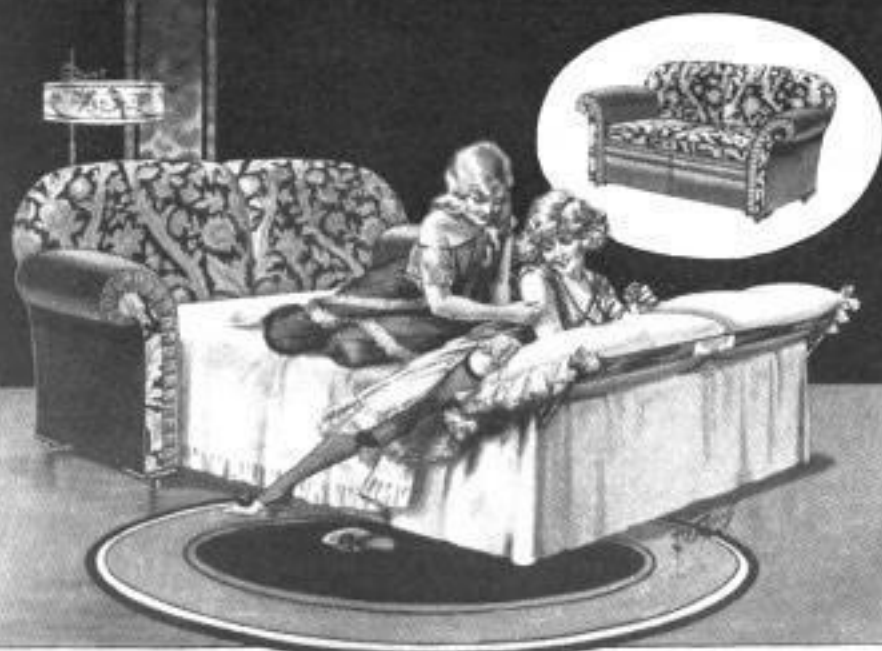
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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 145)

your husband in his office, so we won't have to take him upstairs."

I rolled the square box couch from the library to the office, though with my hands trembling as they were I thought it would never go through the doors.

It seemed hours before the automobile crept up the drive, and Doctor Garland and Mr. Symmes got out. Neal was lying on cushions in the back of the car, and I had never seen him so white. For a moment my world reeled and slipped. Then I heard Neal say softly: "Steady, dear."

"Fleming shot him," said Mr. Symmes, "twice, through the leg, there, above the knee. Can you stand being carried in now, old chap?"

"Sure," Neal kept his eyes on me. "It was Tom," he said, "who hit the pistol just in time, so that the bullet went through my leg instead of where it was aimed."

"I don't call that just in time," muttered Mr. Symmes. "You should never have let him off yesterday. He won't get off today—nor to-morrow."

THEY undressed Neal, talking as they did it to keep up my heart, I think.

"Fleming was madder than a hatter," Mr. Symmes said to Doctor Garland, "because MacNeal had said it was his well and his watering his milk with it that started this epidemic. He's half crazy, that man. He shot to kill."

The older doctor looked across Neal at me with the look a doctor gives a patient. "He wasn't meant to go, Mrs. Gordon. We need him too much. But it's an infernal shame he got this at this time when we need him more than ever. A hypodermic, Gordon?"

"No," said Neal. "I think he'll sleep anyhow, Mrs. Gordon; it's been so long since he has."

"I won't call you, Garland, unless I have to," said Neal. "I know you haven't a second to spare. But won't you go down the road, just a couple of hundred feet from here, and see my sick baby and its mother. I'd have pulled that baby through except for this."

"Do you want me to go with him, Neal, and bring you word? If Mr. Symmes will stay with you a little longer—maybe we can pull the baby through yet."

"I'm going to stay all night," said Mr. Symmes. "And Tommy is going to bring the dinner my housekeeper fixed for us. We'll eat it here instead of at home. I've already arranged it."

The baby lay in the hollow of its mother's arm. Neal had told Doctor Garland to expect that, and the doctor had merely nodded. He was an old man now, and he knew that not by the same route is everyone sent forward.

"Oh, he will live; he will live, I know," I whispered to the mother. And I did know.

SHE looked far more wan than she had yesterday, but the baby no longer had that look—it cannot be described, but it is a look that all who work to hold back death know.

I walked home alone, for there were any number of things for me to do for the baby and its mother after the doctor had gone. Both men were asleep when I tiptoed in—Neal with a round red spot in each gaunt cheek; Mr. Symmes stretched out in the Morris chair. I lowered the light and propped the door open and lay down on the window seat in the hall.

It was five o'clock in the morning before I wakened, and then it was the telephone, and my hope of reaching it before it wakened Neal, that got me up forgetful of the cramps that window seat had put into my knees. Neal was awake. It was the ex-serviceman who was looking after Sam Poyntz. He wanted Neal to come as soon as he could. When I told him about Neal he hesitated.

"Well, I'll get another

doctor, if I can, Mrs. Gordon; but—but—would you come in, if you get a chance? There isn't any woman here, you know, and he hasn't any family at all—and things look bad; would you come? Is your husband too sick for you to leave?"

"Wait!" I turned to Neal. "I didn't tell you, dear, about Sam. I thought you had worries enough." And I told him.

"You go, if you will, dear. There isn't anything you can do for me that somebody else can't do, and there is for Sam. Go right away, if you like."

Poor Sam! His tired, fever-glowing eyes lightened as I came in, as if he had been watching the door all the night.

"HE WON'T take his milk," the man in charge complained. "Doctor Gordon said his life would be on my hands if I gave him anything but milk, and I can't get him to take it; it's about as broad as it is long. He'll die if he starves as quick as if I gave him what he asks for. He's had nothing all day or night."

"Oh, Sam! And you a doctor! You know you've got to do it this way. Here! I'll hold it for you. You've got to get well, Sam, for us; you've just got to. You've got to hold your mind to it, Sam, night and day."

"For you?" And Sam smiled a little. "I like your calling me Sam and all that."

"Yes, for me. I'll come again in a little bit to see if you've taken your milk all morning."

I looked down at him with a sudden sinking of the heart. He had the look—the look of one whose chance is not quite even. "Sam," I said, "you will hold on; won't you, Sam?"

"Yes, if you are coming again." The faint effort at gallantry was infinitely pathetic.

"I'm coming again and again, Sam." And I bent over and kissed his forehead.

After I had given Neal his breakfast and made him as comfortable as I could, I called Sally McIntyre by phone.

"Sally," I said, "can't you get your church guild to help? All those girls had some training during the war. Won't they help now? Somebody's got to visit these people on Cone Beach. It's dreadful to have them sick this way."

"Their mothers won't let them run around among typhoid cases, Mrs. Gordon, and I don't see how they can be expected to."

"Leila," said Neal as I hung up the receiver, "why don't you ask the fathers and not the mothers? This is a town where the word of the father has weight."

Marian's father offered me his own services, his car and his money. He put heart in me. "It's the least any of us can do," he said, "with a young thing like you, with a hurt husband, putting up such a game fight. I'd be ashamed if my daughter didn't help. Let me round them up for you. I'll have 'em at your house at noon, if I have personally to visit each family."

I THINK I will never forget that night. Marian's father stayed with Neal. Mr. Symmes had men in his factory he had to help, and Tommy was so tired he fell asleep on the steps and I had to put him to bed. The man who was caring for Sam was stumbling with sleepiness. He was thankful for a little time to sleep.

At two in the morning I brought Sam his milk. But though I held his head and tried him first with the tube in the glass and then without the tube, he could not seem to take it. The doctor had given him the kind of

bath they give to reduce temperature just before I came, but despite that Sam's temperature had risen to 105, though at two o'clock it should have begun to go down.

(Continued on Page 149)





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Daniel Green Comfy Slippers

For Men, Women and Children

The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 146)

"Oh, Sam!" I wept, for I was so tired and so discouraged and so afraid of the sudden signs of perforation Neal had warned me of, "you promised me to pull through!"

I didn't even suppose he heard me, he was lying so still, with his eyes closed. But he opened them and lay looking at me. "I'll pull through, girlie," he murmured as I bent to hear. "Can't break a promise to you. You go to sleep."

If you have not sat all night through the stillness and terror of that hour of lowest vitality when they say death is nearest, sat with one battling for life, you do not even dream what the dawn with its promise can mean.

When Doctor Garland came he brought Mrs. McIntyre with him. I gave Sam his milk again before I left.

The doctor patted my hand softly as I was leaving. "Good-by, Mrs. Gordon," he said in his soft, courteous voice. "All our little city is grateful to you this morning."

"Why—why —" Again the tears rolled down my cheeks. I seemed to have no inhibitions left; and I couldn't recall what I had done for the city.

"YOU got the serum here for all the inoculations, and you got the nurses here to help give the inoculations. Tom Symmes has told on you, and so has Bellows."

It was still very early, but I drove out to the hospital for crutches for Neal. The interne I met gave me some breakfast and a bottle of hot coffee for Neal. When I got home he drank the coffee so avidly that when I got Mr. Bellows outside the door I said to him: "Neal swears he had a good night, Mr. Bellows, but I don't believe a word of it. Did he?"

"Oh, well, not very."

"I wish I had been here."

"We were glad you weren't, Mrs. Gordon."

"Oh!" I tried desperately to keep back those silly tears and succeeded until Mr. Bellows left.

Then I leaned against the front door and cried them clear out of my system. I had to bathe my face several times with hot water and powder it before I went in to Neal.

"I suppose," I said as lightly as I could manage, when I opened his door, "that Sally would say I had time to dust my nose even if I didn't dust my house."

"And make up your face, even if you didn't make up your beds," said Neal. But the tone was so like my own that I knew quite well what Neal was doing.

"Oh, Neal," I said, and put my head down on his arm, "don't mind. You'll be well soon, and back in the thick of the fight long before it's over."

He was silent a second, stroking my hair. "It isn't my own hurt, Little Soldier," he said. "It's this thing of being crippled now, made useless right when I'm most needed, when I just can't be spared. It does a queer thing to you to have to lie still while the bells at the door and the telephone keep ringing and ringing, asking for your help." He looked out the window. "It must be the way a man feels who dies suddenly in the midst of his greatest usefulness."

FOR a moment black spots swam in front of me. I pulled myself together. "Listen, Neal," I said softly, "you've got clean wounds, with no bullet in your leg, wounds that are healing. Your usefulness needn't be crippled by them. There are a lot of people in this town who are perfectly well and strong, but who aren't doing a thing to help in this emergency. Maybe the very thought of you helping when you have been crippled will bring them to some realization of what they could do and aren't doing. I'll move your couch to the telephone and you can answer all these calls that are worrying you. You can give all your directions yourself, and I'll go and see that they are carried out. I'll put the telephone right where you can use it, propped on your pillows. And by day after to-morrow, when you are sitting up, you can give the inoculations. I can help you do that. Maybe that's what the man cut off in

his most useful time does. Maybe, even from the other side, he can still give directions to the minds of those who need him here and still get somebody to help him give inoculations to keep those who have relied on him from further danger."

In his tired eyes there came the faint glimmer that I knew. "Little Inspiration!" he said, and even the smallest thing that I had ever done for him became sweet as he said it. "A man might not mind being dead if he thought he could still carry on. If I can work that telephone I won't mind being tied to this excuse for a bed one bit."

"Well, then I'll roll the couch over now. It moves perfectly easy. I'll take the rug up. No, if it's hard to do, I'll stop."

It was hard to do, but I didn't stop. I thought that if I had him there beside his desk and his telephone, with his crutches

on the chair beside him, before I took the sleep I had to have, he'd be so much happier. And he was.

Then I don't know what happened. Things got dark and I got deadly sick.

XII

I SEEMED to have been running uphill for hours and hours, running and running after the sound of Neal's voice. And then I stopped and felt myself running up the steps of my own house in New York, and up to my own room with Anna beside me. By and by I opened my eyes and reached out my hand toward Anna. It was some minutes before I saw that I was in bed in my room in Neal's house. And I lay there trying to decide whether Neal's house was my house or whether father's house was my house.

"I shall have to ask Neal," I said out loud, and I turned my head on the pillow.

There was Anna beside me!

"Anna!" I cried. "How did you get here?"

She smiled at me delightedly. "Your father brought me, Miss Leila."

"Have I been ill, or did I faint or something? Don't tell me I've got 'It,' Anna."

"No, you haven't. I don't think, really, you are anything more than tired and sleepy, Miss Leila, but your husband has been so afraid it's all he can do to stay downstairs."

I sat up in bed. Beyond a faint giddiness, there didn't seem to be a thing the matter with me. "How did I get in this bed, Anna?"

"We put you here, a girl named Marian and me. Your father and Mr. Symmes carried you up."

"Well, how did you get here—really, I mean, Anna. Begin at the beginning and don't, for heaven's sake, say you'll tell me when I'm better."

"Why, your father, Miss Leila, read the account of the typhoid epidemic at the breakfast table a day or so after you telephoned him, and I suppose he thought he hadn't sent you enough money, for he tried to send you more by telegraph, and they wired him you couldn't be reached. That got him going. Of course I don't know, but I think he could just see you with typhoid and nobody to look after you. Your mother died of typhoid fever, you remember, Miss Leila. So your father had me call your husband by telephone. He didn't seem to want to do it himself. And I couldn't get your husband. Long Distance said he was too ill to answer the phone, but that I could talk to Mr. Thomas Symmes." She stopped and looked out of the window.

"Well, did you?"

"YES, I did. And your father talked to him. Your father didn't mind talking to Mr. Symmes—well, you can see how he'd feel about your husband. It's hard to make up over the telephone when you have to raise your voice to be distinctly heard. And Mr. Symmes said that, almost unaided, you and Doctor Gordon had organized all the work

(Continued on Page 150)

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The Confessions of a Useless Wife

(Continued from Page 149)

that was being done in the epidemic, and that he congratulated him on such a daughter and such a son-in-law. But your father wanted facts and not congratulations, though, as he hadn't said what he wanted, Mr. Symmes didn't know. When he found out, he must have worried your father almost to death. After all, you are his only child and closer to him than anybody else."

"He didn't seem to think so the last time I saw him, Anna."

"IT'S like some other things, Miss Leila. You've got to lose them before you find out how much you care. If you knew what the house has been without you! I don't think your father would admit it, at first; but one day I heard him cut Mrs. Laughlin short when she said something unkind about your husband. 'He's a confounded good chap,' your father said. 'Better than we could hope for in this messy lot of loafers that hang around our girls these days.' Your father wasted no time when he finished his telephoning. We took the noon train."

"Where is he now?"
Anna smiled a little. "He's at a town meeting. They're having one to make everybody work. They say your husband started it. Almost everyone on that milkman's route is sick. Your father is representing your husband at the meeting." She looked at me brightly. "Oh, Miss Leila, it's a lovely little town, and it loves your husband and it loves you. I'm sure your father—well, he could help in this."

"Help." I laughed aloud. "We've got so much for him to do here he'll have to stay until it's started and come back to see it finished. Anna, where is Adele?"

"She is buying clothes in Paris, Miss Leila. It's the first time she's been able to go there since the war, you know."

"Then you can stay until she comes back?"

"Longer. She's going to bring a French maid back."

"Anna, don't tell me you can stay as long as I like. Anna, in a doctor's house you'd be invaluable. We've got work for you to do here, too, Anna. Could you stand a little town like this?"

"I was born in a little town like this, not so very far away from here, Miss Leila. I can stay as long as you need me, but not any longer. I—I'm going to be married, Miss Leila."

"Anna! Anna, are you going to marry the man?"

"Yes, Miss Leila." Again Anna looked out of the window at something that seemed to have taken years from her face. "Yes, he's a widower now. He needs—I guess he needs what all men need, Miss Leila."

I stared at her. "Anna, how did he find you after all these years?"

SHE was still looking out of the window. "Why, Miss Leila, it might seem to you like an accident, I suppose, only sometimes I think there are no accidents, that these things are all arranged. It was through you he found me, Miss Leila."

"Anna, am I awake or am I looking at some 'movie'? How long have you been here, Anna? How long have I been ill?"

"Several days, Miss Leila." She brought her eyes back from the window and looked at me. "Quite long enough, Miss Leila. I haven't been taking care of you every minute. There's been your father, you know, and all these young ladies who have been so worried over you."

"Anna," I said solemnly, "am I thinking of the same man you are?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Miss Leila. It was his voice over the long-distance phone. It sounded just the same after all these years; it is a voice—the kind of a voice—"

"Yes, it is. It's one of the nicest voices I ever heard. Give me my negligee, Anna, for goodness' sake. I've got to see Neal."

I got out of bed and tied my peignoir as I went down the stairs. I didn't stop to think whether I was dizzy or not. Neal was sitting at his desk, his crutches by his side, his leg propped on cushions. His head was on his hands and he was looking away to the ends of the earth. He was thin and white. I tiptoed in and circled his neck with my arms.

"Neal!" I whispered. "Neal, lover! You're better."

He drew my face down to his and said nothing for some minutes. I thought there were tears at the back of his voice when he said at last, "I was so afraid for you, dear."

"But I've never even been ill, Neal. I've just been asleep. It would be like me to sleep a week, because I had gone without sleep for two or three nights. I'm so sorry, dear, to be such a sleepyhead; my sick baby and its poor brave mother—I'm almost afraid to ask about them."

"They are getting well, dear, both of them."

"And Sam?"

"Oh, Sam!"

My heart sank. "Neal!" I said sharply; "not Sam!"

"No; it was close though, Leila. I think it was Sally McIntyre who really saved him."

"Neal, you're laughing at me again!"

"Am I? Well, you see, you may recall I was alone here with you when you —"

"Flopped!" I interjected.

"Yes. So I had to stir up a lot before I could get help; everybody was so busy."

"Don't tell me you got Sally."

"NO, I GOT her mother. She came right from Sam's, and she said Sam would die without you. She said it over the telephone to Sally and the judge, and it was too much for Sally. She undertook to follow in your steps. A good imitation is pretty sincere flattery, Leila."

"Neal!"

"Well, by this time it was all over town that you also had 'it.' I guess the town is yours, dear. You ought to have heard them."

"It's Sam I want to know about, Neal."

"Well, Sam's an ungrateful brute. Sally slaved over him. Did it ever occur to you, Leila, that Sally likes Sam Poyntz better than any of the other men in this town?"

"Well, if she slaved over him, it seems a natural deduction."

Neal chuckled. "You never get anywhere with this slave act when it comes to a man. All the brute did was to go into a delirium and howl for you."

"For heaven's sake, why didn't Sally give him a hypodermic?"

"Oh, trust Sally! Sally called me by telephone and told me exactly what Sam was bellowing and, by this time, Sam was informing anybody that would listen that he had loved you from the moment he saw you and that he loved you then and didn't thank anybody for keeping you away, just when you were beginning to care for him."

"Oh, Neal! What Sally could do with a thing like that!"

He grew grave. "What Sally might have done with it, a couple of weeks ago! What Sally cannot possibly do with it now, to save her life! It was what I meant, Leila, when I said the town was yours. They know how you helped Sam, and why."

"I don't care. They might have saved Sam that. Sally won't forget it."

"OH, HO! Saved Sam! This is too much."

It did save Sam. About the time Sam clutched Sally's wrist and implored her with tears in his eyes to bring him the woman he loved, Sally told him that she couldn't do it, because he had given the woman he loved typhoid fever and she was sick in bed with it. And Sally couldn't understand why Sam suddenly became as a little woolly, tractable lamb, swallowing his milk with no more curses. Sam held on with every bit of will power he had; but Sally doesn't know why.

"Well, do you know why? I don't."

Neal considered this, his hollow eyes growing whimsical for the first time in days. "Well, if you ask me, dear, I think Sam's hurrying to get well so that he can come here and save your life, Leila. Sam has the right idea about love."

"Well," I mocked, "you should know the symptoms, doctor and lover."

He held my face between his hands. "I do," he said. "I love you."

THE END

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HAT FINISH

Mary Brush Williams Writes of Paris Hats

(Continued from Page 90)

The fitter snuffed it on her as if to extinguish her flame. She bandaged it round her forehead, and then combed it back sleek, the way your mother used to comb your hair that made you say "Ouch!" She pinched it in, where its sharp edges stuck out from the rounded surface of the head. She carved it like a pie along its edges and made little insets of pointed crinoline to ease it—for whereas it must follow the shape of the head on top, it must be very easy round the face. She put on the material over it, drawing it tight round the head and deftly draping it over the crown just where a tight band makes the head look biggest. Indeed, she let the material fall from the apex like a brownie's tam-o'-shanter, cutting its cornucopia length just where it crossed the brim, and fastening it down with two loops of the material.

This accomplished, the fitter raked the hat off, whereupon the young woman calmly combed her hair. It was as if she did so at a reception. Then she prepared to go. She drew her little close hat of black satin straw low on her head. It was like a bathing cap, and she pulled it down as if she were going into the ocean at Atlantic City. Indeed, that is the way you are expected to wear every French hat. Around her on long hat poles were scores of models in all variations of that style, and many in color: more still in the white crinoline.

I ordered one, and the fitter arrived with a big piece of round straw, such as might cover a bridge table, to construct it then and there. You will not go wrong if your hat consists entirely of crown with little ears sticking out on the sides, is in a brilliant color, and looks a little crude, as if hacked out informally and not stitched.

When the second young woman got up to go, her sports skirt would have measured eight inches from the ground. It was of gray knitted wool, blocked in squares of lighter gray down the broad, flat front and back. She fastened a short, box-shaped mole jacket over it and wound a sports scarf in old blue

wool under the collar, making it stand up high round her neck, and she tied the scarf in a bow in front.

Still, there were afternoon things represented and the skirts of these were some six inches from the ground, while the sleeves were much less wide than formerly, and they came into a cuff at the wrist, with the loose bell effect just above it. Except for suits, the silhouette for spring will be a very narrow straight line when you stand still, which fans into the umbrella-shaped skirt when you move. There is a dress of four flat panels that seem to meet, but conceal accordion pleating under them. Imagine how ravishing it is in white when you dance! For coats I think the current silhouette will be a loosely fitting jacket to the hip line, with the skirt gathered on. But hats are our real concern.

There were street hats with a brim curving upward and close to the profile on the left, and sweeping across the face into a broader line on the right side. That is distinctly one of the shapes for spring, and it carries all sorts of garnishment from flowers to feathers. There were tricorns; indeed, I should say they were in the ascendant, and many of them with little aeroplane wings on the sides. One was in black, but nothing is all black any more. The back of the aeroplane wings were in savage colors of crude blues, bright green, and scarlet. The inside sweep of them across the face was black.

There were enormous cart-wheels of hats, heavily laden with flowers of magnificent texture and coloring. Reboux, by the way, had one encircled round the crown with wondrous tulips, their leaves spreading almost to the edge of the wide brim. There were hats very wide on the sides and not so wide front and back. Lewis has some of his faced in the light colors that are so very becoming to the face. There is a Henry the Fourth shape, the chief feature of which is a deep roll of material round the brim. He once said that Paris was worth a mass, and adopted Catholicism to gain the city, which now is celebrating him in a spring hat.

Easter is Here: By Lillian Gard

THERE is something very beautiful about the fresh new life of springtime and the promise of life which twines round Easter days. Death seemed a drab, gray thing to many of us, years ago, a shut-away, sorrowful state upon which one could see little sunlight fall. And then came the war. With a triumph cry of youthful heroism the youth of the world went bravely stepping into the Unknown Country. And no longer did that Land seem cold and silent, but it lay, a glorious tract of Cheery Splendor, where loved ones trod in intercourse, friend with friend.

We imagined them chatting of old Earth days and wondering a little if we, the left-behinders, realized what lay before us, beyond the shadow gate. We never dreamt of them with harps and crowns and endless monotony of singing, as the old-fashioned Heaven had been depicted to us. They were too virile, too full of the ecstasy of youth and strength. It seemed as if God had peopled some splendid new world of High Ideals, and had set the pioneers at work on His great scheme of reconstruction—a braver Heaven of beauty than that of our feeble dreams!

And because of the drawing together of this world and the next through the links of beauty forged by the passing of our gallant folk, we spurn the old funereal, gloomy thoughts of death—for life is such a real, real thing! Even the mounds in the churchyards have lost their old grim look; the fact of the Unseen Paradise of Happy Hearts carries us away to gladder visions, and we don't imagine our loved ones just at rest even, but rather as busy, never-tired people, full of a joyous vigor and delight in the Things That Are To Be.

Early with the Easter Dawn, we stand as of old beside an empty tomb and bowing our heads before the Risen Christ, we thank Him, for the Glory of Resurrection!

Down the lane a bird is singing, and the flowers waft censored praise from their breeze-touched fragrances.

Easter is here—and joy—and hope that merges into certainty that all is well and God forever good!

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Your druggist or department store has Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream at \$1.00 the 4 oz. jar, \$1.85 the 8 oz. jar—Angelus Lemon Tissue Cream at \$1.00 the 2 oz. jar, \$2.00 the 4 oz. jar.



Mrs. Shirk recently made \$26 in a month for pet charities and other uses and enjoys knowing that she can do it.



Miss Graham was forced to give up her teaching. Now, living quietly at home, she has made \$60 in a month.



Mrs. Kolb (above) has been making money for ten years in this same way, first for necessities, now for "enjoyables."



Making More Extra Money!



OW interesting are the experiences of the senior members of our Girls' Club, which is, as perhaps you know, composed of HOME JOURNAL readers who like to make extra money in their spare time, and who do just that!

One of our shining examples is Miss A. F. H., who, at sixty-six, finds herself making more spare-time money than ever, instead of less. Miss H. recently made over \$150 in a single month, entirely through the interesting plan of The Girls' Club.

Then, Miss Charlotte Graham, a younger woman, after having to give up her teaching because of physical disability, has added \$60 in one month to her earnings as a Girls' Club member, without leaving her comfortable little apartment.

Miss M. M., who could not possibly stand the grind of an office position or other day-in-and-day-out work, has made over \$350 in a month in The Girls' Club. Mighty few business positions pay anything like that!

In fact, Miss M. and Miss H. were first and second highest, respectively, in The Club in one month recently. These two members each earned in that one month more than any one of the fifteen thousand other members. And Miss H., as I told you, has celebrated her sixty-sixth birthday!

A Widow Who's Proud of Her Five Boys, and They of Her

TEN years ago Mrs. Kolb began to add Girls' Club dollars to her purse, and each year she has made more money. At first, Club dollars were used for shoes and school books and such like. In the last few years, since her boys have been grown, her Club money has brought Mrs. Kolb some well-deserved little luxuries, among them the making of a beautiful fur neckpiece. Favorite charities, church work and a bank account have also benefited by Mrs. Kolb's Girls' Club dollars.

A Business Woman Had to "Give Up"

MISS H. used to be a business woman, by the way. Then her failing eyesight forced her to give up her work. Any other woman who has felt the competition of those younger than herself will understand the keen anxiety Miss H. experienced. Finally a friend told her of this Girls' Club of ours here in

the HOME JOURNAL. There is something truly interesting about our plan, especially to a woman who enjoys making money by doing a good work. Miss H. has increased her earnings every year since joining us. Often a woman who is making money knows that each added year subtracts from her earning capacity. Not so in our Club!

Kept Her From "Being Bankrupt"

EVERY month in the year, Mrs. Kelsay, now a grandmother, earns some money in The Girls' Club. In appreciation of a check sent her by The Club recently, Mrs. Kelsay wrote: "I surely do enjoy being a member of The Girls' Club. It has kept me from being bankrupt more than once. It has furnished me with money to help my boy through high school and graduation. His father died the first year he was in school. The Girls' Club means a great deal to me." Mrs. Kelsay makes as high as \$45 in a month in The Club and now, of course, that her son is grown, this money is used for herself: part for a woman to help with her heavy housework, part for the bank, for books and other nice things.

Now don't think I have told you about all of our senior members. I could fill the whole JOURNAL with stories of them, and still have more to tell you. Enough to say now that we have a warm welcome and a way to make just as much money waiting for any other HOME JOURNAL reader of middle life, or younger or older, who would like to join us, including yourself, of course.

This is the very best time to write and find out about our Club. It will not cost you a penny, now or later, you know. Here we have a most unusual and pleasant money-making plan: we receive our payments for doing a good work. It is work that can be done in spare time, whenever you feel like it. It need not interfere with your other interests or duties. And it is a sure way to add money to your purse. Come and join us and feel the joy of making some extra money to spend as you please.

Sit down and write me this very minute, why don't you? Just say: "Please tell me about your way to make money," and address me as the

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
490 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
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The Newer Architecture in Corsetry

Madame Now Demands More Than Corsets Which Merely Confine

IT is generally agreed that la Parisienne depends for her well-grooming, not upon just the acquirement of a particular new accessory but essentially upon the fidelity with which all details of her costume harmonize among themselves and comport with her individual person. She knows that artistic attire is a composite thing with every garment playing its important part in the ensemble. From lingerie to wrap and from toque to toe, she dresses as a sculptor moulds—with a fixed and definite purpose to be accomplished through studied and methodical means.

The axis about which revolves the world of Madame's wardrobe is the corset. For the corset expresses the form which all other raiment serves but to enhance and to adorn. The corset at least must carry the air of what is natural and intimate to the living body. Thus it should not be built like the masonry of a skyscraper—for grandeur and rigidity; but assembled like the drapings of a bower—for flexibility, delicacy and grace.

Made to the Life

Through the most logical and natural means the P. N. Practical Front Corset attains the objective toward which the most eminent custom corsetieres have always striven. There is nothing here to vex or irritate the

bust. In P. N. Practical Front, an inner elastic vest clasps firmly but pliantly about the figure, placing and holding the front steels directly at the center of the body, in contrast with

The living body new-fits itself each morning



the off-center steels of other front-lace corsets. And this corset can't ride up. The outer flaps lace easily and quickly—shoewise—over flat hooks and not through elusive eyelets. The daily lacing so essential to the holding of original corset lines is most effortless to the wearer of the P. N. Practical Front Corset.

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For flexibility, delicacy and grace



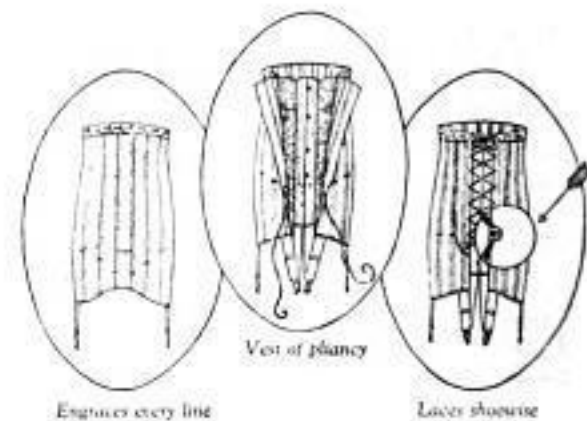
She dresses as a sculptor moulds

body as it is today—with due accommodation to any slight physical variation to which every living body is continually subject. It is the living body which new-fits to itself each morning the P. N. Practical Front Corset. Where fashion or physique demands restraint P. N. Practical Front applies it surely, gently and with fidelity to the treasured uncorseted effect.

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The Prince Rides By

(Continued from Page 4)

someone that she had seen before somewhere. Somewhere—no, she couldn't remember. "But why are you 'pretty miserable,' Penelope Thornton?"

"Because there aren't any fairies," said Pen. "And what's the good of anything in the world without fairies?"

"Now I know who you are," announced the man triumphantly. "You're my damsel in distress, and the only thing that I wanted to find more than a dryad was a damsel in distress. Both at once—what a day! No fairies, hey?"

Pen came a little closer, her tear-swept eyes raised to the gay blue ones. "I thought that you knew," she said with quivering lips, "or I shouldn't ever have told you truly. I'm dreadfully, dreadfully sorry."

"Thank you, Dryad," said the man. "But you mustn't be too sorry, though it's very dear of you. You see, I know that there are fairies."

"Oh-h!" breathed Pen, and the tears that she had been fighting so valiantly brimmed over suddenly and fell on the brown hand stretched out to hers.

"Some of us grow too blind to see them and too deaf to hear them, but they're still there, the little folk. Only when we grow up we don't talk about them any more."

"Never any more?"

"Never any more," he assured her regretfully but firmly. "And I think that you must be pretty nearly grown up, Dryad."

PEN dimpled at him distractingly. "I think that I am too; but no one else does. You see, I'm not in my teens yet."

"Heaven forbid!" said the man fervently. "You'll be a thousand years old before you're out of your teens. I know that I was."

"But aren't you pretty old now?" asked Pen respectfully.

"A thousand years young!" cried the man blithely. "You are, you know, the minute that you're out of your teens. I'm just a little bit afraid of grown-ups like you."

"You're laughing at me, I'm afraid," said Penelope gravely. "But I can see that it's funny, because I have a sense of humor. I know that I'm little, but I'm very, very clever."

"You're very, very adorable," announced the man enthusiastically. "And I'm destroyed with sorrow that I can't stay here forever." He picked up a little green book that had fallen from his pocket, rising reluctantly to his feet.

Pen's eyes were riveted on it. "Is it a story?" she demanded avariciously.

"No; a play."

"A play?" She drew closer, incredulous and enchanted. "Oh, please let me see—please. I'm going to write plays too."

The man yielded the book, all courteous interest. "Tragedies or comedies?" he inquired gravely.

"Everything," the authoress declared largely. "Plays and sonnets and epics and novels and —"

"Many epics?"

"NOT very many so far." She sighed gloomily. "You get so interrupted—those children!"

"Children are pretty bad," he admitted. "Have you a large family?"

Pen glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, the dimples reappearing. "You're laughing again. But Don and Peggy do bother. I don't like brothers and sisters much, do you?"

"Well, off and on."

"I love them," she said virtuously, "but I don't exactly like them. Of course they're awfully young, and Peggy's dreadfully fat too. She's only five, so she prob'ly can't help it."

"Probably not."

"She's got a lovely disposition too; everyone says so. But you can't have everything. I've got a perfectly horrible disposition myself."

"Have you, indeed?"

"Horrible," she repeated with melancholy satisfaction. "Everybody says that too. Is this a very long play?"

"Not very; I wish that I could give it to you, but it isn't mine."

"I wish you could too," said Pen frankly.

"Pippa Passes"—is she the heroine?"

"Yes; she's the heroine, though you hardly ever see her; it's mostly about other people."

"She's just a little Italian girl, who passes by through the streets on her holiday, singing; but she changes the lives of all the people who hear her."

"She must have had a perfect beautiful voice," commented Pen, round-eyed.

The man laughed joyously. "Well, I'm not so sure that it was the voice."

"I don't see what else it could have been," said Pen earnestly. "Did she know how she'd changed them?"

"No, she never knew. I don't think that they did either; but she went by, singing, and the base and the cruel and the cowardly and the sad heard her—and they changed."

"I DON'T think that one little girl could do all," remarked Pen skeptically; "not possibly—no matter what kind of a voice she had. Oh, are you going?"

"Alas and alas!" said the man; "you might come with me, of course. The fire-shod stallion could manage us both; couldn't you do it?"

"I should just love to," she said. "But I'm afraid that Madre Mia wouldn't like it. Oh, I do wish that I could remember who you look like."

"Some one horrid?" he inquired anxiously.

"No," she assured him, shaking her copper curls; "some one perfectly fine."

"Then that's all right; you gave me a dreadful minute. I hate to go, Dryad, but the sun's almost down, and the fire-shod one is champing at the bit. And one of these days I'll come back, because it's going to be lonely without you."

"Are you quite, quite sure about the fairies?" asked Pen.

"Quite, quite sure," maintained this perfect, gentle knight, and he looked her straight in the eye. "Don't cry any more, Dryad; and wish me luck, because I'm going pretty far away—and I'm going to fight dragons."

Pen tore the brown ribbon from her hair with reckless fingers. "Bend down!" she commanded. "Antoinette will half kill me, because it's my last one; but oh, sir knight, you've rescued your damsel in distress, and you must wear her favor."

THE man knelt at the brown sandaled feet, and Pen knotted the ribbon on his arm with swift and skillful fingers.

"There!" she said, and he sprang up with a bound that could only belong to one a thousand years young.

Another spring landed him in the saddle, and he turned in it to laugh down at her radiantly.

"I'm sorry for those dragons!" he cried. "And don't forget me; don't forget me, because I'm coming back. Good-by, my Dryad—hail and farewell!"

"Farewell!" answered Pen clearly, winking very hard to keep the tears from her lashes.

A touch of the crop and they were off, down the green lane; and she stood staring after them, a small, forlorn figure with knitted brows. That shining head, those shining, shining eyes—surely she had seen them somewhere before—somewhere, somewhere —

And then in one great flash, she remembered. She sprang forward, calling desperately to that vanishing figure:

"Oh, come back! It was you; it was you; come back!"

But he did not hear; he was singing. The song drifted back to her, joyous and distant:

"There was a lady, fair and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind—
I did but see her, passing by,
Yet will I love her—till—I—die."

Pen stood quite still in the middle of the green path, the tears frozen on her lashes, the small, white face touched with a wonder deeper than grief, higher than joy. The fairy prince had come—he had come and gone; and she had not known him!



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The Easter People

(Continued from Page 13)

is gay with red tulips. Margaret Anne bows her little square-cropped head to ask the old Moravian blessing:

*Come, Lord Jesus, our guest to be,
And bless the gifts bestowed by Thee.*

It is still dark at half past five when we go out into the street. As Miss Bertha's guests we have the good fortune to be admitted within the ropes which bar all entrance to the square and also cut off the streets leading up to the graveyard. Beyond the square, from earliest morning there has been gathering a phalanx of crowd stretching for blocks. We wait close to the church among the members of the home congregation. Just across from us is the side wall and sloping roof gable of an old brick house. Against this house wall in the dusk and shadow the trombone bands, returned two hours ago, are massed. Their torches glow orb and ruddy, gleaming now on the polished shaft of a long horn, now on some face suddenly flashing forth against the dark. Above the house roof there is lace-work of woven branches, softened by their first leaf shoots. Beyond the branches floats the silver wafer of the paschal moon shining through raveled cloud.

We wait there with eyes glued to the hooded front of the old church door. "Watch!" whispers Miss Bertha, for we must not miss the opening of that door. At last an electric light flashes up within that arched entrance. No word is spoken anywhere.

The door swings in. First come the ushers, then the choir, next the pastors of all the Moravian churches of the city, and then the mayor. It is as if all the congregation in the square and all those close-packed thousands in the surrounding streets—it is as if each of us drew a long breath, waiting. Suddenly, silently, he is there, the white-haired bishop, standing in the stream of light from the church entrance. For blocks and blocks of dark streets people will hear his voice, a beautiful voice now pushed to its uttermost:

"The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed!" Unnoticed the whiteness of the morning has become visible against the outlines of old roofs. The tension of expectancy slackens to the beauty of realization. As with one single spontaneous voice the old square sings:

*Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant, as to Mary, the great favor
To embrace Thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful we with one accord
Hail Thee as our risen Lord.*

The Easter liturgy is an affirmation of triumphant belief, of which the bishop reads first the statement of faith, while at the close the congregation proclaims assent.

The March to the Graveyard

THE stanza of a hymn closes the service in the square, which is now broken by the march to the graveyard, where the "Easter Morning Litany" will be completed. The bishop now addresses "those of many faiths, from many places, gathered here." He begs those far crowds, in the name of the risen Lord, to move quietly, each person mindful of each other's need, each preserving the Easter spirit, as all march, forming into fours, congregation and visitors all proceeding in long, unbroken column to the graveyard. The bishop leads the procession. He wears a black cap, a long black overcoat, which, buttoned to the throat, faintly suggests the

outline of a black gown, but there is absolutely no insignia, no hint of ceremonial. The bishop is but one of a great concourse whom he leads to celebrate the resurrection.

The first trombone band follows just behind the bishop. The others come at intervals. They play antiphonally, passing their music back along the line as runners might pass a torch. Day is brightening everywhere.

The bishop enters at the middle gate, passing beneath the white arch inscribed, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." He takes his stand at the center of the graveyard. The crowd is massed solidly in the broad intersecting paths. There are no ropes to protect the graves, but not a foot transgresses on their privacy. At every entrance now the crowd flows in, in steady fours, endlessly. As he passes beneath the lettered arches, every man bares his head.



Within the graveyard all face toward the bishop. In the long, reverent waiting for all to assemble there is a low hum of talk, but no noise anywhere. The birds, jocund at seven of a radiant March morning, can be clearly heard in the budding branches over our heads. The service is always timed to take place exactly at sunrise, but to-day it has been impossible to calculate the length of time it will take

the procession to enter. The sun shows first a burning rim, then climbs to balance a scarlet disk on the far horizon beyond the trees, and is mounting high above the hill line, while still the crowd streams into the graveyard, twenty thousand when they have finished.

The Peace of a Beautiful Memory

AT LAST all are gathered within the ivied portals, and there among the flower-heaped graves the beautiful Easter Litany is completed.

The old hymns float up above the branches. Far over the hushed concourse the bishop's voice rings in age-old words of deathless triumph:

"I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: I shall never taste death; I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope."

"And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the spirit of God hath dwelt in them."

In deep, murmured unison sounds the response: "We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God."

Then come words that express the inmost spirit of this graveyard service, words that embody the aspiration that has made Easter the key of the Moravian creed:

"And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter Day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors."

When the service is completed, the great crowd in silence pours forth again through the white-arched entrances, thridding the streets of the city in all directions, moving homeward.

One cannot talk, going home from that Easter worship by the graves.

Even when, in the afternoon we leave old Salem, we cannot talk much, for the peace of a beautiful memory holds our spirits too deeply for words.



The idea of having frilly pillow shams on the pillows at the right was borrowed from a very lovely old Empire bed in Northern Vermont.

This high four-poster is dressed in dimity valances both above and below, the top one edged with netted fringe and tassels.

Old Beds and Their Dressing

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

WHICH isn't at all what I want you to do; rather, I urge you to keep yours, for I hope to tell you how charming a bed can look—particularly an old one—when the valances are just the right fullness and the draperies hang in fine and dignified folds; with ruffy, starched pillow shams, long pillowcases clustered with tucks, and counterpanes that are miracles of stitchery. You see, to go back to Margery, what she sold was probably her mattress and hangings and counterpane, the considered part of a bed in those Mother Goose days. And they are important, for a bed, no matter how just the proportions, how delicate the carving, will lose all its effect if the wrong things are put upon it; but the simplest "low poster" will be very engaging appropriately dressed. Not that "low posters" are to be despised; indeed, most of us are more likely to have them than the rarer eighteenth-century beds and the seventeenth-century examples, miraculous to possess. Anyhow, I own one that is the pride and joy of my life, and maybe you do too. Mine is nearly four feet high, maple, but stained mahogany, as so many of those old beds were; every post is carved with graceful acanthus leaves, and the head and foot boards are prettily curved, and only a little lower than the posts.

What shall I begin with—the valance, or the ruffy shams, or the counterpane? The valance, I suppose, since that is almost a foundation. Now, a valance, of course, means a drapery that adorns either the base or the tester frame of a bed, but in this case, naturally, it applies merely to the concealing flounce that reaches from the frame to the floor.

My Spread

SUCH simple materials will make effective valances: muslin—not too sheer, however—dimity, striped and substantial; and for children's beds a crinkled seersucker is very pretty. The depth of your valance naturally must depend upon the height of the bed frame from the floor, but the fullness should be once and a half, it should be gathered upon a stout tape, and an excellent method of attaching it is by thumb tacks pressed into the frame.

And now, have you a counterpane? If you haven't, please copy mine (page 160). It is so artless, so captivating and so easy to do. Do you remember, my dear friends in collecting, how scornful I was of misguided owners of "trunk heirlooms," people who kept things to look at and never used them? Well, I'm one, or rather I was, for I knew that I had this lovely thing; occasionally I would

take it out and say, "Some day I'll mend it—and use it and enjoy it." I even made little furtive attempts, but I never really finished it until a fortnight ago; and then, although the mending was easy—just a proper darning with linen thread that matched the mesh of the fabric, filling tiny holes where the fingers of time had pressed over heavily—I found that my counterpane was badly stained and yellowed. My remedy was Javelle water put directly on the spots and then washed quickly out; and this process was repeated for three days, in the meantime leaving it to soak in a tub of lukewarm water. Next I pinned it carefully on a clothesline, choosing a windless January night, and let it freeze and bleach for forty-eight hours, and a delicate creamy shade resulted, just the color that well-used old linen should be.

Family tradition has it that the counterpane was woven for one of my Southern great-grandmothers, well over a century ago, and that the embroidery was done by a favorite "black mammy." The fabric, as I said, is linen, heavy and well woven, and the embroidery is done with a coarse cotton thread. I clipped a dangling end, matched it in knitting cotton and found that a number eight for the heavier outer stitches, and twelve and fourteen for the more delicate inner ones, would give precisely the effect I wanted. The pattern is simple but very lovely. Scrolling acanthus leaves done in long and short stitches form the border; the inner

design is a basket with flower sprays, the same motif that you constantly see on eighteenth-century glass and old faience, worked in samplers, and occasionally on very old rugs, while in between are graceful vines and flowers and grape clusters. And the variety of stitches is almost endless: long and short, outline, chain, featherstitch, satin stitch, buttonhole and cross-stitch; you can hardly go wrong. Sometimes the larger leaves are what William Morris called "inhabited"; that is, they are filled in with smaller leaves and flowers—an appropriate legacy from seventeenth-century needlewomen—and this work is usually done in feather, buttonhole or satin stitch. I do not impose this pattern upon you without alternative; I fancy any quaint design would serve, but always remember that the flowers and leaves are formal, not naturalistic, and that the whole effect must have a flowing largeness.

Evidently my ancestress did not intend to have the counterpane cut at the corners, but I hope that both she and you will approve what I am going to do. For, without too much marring of the pattern, it can be cut to fit the foot posts of the bed, and no old counterpane shows to full advantage unless this is done. My valance shall be of "dimothy"—I like to call it that just as my great-grandmother must have done—and I shall edge my counterpane with little bobbing ball fringe to match the trimming of the spotted muslin curtains that hang, sheer and straight, inside my coral-pink window draperies.

Frilly Shams

I LIKE things that I go together, don't you? L—, who has the completest house of my acquaintance, is even so consistent as to cover all her comforters with prints and muslins copied from old-fashioned patterns, matching her colors to her rooms, with the result that everything is harmonious and antiques agreeable.

I hope you like my frilly pillow shams as much as I do; they are new but old, the idea frankly borrowed from an Empire bed in Northern Vermont. Mine are made of long cloth, the finest I could get, but I think that they would be charming in dimity and even more delightful in a lightweight linen. Mine measure just thirty-five inches in length and a trifle more than twenty inches in width, but of course the size can be adapted to any pillow. The narrow-hemmed, gathered-in-the-middle ruffles are an inch and seven-eighths wide, and are set three inches apart, the gathering of the first coming just at the edge of the

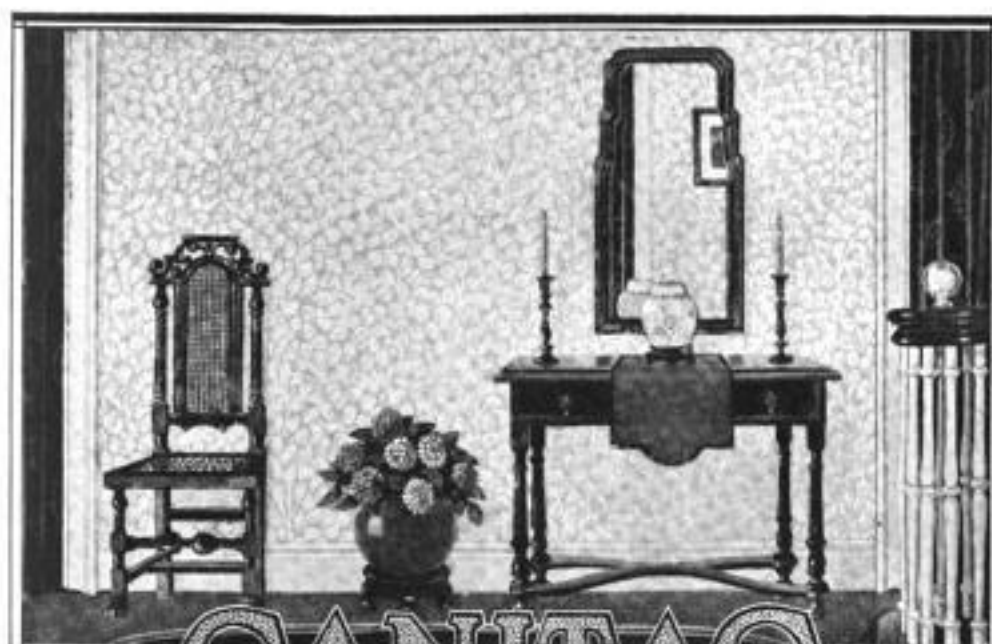


The old-time candlewicking spread above has all the dignity of fine bas-relief, and Mrs. Carrick says it is the finest example she has seen.



Quaint and imaginative is this "pop-corn" candlewicking spread. One threads a large darning needle with wicking to do the work.





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Old Beds and Their Dressing

(Continued from Page 159)

sham because this way is so much less heavy than with a wide hem and a ruffle too. I have just one pair, but I mean to make more, and when I do I shall buy myself a gossamer iron like dear Mrs. Tiggywinkle's, for these ruffles are very hard to do up, although I must admit that they are most rewarding to labor when they stand fresh and frilled and whitely erect.

I do not use my frilly pillow shams with my old-fashioned pillowcases, because occasionally I like a change, and because, too, these pillowcases are quite pretty enough all by themselves. The really old ones—pillowcases they used to be called—are narrow and very long, quite forty or forty-one inches, and the charmingest have little edges of lace and embroidery and tiny tucks in clusters of twos and threes. Pillowcases used to be most elaborate; in the seventeenth century they were rich in delicate cut work, and it has remained for these degenerate days to emphasize their plainness. But here a little caution as to tone. If my counterpane had a creamy color—and old ones almost always do—I should not rinse my shams and cases in bluing water and thus increase their dead-white tone, but instead use a little clear coffee in their final dip and so harmonize the effect of the entire bed as to give a satisfyingly artistic effect.

But you don't have to copy my coverlet. Perhaps you would prefer to make a candlewicking spread. This means, it is true, a great deal of work, but properly made, in the old manner, such designs are completely delightful, and you will never regret your labor. Most of the reproductions utterly lack the old feeling, and, while I have seen interesting and effective pieces of modern work, they never for a moment suggest the past. To begin with, I should use linen instead of cotton, although in some cases cotton cloth, I believe, was employed; linen rather loosely woven with a ridge in it if I could get it, and I should openly copy some long-ago pattern, in order that the spirit of the original work might be preserved. Either that, or study examples in collections and museums until I was familiar with the old style.

The Two Types of Spreads

THERE were two types of candlewicking spreads, you know, the older called "pop corn," the later "tufted." Personally I have never seen an earlier dated spread than one that was worked in 1815, and, despite legend, I have yet to be convinced that they were made much before the nineteenth century, or until candlewicking became a commercial product. For the Colonial woman was far too busy to spin wicking for such frivolous purposes as mere embroidery. I never know which kind I prefer, for though the pop-corn work is quaint and engaging, a beautifully tufted spread has all the dignity of a fine bas-relief. But the pop-corn certainly is easier to do; after the pattern is marked it is a mere matter of threading a large darning needle with the wicking and



The spread above was woven over a century ago and embroidered by a favorite black mammy in Mrs. Carrick's family. The fabric is heavy linen and the embroidery is done in coarse cotton thread. The pillowcase is edged with a wide old crochet.

following the outline with small, meticulous stitches, working closely, unless a raised effect is desired, when the loops should be drawn out longer. For this work knitting cotton, either number two or four, according to the fineness of your work, may be used instead of the candlewicking, but for the tufted there is nothing to be compared with the actual wicking itself. Fortunately this can be bought in quantity, as it is needed, at approximately two dollars a pound or thereabouts.

Do not, by the way, purchase the unbleached candlewicking, unless you are doing the work on an unbleached material, for bleaching is a tedious process and, when done at home, often seriously rots the fiber.

The tufted type, generally speaking, is a combination of both manners, although I have seen a few that show just the tufting. For this work it will be better if your

material is unbleached, for then the wicking will be held in place so much more firmly; your needle must be double threaded, and practice alone will show you just how thick to draw in the strands. Really the work always reminds me of a drawn-in rug, for the weight of the fabric serves to hold the wicking in place, and the drawn-out loops are sheared to form the tufts in just the same way.

An Old-Time Knitted Fringe

IF YOU own an old one you are fortunate indeed, but you are infinitely more lucky if you find that your heirloom is named and dated; and you must always remember that in such cases no shams or pillowcases are necessary, for the initialed or dated end is meant to pull straight over the pillows, testimony to the maker's industry. As to the matter of fringe, even if I thoroughly understood it, I dare not enter the discussion of netting, for it would take an entire article. Moreover, it is difficult and tedious, and I am quite willing to accept Doctor Johnson's definition of it as "a complicated concatenation of rectangular angles," and let it go at that. But many department stores carry effective and not too expensive fringes, very suitable for these old coverlets, and also I have discovered, in an antiquated Ladies' Guide to Needlework, a pleasant and pretty knitted fringe that would be most appropriate.

To make this fringe you cast on nine stitches. **FIRST ROW:** Make one, knit two together, knit one; repeat. Make one, knit two together; insert the point of the needle in the last stitch, as if to knit it; wind the cotton over the needle and first and second fingers of the left hand five times, the sixth time over the needle only; draw all these loops through the last stitch. **SECOND ROW:** Knit all these loops together as one stitch, put the stitch back on the left-hand needle, and seam it very tightly; make one, seam two together, seam one, make one, seam two together, repeat from third stitch, once. **THIRD ROW:** Make one, knit two together;

(Continued on Page 161)

knit one; repeat twice. Fourth Row: Seam one, make one, seam two together; repeat twice. Repeat from first row until enough is done to go round the counterpane.

Candlewicking spreads are very agreeable additions to high post beds, whether they are square testered, or with the curving top known as a "field" or "tent" canopy. The latter is a late eighteenth century development, while the square frame has continuously existed from the time that tall post beds were first used in the fifteen hundreds through to the Empire period. This type, to my way of thinking, requires draperies of straight lines and a fairly substantial fabric, while the curving canopies are best hung with figured net or muslin. An old netted canopy is a gift straight from heaven, and if you have a lovely one full of the delicate grace of that treasure which hangs in the Blue Chintz Room in the Aldrich Memorial at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I shall be your envious admirer. But, failing that, you can create charm for yourself by using sheer, sprigged muslin or net, and edging it with dangling tassel or ball fringe.

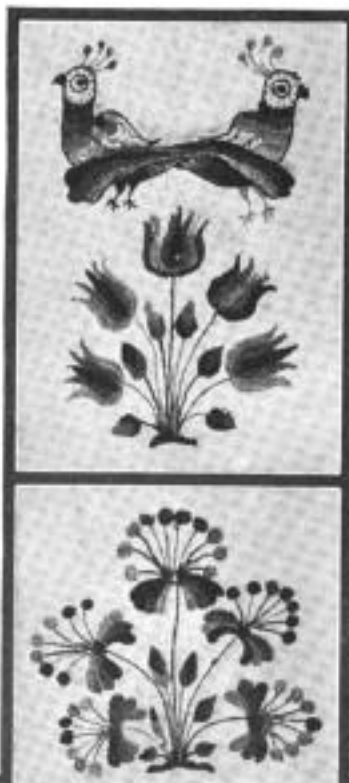
Let me tell you what I am going to do with my tall-pillared, square-testered bed. Sometime, I mean, for it looks like a life work, though a very pleasant one. But first you must remember that curtains were not idle adornments; they were very practical protections against drafts and cold. In the illustration of the rope-carved four-poster you will see that these curtains are looped back; but they could be pulled forward to shut out the chill of a winter night, and this effect must never be lost or the decoration will become meaningless. I am going to make a set after this fashion: tester valance, counterpane, hangings; I am going to copy the most engaging embroidery I ever beheld.

Loveliest of All Embroideries

WORKED in the seventeenth century was this loveliest of embroidery, in crewels upon a stout linen fabric, and you can see how delightful the design is from the old tester strips in the photographs. Once upon a time no doubt, counterpane and curtains existed too, but they have gone, alas, and only a part is left of all this old beauty. Still it will be easy enough to copy the design, placing it at formal intervals over the linen. What did worry me was what to work it in. Iceland wool is the very nearest thing that approaches the strand; there must have been some magic process in those bygone days, for no present material has the shine, the glimmer, of this old material of that far-off time.

The embroidery is done in three tones of blue—blue the high holiday color; deep indigo; and a light and a dark old blue, while the stitch most used is what was called the "crewel" or "plumage" stitch. Really a satin stitch would give the same effect and certainly go much faster, for there is an intricate working in and out of needles in the first, and satin stitch is perfectly consistent, since it was frequently employed in seventeenth-century embroideries. But you must be careful to shade the various blues into each other by a slightly irregular outline, for otherwise the effect will be rigid and monotonous and entirely lack

This most engaging crewel embroidery was worked on a real seventeenth-century tester of stout linen. Embroidery



is in three tones of blue. Iceland wool is the nearest approach to the original floss with which this was worked.

the old feeling. Naturally there are other stitches too: the outline stitch, which is used in the stems and for forming the birds' heads; chain stitch, which, skipping one each time, scatters tiny blue seeds just around the eyes; and an occasional featherstitch, which is used in the wings.

A Joyous Counterpane

AS TO measurements, these tester strips are fourteen inches at their greatest depth, seven feet long for the side pieces, and five and a half feet for the front; of course, though, these would vary with individual beds. Nor are you bound to use pure linen, for a mixture of linen and cotton, which is the old fustian, would be equally correct. In fact, variety is yours; you may have other colors: shades of red, cardinals, crimsons or scarlets, or many greens. An entry in Judge Sewall's Letter Book in 1687 reads:

I have two small daughters who begin to go to schoole; my wife would intreat your good Lady to pleasure her so far as to buy for her white Fustian drawn, enough for curtains, wallen counterpane for a bed, and half a doz. chairs, with four threaded green worsted to work it.

Ah, in those old days how afraid they were of folded hands and Satan's power! A little further on Sewall writes, evidently with the first letter in mind:

So that she may set her Little daughters on work, and keep them out of Idleness.

Or would you like to make a joyous counterpane, colored like the rainbow and full of Oriental motifs? Look at the bright and engaging pattern on the testers and tell me. Motifs similar to those on the tester are scattered over the counterpane. The embroidery, mostly crewels, though now and then there is a little brightening dash of silks, is done against a background of lightly quilted *écru* linen, and so many, many stitches you never saw in all your life: satin stitch, cross-stitch, chain stitch—whole flowers are filled in this way quite in the Chinese method—buttonhole stitch, seed stitch and finest featherstitch. It is very Chinese, but Chinese translated into English; not so marvelously perfect, but with the little intervention of humanity that makes it all the more lovable. And it is the gayest thing! Like a parterre of bright flowers! It would make sunshine even in the shadiest room. And that's a decorating hint!

Still, I'm sure I prefer my high holiday blues, and I think I know how and why my admired and long-ago lady was inspired to work them. Oriental influences were very strong in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, you know, and I think she sat in a tall old room in an English manor house, a room hung with Chinese wall paper, newly imported and highly prized, "*feuille de papier la Chine, fond blanc à fleurs et oiseaux*"; sat there copying the designs, for the pheasant and flower motifs are almost identical with this kind of paper; embroidering all her thoughts and voyaging dreams during long afternoons and candlelit evenings. For needlework used to be a pleasure as well as a task, and if our beds are to be as lovely as theirs we must follow our ancestresses' industrious example.

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The most timid essayist would gain courage if she were frocked in the soft white batiste with flounces of sheer, fine lace at left above. A ruching of doubled lace forms a setting for the orchid grosgrain ribbon girdle. Batiste also makes the center frock, with white bead girdle and bands of batiste embroidery or lace. The batiste at right has bands of embroidered organdie, and a silk-covered cord, coiled, makes the girdle. There are no patterns exactly like these models, but No. 3510 may be easily adapted to the frock at left, No. 3492 to frock in center, and No. 3504 to frock at right. These patterns are in sizes 12 to 20.

You Can Make Your Graduating Dress

By RUTH SILL

YOUR graduating dress is a group problem as well as an individual one. In every class there are girls with widely varying incomes. The average girl hates to say "I can't," and I have had enough experience in schools to know the misery and heartaches that are suffered by girls who cannot "keep up." Don't forget that it is a group party and that every one wants to enter into the festivities as a part of the group rather than as a distinct and uncomfortably different unit.

It is a good plan to call a class meeting, frankly discuss the clothes problem and decide that no dress shall cost over a certain amount, making sure that this amount is well within the means of every single member. It is no disgrace to have a very limited allowance and to say so, but it is a disgrace to lack consideration.

Artistic and interesting clothes are not necessarily expensive. They are simple in design, made of good, honest materials, and any decorations applied are suitable and harmonious in texture with the material.

To make a successful class picture it is not necessary to have all the frocks exactly

alike, although this may be done; but the frocks must be sufficiently friendly in materials and designs to make an attractive group. Colored frocks may be worn if you have good teamwork. I know one school that used colored organdies. Each girl in the class submitted samples. The colors were chosen which were becoming to the individuals and at the same time effective in coloring for the group picture.

Dotted and figured Swiss, organdie, voile, dimity, lawn, batiste, handkerchief linen and similar materials in white and light colors are all pretty and suitable. Many of the new models are trimmed with the material of the frock; this is desirable, for then you may put all your money into the material.

Different materials respond to different kinds of decoration. Voiles, batistes and handkerchief linen are especially good-looking when hemstitching, hand-run tucks and fine shirrings are used. Organdies are attractive trimmed with picoté ruffles, or with little fluted trimmings in which crispness is

an asset. Lawns and dimities may have gathers, machine tucks, and ruffles either machine hemmed or picoté. Of course the easiest way is to apply lace or embroidery as in the sketches above, but self-trimming is every bit as effective and, if you do the work yourself, less expensive. And you can easily make your own dress. Many of the new spring models are entirely safe for the veriest novice to tackle.

Having decided on the general type of frock for the class, get the individual patterns. The long-waisted bloused waist with straight gathered skirt is the most popular mode. Many patterns have this sort of foundation, and at the same time offer rather elaborate decorations, which just aren't worn at commencement parties. Use your own good taste and cater to your personality in your trimming, and be sure that your frock helps to make the entire class an attractive picture.

Misses' patterns are bought according to age. Notice the bust and hip measurements marked on the envelope, for you may not

(Continued on Page 165)

The Fleisher Yarns

"EVERY COLOR IN THE RAINBOW"

Your spring sweater will be easy to knit

Simply Follow These Directions:

MATERIALS—Fleisher's Corinthian Yarn: 4 balls Pigskin No. 956, 1 ball each of Black No. 971, Steel No. 972 and Tangerine No. 988.

NEEDLES—1 pair No. 4. **HOOK**—No. 3. 11 stitches—2 inches. 1 pattern—1 inch.

PATTERN—1st row—with Black—purl. 2nd row—with Steel—knit. 3rd row—with Tangerine—knit 1, *, yarn over, purl 2 together. * Repeat between *'s, ending with knit 1. 4th row—with Steel—knit. 5th row—with Black—purl. With Pigskin, knit 5 rows. Repeat from the 1st row.

With Pigskin, cast on 80 stitches. Knit plain for 2 inches. Commence pattern. Work 15 patterns even. Cast on 20 stitches at the end of each of the next 2 rows. Then cast on 10 stitches at end of each of the next 8 rows. Work 3 patterns and 9 rows on the next pattern. On the 10th row knit 87 stitches. Slip on a stitch-holder, bind off 26 stitches for the neck, knit 87 stitches. Take up the last 87 stitches, work 1 pattern and 5 rows of the next pattern. On the first 87 stitches, work in the same way. Cast on 30 stitches in the center front and work across the stitches of first shoulder. Finish pattern and work even 3 patterns and 6 rows of the next pattern. On the 7th row, beginning at the end of sleeve, bind off stitches, same as cast on. Finish front same as the back. Bind off.

Cuffs—With Pigskin and No. 4 needles, pick up 40 stitches at the end of sleeve. Knit 4 inches even. Bind off. Sew up sweater.

Around the neck, working in single crochet, make 1 row each of the following colors: Black, Steel, and Tangerine. Fasten off.

THE directions for knitting this sweater are based on the use of The Fleisher Yarns, and the right results cannot be guaranteed unless The Fleisher Yarns are used.

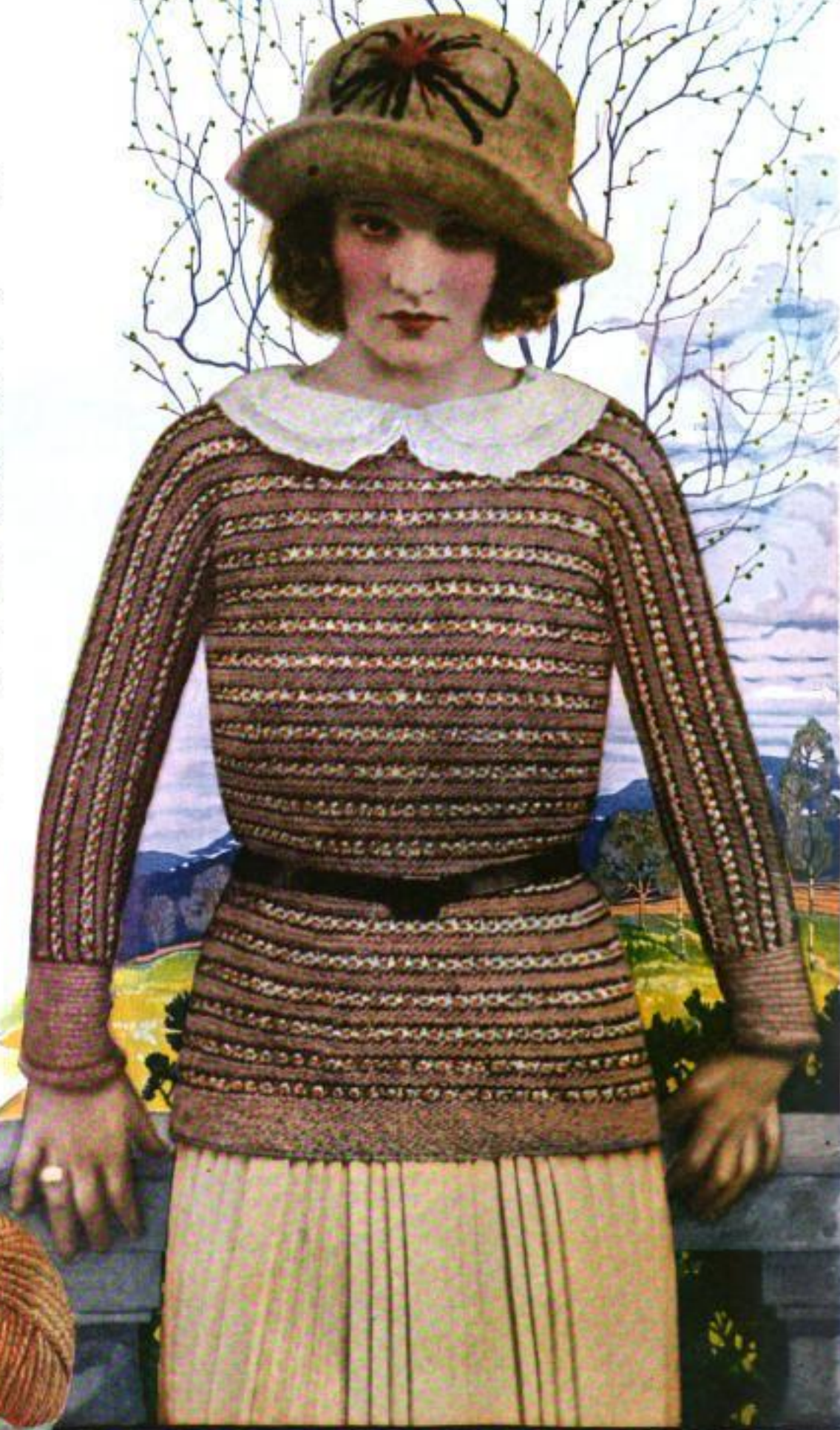
The Fleisher Yarns fashion into sweaters of soft, lovely beauty. A wealth of clear sunlight colors offers every possibility for original effects and combinations, including all the newest shades of fashion.

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This Book Makes Knitting Easy

The new Fleisher Knitting and Crocheting Manual gives simple, complete directions for every new and worth while sweater fashion. Not only sweaters, but scarfs, hats, men's sweaters and the most fascinating new knitted novelties for youngsters. 30c per copy at stores where The Fleisher Yarns are sold. Or sent direct from us for 15c and 24 trademark tickets from The Fleisher Yarns.

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Posed by Kathleen Martyn

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The "DENTWOLD"

A new sports sweater designed
especially for The Fleisher Yarns.

PEACH CREAM PIE

PEACH CREAM PIE: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Blue Ribbon Peach pulp; 1 tablespoon cornstarch; 1 cup thin cream; 2 eggs, separated; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pie crust: In a double boiler mix cornstarch and cream, cook over hot water until thick. Mix yolks of eggs with sugar; add peach pulp, vanilla, lemon juice. Pour slowly into cream, cook 5 min. Line pieplate with crust, fill with mixture, bake. Cover with meringue made of egg whites and two tablespoons sugar. Brown slightly and serve. Simply delicious.

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PEACH SHORTCAKE: Blue Ribbon Peaches; Wash, soak several hours in cold water. Cook slowly until tender, but not enough to destroy shape. Crust: 2 cups flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 4 tablespoons shortening; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk. Sift flour, salt, baking powder together, cut in the shortening and add milk slowly, to make a medium soft dough. Separate in two parts. Roll half the dough $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick. Place in greased pan, spread with softened butter. Roll other half dough same thickness, place on top of first. Bake in quick oven, turn on plate. Split dough, cover with peaches, cut side down, sweeten. Cover top crust with another layer. Served with whipped cream.



DELICIOUS PEACH PIE: 1 cup Blue Ribbon Peaches. Pie crust; 2 eggs, beaten; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; 1 cup flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract; 1 tablespoon cream. Line pie plate with crust, put in peaches which have been softened, slightly sweetened and cut in pieces. Beat butter and sugar until creamy; add eggs, flour sifted with baking powder; extract and cream. Beat well; spread on top peaches. Bake in moderate oven 30 min.



PEACH DUMPLING: Blue Ribbon Peaches; make rich baking powder biscuit dough. Roll dough as for biscuits, cut in 4 inch squares. In center of each square place two half peaches (soaked). Bring points of square together at top, press edges together. Place in greased baking dish. Make this sauce: 2 cups peach juice; 1 cup sugar; small piece butter; spice to taste. When boiling hot pour over dumplings in baking dish. Bake for 45 minutes.



PEACH AND ALMOND SALAD: Blue Ribbon Dried Peaches, mayonnaise dressing; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped figs; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds. Wash peaches, soak several hours; stew in same water until tender. Select large half peach for each person and roll in blanched chopped almonds. Mix chopped figs and blanched almonds broken in pieces and fill center of each piece. (Other nuts may be used if preferred.) Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise. A dainty salad.



FRIED PEACH PIES: 2 cups Blue Ribbon Peaches; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Pastry: 1 egg, beaten; hot fat. Soften peaches in water 3 hours; drain, renew water, cook slowly 30 minutes, rub through sieve; add salt, sugar, spices. Cook until thick. Roll pastry; cut in circles. Place a spoonful of peach purée on circles; wet edges, turn over peaches; press together. Brush with egg, fry in hot fat, sprinkle with sugar.

You Can Make Your Graduating Dress

(Continued from Page 162)

be quite a regulation figure for your age. All standard patterns are cut according to average measurements. They are plainly marked, and very definite directions are given on the pattern envelope. There is a diagram to show how pattern should be placed on material; also notes to explain construction marks, notches, seam allowances, and the like.

Cut This Way

KNOW these directions well: Open the pattern and pin the body parts of the pattern together and hold it up to your person to see if the general outline is satisfactory; or better still, if possible cut the pattern out in cheap cambric or muslin and really fit it. This is always wise before cutting into expensive material. Of course one dares take more chances with the rather inexpensive washable materials and may cut the frock directly from the paper pattern. Plan for any necessary extra fullness or length and cut out frock.

First. Always straighten the material by pulling a thread.
Second. Place the pattern, following the directions given on pattern envelope, and pin in place.
Third. Cut material, allowing generous seams beyond the edges of the pattern on the neck, shoulder and armhole. This gives leeway in fitting, if you have any irregularities of figure.
Fourth. Mark all seam lines, construction lines and notches; also the center front and center back lines on both waist and skirt. This marking may be done in several ways. It is possible to trace seam lines and notches on some materials; but if tracing damages your material mark the seam lines



Organdie and embroidered batiste make this frock. Pattern sizes are 14 to 20.

and notches by lines of basting. To do this crease the pattern on the seam lines and make a line of basting close to the folded edge of the pattern through the upper thickness of the material. Mark notches by basting in the same way. Put pins through the basted lines to the under thickness of the material; turn the work over and make basting on the second side, following the lines of pins. Always mark the center front and back lines of the waist and skirt with basting threads.

Now Sew

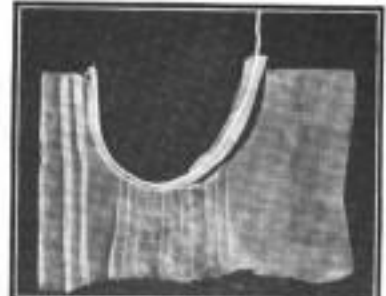
BASTE the seams of the waist and sleeve according to directions. Be perfectly sure to baste exactly on the seam lines and be perfectly sure that cross lines match. For example, in basting a shoulder seam be sure that the neck lines and armhole lines of the front and back exactly meet. Gather across the front and the back of the waist on the waistline markings. Baste the seams of skirt, and baste the hem in place. Do everything exactly right. Accurate cutting and accurate basting may save your disposition.



Now for a fitting: Put the waist on right side out with the seams turned toward the front. Pin the opening lines together, adjust the fullness on to a tape about three-quarters of an inch wide at the desired waistline. Pin in place on the right side only (one side is fitted and usually the right side). See that the blouse fits smoothly; mark with pins a neck line on the right side. The neck line of a gown is a very important factor in making it a success or a failure. Try out several styles. Be sure you finally choose wisely. Pin the



Some of the prettiest new frocks are decorated with ruchelike ruffles or tiny scallops of their own material, like those photographed above. Six double ruffles on the skirt, one at neck, two on sleeves, a ribbon sash—and a frock is complete.



The trimming possibilities in bias folds are many and interesting. Above, a fold is being fastened to a neck line; at left, a cord is inserted in the fold to make a cording around the neck. Be sure to use a true bias for all such finishes.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City. Dresses, 35 cents; Coats, 35 cents; Blouses or Skirts, 30 cents; Children's Patterns, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents.



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In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



The Women of the Desert

(Continued from Page 25)

friendly to the British, who had given him far more protection than the Turks had ever given. We drove for miles across a gold-and-green desert, and stopped at last before the encampment.

There were the usual long tents with black tops and matting sides. A group of men stood in front of the tents to receive us. The sheik and his more important guests wore an underdress or *jibbek* of wool or silk; a silk overdress or *abba*, usually lavender or yellow, with a fine black stripe; a head covering or *kefeh*, held in place by an *agil* or head-round, made of silk skeins and silver or gilt wire. In the background stood the women and children, eager to see these visitors from the West whom their sheik was to entertain.

We placed our open palms in the palm of our host, not shaking hands, which would have been rude, and we said "Bismillah," which is, "In the name of God." Not to have said that would have meant bad luck for our hosts and ourselves. We entered the guest tent, which was spread with bright, beautiful rugs and furnished with camel saddles for us to lean against. After dinner my friend and the sheik talked of politics, of the Turks, of this and that bit of desert gossip. At last, when the time was ripe, she asked if we might be allowed to go to the women's tent. The sheik assented, but after that there was another period of waiting. The women were to be given a chance to change their clothes and put fresh kohl under their eyes.

At last a black woman, doubtless a slave, came to conduct us to the women's tent. About it was standing a group of women and children, of not sufficient importance to be permitted to sit with us. The women wore long black or blue cotton or woolen robes. Their hair, not very abundant I thought, hung down in two or more braids. Their jewelry consisted mostly of coins, earrings and bracelets. The coins were woven in their hair or hung on silver chains under their chins. They all had the free, fine look which I had already noticed in the desert women. Their complexions were dark, their noses aquiline, their lips full and soft. Some very old ones were tattooed on the chin.

WE WERE received by the sheik's chief wife, Anima, a tall, middle-aged woman whose graying hair had been dyed with henna and whose eyes had been darkened with kohl. Behind her were two other women, one perhaps twenty-five and the other sixteen. They were the sheik's other wives, Fatima and Mutra, evidently much in awe of Anima

and very respectful to her. Mutra, as I afterwards discovered, was really not a wife at all, but was being kept under inspection, so to speak, until the sheik could decide whether or not he wanted her.

Anima wore a robe of blue silk embroidered with silver, and round her neck a mass of gold chains studded with turquoises. On her fingers were various heavy turquoise-set silver rings. Fatima wore a crimson silk robe, with a necklace of coral and seed pearls. Mutra's colors were gold and black, with a gold and turquoise ornament on her head and a harness of silver coins under her chin.

My friend told me that Anima held her position and probably always would hold it, because she was the daughter of a very important sheik with whom her husband wished to remain on friendly terms, and was, besides, a very tactful and wise woman.

Gradually other women entered the tent and sat down in front of us, quietly struggling for places in the front rank and eagerly listening to all that was said.

WE HELD a long conversation with these women, who struck me as far more intelligent than the women of the harems in towns.

Anima and Fatima showed us their jewels, and Fatima sent for her little sons. All the women seemed happy. When they told me the number of their children, they did not count the girls, and they laughed when I made the recount. But Anima sent for her one little girl, her baby, the same child I had seen in the guest tent, and, showing her to me with great tenderness, said: "Allah has been good to me; I have five sons. But this little child whom I call Sunshine (Shemseh) is my pearl, my treasure, my secret hoard. The sons belong to the father, but the daughter belongs to the mother."

No closer than that did we get to the real feelings of these desert women. They do not talk freely about their situation, for fear, probably, of saying something against their religion.

As we drove away, I realized that only the desert men are free. The women are as much chattels as the camels that groaned as our car passed them, as the greyhounds that barked after us.

The tents fell into shadow, the moon made them all mysterious, dreamlike, as if they stood only for romance, were remote from human woe. The call to prayer sounded: "There is no God but Allah, the compassionate, the most merciful."

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following booklets from the Service Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

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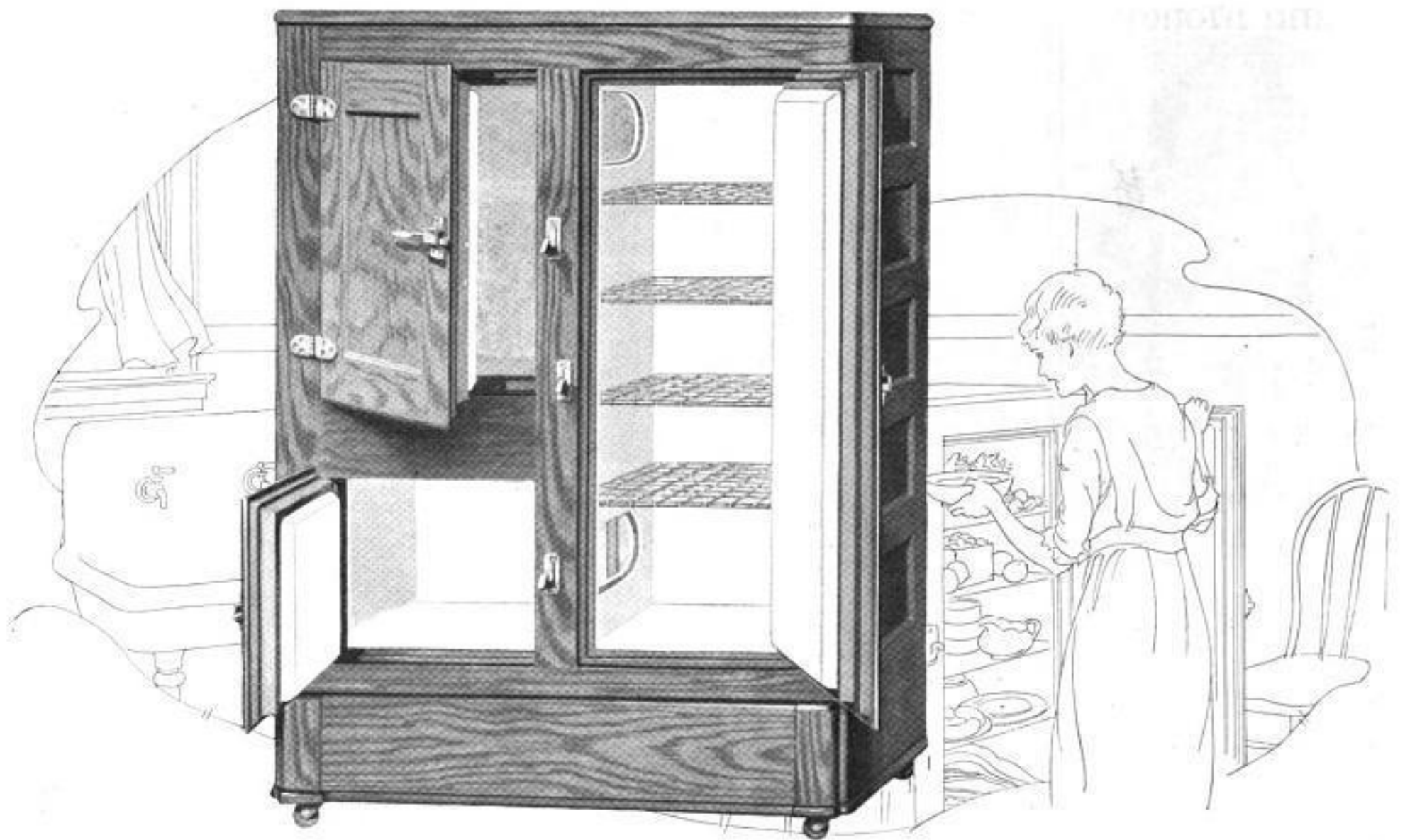
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GET THIS BOOK ON HOME SHIRT MAKING

Italian Embroidery Done in Carpet Thread

By MABEL FOSTER BAINBRIDGE

Under the Direction of the Guild of the Needle and Bobbin Crafts

FOR a maximum of effect with a minimum of effort nothing excels Italian stitches. The Italians have always embroidered both their household and ecclesiastical linens, and, although the greater part of the work is exquisitely fine, we find much good stitchery in coarse thread on heavy hand-woven linen, after designs by artists. Though we substitute crash for the handmade linen and content ourselves with a plebeian thread made to sew carpets, we can use their old designs or at least adaptations.

It is surprising to see the lovely colors in which carpet thread is dyed. During the war it was almost the only colored linen thread procurable. It comes in various shades of brown, in red, gold, green, black, blue and, best of all, a fine linen color. For anything that demands constant laundering it is safer to use the natural linen-colored thread, but with care I have never experienced any difficulty with the colors. One may procure the thread in the small-ware department of the large stores, in thread and needle shops, and in a general country store.

Where the Italian hemstitching is done, an even-thread, loosely woven linen is desirable, but for the braid stitch or ladder stitch any kind or weave of linen or crash will serve.

A Simple Fine Old Stitch

THE sofa pillow cover, Page 171, is of linen-colored crash—originally designed for dish toweling!—with the interlacing design done in dark brown carpet thread. The pattern comes from an old pattern book called "Le Pompe," published in Venice about 1560, and it would seem that a design which has stood the test of over three hundred years is quite worth our while. In working the pattern care must be taken that the lines interlace. To be right they must weave under and over in crossing the intersecting line. This stitch, which is found on the earliest Italian linens—often just as a finish—has various names, but braid stitch is quite correct.

To apply this stitch, two lines may be drawn an eighth of an inch apart or one may work across a single line. Work progresses from right to left. To begin, bring the thread out below the stamped line at the right, hold it down under the thumb, to the left, on the line, letting the slack thread fall toward you. Insert the needle on the upper line, if two have been drawn, otherwise just above the single line, and take a slightly slanting stitch, bringing the needle out below the line a little to the left, carrying it first under and then over the thread, which has been held to the left under your thumb. (See photograph of process on Page 171.) As you pull the thread up, a twist or knot appears. Repeat until pattern has been fully worked, being careful to take the stitches as close together as possible, and the needle always slanting the same way.

This braid stitch is very simple to make, as you will see when you have worked it out, and—best of all—it goes fast. It is a stitch that can

be used in open, rather widely scattered patterns instead of outlining, and is infinitely less tedious and more effective.

Make your pillow case any size you like and apply the bands—the case photographed on Page 171 is 12 by 18 inches—with a 2-inch fringe. Seam the case at the bottom and part way across the top, leaving an opening large enough to slip the pillow in. Overcast the fringed edges together at the ends, and tie in with a crochet hook or large-eyed needle strands of the brown carpet thread. Use a double thread and tie in by slipping the two ends through the loop.

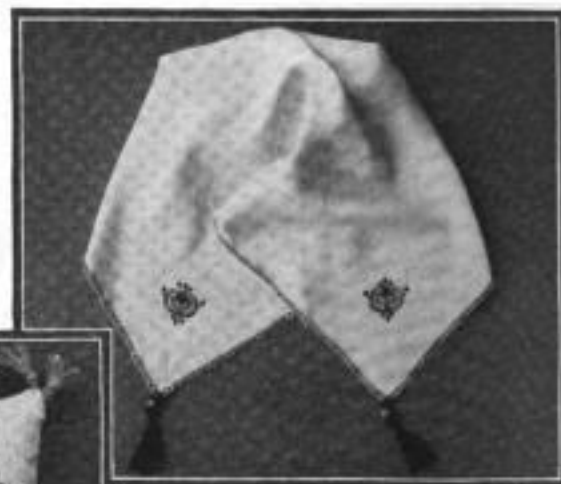
Very useful for knitting or sewing or to hang in one's room for fine laundry is the bag of white linen and gold-colored carpet thread on Page 171.

For the ring use one of a pair of embroidery hoops, and have the linen one-third fuller

Carpet thread may even decorate a luncheon set most beautifully. Above is a service dolly of tan linen, Italian hemstitched in dull red carpet thread. Runners, tray covers, etc., may also be made.



The ladder stitch at the left is nothing but a buttonhole stitch, in which the previous stitch is drawn to the right to form a square. It has the double charm of being highly decorative and going very fast.



15021

A single unit in each corner of your bridge-table cover offers sufficient decoration and not too much distraction. One pattern includes transfer for cover above, bureau set, and pillow on Page 171.

The ladder stitch, which is described in article and shown in detail in photograph at bottom of page, has been worked in linen-colored carpet thread on white linen in this bureau set.

than the circumference of the hoop. The hoop in the illustration is eighteen inches in circumference, so the linen was cut twenty-four inches, while the bag is thirteen inches deep. Leave enough linen at the top to go over the hoop, then draw two threads, leave four, draw two, and Italian or double hemstitch over the four threads, taking up four vertical threads each time. Leave four threads, then draw two, leave four, and draw two. Italian-hemstitch over the last four threads, leaving the four plain between the two rows of hemstitching. Be sure to take up the same series of vertical threads each time. If the first row is even the others come very easily, and the little squares work in almost without counting.

Next leave twelve threads, and repeat the two rows of Italian hemstitching, with the four threads between, as above. In your band of twelve threads count down four threads and take a vertical stitch over four, then under four horizontally, over four vertically, under four horizontally, which brings your needle out where you started, with two sides of a square worked on the right of the linen; go back and complete the square. Make the square on even threads with your hemstitching, and, as I said before, it requires almost no counting. Leave sixteen threads and repeat your square. Continue across.

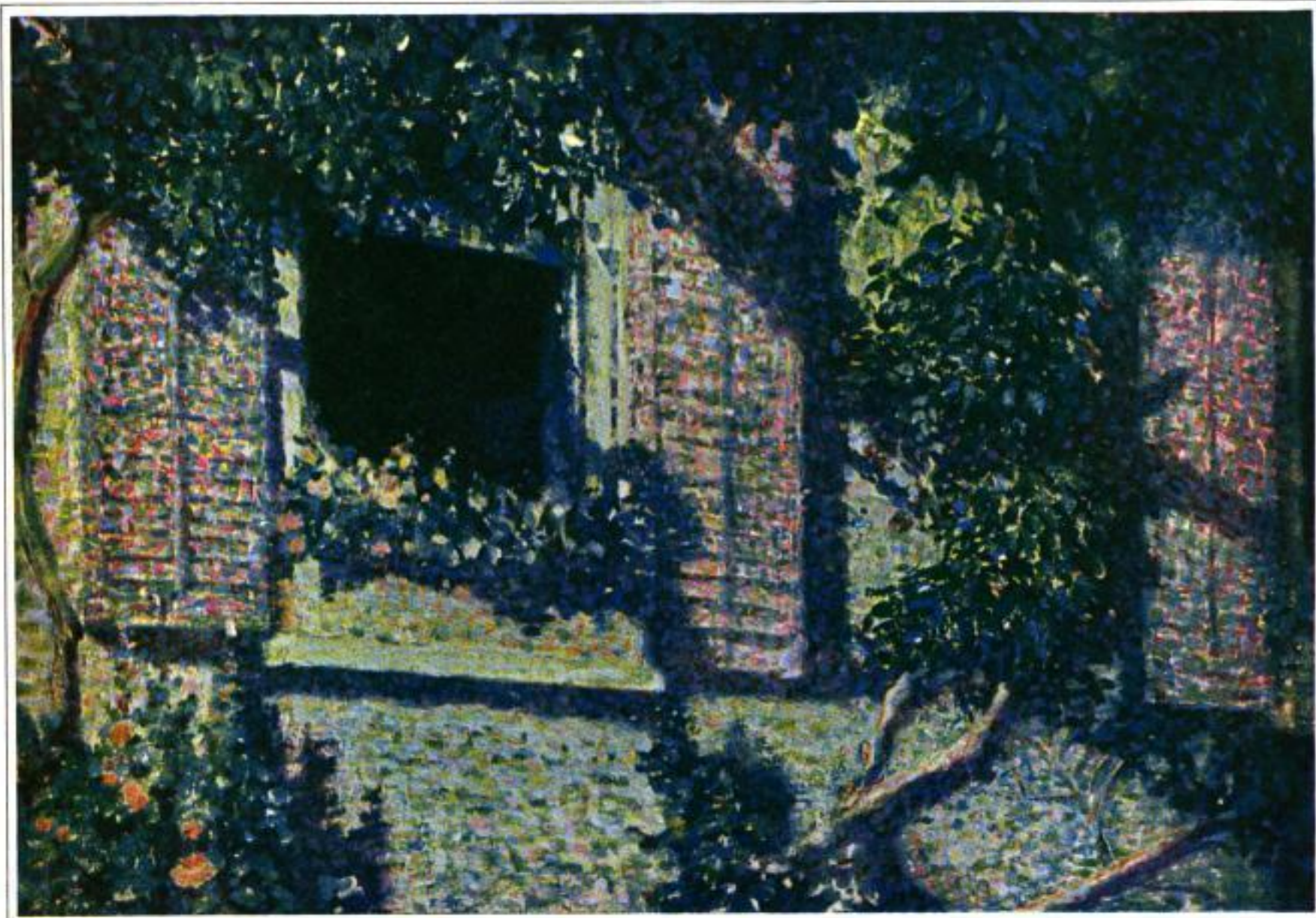
Punto Scritto is Easy to Do

BRING the thread out in the center hole between the four groups of hemstitches in the lower line of hemstitching. Count down eight threads; insert needle; bring it out again eight threads below. The first stitch is on the surface, the second on the back. From this point, sixteen threads below the hemstitch, count a square four threads on a side, this time on the diagonal. If at first it bothers you to count on a diagonal count four straight threads to the center, and from there four in each direction, and you have the corners of the square.

As before, every other stitch is on the wrong side. Go back and close your stitches; when you reach the point eight threads from the hemstitch take a slanting stitch to both the left and right, inserting the needle in the hole in the hemstitch, which is eight threads or two hemstitched groups from where you started. Skip one group of hemstitched threads and repeat the figure. The hemstitched group skipped is the one over which in the band above the square is worked. Perhaps this sounds complicated, but as a matter of fact this stitch, called in Italian Punto Scritto, is very simple and great fun to do. Use a blunt needle.

Now French-seam the bag up; sew onto the hoop; gather at the bottom, and finish with a simple tassel

(Continued on Page 171)



Can anyone afford not to

YOU may sometimes hear people say—"Well, I'd like to put in Simmons Mattresses, but I can't afford it just now."

Nevertheless, no "saving" can compensate anyone for sleeping on the mattresses of ordinary construction.

If Simmons Mattresses cost twice their very moderate prices—they would still be cheap, in view of their *sleeping quality* and perfect cleanliness. *Built for Sleep*—of pure, clean, new kapok or cotton. No "renovated" materials.



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Remember, too, that La France blues as it

cleanses. It does away with the entire operation of bluing—saves all this labor. La France, too, blues perfectly—no rust spots, no over-bluing, no dingy, gray clothes. Just follow the simple directions on the package and La France will give you the whitest, cleanest clothes you have ever seen.

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All statements here made have been proved by exhaustive unbiased tests made by leading schools of domestic science and sworn to before a notary. In these tests La France was used on delicate silks as well as heavy sheets; on woollens as well as cottons. Read (in the panel at the left) exactly what these sworn tests prove.

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Microscopic tests by these domestic science teachers prove that La France does not injure fabrics.

(Sworn affidavits of these official tests on file in Philadelphia)

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Your grocer either has La France in both tablet and powder or will obtain it for you. Write us direct, sending us your grocer's name, and we will send you free enough La France for next week's washing. La France Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



Nothing washes summer dresses of cotton so safely as soap and La France. Try it. Your new spring dresses will last so much longer.



Flannel shirts, woolen hose, and all the between-seasons fabrics will wear best if they are washed frequently with soap and La France.



Before you put away heavy winter sweaters and children's winter clothes, wash them in soap and La France. Soiled garments attract moths.

Satina

Makes Ironing Easy

Starched pieces assume a delightful finish when Satina is added to the boiling starch. The iron ceases to stick, the smooth surface delights the eye, and La France Bouquet, with which the tablet is perfumed, imparts an elusive fragrance that appeals to critical women. We will mail you a free sample on receipt of your grocer's name.

Better Laundry With Any Soap



La France
TABLET & POWDERED
MAKES WASHING EASY



Italian Embroidery Done in Carpet Thread

(Continued from Page 168)

such as is described as the foundation tassel on Page 109, September, 1921, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For the Italian hemstitch follow the method described and illustrated on Page 124, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for February, 1921.

The handle measures sixteen inches finished, and is made of two rows of hemstitching with a narrow hem on either side.

The bureau scarf and pincushion on Page 168, made of white linen and embroidered with linen-colored carpet thread, make a most attractive set. The pincushion top design measures two and a half by six inches and works out well on a five-by-nine-inch cushion. It is done in ladder stitch and round eyelets. Each corner supports two tiny tassels one inch long, made in the same way as that used for the bag.

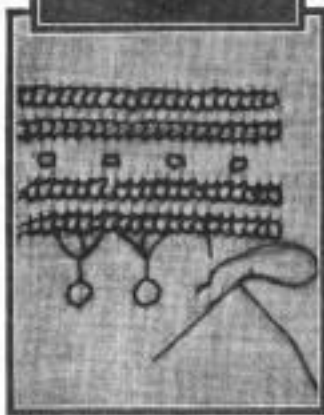
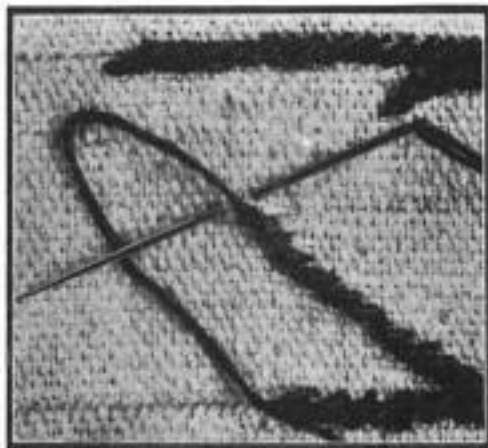
The ladder stitch is so simple and effective that I wonder it isn't better known. The stitch is just a buttonhole stitch, in which the previous stitch is drawn to the right to form the top of the square. The work progresses from left to right.

The Ladder Stitch

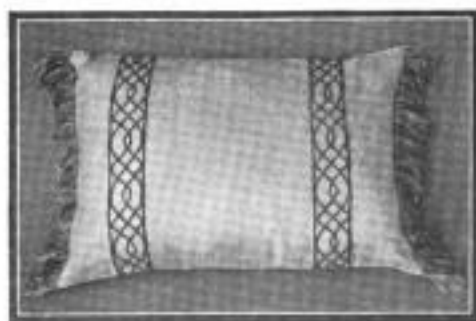
BRING the thread out at point of the figure; hold the thread under your thumb to the right, and take a buttonhole stitch, inserting needle where thread came out, and slanting needle a little to the right. Do not pull this stitch up closely, but with the point of the needle pull the slanting thread out at the top to the right to form a square; insert needle, slant to the right; draw it out as before and you have a second stitch. Continue, taking care that the slant of the stitches conforms with your design. The round center of the design is a series of buttonhole stitches taken in the same central hole.

The eyelets are punched with a stiletto, and top-sewed. Draw the stitches tight, as no threads of the linen are broken, and this tight binding forms a symmetrical hole.

The design on the bureau scarf, which measures twelve by four and a half inches, could well be applied to any sized scarf or cloth. As on the pincushion, it is worked in ladder stitch and eyelets. The edge of the bureau scarf is a series of ladder stitches, with every two inches an eyelet; the hem is three-eighths of an inch wide and turned on the right side. The inspiration



Italian hemstitching in gold carpet thread on white linen makes the bag above, while below is a detail of the Punto Scritto stitch used for the tiny squares. At the top of the page is a detail of the braid stitch, which is used on the sofa pillow below and is so easy to make.



It had its beginnings in humble linen-colored crash dish toweling, but brown carpet thread applied in braid stitch according to a pattern that flourished in Venice in the sixteenth century makes it an effective and useful pillow.

for these ladder-stitch designs came from a lovely Italian cloth now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. In the original the pattern with a cut-work center is repeated diagonally over white linen cloth. Even though we work with carpet thread on crash, we are adapting to everyday use designs from the oldest known pattern book, and getting our inspiration from world-famous embroideries.

The tassels are just the same simple tassel as on the pincushion, and measure four inches.

Also a Lunch Cloth

THE bridge-table cover on Page 168 has a simple decoration, so that the guest won't spend too much time admiring the embroidery and ask too continually "What's trump?" The little unit is planned to come about two inches inside the edge of the table, so that it may show without distracting. The edge, with the hem turned on the right side, is three-eighths of an inch wide when finished. Like that of the bureau scarf, the edge is a series of ladder stitches with an eyelet about every two inches. The illustration is cream-colored linen, done in a lovely red carpet thread. This cloth is a yard square, and might also serve as a luncheon cloth in addition to that of being a bridge-table cover.

The tassels, measuring all done about six inches, are Number Thirteen of the Fringes and Tassels article in September, 1921, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Page 109. The beads are especially desirable, as they add weight to keep the cover in place.

So many uses suggest themselves for the little doily, I hardly know where to begin. The one photographed on Page 168 belongs to a set of service doilies, each about twelve by sixteen inches, and capable of holding the plate, silver, tumbler and butter plate. The centerpiece, which is larger, of course, than the service doilies, is made in the same way, except that the little bullion flower appears at regular intervals in the border on the sides. This centerpiece may be oblong or square; a sixteen-inch square is a serviceable size.

Select any good coarse-weave linen or crash in which the threads run evenly. That is, the warp and wool threads must be of the

(Continued on Page 172)



0120—Flesh color brocade. Four hose-supporters. \$3.00

0112—Flesh color Dobby Cloth. Two hose-supporters. \$1.00

0123—Flesh color Francine Cloth. Four hose-supporters. \$2.00

The advantage of a Corset—The appearance of Uncorseted-effect

Model
corset-brassiere

Fashion declares: "This season, that figure is best corseted which is least corseted." The MODEL Corset-Brassiere gives the helpful advantage of wearing a corset with a youthful appearance of natural lines.

Ask for MODEL Corset-Brassieres—\$1.00 to \$6.50—at your favorite shop in your preferred material and in your accustomed fastening. All other types of MODEL Brassieres—50c to \$8.50. If not obtainable, write direct to the manufacturers.

Model Brassiere Co.

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HOME OF BEAUTY HOUSE NO. 101

The view above shows Home of Beauty House No. 101, built by Mr. Leslie Welter at Moorhead, Minnesota. Mr. Welter says: "We are very well pleased with our building experience. A leading architect of Fargo, N. D., said that this house is the best designed and best looking house of any he has seen in this section of the country. Our house created such a favorable impression that several houses have been built of brick in this vicinity this season. I wish to thank you for the excellent service you rendered me at a cost that was practically negligible."

Better Homes

AS THE MANY advantages of the Face Brick house—its supreme beauty, its unmatched durability, its safety from fire and its marked economies—should be available to the average home-builder, to whom the architect is not accessible, we have issued various designs for small Face Brick houses, ranging in sizes from three to eight rooms.

During the last year and a half 100,000 of these plan booklets have been sent out on request and they have received enthusiastic endorsement from home-builders everywhere. "The Home of Beauty" shows fifty houses, mostly two stories, designed by architects in all parts of the country. They represent a wide variety of architectural designs and carefully planned interior arrangements. Sent for 50 cents. We have complete working drawings, specifications and quantity

estimates for these houses at nominal cost.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4 room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8 room houses, in all ninety-two, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents. We have the complete working drawings, etc., at nominal prices.

"The Story of Brick" is an artistic booklet with numerous illustrations and much valuable information for home-builders. It discusses the many advantages and economies of the Face Brick house. Sent free.

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Novelites are always fresh because you may so easily rinse them out. The fabrics are light but enduring, each color tub-fast and sun-fast.

In all desired sizes, tuck-in or cut-out corners, plain or scalloped, bolster covers to match. Priced from \$3 to \$8.

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DR. PRICE'S VANILLA

DO you realize how important it is to have vanilla that is just right in strength? Too strong vanilla often brings disastrous results because it overflavors; too weak vanilla leaves your cooking flat and tasteless.

Price's Vanilla is always the same high quality; always evenly balanced in strength—neither weak nor too strong.

Price's Vanilla is the pure extract from choicest vanilla beans. It is aged in wood to bring out all its richness and delicate flavor. You will like Price's Vanilla the same as other women have for nearly seventy years. Ask for it by name from your grocer. Write for our new book of recipes—"Delicious Desserts and Candies." It's free.

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"Experts in Flavor"
Chicago, Ill.



Look for
Price's
Tropikid
on the
label.

Italian Embroidery Done in Carpet Thread

(Continued from Page 171)

same size; an irregular weave crash is troublesome to work on.

Measure in three-eighths of an inch, draw two threads, leave four threads, draw two threads. Turn the hem to the first two drawn threads, and with ordinary spool cotton hem it. Then Italian-hemstitch all around over the four threads, taking up four vertical threads each time. Leave twenty-four threads; draw two; leave four, and draw two. Draw these threads just to the first line of hemstitching, not through—again Italian-hemstitch over the four threads.

In the little squares, in the corners, formed by the second row of hemstitching, make a little flower with four bullion petals. Bullion

stitch is described in the HOME JOURNAL for October, 1921. Example VII, page 121.

The hemmed edge is simply top-sewed over, taking a stitch in each opening left by the hemstitching, and using care that the stitches slant evenly.

In the corners, and where the second line of hemstitching reaches the hem, are little tassels. Bring the needle out through the hem, hold an ordinary-sized pencil parallel with hem, and wind thread six times around it, each time inserting needle into hem; draw pencil out, and bind loops by making one tight buttonhole or push stitch over loops close to hem; fasten thread.

This doily is most useful for any little cover.

You Can Make Your Graduating Dress

(Continued from Page 165)

sleeve in place. Now remove the waist, mark the corrections on the right side and make several cross markings on the belt and waistline of the waist, so that fullness may easily be put in place again. Alter the waist and baste together again. The seams on the waist may be stitched on the seam lines. Raw edges should be turned toward the seam and then turned and the edges run together; or entredeux or cording may be used. Put in the sleeves, adjust the fullness at the waistline onto tape, the right side of the tape being to wrong side of waist, and baste into place. Try on a second time and pin the skirt to waist.

The straight skirt is hung from the waistline, so after adjusting the fullness at the waistline on the right side, see that bottom line of the skirt is an equal distance from the floor at all points. If it is not, correct by raising or dropping the skirt at waistline. Remove the dress and make alterations.

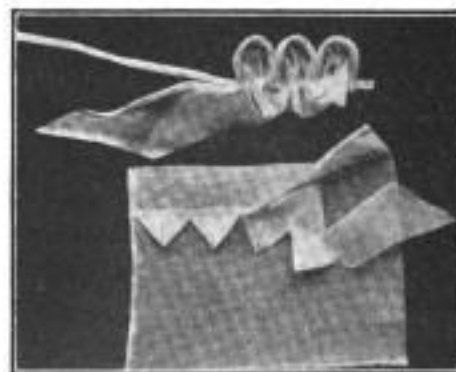
Cut off the skirt one-quarter of an inch above waistline, turn the raw edge to the wrong side of the waistline, and gather close to the turned edge.

Before gathering the skirt it is best to make a placket, so that it may be concealed by a sash or belt if possible. With long-waisted bodices short plackets are used. One way of finishing placket for a full skirt is first to cut the placket the desired length—about five inches—then cut a straight lengthwise strip of material twice the length of opening and about one inch wide. Place the right side of this strip to the right side of the opening, with the skirt toward you; baste and stitch one-eighth of an inch seam. Crease seam sharply onto the facing. Turn in the remaining raw edge one-eighth of an inch and baste and hem the folded edge exactly to cover the first stitching.

Make Your Trimmings

NOW you are ready to show your good taste by trimming just enough in just the right place. Here are described and illustrated a few thoughts I got from some models. May they help you to brilliant ideas and wonderful execution!

Bias folds fagot to material and narrow cordings were used on one nice frock to decorate the neck and sleeve lines. Most of the neck and sleeve finishes are flat. Points and scallops like those in the photograph at the right were used to finish tucks and hems on skirts.



The French, who lead all others in clever needlework, frequently use scallops and points on sheer crisp frocks in preference to other trimmings. Methods of construction are evident.

To make a bias fold to be attached by fagoting, cut bias strips of the material twice the desired depth of fold plus one-quarter of an inch. Turn the bias edges one-eighth of an inch to wrong side and baste the folded edges together. Be sure the fold is smooth. Turn raw edge of garment to wrong side on seam line and baste in place. Baste this seam line to paper, being sure to keep the garment in shape. Baste the bias fold in place, stretching where necessary to keep flat, about one-quarter of an inch above the seam line of the garment. Then with embroidery cotton take three or four stitches through the fold of the garment close together. Make the fourth stitch through one edge, then in the middle of space between the fold and garment, put the needle around a group of threads and through a loop of the thread coming from the cloth. Take next stitch through second edge to complete the group of four stitches. Advance to left about one-eighth of an inch.

Scallops and Cordings

THE dainty little scallop in the photograph on page 165 is very effective for neck and sleeve finishes. It is sometimes used as folds on skirts. The material is cut on a true bias and folded as for a tuck. Then take two or three little over-and-over stitches over the fold. The length of the stitch is determined by the depth of scallop desired. Slip the thread along the wrong side of the material the desired width of scallop and repeat over-and-over stitches. Advance to the left.

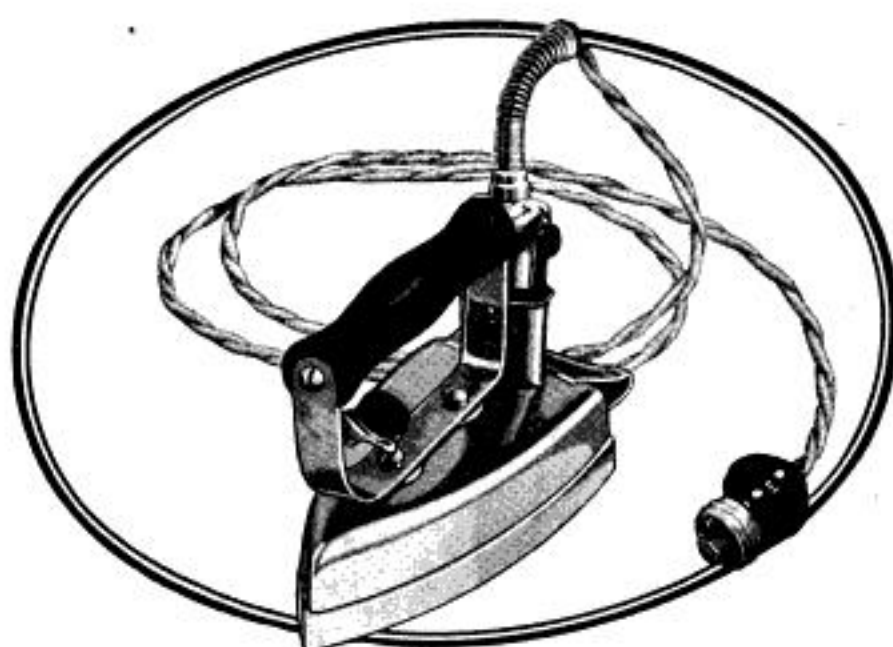
The deep scallop photographed below is attractive on organdie, and quickly done. The material is cut on the true bias, the depth being determined by desired size of the scallop. Roll one edge carefully, then sew the end to a piece of tape. Catch the rolled edge to the tape at intervals, as illustrated, and fasten material between.

For fine cording, which is always attractive, cover a cord with bias material. Fold the bias evenly, slip the cord close to the fold and

sew in place by fine running stitches. Be sure the bias is drawn tightly over the cord. Cording is placed to garment seam line, right sides together, and sewed by hand close to the cord. Finish raw edges on the wrong side by whipping together or with a wider edge of facing.

Sashes may be of the material or of ribbon, but be careful to have your whole frock give an impression of simplicity.

Patterns for Italian embroidery done in carpet thread may be secured from any store selling Home Patterns; or by mail from the Home Pattern Company, 18 East 18th Street, New York City.



What women need today is more people they can depend upon

MANY a woman looks back and wonders how her mother got along with "so little to do with."

No one a generation ago would have dared to picture a woman's release from drudgery as it is today.

Just as no one conceived the *electric home* as the Hotpoint people have conceived it—and made it come true.

* * *

Talk with friends about electric cooking and heating—and you hear "Hotpoint" mentioned most often.

Inevitably with high regard, perhaps, because Hotpoint has never traded on the needs of a woman to sell her a mere electrical contrivance that looks good enough to take home—but doesn't do much after that, except "get out of order."

Remember that Hotpoint has *pioneer traditions* to protect. Every Hotpoint Servant has its origin in a *housekeeping engineer*—and not in some casual workshop.

* * *

The story of the Hotpoint Iron, for example. Nearly 5,000,000 women know how electric

ironing was revolutionized when Hotpoint discovered how to make the *point* even hotter than the rest of the iron.

Thus producing the first *practical electric iron*. Maximum results—minimum current—least work for the housewife.

Hotpoint invented the *Hinged Plug Cord Protector*, which does away with most of the jerk, bending and breaking of the cord.

And the *strength-saving Cantilever Handle*, which lessens the strain and makes ironing easier than you ever thought it could be.

Then, too, there is the *Hotpoint Attached Stand*, so that one simply tilts the iron back on its heel, instead of lifting it to and from the old-fashioned ironing stand—a saving of *many hundred pounds* of lifting in a day's ironing.

* * *

Hotpoint Servants are so named because they actually *do deliver service* in day after day work in the home.

They are sold everywhere you find a merchant who feels responsible for the *practical service* of electricity in housekeeping—as compared with the dealer in indiscriminate electric novelties and devices.

There is a HOTPOINT

Boudoir Set
Utility Ironing Set
Chafing Dish
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Radiant Grill
Air Heater
Hedlite Heater
Radiant Heater
Heating Pad
Household Iron
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SERVANTS

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Vacuum Cleaner
and the
Hotpoint-Hughes
Electric Ranges

Rubens
Look for this trade-mark



This is the all-
spot. Protect it
with the double
thickness.

On and off like a
coat. Always fits
the GROWING
body perfectly.

Mothers—their future health depends on present care

Any doctor or nurse will tell you that poor protection over baby's chest and stomach is a too frequent cause of illness.

They will tell you, too, that Rubens Infant Shirt affords the needed protection as no other infant shirt does.

Double Thickness Means Double Warmth and Better Health

Cut with the simple convenience of a coat. No buttons, no tapes. Adjustable belt fastens with a single safety pin. Knitted in softest and finest materials for baby's delicate skin.

Insist upon the genuine Rubens, taken from the famous striped box. Look for the above trade-mark on the shirt. If any dealer can't supply you, write us.

Manufactured only by
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24 No. Market St., Chicago
Established 1890

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Why Do Our Mothers and Babies Die?

(Continued from Page 32)

from any person her individual right to select any medical assistance she chooses, but it will to a very great extent bring to the women of this country the kind of health education they have a perfect right to demand in order that their lives and the lives of their children may be saved.

About a year ago, at a hearing before Congress on the Sheppard-Towner Bill—or, as it was sometimes called, the "mothers and babies' bill"—Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League, asked: "Why does Congress want our mothers and babies to die?" Congress proved that it does not want our mothers and babies to die, although Mrs. Kelley's question was perfectly justified by the circumstances. I feel that it is the business not only of Congress but of every man and woman in this country to see that the mothers and babies of the United States are as well protected and cared for as the mothers and babies of any other country.

It costs so little in money, time and energy to save mothers and babies that one wonders why this work is not and has not always been universal. THE HOME JOURNAL has determined that it will do its share in assuring health and safety to the mothers and babies of this country. The program for saving these lives is one that is easily within the reach of any community. It does not mean the expenditure of any vast sums of money, although it would be most desirable in every way if there could be in every county or township a hospital where women could receive the care they need.

First of all, mothers should find out what part their community is playing in making the United States at the present time the most dangerous country in the world for babies to be born in. If they find that conditions are good and that the maternal and infant death rates are low, they should try to make them still better and save more mothers and babies. If, on the other hand, they find that conditions are bad, it should be all the greater incentive for them to raise their local standards to the highest possible plane.

The Community's Duty

WHENEVER the infant mortality rate of any community is greater than seventy-five deaths to each one thousand babies born, it must be considered entirely unwarranted. This is not an ideal standard, for even in our largest cities it has been found to be a practical accomplishment. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why half this number of babies should die before they reach the first birthday; but just as a standard to work on, seventy-five infant deaths per one thousand births may be taken to indicate a commonplace goal for our largest cities, where conditions of insanitation, lack of proper hygiene, poverty and the presence of vast groups of people of foreign nationalities present a problem that is difficult to solve. In country districts or rural communities, from thirty to fifty deaths of babies out of every thousand born should be taken as the highest permissible standard.

In general, it may be said that in our Western States and in rural communities or small towns that do not have to meet the problems of our big cities, the death rate of mothers and babies can easily be reduced to the vanishing point. Each community should see that competent medical advice is available. In the great rush to the cities that has occurred during the last ten years the doctors have not been left behind, and large numbers of rural communities are finding themselves without any opportunities for medical care. The call to the great centers of population is an insistent one; nevertheless the country and its people must be served, and while all cases of sickness need the most expert attention they can receive, it is also true that childbearing, which is really not a sickness at all, may have ill-health, sickness or even death as a penalty if the right kind of knowledge and care is not available. If one township cannot offer sufficient inducement for a physician to settle there, several townships should combine and make it financially

worth while for a doctor to come and stay. In any event, whenever it is at all possible for her to do so, every mother should place herself under the care of a physician as soon as she knows that a new life is expected. If this is not possible, she should make every effort to obtain the advice of a competent nurse. This is much more easily obtained, for there is no community that cannot benefit by employing a public health nurse.

The usual objection is that the town or county cannot afford the expense. But if the town or county thinks anything at all of the well-being of its population, it cannot afford not to spend the necessary money for this service, which pays greater dividends than any other possible investment. Whenever a public health nurse has been employed it has been found that sickness has decreased, the death rate of mothers due to causes incident to maternity has been reduced, and babies are kept well, so that their death rate has also been lowered to an astounding extent.

Sacrifices May be Avoided

WHEN the Sheppard-Towner Act goes into effect, any community may well demand that its state department of health give it this service. If the mothers of this country will see that its measures are carried out effectively, and if individual mothers will take advantage of the information that is readily available to them, then there will be an end to the present sacrifice of the lives of our women and children.

The problem is one that must be solved both by community and individual responsibility. The community must be stirred to action, and in this all the fathers and mothers of the country must bear their share of responsibility. The spirit of universal motherhood must be aroused in our American woman, and no woman can free herself of her responsibility in this regard. She owes it to her community, to herself and to other women to take an active part in seeing that proper legislation is enacted, that the community takes advantage of every opportunity and that there is not a single mother in her town or city who cannot obtain freely and easily the simple information that may mean life for herself and certainly will mean health for her children.

While the provision of all facilities for proper care is a matter which depends upon community action, there still remains the individual instruction of the mother. I have written a series of nine letters, one for each month before the baby comes. These letters outline the care a mother needs to keep herself in good health. They teach her how to prepare for her baby's birth in an intelligent manner and how to insure good health for her baby. They will be sent, one each month, to any mother who cares to send for them. The time the baby is expected should be mentioned so that, if several months have already elapsed, the earlier letters may be sent to her at once.

These letters will contain the same kind of information that may be made available by the Sheppard-Towner Act. It is the same kind of instruction that has already saved the lives of thousands of mothers and babies. There is nothing difficult or unusual in these suggestions for keeping well. Every mother can carry them out for herself. The methods outlined do not require the expenditure of money, and they are so simple that they can be carried out in any home. There is no reason why every mother in this country should not have this information, and every reason why she should.

One million five hundred thousand babies were born in the United States last year, and of this number three hundred thousand did not live to reach their first birthday. If we choose to do so, we can save the lives of one hundred and fifty thousand of these babies next year and, in addition, we can save the lives of ten thousand mothers in the next twelve months. It has been estimated that the cost of saving these lives is no greater than one-twentieth the cost of a single modern battleship. Isn't it worth as much as this?



Sensitive Feet Have a Right to Style as well as Comfort

TIRING, irritating feet are in themselves enough of a cross to bear, without adding the humiliation of styleless shoes.

But a new pride awaits you in the grace of Martha Washington Comfort styles. In the safe consciousness of their good appearance, it is almost your own secret that a yielding ease softens the strain on sensitive surfaces and that comforting support tempers the weight of tiring steps.

Only at Martha Washington dealers' can you find this happy combination that it is your right to enjoy.

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"Sincerity in shoe making—for more than forty years"



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"Yes, Madam, We Have the HOOSIER in Your Height"

The New HOOSIER provides your kitchen with a working center which, in addition to everything the HOOSIER has done heretofore, robs your household tasks of their greatest fatigue.

HOOSIER OWNERS tell us that the HOOSIERS of the past have done more to save steps, time and energy than any device ever created for the use of womankind.

But here is a New HOOSIER, which not only does all these things better than the HOOSIER has ever done them before, but in addition makes your table top just high enough to enable you to work in greatest comfort.

And this is only one of a number of New HOOSIER improvements, incorporated in a kitchen cabinet for the first time.

These new improvements are in addition to all the exclusive features of the HOOSIERS of the past.

But most important of all, is HOOSIER's logical, labor-saving arrangement. If the HOOSIER were arranged in any other way it would not save nearly so much time and work.

You owe it to yourself to go to your dealer and see his complete line of New HOOSIERS and HOOSIER porceliron tables, ranging in price from \$11.00 to \$92.50 f. o. b. factory.

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OFFICES: 158 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

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HOOSIER *Saves Steps*



The Faith of a Baby

WHAT a warmth of inner pleasure is found in the knowledge that someone of importance trusts us. And who is of such importance or trusts with such innocent confidence as—a baby!

Keep the faith with your baby as completely as it is given you to keep—that is the Golden Rule of Motherhood.

Be as careful in your selection of powders as you are of Baby's milk. The rest of the family may choose as they please for their

own hardened skins, but use on baby a baby powder.

Can you think of any powder that's as much a baby powder as Johnson's?

First suggested for babies by a well-known specialist.

Used on babies for over thirty years.

Made for babies in laboratories that prepare over 400 articles for physicians and nurses.

Keeps baby's skin cool, soft and comfortable.

Relieves itching and chafing. Just try it.



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J & J

YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED A SOOTHING BABY CREAM

One that can be used freely to soothe delicate baby skin without injurious effects—a Cream that absolutely prevents and relieves chafing, chapping and skin irritations. Johnson's Baby Cream—suggested by nurses—is as much a daily needful as Baby Powder. Ask your druggist.

Johnson's
Baby Powder
Best for baby—Best for you

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

Who helps the physician make home a safer, happier place to live in?
—your druggist.

Who prepares the prescriptions that turn illness into health and pain into comfort?
—your druggist.

Who spends years in scientific study so that he may serve you with articles of thoroughly tested quality?
—your druggist.

IV

SQUIRRELS do not name their babies as we do; they do not think of them by names; and yet each one is itself, has individual looks or ways that stand for that one in the mother's mind, and so is in some sort its name. Thus the biggest one of the three graycoat youngsters had a very brown head and a very gray coat. He was stronger than the others, could leap just a little farther and was not so ready to bite when playing with the rest.

The second brother was not so big as Brownhead, and he had an impatient way of rebelling at any little thing that did not please him. He would explode into a shrill *Cray!* which was a well-known squirrel exclamation; only he made it very thin and angry. Even to father and mother he would shriek *Cray!* if they did in the least a thing that was not to his wish.

The third and smallest was a little girl squirrel, very shy and gentle. She loved to be petted and would commonly snuggle up to her mother, whining softly, *Nyek, nyek!* even when her brothers were playing as well as at feeding time.

So in this sort they named themselves: Brownhead, Cray and Nyek-nyek.

The first lesson in all young wild life is this: "Do as you are told"; the penalty of disobedience is death; not always immediate, not clearly consequent; but soon or late it comes. This indeed is the law, driven home and clinched by ages of experience: "Obey or die." If the family is outstretched in the sun and the keen-eyed mother sees a hawk she says *Chik, chik!* and the wise little ones come home. They obey and live. The rebellious one stays out, and the hawk picks him up, a pleasant meal.

If the family is scrambling about the tree trunk and one attempts to climb a long, smooth stretch, from which the bark has fallen, the mother cries *Chik, chik!* warning him that he is going into danger. The obedient one comes back and lives. The unruly one goes on. There is no claw hold on such trunks. He falls far to the ground and pays the price.

If one is being carried from a place of danger and hangs limp and submissive from his mother's mouth, he is quickly landed in a place of safety. But one that struggles and rebels may be cut by the mother's tightening teeth or dropped by her and seized on by some enemy at hand. There are always enemies alert for such a chance. Or if he winks to drink at the familiar spring and sees not what mother sees, a black snake lurking on a log, or heeds not her sharp "Keep back!" he goes and maybe takes a single sip, but it is his last.

If one, misled by their bright color, persists in eating fruit of the deadly nightshade, ignoring mother's warning *Quare, quare!* he eats, he has willed to eat; and there is a little quirel body tumbled from the nest next day, to claim the kindly care of growing plants and drifting leaves that will hide it from the view.

Yes, this is the law, older than the day when the sun gave birth to our earth that it might go its own way, yet still be held in law: Obey and live; rebel and die.

Boisterous, strong and merry was Brownhead, the very son of his father—eager to do and ready to go, and yet quick to hear when the warning *Quare* came or the home call, *Chik, chik!* Well fleshed was he and deeply fur-clad, although it was mid-May; and his tail already was past the switch stage and was frilling out with the silver frill of his best kin.

PROLICSOME, merry and shy, very shy was Nyek-nyek. In some speech she would have been styled a "mammy-et." Happy with mother, playing with her brothers, but very ready to go to mother—slight of body, but quick to move, quick to follow and nervously quick to obey, she knew and learned the learning of her folk.

Last was Cray, quickest of them all, not so heavy as Brownhead, yet agile, inquisitive, full of energy; but a rebel all the time. He would climb that long, smooth column above the nest. His mother's warning held him not. And when the claw held failed he slipped, but jumped, and landed safe on a near limb.

He would go forth to investigate the loud trampling in the woods and far below him watched with eager curiosity the big two-legged thing that soon discovered him. Then there



HE GALLOPED UP A MIGHTY PINE TREE, ON WHOSE HIGHEST LIMBS WERE TWO GREAT FLICKERS CLACKING, THEN CLINGING TO A BARK FLAKE THAT PROVED LOOSE HE WAS LAUNCHED INTO AIR

Bannertail

The Story of a Gray Squirrel

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Decorations by Charles Livingston Bull

was a loud crack like a heavy limb broken by the wind, and the bark beside his head was splintered by a blow that almost stunned him with its shock, although it did not touch him. He barely escaped into the nest. Yes, he still escaped.

These are among the lessons that a mother squirrel by example teaches, and that, in case of failure, are emphasized by many little reproofs of voice or even of blows:

Clean your coat and extra clean your tail; fluff it out, try its trig suppleness, wave it, plume it, comb it, clean it; but ever remember it, for it is your beauty and your life.

When there is danger on the ground, such as the trampling of heavy feet, do not go to spy it out; but hide. If near a hole, pop in; if on a big high limb lie flat and still as death. Do not go to it. Let it come to you, if it will.

In the air, if there is danger near, as from hawks, do not stop until you have at least got into a dense thicket or, better still, a hole.

If you find a nut when you are not hungry, bury it for future use. Nevertheless, this lesson counts for but little now, as all last year's nuts are gone and this year's are far ahead.

If you must travel on the ground, stop every little while at some high place to look around, and fail not then each time to fluff and jerk your tail.

When in the distant limbs you see something that may be friend or foe, keep out of sight, but flit your white tail tip in his view. If it be a graycoat, it will answer with the same, the wigwag: "I'm a squirrel too."

Learn—and practice also—the far jumps from tree to tree. You will surely need them some day. They are the only certain answer to the red-eyed fury that lives on mice, but that can kill squirrels, too, if he catches them; that climbs and jumps, but cannot jump so far as the graycoats, and dare not fall from high, for he has no plummy tail, nothing but a useless little tag.

Drink twice a day from the running stream, never from the big pond in which the grinning pike and mighty snapper lie in wait. Go not in the heat of the day, for then the black snake is lurking near, and quicker is he even than a squirrel on the ground. Go not at dusk, for then the fox and the mink are astir. Go not by night, for then is the owl on the warpath; silent as a shadow, he is far more to be feared than the swish-winged hawk. Drink then at sunrise and before sunset, and ever from a solid log or stone which affords good footing for a needed sudden jump. And remember ever that safety is in the tree tops—in this and in lying low.

These were the lessons they slowly learned, not at any stated time or place, but each when the present doings brought it in. Brownhead was quick and learned almost overfast; and his tail, responding to his daily care, was worthy of a grown-up. Lithe, graceful Nyek-nyek, too, was growing woodwise. Cray was quick for a time. He would learn well at a new lesson, then, devising some method of

his own, would go ahead and break the rules. His mother's warning *Quare!* held him back not at all. And his father's onslaught with a nip of powerful teeth only stirred him to rebellious fight.

V

CURIOSITY may be the trail to knowledge, but it skirts a dangerous cliff. The rose moon, June, was on the hills; its thrill joy set the whole wood world joy thrilling. The Bannertail family had frolicked in a game of tag and catch all around the old hawk nest and up the long, smooth pole went Cray to show that he could do it. His mother warned him—"Quare!"—but up he went and down he came without a hint of failure.

Then they scattered scampering for a game of hide and seek, when the heavy sound of some big brute-a-coming was wind-

borne to them. The mother gave the warning *Chik!* Three of them quickly got to the safe old nest. Silvergray flattened on the upside of a rugged limb. Cray, seeing nothing near and scoffing at their flurry, made for a big crotch into which he could sink from sight if need be, and waited. In vain his mother cried *Chik!* Cray wouldn't *chik*; he wanted to know what it was all about.

The heavy, trampling sound came near. Silvergray peeped over and could see very well; it was the two-legged brute with the yellow, yapping Four-legs that she more than once had met before. They rambled slashingly around, the yap cur eagerly wagging his tail. He swung his black snout in the air and gave out a long "yap," another and another. Then Two-legs came slowly nearer, staring up into the rooftrees and moving awkwardly sidewise, round and round the tree.

Cray peered out farther to watch him. In vain the wise little mother squirrel whispered,

Chik, chik! No, he would not *chik*. As the ground brute circled the tree, Cray, trying to keep him in sight, quit all attempt at hiding. The yellow Four-legs yapped excitedly. Then the big ground brute held very still. Cray was amused at this; he felt so safe that he called out a derisive *Grrrr!*

There was a loud sound like thunder, a flash like lightning, and Cray fell headlong, splashing the gold-green leaves with his bright hot young blood.

His mother saw him go with a clutching of her mother heart. And Mother Carey saw him go and said: "It had to be." For this is the fulfilling of the law. This is the upbuilding of the race; this is the lopping of the wayward branch.

The big ground beast below seized on the quivering warm young body and yelled aloud: "Billy, Billee! I got him—a great big silvergray. Ya-hoo!"

But the meaning of that was unknown to the little mother and the rest. They only knew that a huge savage brute had killed their little brother, and was filling the woods with its hideous, blood-curdling roars.

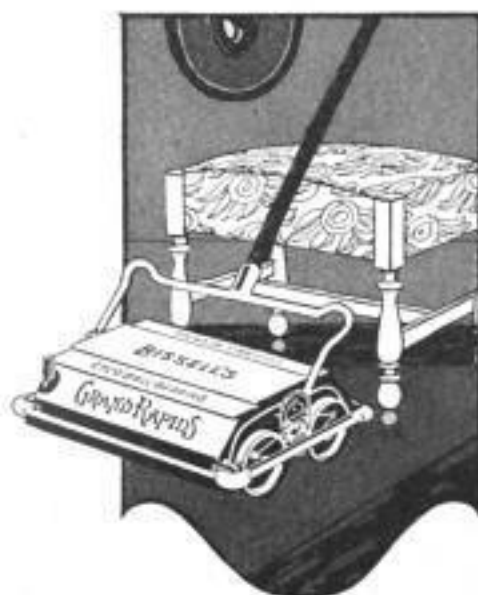
Bannertail was now in fresh, midsummer coat of sleekest gray. His tail was a silver plume and bigger than himself. His health was perfect. And just so surely as a sick one longs to be and stay at home, so a lusty squirrel hankers to go roaming.

SWINGING from tree to tree, leaping the familiar jumps, he left the family one early morning, drank deeply at the spring brook, went on aground, "hoppity-hop" for a dozen hops, then stopped to look around and frisk his tail; then on, and again a look-around. So he left the hickory woods and swung a mile away, till at last he was on the far hillside where first he met Redhead.

High in a tasseled pine he climbed and sat, and his fine nose took in the pleasant gum smells with the zest that came from their strangeness as much as from their sweetness.

And as he sat he heard a rustling, rackety little noise in the thicket near. Flattening to the bough and tightening in his tail he watched. What should appear but his old enemy, the Redhead, dragging, struggling with something on the ground, stopping to sputter out his energetic, angry *Snick, snick!* as the thing he dragged caught in roots and twigs. Bannertail lay very low and watched intently. The red squirrel fussed and worked with his burden, now close at hand. Bannertail saw that it was a flat, round, red thing

(Continued on Page 178)



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Bannertail

(Continued from Page 177)

like an acorn cup only many times larger, and reddish, and with a big thick stem on the wrong side, a stem that was white, like new-peeled wood.

Bannertail had seen such growing in the woods, once or twice; little ones they were; but his nose and his inner guide had said "Let them alone." And here was this fiery little red squirrel dragging one off as though he had a prize.

There was a warning blue-jay note. Red-head ran up the nearest tree—as it happened, the one in which was Bannertail—and in an instant the enemies were face to face. "Scold and fight" is the red squirrel's first impulse; but when Bannertail rose up to full height and spread his wondrous tail, the red one was appalled. He knew his foe again; his keen, discriminating nose got proofs of that. The memory of defeat was with him yet. He retreated snick-sputtering, and finally went wholly out of sight.

When all was still, Bannertail made his way to the broken mushroom, rosy red and beautiful its cap, snowy white its stem and its crisp, juicy flesh. But of this he took no count. The smelling of it was his great chemic test. It had the quaint, earthy odor of the little ones he had seen before, and yet a pungent foodlike smell, like butternuts indeed, with the sharp pepper tang of the rind a little strong, and a whiff, too, of the many-legged crawling things that he had learned to shun. Still, it was alluring as food.

AND now was a crucial time, a veritable trail fork. Had Bannertail been fed and full, the tiny little sense of repulsion would have turned the scale, would have reassured and strengthened the first true verdict of his guides: "Bad, let it alone." But it had an attractive, nutlike aroma that was sweetly appetizing, that set his mouth a-watering; and this thing turned the scale—he was hungry.

He nibbled and liked it, and nibbled yet more. And though it was a big, broad mushroom, he stopped not till it all was gone. Food, good food, it surely was. But it was something more; the weird juices that are the earth child's blood entered into him and set the fountains of his life force playing with marvelous power. He was elated. He was full of fight. He flung out a defiant *Qua!* at a hen hawk flying over. He rummaged through the pines to find that fighting red squirrel. He leaped tree gaps that he would not at another time have dared. Yes, and he fell, too; but the ample silver plume behind was there to land him softly on the earth.

The sun was low when, feeling his elation gone, feeling dumb and drowsy indeed, he climbed the homestead tree and glided into the old hawk nest to curl in his usual place beside his family.

The next day Bannertail had no desire to move. The sun was low when at length he went forth and down at the crystal spring drank deep and drank again. Next sunup he was himself again, the big, boisterous, rollicking squirrel of the plummy tail, the playmate of the young ones, the husband of his wife. And their merry lives went on—till one morning on the bank of the creek that flowed from the high hill country he found a tiny shiny fragment of the weird, spellbinding mushroom.

HE GORGED on them. Then, sensing the red squirrels, he pursued them in a sort of berserker rage, eager for fight, desperate fight, any fight, fight without hate that would outlet his dangerous boiling power, his overflow of energy. He galloped up a mighty pine tree, on whose highest limbs were two great flickers clacking. He chased them recklessly, then clinging to a bark flake that proved loose he was launched into the air a hundred feet to fall.

Not happy was his homcoming that night. But next morning! Why should it be told? It was as before, but far worse. More than one sun arose and set before he was once more the strong, hale, hearty Bannertail, the father of his family, the companion and protector of his wife.

But big and everywhere is the All-Mother, Mother Carey, the wise one who seeks to have her strong ones build the race. Twice

had she warned him. Now he should have one more chance.

The thunder moon, July, was dominating Jersey woods when the lusty life force of the father graycoat inevitably sent him roving to the woods of the madcaps. Plenty they were now, and many had been stored by the red squirrels for winter use; for this is the riddle of their being that the red squirrels long ago have learned: In the bank when they are rooted in the earth, their juices from the underworld are full of diabolic subtlety, are tempting in the mouth as they are deadly in the blood and sure destruction in the end. Uprooted, they must be carried far from the ground and the underground, and high hung in the blessed purifying pine tops where Father Sun can burn away their evil. There after long, after months of sun and wind and rain purgation, their earthborn bodies are redeemed, are wholesome squirrel food. This was the lesson Mother Carey had taught the redheads; for their country is the country of the fool-trap toadstools. But the graycoats know it not. And Bannertail came again.

THE feast was like the other, but shorter, more restrained. There were little loathsome whiffs and acrid hints that robbed it of its zest. Long before half a meal the little warden that dwells somewhere betwixt mouth and maw began to send offensive messages to his brain, and even with a bite between his teeth there set in strong a fearful, devastating revulsion, a climax of disgust, a maw revolt, an absolute loathing.

His mouth was dripping with its natural juice, something gripped his throat, the last morsel was there and seemed to stick. He tight closed his eyes, violently shook his head. The choking lump was shaken out. Pains shot through his body. Limbs and lungs were cramped. He lay flat on the bank with head downhill. He jerked his head from side to side with violent insistence. His stomach yielded most of the fateful mass. But the poison had entered into his body, already was coursing in his veins.

On the third day he was well enough to scramble up the hill; he passed a scattering group of the earthy madcaps. Oh, how he loathed them! Their very smell set his mouth a-dripping, refusing its own proper juice.

When he reached home the first impulse of Silvergray was hostility. But Bannertail flicked the white flag on his tail tip, and slowly climbed the tree. Silvergray came cautiously forward. Their whiskers met; she sniffed, smell-tested him. No question now. A little changed, a little strange, but this was surely her mate.

THE red moon of harvest came. The gray-coat family was grown and happy in the fullness of their lives, and Bannertail was hale and filled with the joy of being alive, of leading his family beyond old bounds, teaching them the ways of the farther woods, showing them new foods that the season brings. He was a wise leader now, who once had been so unwise. Then Mother Carey put him to the proof. She led him; and he led them farther than they had ever gone before, in the remotest edge of the hickory woods. On a bank half-sunlit as they scampered over the leaves and down the logs, Bannertail found a blushing, shining gnome cap, an earthborn madcap. Yes, the very same, for in this woods they came, though they were rare.

One whiff, one identifying sniff of that satanic exhalation, and Bannertail felt a horrid clutching at his throat; his lips were quickly dripping, his belly heaved, he gave a sort of spewing, gasping sound, and shrunk back from that shining cap with eyes that bugged in hate, as though he saw a snake.

And the young ones were caught by the unspoken horror of the moment; they took it in; they got the hate sense. They tied up that horror in their memories with that rank and sickly smell. They turned away. The loathing of the earthborn fiend was implanted in Bannertail's race, and through them would go on to bless his generations yet to be.

(Continued in the May Home Journal)



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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 23)

My father, frowning slightly, rubbed his thumb along his sword blade. "Forgive me if you can," he said. "I have often feared my manners would fail me sometime."

She looked up at him then, and her eyes were very bright. "Suppose," she said softly, "I told you there was nothing to forgive. Suppose I said—"

My father, bowing his lowest, politely and rather hastily interrupted. "Mademoiselle would be too kind. She would have forgotten that it is quite impossible."

"No," said mademoiselle, shaking her head slowly. "It is not impossible. You should have known better than to say that. Suppose"—her voice choked a little, as though the words hurt her—"suppose I bade you recall, captain, what you said on the stairs at Blangy, when they were at the door and you were going to meet them. Do you remember?"



MY FATHER smiled and made a polite little gesture of assumed despair. Then his voice, very slow and cool, broke in on her speech and stilled it. "Good heaven, mademoiselle, one cannot remember everything." Playing with the hilt of his sword, he stepped nearer, still smiling, still watching her with a polished curiosity. "I have said so many little things to women in my time, so many little nothings. It is hard to remember them all. Your pardon, my lady, but I have forgotten, forgotten so completely that even the stairs seem merely a gentle blur."

And he pressed his hand over his brow and sighed, while he watched her face flush crimson.

"You lie!" she cried. "You have not forgotten." My father ceased to smile.

"And suppose I have not," he said. "What is it to mademoiselle? What are the words of a ruined man, the idle speech of a fool who fancied he would sup that night in paradise, and what use is it to recall them now? Is it possible you believe I am touched by such trivial matters? Because everyone had done what you wish, do you think I shall also? Do you think you can make me give up the paper as though I were a slithering, romantic fool in Paris? Do you think I have gone this far to turn back? Mademoiselle seems to forget that I have the game in my own hands. It would be a foolish thing to throw it all away, even"—he paused and bowed again—"even for you, mademoiselle. I have arrived where I am to-day only for one reason. Can you not guess it? It was a pleasure to take you from Blangy. It is business now, and they cannot be combined."

"LISTEN, mademoiselle," he continued. "Not three miles off the harbor mouth is a French ship tacking back and forth, and not entirely for pleasure. Around this house at present are enough men to run your estates at Blangy. A sloop came into the harbor this morning and has landed its crew for my special benefit. A dozen of Napoleon's agents are waiting to spring at my throat. I have succeeded so that there is not a man in town who would not be glad to see me on a yardarm. And yet they are waiting, mademoiselle. Is it not amusing? Can you guess why they are waiting?"

He took a pinch of snuff and dusted his fingers. "Because they fear that I may burn the paper if they disturb me. They believe if they keep hidden, if I do not suspect, that I may venture forth. They hope to take me alive or kill me and still obtain the paper. Indeed it is their one hope. It would be a pity to disappoint them."

His lips had parted, and his eyes were shining in the candlelight. "There are few things which move me now, my lady. All that I really enjoy is an amusing situation, and this one is very amusing. Do you think I have crossed the ocean to deliver this

document, and then I shall stop? No, mademoiselle, you are mistaken."

He bowed again and stepped backward towards the door. "Pray do likewise, mademoiselle, and forget," he said. "There is nothing in this little episode fit for you to remember. It is not you they are after, and you will be quite safe here. I have made sure of that. My son will remain until your brother arrives and will dispense what hospitality you require. I trust," he added, turning to me, "you still remember why you have been here?"

"Indeed, yes," I answered.

"Then it is good-by, Henry. I shall not bother to offer you my hand. Brutus, you will remain here with my son until a quarter to seven."

EVEN now I cannot tell what made a mist come over my eyes and a lump rise in my throat any more than I can explain my subsequent actions on that evening. Was it possible I was sorry to see the last of him? Or was it simply self-pity that shortened my breath and made my voice seem broken and discordant?

"And after that?" I asked.

He looked at me appraisingly, tapping his thin fingers on his sword hilt. "After that"—he stared thoughtfully at the shadows of the darkened room. Was he thinking, as I was, of the wasted years and what the end would be? "After that"—he repeated half to himself, "come, I will make an appointment with you after that—on the other side of the Styx, my son. I shall be waiting there, I promise you, and we shall drink some corked ambrosia—and then perhaps you shall tell me what happened—after that. I shall look forward—I shall hope, even, that it may be pleasant. Good-by, my son."

I think he had often planned that leave-taking. Surely it must have satisfied him.

VIII

HE WAS gone, and mademoiselle and I were left staring at the black rectangle of the broken door. I drew a deep breath and looked about me. Slowly my mind seemed to free itself from a hundred illusions and to move along more logical paths. Brutus went to the arms rack in the corner and selected a rusted cutlass from the small arms that still rested there, thrust it at me playfully and grinned.

For a minute, or even more, the single log that was still burning in the fireplace hissed drowsily, and I could bear the vices tapping gently on the windows.

Then I heard a pistol shot, followed by a hoarse cry. Mademoiselle started to her feet and then sank back in her chair again, and from where I was standing I could see that her face was white and her hands were trembling. So she loved him. My hand gripped hard against the back of a chair. Why should I have hoped she did not?

"Heaven!" she gasped. "I have killed him."

"You!" I exclaimed; but I do not think she heard me.

"Hub!" said Brutus, and his grin grew broader. "Monsieur's pistol. He kill him."

"Indeed," I said; "and whom did he kill, Brutus?"

Brutus cocked his head to one side and listened. Somewhere beyond came a confusion of shouts and the thudding of horses' hoofs. "He kill Mr. Jason Hill," said Brutus.

"Are you sure?" mademoiselle demanded sharply.

Brutus nodded.

The dull, fixed look went out of her eyes and slowly a touch of color returned to her cheeks. And then there was a clamor of voices and a tramp of feet and a crash on the door outside.

Brutus looked about him in wild indecision.

(Continued on Page 180)



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The Original Flat Curtain Rod

The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 179)

"We have callers," I observed. "Who are they, Brutus?"

Brutus, however, had forgotten me and had sprung into the hall. At almost the same instant someone must have discovered that the door was unlocked, for a sudden draft eddied through the passage. Then there was a confused babel of voices, to which I did not listen. I was busy swinging up the sash of the nearest window.

"Quickly, mademoiselle," I whispered.

SOMEONE shouted a curse from the hall and cried: "There's another of 'em." And there came the crack of a pistol that echoed loudly in the passage.

"It is time we were going," I said. "Out of the window, mademoiselle." In my haste I almost pushed her from the sill to the lawn and was leaning towards her. "Mademoiselle, listen! The stables are straight to the left. Can you saddle a horse?"

She nodded.

"The first stall to the right. I shall be there in an instant." For I remembered my sword and sprang back into the room to get it.

"Get that man!" someone was shouting. "In after him, you fools. Don't shoot in the dark."

I had a glimpse of Brutus darting through the passage and making a leap for the stairs. Then there was a crash of glass.

"Begad!" came a hoarse voice. "He's jumped clean through the window!" And another pistol exploded from the landing above me.

"Five hundred dollars for the man who gets him." I could swear I had heard the voice before. "Curse it, don't let him go! Out the door, all of you. Out the door!"

There was a rush of feet through the passage. I had a glimpse of men running past, and then I was half out the window.

"Stop!" someone shouted.

I took a hasty glance behind me, to find that my Uncle Jason had entered the morning room, his clothing torn and disarranged, the good nature erased from his face, and a gash on his left cheek that still was bleeding.

"Stop," he shouted again, "or I fire!"

THEN I was out on the lawn with the cool air from the river on my face, and running for the stable. Mademoiselle had bridled the horse and was swinging the saddle on him when I reached the stable's shadow. I could hear my uncle shouting for assistance as I tightened the girths, but Brutus must have led his men a very pretty chase.

I mounted unmolested, as I somehow knew I should, and helped her up behind me. Somehow with that first crash on our front door I knew that the game had turned. I knew that nothing would stop me. An odd sense of exaltation came over me, and with it a strange desire to laugh. It would be amusing enough when I met my father, but I wondered—I wondered as I clapped my heels into my horse's flanks.

What had my uncle to do in this affair?

The autumn light was fading out of the sky. Thick, heavy mists were rolling in chill and heavy from the river and leveling the hollow places in the land. The shapes around us were fast losing their distinctiveness. And it seems to me that I never knew the air to seem more fresh and sweet.

We had broken into a sharp gallop down the rutted lane. We swerved to the left and were thudding down the level road, when an exclamation from mademoiselle made me turn in my saddle. My look must have been a somewhat blank interrogation, for mademoiselle was laughing.

"To think," she cried, "I should have said you resembled your mother! Where are we going, monsieur?"

But I think she knew without my answering, for she laughed again. It was pleasant to feel the bite of the salt wind and to see the trees and the rocks by the roadside slip past us. I knew the road well enough, which was fortunate, even when we turned off over a track that was hardly as good as a foot path. Once on the path, the farm was not half a mile distant, just behind a ridge of rocks that was studded by a stunted undergrowth of wind-beaten oak.

I knew the place. I could already picture the gaping, black windows, the broken, sagging ridgepole and the crumbling chimney. It was not strange that its owners had left it, for I can imagine no more mournful or desolate spot. Our own house, three miles away, was its nearest neighbor. Around it was nothing except sogged meadows that scarcely rose above the salt marshes that ran to the dunes where the Atlantic was beating.

"IT WAS good of you to take me with you," said mademoiselle.

"Surely, mademoiselle," I replied, "you did not think that I would leave you?"

"I should if I had been you," she answered. "I was rude to you, monsieur, and unjust to you this morning. You see, I did not know."

"You did not know?"

"That the son would be as brave and as resourceful as the father. You are, monsieur, and yet you are different."

"Yes," I said.

"And I am glad—glad," said mademoiselle.

"And I am sorry you are glad," I said.

"You are sorry?"

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," I replied with a tinge of bitterness, "if I had seen more of the world, if my clothes were in better taste and my manners less abrupt, you would feel differently. I wonder. But let us be silent, for we are almost there." Somehow I feared we might be too late.

At a turn off the path I reined up and listened. It was very still. Already the light had gone out of the sky, and little was left of the land about us, save varying tones of black. Had he gone? I cautiously dismounted. In a minute we would see. In a minute—then mademoiselle interrupted me.

"We are there?" she inquired.

"Softly, mademoiselle," I cautioned her; "if you will dismount you can see the place. It is not three hundred feet beyond the thicket. So! If you will hold the horse's head I shall go forward."

I DID not listen to any objection, but slipped hastily through the trees. As the ugly mass of the house took a more certain shape I felt my pulse beat more rapidly, and not entirely through elation. Even to-day when I look at a place that men have built and then abandoned something of the same feeling comes over me, but not so strongly as it did that evening. It was another matter that made me hesitate. From the shadow of the doorway I heard a sound too much like the raising of a pistol hammer not to make me remember that a sword was all I carried.

"There is no need to cock that pistol," I said in a tone which I hoped sounded more confident than my state of mind. I halted, but there was no answer and no further sound.

(Continued on Page 182)



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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 180)

"I said," I repeated, raising my voice, "there is no need to cock that pistol. It is a friend of Captain Shelton who is speaking."

"So," said a voice in careful, precise English. "Walk three paces forward if you please, and slowly, v-e-r-y slowly. Now. You are a friend of the captain?"

"In a sense," I replied. "I am his son. I have come to you with a message."

"So," said the voice again, and I saw that a man was seated before me on the stone that had served as a doorstep, a man who was balancing a pistol in the palm of his hand. "I fear I have been rude," he said, "but I find this place—what shall I say?—annoying. Your voices are alike, and I know he has a son. You say you bring a message?"

I HAD thought what to say. "It is about the paper," I began. "The captain was to bring it to you here, and now he finds he cannot."

"Cannot?" he said, with the rising inflection of another language than ours.

"Rather," I corrected myself hastily, "he finds it more expedient to meet you elsewhere."

"Ah," he said, "that is better. For a moment I feared the captain was dead. So the paper—he still has it?"

"He not only has it," I said, "but he is ready to give it to you—at another place he has named. You are a stranger to the country here?"

"Absolute!" the man replied. "Do you take me for a native of these sink holes? Heaven! Does your mud so completely cover me? But surely it must be this cursed darkness, or you would have said differently. Where is this other place?"

I pointed to the left of the trees where mademoiselle was standing. "I quite understand," I said politely, "even a day with this paper is quite enough. You see where I point? Simply follow that field in that direction for half a mile perhaps, and you will come to a road. Turn to your right, and after three miles you will see a house, the first house you will meet, in fact. You can reach it quite easily. It has a gambrel roof and overlooks the river. Simply knock on the door so—one knock, a pause, and three in succession. It will be understood. You have a horse?"

"What is left of him," he replied; "though only heaven knows how he has carried me along this far. Well, we are off, and may the paper stay still till we get it. You wait here?"

"In case we are followed," I said.

HE POINTED straight before him. "I have been hearing noises over there, breaking of branches and shouts."

"Then in the name of heaven ride on," I said, and added as an afterthought, "and turn out to the side if you see anyone coming."

The pleasure I took in seeing him leave was not entirely unalloyed. As I walked to the oak thicket where mademoiselle was waiting I even had some vague idea of calling him back, for I do not believe in doing anyone a turn that is worse than necessary. Yet there was only one other way I could think of to keep him silent besides sending him where he was going. She was feeding the horse handfuls of grass.

"It is quite all right, mademoiselle," I said. "Let us move to the house. It may be more comfortable in the doorway."

We stood silently for a while, listening to the wind and the dull, monotonous roar of the surf, while the night grew blacker. "Tell me, monsieur," said mademoiselle, "what sort of woman was your mother?"

"She was very beautiful," I said.

She sighed. "And very proud," said mademoiselle. "Why did she call him a thief?"

But I did not answer.

"You are certain your father is coming?" she asked finally.

"I think there is no doubt," I told her. "I have seen him ride. It would take more than a dozen men to lay hands on him. Listen, mademoiselle! I believe you can hear him now."

For a minute we listened in silence, and then on the wind I heard more distinctly still the regular thud of a galloping horse. So he was coming, as I knew he would. I knew he would be methodical and accurate.

"Yes, mademoiselle," I continued, "my father has many accomplishments, but this time even he may be surprised. Who knows, mademoiselle? Pray step back inside the doorway until I call you."

But she did not move. "No," said mademoiselle, "I prefer to stay where I am. I have seen too much of you and your father to leave you alone together."

"But surely, mademoiselle," I protested, "you forget why we have come."

"YES," she answered quickly, "you are right. I do forget. I have seen too much of this, too much of utter useless folly, too many men dying, too many suffering for a hopeless cause. I have seen three men lying dead in our hall and as many more wounded. I have seen a strong man turned into a black-guard. I have seen a son turned against his father, and all for a bit of paper which should never have been written. I hate it—do you hear me?—and if I forget it, it is because I choose. I forget it because—"

She seemed about to tell me more, and then to think better of it. "Surely you see you cannot. He is your father, monsieur, the man who is coming here."

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "you are far too kind. I hardly think he or I have much reason to hold our lives of any particular value, but as you have said, my father was a gentleman once, and gentlemen very seldom kill their sons, or sons their fathers. Pray rest assured, mademoiselle, it will be a quiet interview. I beg you be silent, for he is almost here."

I was not mistaken. A horse was on the path we followed, running hard and crashing recklessly through the bushes.

Before I had sight of him I heard my father's voice. "Ives!" he called sharply. "Where are you?"

And in an instant he was at the door, his horse breathing in hard, sobbing breaths, and he had swung from the saddle as I went forward to meet him.

"Here," he said, "take it and be off."

There he was, half a pace away, and yet he did not know me. On the wind, far off still, but nevertheless distinct, was the sound of voices. "It is time we were going," said my father. "I only gave them the slip five minutes back. It was closer work than I had expected." And then he looked at me intently through the darkness. "How did you get here?" he demanded.

THAT was all. He never even started. His hand still rested tranquilly on the reins and he still half faced me. Had it been so on that other night long ago, when his world crumbled to ruins about him? Did he always win and lose with the same passive acquiescence? Did nothing ever astonish him? There was a moment's silence, and I felt his eyes on me and suddenly became cautious. I knew he would not let it finish in such a manner, but what could he do? The game was in my hands.

"Quite simply," I told him. "My horse was in the stable." When he spoke again his voice was still pleasantly conversational. "And Brutus?" he asked. "Where was Brutus? Surely the age of miracles is past. Or do I see before me"—he bowed with all his old courtesy—"another David?"

(Continued on Page 183)

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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 182)

"Brutus," I replied, "jumped through a second-story window."

"Indeed?" he said. "He always was most agile."

"He was," I replied. "Not five minutes after you left, Uncle Jason arrived."

My father removed his hand from the reins and looped them through his arm. "Indeed?" he said. "He came in heels first, I trust?"

"No," I said; "he is alive and well."

"The deuce!" said my father, and sighed. "I am growing old, my son. I know my horse spoiled my aim, and yet the man fell and I rode over him."

I had hoped to be finished with your Uncle Jason. You say he entered the house?"

"And told me to stop," I said.

"And you did not?"

"No," I replied. "I succeeded in getting out of a window also."

And then, although I could not see him, I knew he had undergone a change, and I knew that I was facing a different man. His hand fell on my shoulder and, to my surprise, it was trembling. "Do you mean to tell me," he cried, in a voice that was suddenly harsh and forbidding, "you left mademoiselle and never struck a blow? You left her there?"

"Not entirely," I replied.

MY FATHER became very gentle. "Will you be done with this?" he said. "The lady, where is she now?" And then half to himself he added: "How was I to know they would break in the house after I had gone?"

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "is not fifteen feet away."

His hand went up to the clasp of his cloak, and again his voice became pleasantly conversational. "Ah, that is better," said my father. "And so you got the paper after all. Yes, I am growing old, my son. I appear to have bungled badly. Do you hope to keep the paper?"

In the distance I heard a voice again raised in a shout. Surely he understood.

"They are coming," I said. "Yes, I intend to keep the paper."

"Indeed?" said my father. "Perhaps you will explain how, my son. I have had an active evening, but you—I confess you go quite ahead of me."

"Because," I said, "you are not anxious to go back to France, father, and you are almost on your way there."

"No, not to France," he answered, and I knew he saw my meaning.

"And yet they are coming to take you. If you so much as offer to touch me again I shall call them, father, and we shall go back together. Your horse is tired. He cannot go much farther." He was silent for a moment, and I prudently stepped back.

"You might shoot me, of course," I added, "but a pistol shot would be equally good. Listen! I can hear them on the road."

HE SIGHED and smoothed his cloak thoughtfully. "I fear that I have become quite hopeless. As you say, if I fire a pistol they will come, and now I can hardly see any reason to keep them away. Can it be that I have failed in everything? Strange how the cards fall even if we stack the deck. Ah, well, then it is the pistols after all." There was a blinding flash and the roar of a weapon close beside me, and I heard mademoiselle scream. My father turned to quiet his horse. "Do not be alarmed, mademoiselle," he said gently; "we are not killing each other. I am merely using a somewhat rigorous method of bringing my son to his senses."

He paused, reached under his cloak, drew a second pistol and fired again. From the road there came a sound that seemed to ring pleasantly to my father's ears.

"Nearer than I thought," he said brightly. "They should be here in three minutes. Shall we sit a while and talk, my son?"

He threw his bridle over his arm and was walking toward the doorstep, lightly buoyant, as though some weight were lifted from his mind.

Hastily I seized his arm. "Stop!" I cried. "What is to become of mademoiselle? We cannot leave her here like this."

Then for the first time he laughed, and his laughter, genuine and carefree, gave me a start which the sound of his pistol had not. The incongruity of it set my nerves on edge. Was there nothing that would give him genuine concern? "Good heaven, sir," I shouted furiously, "there's nothing to laugh about. Don't you hear them coming?"

"Ah," said my father, "I thought that would fetch you. So you have come to your senses then, and we can go on together? Untie your horse while I charge the pistols."

My hand was on the bridle rein when a shout close by us made me loosen the knot more quickly than I intended. I could make out the black form of a horseman moving toward us at full gallop.

"It must be Lawton," observed my father evenly. "He is well mounted and quite reckless. I suppose we had better be going. I shall help mademoiselle if she will permit. No, it is not Lawton. I am sorry." He raised his arm and fired. My horse started at the sound of his shot, and as I tried to quiet him I saw my father lift mademoiselle to the saddle.

"Yes," he said again, "I think it is time to be going. The tide is out, and we can manage the marsh."

"The marsh?" I exclaimed.

"Quite," he replied tranquilly. "If Brutus is alive he will have a boat near the dunes opposite. It seems as though we might be obliged to take an ocean voyage."

IT SEEMED to me he had gone quite mad. The marsh, he knew as well as I, was as full of holes as a piece of cheese. Even in the daytime one could hardly ride across it. And then I knew that what he said was true, that he would stop at nothing; and suddenly a fear came over me. For the first time I feared the quiet, pleasant man who rode beside my bridle rein as though we were traversing the main street of our town.

I put my horse over a ditch, and straight ahead. I may have ridden four hundred yards with the even beating of his horse behind me before what I feared happened. My horse stumbled, and the pull of my bridle barely got him up again. I gave him the spur, but he was failing. In a quarter of a minute he had fallen again, and this time the bridle did not raise him. I sprang free of him before he had entirely slipped down in the soft sea mud. He was lashing about desperately.

My father reined up beside me and dismounted. "His leg is broken," he said. "It is inopportune. Ah, they are still after us." And he turned to look behind him.

"Why are you waiting?" I cried. "Ride on, sir."

"And leave you here with the paper in your pocket?" said my father. "The fall has quite got the better of you. The other pistol, mademoiselle, if you have finished loading it. Here they come, to be sure. Would you not think the fools would realize I can hit them?"

He fired into the darkness and a riderless horse ran almost on top of us. With a snort of fright, he reared and wheeled, and a second shot answered my father's.

"Ah," said my father, "they always will shoot before they can see. The pistol from the holster, if you please, mademoiselle."

THEY had not realized we had halted, for the last rider charged past us before he could check himself. I had a glimpse of his face, white against the night, and I saw him tug furiously at his bit—an unfortunate matter, so it happened, for the footing beneath the marsh grass was bad and his horse slewed and fell on top of him.

"Pah!" exclaimed my father. "It is almost sad to watch them. Let us go, Henry. He is knocked even more senseless than he was before. Keep the saddle, mademoiselle,

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This new range is a wonder for cooking



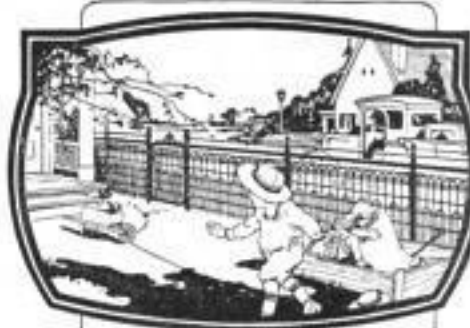
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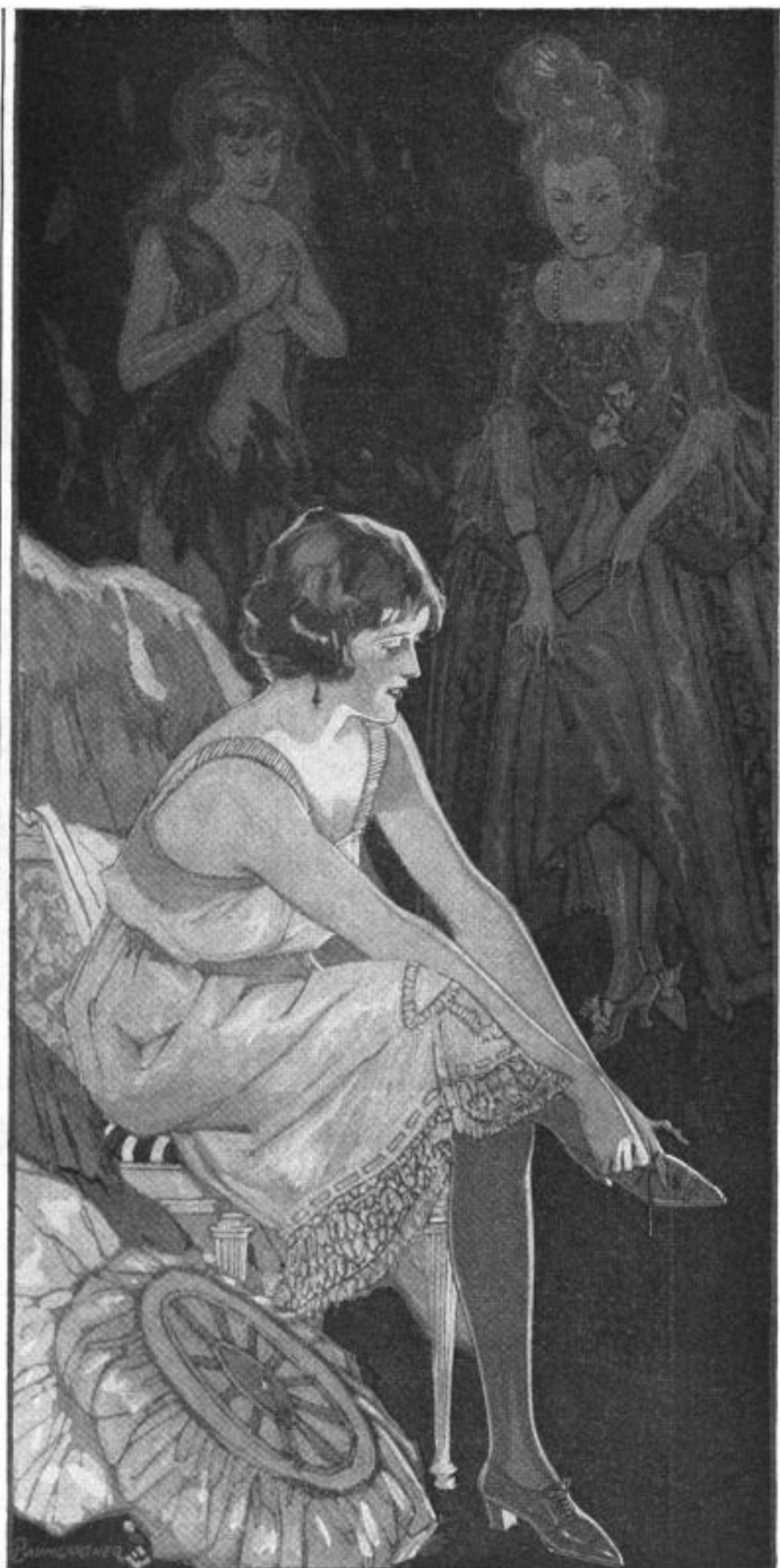
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The Unspeakable Gentleman

(Continued from Page 183)

and we will lead you across. I fancy that is the last of them for a moment."

So we stumbled through the mud at a walk, slipping noisily at every step, but only the noise of our progress interrupted us. My father walked in tranquil silence at the bridle, while I trudged beside him.

"Father," I inquired, "will you answer me a question?"

"Perhaps," said my father.

"What has my uncle to do with the paper?"

"My son," said my father, "may I ask you a question?"

"Perhaps," I replied.

"How much money did your mother leave you at her death?"

"She had none to leave," I replied quickly.

"Ah," said my father, "have you ever wondered why?"

"You should be able to tell me," I answered coldly.

"Indeed," said my father. "But here we are at the dunes. The boat, my son; do you see it?"

I SCRAMBLED up ahead through the sand and beach grass, and the white line of the beach, which even the darkest night can never hide, lay clear before me. A high surf was running, and beyond it I could see three lights, blinking fitfully in the black, and nearer on the white sand was the shadow of a fishing boat pulled just above the tide mark. A minute later Brutus came running toward us.

My father was evidently used to such small matters. Indeed, the whole affair seemed such a part of his daily life as to demand nothing unusual. He glanced casually at the waves and the boat, tossed off his cloak on the sand, wrapped his pistols inside it, and placed the bundle carefully beneath a thwart.

"The rocket, Brutus," said my father. "If you will get in, mademoiselle, we will contrive to push you through the breakers. Best take your coat off, my son, and place it over the pistols."

Brutus had evidently kept a slow match burning, for with a sudden flare a rocket flashed into the wind. A breaker crashed down on the beach ahead of us.

"Get aboard," said my father. "The oars, Brutus."

Drenched and gasping, I pulled myself over the side just as we topped a second wave. My father was beside me, as bland and unconcerned as ever.

"You see, mademoiselle," he said, "we are quite safe. The Sea Tern is standing in already. While Brutus is rowing, my son, we had better load the pistols."

Soon we could make out the ship's spars under shortened sail, and presently we were hailed from the deck. My father leaned forward and thrust something into my hand. "A pistol, Henry," he said. "Put it inside your shirt. It will be a souvenir for you when you are home again."

We could hear the waves slapping against the vessel's sides, and the orders from the deck above us. As I looked it seemed a perilous distance away.

"Alongside, Brutus," said my father.

Two lanterns cast a feeble glow on the sheets of water that rolled under us, shouldering our frail boat impatiently in their haste to move along. Brutus pulled an oar sharply. I saw a ladder dangling perilously from the bulwarks. I saw Brutus seize it, and then our boat, arrested and stationary, began to toss madly in ill-concerted effort. My father sprang up, balancing himself lightly against each sudden roll.

"Now, mademoiselle," he said, "we will get on deck. Brutus will carry you up quite safely. Hold the ladder, Henry, or we may be in the water." His voice was still coldly precise, not raised even to a higher pitch.

BRUTUS, holding mademoiselle on one arm, managed the ladder with ready adroitness, and I followed safely, but not before I had been hurled against the side with a force that nearly drove away my breath. I reached the deck to find a lantern thrust into my face, and stared into it, for the moment quite blinded. "It is the son," remarked a voice which I thought I remembered.

Then my father followed me. "We are on board, Mr. Aiken," he called. "Never mind the boat. Get your men on the braces, or we'll blow on shore."

"Yes, Captain Shelton," said the voice again. "You are on board, to be sure, and very prettily done. I have been waiting for you all evening."

"Indeed," said my father in his old level tone, "and who may you be?"

"Mr. Sims, captain," came the reply. "I managed to seize your ship before she left the river. It is hard, after so much trouble, but you are my prisoner, Captain Shelton."

(Continued in the May Home Journal)

Fulla-Pep!

(Continued from Page 9)

There was a group of new young people, and Virginia responded to her sister's introductions charmingly.

"Mrs. Lyman?" repeated Tom Burchard, an overgrown, string-bean-like youth with freckles disappearing beneath his clothes at every border line.

"She has a baby too," Pamela said proudly. "How old is he now, Ginia? And did you bring him?"

"I brought him," said Virginia, "but spare me." She bent an amused look on her sister's bewilderment, and then turned her attention to the group.

She was surprised, perhaps more surprised even than Jimmy would have been, at their complete acceptance of her. As laughter rippled towards her at the close of some absurd remark, as Tom Burchard and Arnold Landstreet hitched a little nearer her seat, she felt some of the old thrill. She completely forgot to wonder whether her mother knew that Junior's cereal should be cooked for two hours.

The players on the court made their strokes unwatched; finally Coby flung down his racket and, in the dramatic moment when the group glanced up, leaped the net gracefully and sauntered to Virginia's side.

"Pulling Tom Mix-Doug Fairbanks stuff these days, Coby?" she asked, looking up lazily. The girls giggled. "How've you been?"

"All right. You're looking fine." He sat down at her feet.

"Why not?" Virginia resumed, pulling the bark from her stick. "Got a knife, anyone?"

Coby's knife was in her hand before either of the other two that were held out to her.

"Let me do it. What's it for, anyway—going lame?"

She looked down at him, smiling. "It's for company," she answered. "You see, mother put everything in my room that I might need—towels, letter paper, hairpins, needles, every old thing—except a beau. Gotta have somebody to take walking with me. Don't you think hostesses should supply beaus, Coby?"

Tom Burchard was quicker. "She probably thought you'd rather take your pick," he suggested.

The girls stirred uneasily.

"Who'd rather take their pick of what?" demanded a gentle voice, and Virginia looked up.

She did not need Pamela's introduction to realize that the girl who stood before her was Teddy Tilden. They shook hands, and Virginia found plenty of time to observe her rival without any of the veiled glances that women usually call forth. Miss Tilden glanced at her, murmured "Very pleased,"

(Continued on Page 186)

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Fulla—Pep!

(Continued from Page 185)

and turned her attention instantly to the male element.

Virginia followed suit promptly, before continuing her inspection.

"Can you smooth off the end of the stick, too, Coby?" she asked, leaning over so that her hat brushed the boy's face. He had just removed the last strip of bark and had glanced towards Miss Tilden. "It's awfully rough and prickly—look!" She offered him a small white hand, its palm faintly reddened. They were all too young to know that it was Virginia's finger nails that had done the damage an instant before.

As Coby looked at the outstretched hand his seventeen years held him back from the obvious answer, the answer that should have been a gesture rather than a word.

He brushed a brown finger tentatively over the soft palm, looked down, confused, at the stick, and said "Sure." He was again intent on the whittling, and Virginia looked at Theodora Tilden.

SHE was quite small, yet there was little that was childish in her figure. She was wholly confident; the careless middie blouse and skirt showed that, although her coiffure, which looked as if it had been poured into a mold lined with a hair net and allowed to harden, revealed her flapperhood. Her face was more piquant than pretty, vividly colored like Virginia's, with narrow eyes that turned up slightly at the corners and a wide mouth with even teeth protruding slightly.

"Oh, Coby darling," she said suddenly. "Yeah?"

"I think you'd better not call for me till half past eight to-night. That silly dress-maker hasn't quite finished my dress."

"All right."

"There's a dance to-night at the country club," Pam explained. "Do you want to come?"

Virginia smiled. "You going?"

"She's going with me," said Tom Burchard. "Why don't you come along with us?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that. I'll see, though; I may drop in." She looked down at Coby speculatively. "My stick all ready, old man?"

"Perfect. Probably the best stick ever seen in Hendon." He held it out to her.

"And all hand done too!" She admired it for a moment before she rose to her feet.

"Mind if I walk along with you?" Coby said abruptly.

Virginia smiled. "Of course not. And you can hold the other end of the stick—Coby darling."

It was Teddy Tilden who looked up, startled, this time. Coby seized an end of the stick solemnly and, both of them pleasantly conscious of the audience they loved, they crossed the tennis court and disappeared over the knob of the hill.

BACK at the house Virginia followed her mother to the piazza and took up her place in the hammock.

"Did you find the children?"

"Yes." She listened absently as Mrs. Garrison's gentle voice drifted along the trail of Hendon gossip.

"Do you want to go to the club to-night and watch the children?"

She had heard vaguely before, made the proper answers and exclamations, but this question roused her. "No," she said decidedly, and at her mother's look of surprise, "I'm rather tired after the trip. We'll go some other night."

Just then Pamela, with Teddy Tilden, appeared on the veranda. "Teddy wants to see the baby," said Pam, sinking into a chair and crossing her long legs.

"Asleep," said Virginia shortly. She turned to the other girl. "Come along over to-morrow, Miss Tilden."

Miss Tilden was looking at Virginia reflectively, her pointed chin thrust forward. "I've got a trade for you," she said abruptly,

and again before her voice stopped it became a giggle. "I'm sure you'll take it as a compliment, Mrs. Lyman. After you had gone, Arnold Landstreet asked me who that young girl was who came to see Pam."

Virginia's wince was wholly internal; her smile flashed instantly. "It's so nice to have people want to know about you," she said smugly.

After Teddy had gone, a look of things unfinished still in her eyes, Pam curled up in the opposite end of the hammock.

"I know that Teddy Tilden is just the silliest old thing," she said, "and I feel so foolish sometimes taking her seriously. But the boys don't seem to see it at all. She's always coming and taking them away in her car, and whenever any of us are having any fun she always comes along and wants 'Coby

darling' to do something for her—fix her automobile or help her pick blueberries."

"Or whittle a stick,"

Virginia said absently.

"I know, Pam; it's all such old stuff." She looked at the girl appreciatively. Pam was infinitely prettier than Miss Tilden.

"Coby and I used to have lots of fun," said Pam. "We liked each other lots and used to talk about things. And now—oh, he's changed so, Ginia. I can't quite explain. And —"

"YOU'RE an old dear," Virginia said irrelevantly. "I like you, Pam." She leaned forward and kissed her. "I've got a new white evening dress that I think you'd better wear to the dance to-night. Come along upstairs."

After Pamela had been whirled away in Tom Burchard's car Virginia pleaded sleepiness and went to her room. She sat, looking out through the casement window at the night, with the moonlight falling across her face, making angular patches like a cubist portrait.

"I wonder what the matter is with me?" she asked herself. A great wave of dissatisfaction had broken over her again, and as she looked around the familiar room she was glad Jimmy was not there. It was strange to be glad of that; they had been separated so little, and always before she had been so desperately lonely. Now — "But I love Jimmy!" she said. There was no question of that, nor of his loving her. But she wanted to be alone.

She felt somehow as though she had reached the first crisis of her marriage. Oh, she was perfectly happy in her marriage, all right. She was merely rebellious at Jimmy's attitude towards her; more than that, at her own attitude towards herself. She didn't want to flirt with other men—at least not very often; she didn't want to keep Jimmy constantly worried and alert, as young girls keep beaux, as some married women keep their husbands. But she did want him to know that she could if she wanted to. Jimmy seemed to assume, without even bothering to think about it, that she had lost the gentle art of coquetry, and she was uncertain herself.

IT MIGHT sound absurd, but at least it was enough to bother her constantly, to make her glad of being away from Jimmy, even. She could pretend that she was bored with being the old wife and mother; it sounded much more reasonable. Or she could pretend that she merely wanted to show the ruthless Teddy Tilden her place, in order to recover Pamela's beau. But she knew that all she wanted really was to prove that she was still in the running, that if she liked she could be the belle she had been before her marriage.

It was nice to be at home again, alone in her young-girl room. She began unpacking her trunks. As she lifted an evening gown from its tissue-paper sheathing she thought

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Fulla—Pep!

(Continued from Page 186)

of Teddy Tilden. Beneath the dress, in a pile of folded pink underwear, lay a leather-framed photograph of Jimmy. She lifted it out, set it on the dressing table and regarded it humorously for a moment.

"Going to need some of that pep, daddy," she said.

The first thing she heard in the morning was Junior, carrying on a highly spirited conversation with himself in the nursery. She tiptoed down the hall and went to him, dressed him methodically and abstractedly. Already the sun was above the edge of trees. At the end of the sandy path that curved from the macadam road she could hear the sea pounding.

"I wonder whether the dashing Coby Dana takes an early dip the way young heroes used to when I was seventeen?" she asked herself.

She slipped into her sea-green bathing suit, tied an orange scarf over the heavy rubber cap. Junior pranced at her side as they walked along the path, and she hummed cheerfully. At the edge of the beach she paused and looked down the sloping bank of white sand to the morning sea. At the shore the water was clear and sparkling like a sheet of blue crystal; beyond the raft a line might have been drawn with a ruler across the surface, separating the inland border from the cloudy purple of the outer ocean. Towards the horizon the sea still seemed lost in night; the water that touched the pale blue sky line was inky.

VIRGINIA'S eyes traveled back to the float and to a blond head that had appeared beyond the springboard. For a few feet the head seemed to float in the current like a ball, then a pair of brown arms tore upwards to the sunlight and shoulders and a bit of dull red bathing suit rose above the surface. Coby climbed up on the raft and she watched him pleasurably.

"I thought you were a merman!" she called out suddenly, and he raised his head, surprised.

"Why, hello!" he called. "I didn't see you." He dived off and swam to the shore; Virginia and Junior walked down the beach to meet him. "This your kid?"

She nodded. "Going to teach him to swim?"

"Sure thing." Coby bent a puzzled look on the little boy. "What's his name?"

"Jimmy." She turned, too, to look at her son. "Will you play here in the sand while I go out to the raft, Junior?" she asked.

He nodded, and Virginia, with a backward smile at Coby, ran down the beach and plunged into the water. They swam out silently, side by side; Coby took her hand and helped her up on the float.

"Have a nice time at the dance last night?"

"Not so nice as if you'd been there."

"Why, Coby?"

"Really."

Virginia grinned. "Oh, I wasn't doubting your obviously indisputable statement," she said. "I was just marveling at you for being so quick before breakfast."

"You're not so slow yourself."

SHE jumped to her feet and mounted the springboard. "Fifty-yard dash for the coffee pot," she announced, and cut the water cleanly.

As they reached the beach and Junior, the same puzzled expression crept into Coby's eyes.

"How old is he?" he asked.

"Three," answered Virginia. She looked from her son to the boy and smiled. She didn't tell Coby that she hoped Junior would grow to be a straight slim youth like himself with clear eyes holding that amazing combination of sophistication and naiveté.

"Want to play tennis after breakfast?" Coby asked.

"After breakfast?" She considered. "I don't believe mother has any plans for me. Come along around and see, if you like."

They had reached the road, and Coby ran up the hill towards the Dana house, while Virginia and Junior retraced the path.

"Well, son," she said, looking down at him, "Exhibit One is over. You, my child, are my greatest liability in this wild career of flapping I'm undertaking. Do you know what a liability is?"

"No."

She leaned over and picked him up, swung him to her shoulders. "Little boys are sometimes," she announced, and galloped along the path to the house, her son screaming delightedly from his seat.

VIRGINIA found it amazingly easy to ensnare Coby. During the whole summer, his second in the boy-and-girl world, he had flitted from one girl to another, never taking any of them seriously, never realizing, even, that they thought of him any longer than he considered them. He had had a real friendship for Pamela, and occasionally, when his conscious manhood came to his mind, he had found her hand little and soft to hold in his in the darkness of the moving-picture theater. Once, even, because it was the proper thing, he had kissed her in an interval between dances—a breathless, absurd little kiss that had delighted them both in the new game their seventeen years had brought them. Teddy Tilden, with her quick answers, her mocking coquetry, had stirred him. He had not cared for her as a companion; he had scarcely liked her even; but he had seen that she represented a new element in the new, grown-up world. Coby had learned to flirt and found it amusing.

From the moment when Virginia first appeared on the tennis court he had liked her. In the years before, he had answered when she spoke to him, admired her tennis and her swimming, but the gulf of seven years' difference in age had stretched impassably. After her marriage she had been for a time quite removed from any interest, however slight, on his part. And now, when her married state made being with her so constantly a delightfully mature and sophisticated adventure, he could not seem to remember that she was married.

Coby, without fully realizing it, found in Virginia not only the intellectual companionship of older people but the added gayety of a youthful flirtation.

Virginia, from her twenty-four years, understood all this and felt no twinges of conscience. She was elated to discover that she could play at being seventeen, and when Teddy Tilden began to watch her apprehensively, to hesitate a little in her flagrant assurance, some of the thrill of the old game came back to her.

SHE had been in Hendon a month when Jimmy's letters began to speak rather plaintively of her return. In her letters to him she told him of the things she was doing, but made no comments. When he referred to her "whirl in the younger set," even to her "second childhood," she made no answer. When he hurled

at her the epithet of "cradle snatcher" she answered only with a photograph of the boys and girls on the raft, herself between Coby and Tom, indistinguishable from any of the youngsters. Then, abruptly, Jimmy's letters ceased. They had written to one another daily, and for three days there was no mail for Virginia in the Garrison box. On the third day when Pamela returned from the post office empty handed Virginia bit her lip reflectively. She strolled out of the house towards the beach, to sit there and think it over, and met Coby coming to find her.

(Continued on Page 188)

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Fulla—Pep!

(Continued from Page 187)

"Teddy's just been down to the house," he said gloomily. "She has a girl friend visiting her, and she wanted to know if I'd take her to the dance to-night."

Virginia smiled. "Dear me," she said. "And what did you say?"

"Told her I'd ask you." He looked at her disappointedly. "You're going with me and I don't want to drag along another girl. You're going back soon and —"

"It is rather horrid." She smiled as she considered Teddy Tilden's methods. She knew perfectly that if she consented to take the girl friend along with her and Coby, Teddy would make charming remarks about what a perfect chaperon Mrs. Lyman was. "You'd better take the girl, Coby," she said. "I'll come along over with mother; she said she'd like to go up to the club and watch the dancing."

"But I want to take you."

"Do you, Coby?" She smiled at the sulky boy that had cropped out in him. "Maybe she'll be awfully pretty."

"PRETTY! What do I care?" He snapped off a branch from one of the bushes and began breaking it into small pieces violently. "She won't be any prettier than you, and it doesn't matter anyway. I'm sick of young girls. I like someone I can talk to, and you —"

"Can talk even if I am doddering?" she supplied, just to see him flush and protest.

It was strange to watch him flash from a sophisticated, slightly daring young man to an awkward boy, and back again.

"It really won't make any difference," she said finally. "You can pass the girl on to someone else after you get there, and we'll dance."

As a matter of fact, she thought to herself it would make a great deal of difference. It should, if all went well, offer her the opportunity to force Teddy Tilden's hand. And ever since the week before when Teddy had returned unexpectedly from a week-end visit and joined a party to an amusement park a few miles away, commandeering Pam's beau with a high hand and leaving her to sit alone in the roller coasters and flying baskets, Virginia had been waiting.

"Who's Teddy going with?" she asked.

"Arnold Landstreet."

Virginia grinned. She had Arnold pretty well under her thumb by this time; she wasn't at all worried about him. "Well, we'll see," she said. "I'm going to dash along now, Coby. Buck up, old boy."

She stayed in the house all day, taking care of Junior, sewing on the new frock Pamela was to wear, planning her own costume.

AFTER dinner she went to her room; across the hall she could hear her sister humming as she dressed.

"It's fun to be going to parties with you," Pam called. "I remember when I was a kid how you used to call me in to powder your back, and I used to wish so hard I could go too. And now —"

"Any little thing I can do for you?" asked Virginia.

"Not yet."

Virginia paused in her dressing to smile.

"May I come in?" Pam asked finally.

"Of course."

"I can't fasten this book and—why, Virginia Garrison Lyman!"

Virginia turned and faced her sister. "What, honey?"

Pam stood in the doorway, staring. "I never saw anything so lovely in my life," she said finally.

"Why, Pam?"

Pam forgot the book that she could not fasten, forgot that it was almost time for Tom to arrive. "I wish Jimmy was here," she said solemnly.

Virginia laughed. "Funny little girl." She whirled her sister about, and her practiced fingers explored the intricacies of hooks and eyes. "As a matter of fact," she said softly, "so do I."

Tom and Pamela departed, and Virginia threw a cloak about her shoulders and walked out to the garage to get the car.

"Ready, mother?"

"Isn't it a little early?"

"I don't believe so. Come along."

SHE drove recklessly to the clubhouse and drew the car up neatly beside the others. The great hall was silent except for voices, and Virginia smiled approvingly.

"Hurry up, mother."

They entered the building, and Virginia glanced around quickly. Pamela and Tom were talking in one corner; Coby and the girl friend, a shy, blond person, not unattractive, were standing by the window. She continued to search; her eyes, resting on Teddy Tilden and Arnold, stopped. Teddy looked up and smiled, and in that one smile were more things than Virginia could have counted on her fingers. Outwardly it was rather respectful, but the insolence and triumph that lurked beneath the sugar coating were unbelievable. Teddy's lazy eyes turned towards Coby, his back slightly towards them, and traveled to Pamela and Tom.

"Thumbs down," announced Virginia to herself. "No mercy to the conquered." She thought of Pamela, sitting alone in the roller coaster while Teddy talked gayly with the worried Tom, and her eyes darkened.

There was a stir, and the orchestra, still pompously pleased that all must wait on its pleasure, crashed forth; from the corner of her eye Virginia saw Teddy Tilden step impatiently from the center of the floor to make way for the dancers.

Arnold did not move; his glance was fastened to Virginia, and he seemed to be waiting. "Did you come alone?" he asked as Coby and the girl friend danced past.

"TEDDY asked if Coby would take her friend," Virginia answered demurely, "so I'm afraid I'm doomed to be a wallflower for this dance." She was swaying gently to the music, not seeming to see either her mother or Miss Tilden, but wondering all the same which of them looked most enraged at her conduct.

"You couldn't be a wallflower if you tried," Arnold answered gallantly; "anyone else first. And, anyway, if you're not afraid of my big feet —"

Virginia's lashes dropped; he put his arm about her waist and they swung out into the center of the shining floor. As she caught sight of Teddy Tilden's face amusement and an unconquerable sense of triumph crowded out all shame; Teddy had deserved it. She did not see Coby when he danced towards them and pulled her from Arnold's arms, substituting the shy girl friend. She was not sorry, even, when she saw Teddy thread her way among the dancers towards the dressing room; Miss Tilden had done this sort of thing heartlessly too many times not to merit a taste of her own medicine.

"I didn't think anyone could look any prettier than you did at the last dance," Coby was whispering. "But honest, Virginia —"

He flushed and did not finish.

"Coby, you're a darling. If there's one thing a girl needs, it's to be told at the very beginning of a party that she looks pretty."

"Pretty!" he said, disgusted with the inadequacy of the word.

They danced in silence, and she half closed her eyes so that she could better hear



(Continued on Page 190)



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Brassiere
ORIGINAL—BEST

Fulla—Pep!

(Continued from Page 188)

the music. Virginia did not want to talk; she was wholly happy, at least almost wholly happy. There was one thing lacking.

Coby's voice, protesting, broke in on her thoughts. "No cutting in allowed on this dance," he was saying.

She looked up at—her husband. She felt suddenly melted, as though she were going to burst into tears.

She swallowed and smiled. "Why, hello," she said, her eyes starry. "You—you haven't got a girl, so you can't cut in, you know. You —" Coby had whirled her past, and she looked back helplessly.

Her heart was pounding; the color in her cheeks mounted higher and higher. She turned her head so that she could still see Jim; his eyes were on her, his lips slightly parted. When they passed again she could find no word, and she tossed him the azalea blossom from her hair.

"Who's that guy?" Coby demanded in a rather proprietary tone.

"Don't you know Jim?" Virginia asked, and laughed.

"No. Who is he?"

"He's—only my husband," she murmured. Her eyes met the boy's, and they looked at each other steadily for a moment.

COBY'S minute of being in love with her had ended. "It's all over then?" he asked finally.

She was silent; then her eyes commenced to dance and she shrugged. "He's always been my husband, you know," she said lightly.

Coby hesitated, too, before he laughed. The disappointment was gone from his eyes, and he was grinning defiantly. "Come along and sit out the rest of this dance then," he dared.

She looked at him hesitantly, unwillingly. "Oh, Virginia!" His voice taunted her; again he was wholly the sophisticated young man.

They broke away from the dancers; she turned a last glance at the hall, but Jimmy seemed to have vanished. Perhaps her mother—Coby was whistling in a bored manner; she lifted her head high and turned to him with a smile.

They sat down on the running board of his car, silent for a moment.

"I've had an awfully nice time," he said finally.

"So've I," she answered. Silence again.

"I'll bet Teddy Tilden's one mad white woman; not that she didn't get what was coming to her."

Virginia laughed. "Coby, you're a nice boy," she said. "I have hopes for you. I think you're the only person in Hendon who's onto me at all."

"Are you going to bring up Jimmy Junior to be just like me?" he asked, grinning.

She stared at him. "Coby, sometimes I think you know rather too much. What you'll be like in ten years—I'd have been desperately in love with you if I'd been born about eight years later."

"Sorry you have to let eight little years wreck my hopes," he returned. He stood up, a slim figure in white flannels, his hair gold in the light that streamed from the clubhouse. Virginia was twisting the handkerchief with which he had ceremoniously presented her. "Virginia, you're a peach," he said. "You're just as game as they make 'em. Now beat it; I don't hold it against you that you want to see your husband."

THE orchestra was playing again when they entered the room. They hesitated for a moment in the doorway while Virginia searched the dancers. Jimmy and Teddy Tilden danced by, and Coby, with a flash at the girl by his side, cut in on them promptly.

"Well!" said Jimmy as his wife slipped into his arms.

"Well!" echoed Virginia happily.

They circled the room, reached the door again, and he extricated her from the moving crowd and bore her to the piazza. In the remote corner where the moonlight spluttered through the vines like candlelight in a windy hall he kissed her. They stood looking at each other for a moment.

"This place fairly echoes with the ghosts of predecessors," said Jimmy, smiling. He pulled her towards him again.

"Oh, Jimmy!"

"Ginia!" He sat down on the railing and looked up at her. "The things I've been hearing about you!"

"Have you?" She smiled like a small girl, watching him uncertainly.

HIS mouth twitched upwards at the corners. "I'll say I have. Gosh, it's good to see you. And you're so pretty, so lovely."

"Really, Jimmy?"

The door opened and Teddy Tilden and Arnold Landstreet came out; Teddy's arm was resting lightly on his and she was looking rapturously into his face.

"Isn't she the most amusing kid?" Virginia asked. "Heavens, Jimmy, to think that I used to work as hard as that when I was her age!"

Jimmy snorted. "I don't see that she has anything on you now," he said.

She turned towards him slowly. "You're prejudiced," she said softly.

"Prejudiced!" said Jimmy. "That's just what I'm not. We've been together all the time for four years; if anybody could discover that you were ever dull or unattractive, I'd be the guy."

"And I'm not?"

"You know you're not." He took her hand in his. "Oh, Virginia, you're so lovely. I guess I've got to keep on the job pretty hard or else someone will be snatching you away from me."

She looked at him solemnly.

"Of course these kids are just kids," he went on. "But if you, with a three-year-old son tagging around, can keep seventeen-year-olds hopping—well!"

VIRGINIA drew a deep breath; the eyes that clung to his were wide and serious. Suddenly she grinned, and two little stars shattered the solemnity of her gaze. "Let me tell you a secret, son," she said confidentially, picking up his hand in hers and emphasizing her words by patting it with the other.

"You're all, all wrong. Of course I shouldn't let you know that I like you to think you've got to work to keep my girlish interest. And I shouldn't let you suspect that I'm not madly in love with every dashing young man who wanders past my eyes." She laughed aloud. "And I shouldn't—oh, never—let you find out the real honest-to-goodness low-down. But I feel truthful to-night, and I may as well get it out of my system. Listen!" She leaned her lips close to his ear and whispered: "I'm not the gay old thing at all, Jimmy boy, and I don't want to be. I'm—I'm really the old wife and mother."

Her husband laughed. "I'm not going to bank on it," he returned, "whatever you think. And, anyway, you know what the wise man says."

"The wise man?" she repeated happily.

"Sure; the world's greatest son."

She leaned her head against his shoulder. "What?" she demanded.

"Mummie fulla—pep!"

She stood up and put both her hands in his. "I believe I have the next dance with you, Mr. Lyman?"

Jimmy rose too; suddenly he began to chuckle. "Better hurry," he said. "Wait a minute; listen!"

Within the lighted hall the weary orchestra was jazzing "Home, Sweet Home."



Peyton and Peyton

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, for one thing"—some of Betty's gay exultation spilled out of her eyes into her voice—"Tom's had a raise."

"Oh, Betty! Really! Isn't that simply splendid! How did it happen?" Tom's mother's eyes and voice lighted suddenly to match his wife's.

"He didn't even ask for it," said Betty proudly. "But the firm decided to use the plan he worked out to submit for the Young Hero Memorial, and the committee chose it. Mr. Grantland was so tickled that he called Tom in yesterday and raised his salary. It's ten a week—five hundred and twenty a year more. That will make an awful difference when you sail as close to the wind as we do."

"I SHOULD say it will! Oh, Betty, honestly, I can't tell you how happy I am. And coming in such a way makes it ten times as nice. I should say we will celebrate. We'll get Tom and —"

It was fun to have someone so sympathetic, so thoroughly understanding. Mrs. Peyton's accents were almost tremulous. In her happiness Betty quite forgot any little antagonism she had ever had for her mother-in-law.

"And that isn't all, either," she exulted. "I've got a job myself."

"A job! What do you mean? What kind?"

"Well, at first, it will be just my old one back," Betty admitted. "Down at the Venner Company, you know. I stopped in at the office a minute yesterday to see some of the girls I used to see so much of before I was married. Mr. Rice came out to speak to me and asked me to stop in his office before I left. I did and he offered me my old job back—he more than offered it; he almost begged me to come and said he would pay me five a week more than I used to get. That will be more than any girl in the office gets now. He says the three years I've been away have been one nightmare of incompetent stenographers."

BETTY talking fast in her eagerness felt a shade of lacking enthusiasm in Mrs. Peyton's face and rushed on to set forth her opportunity in all its splendor:

"But that's just for a starter, you see. He's going to fix it for me to work into the demonstration department a little afternoons, and if I can learn to drive a car, he'll let me try to sell some myself. Why, there's no end to where I might go in time, with commissions and everything, if I just make good. And I'll make good; I will."

"But, Betty, what about the house, and Tom, and the babies?"

"I've got it all planned out. It will work wonderfully. I'm going to get thirty a week. I can get Tina Patten to come for fifteen. It's a big price, but she's wonderful with children, and a good housekeeper. She'll take care of the babies and do everything else except the washing. Oh, I lay awake almost all last night, planning it out. When I can get anybody like Tina, that proves that at home I was really, actually worth only fifteen dollars a week and not improving any from year to year. Downtown I'm worth thirty right now, with a chance of increasing to almost anything."

"But to be back working again, when you're a married woman with a husband and two babies —"

"Back working!" Betty echoed.

"Back working! Good heavens, I've never stopped working! Why, being in the Venner Company from eight-thirty to five is play compared with doing all the housework and taking care of June and Jerry. At five o'clock when I leave the office I'm through for the day. Tina will have given the babies their supper and I can play with them for an hour or so before they go to bed, just the way Tom does. Then we'll have a good hot dinner, got all ready for us; why, Mother Peyton, you only know office work; you just see house-keeping from the outside. Going back to Venner and Company will be like a vacation."

And as Mrs. Peyton's enthusiasm still failed to respond:

"Besides, think of what the money will do. Suppose Tina costs twenty dollars a week with her meals—that leaves ten clear gain. Think of the things Tom and I can do with ten dollars a week. Why, with his raise, we'll be on Easy Street. I can have a decent dress once in a while, and he can give that overcoat of his to the Salvation Army. It will mean all kinds of little luxuries that we've never been able to afford. And we'll save some, too. Tom won't be harassed and worried to death all the time."

"How does Tom feel about it?" Still the dubious chill in Mrs. Peyton's voice.

BETTY laughed, a tender, maternal laugh. "He hates it," she admitted, "right now. He's old-fashioned, you know. Believes that woman's place is in the home, wants to take care of his wife and children all himself, thinks that my going to work is a kind of reflection on him—all that mid-Victorian stuff. Goodness knows where he gets it, with such a thoroughly modern mother! But he'll get over it; I know Tom."

"How do you mean, get over it?"

"Get used to it. He'll fuss a little at first, the way he did when I decided to board Mr. Weeks summer before last. But by the time I'd got sick and tired of the extra work and was glad to have Mr. Weeks go, Tom had entirely forgotten that he hadn't wanted him to come, and missed him like everything. This will be just the same. He won't like it at all just at first, but he'll get used to it and then he'll see how much easier it makes things all around, and he'll be as pleased as I am."

Betty paused, the evident chill of Mrs. Peyton's lack of enthusiasm at last striking through the warmth of her own eagerness.

At last, "What's the matter, Mother Peyton?" Betty asked anxiously. "Don't you think it's a wonderful chance?"

Mrs. Peyton turned from the window, her eyes hard, unsympathetic. "No," she said.

"I don't. I agree absolutely with Tom. Your place is at home with your babies. He is taking the best care he possibly can of you; it would be a reflection on him for you to go out working in an office."

FOR a moment Betty stared at her mother-in-law, speechless with astonishment. She had been so sure of understanding, of sympathy here. "But —"

"I think it would be very unfortunate if Tom should get over feeling just as he does about it. There's no use my pretending that I think it would be a fine thing for you to do, because I don't. I think you'd be making a

(Continued on Page 192)

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Peyton and Peyton

(Continued from Page 191)

very grave mistake, and I'd think it over well, if I were in your place, before I decided to do it."

"But, Mother Peyton"—pleadingly—"I don't understand your feeling this way; it's not like you to be old-fashioned; why, it's nothing but what you've done yourself, what thousands of women all over the country are doing."

"I don't care if millions of women are doing it. For a man to take care of his wife and children may be old-fashioned, but I think it's a very good fashion. It was different with me; you're not going into some special work you love; it's just for the money. You don't know that you'll make any great success. You may always have just a thirty-dollar-a-week job. Tom doesn't want you to do it; I think you ought to respect his wishes."

"But I tell you he'll get over it; it's just because the idea startled him. Oh, please don't set yourself against it so, Mother Peyton. I know it will work all right." Betty felt childishly hurt at Mrs. Peyton's lack of sympathy, as unexpected as a step down in the dark. "Please try to see how it looks to me. Even if it never amounts to any more than a thirty-dollar-a-week job, the difference just that would make to us! You know I'd never let my babies be neglected. And it's for Tom just as much as it is for me. Oh, please, Mother Peyton, try to see how it would look to you if you were in my place; please try." She leaned forward in her eager plea for understanding.

MRS. PEYTON looked coolly past the flushed, pleading face. "I can't stop your doing anything you like, of course," she said levelly. "You're Tom's wife, and I suppose you have the right to go ahead and ruin his life if you want to. I'm only his mother; I can't stop you. But don't pretend that you're doing it for him. You're ducking your real responsibilities, deliberately doing what he's asked you not to, turning your back on your home and children. And you're doing it because you're tired of the bargain you made yourself, and you don't mind going back on it. You knew what Tom was making when you married him; you knew that he would have to work hard and that you wouldn't have much money for clothes and luxuries. You knew he wanted a wife who would be a homemaker. You wanted to do it all right then. You went into it with your eyes open. Now you're tired of housework; you're bored with what Tom can give you; and you're not a game enough sport to stick to your bargain. I can't stop you, of course; but I'm not going to pretend that it isn't a wicked, selfish thing you're doing."

For a moment Betty merely looked at her mother-in-law in puzzled surprise. Then the surprise was swept away. All the petty antagonism, the envious resentments, the hurt sense of injustice that through three years Betty had kept stifled, hidden, burst out now in a sweeping hot flame of anger.

"YOU tell me I'm wicked and selfish!" After three years of smiling silence Betty felt strangely amazed to hear the words her own voice was speaking. "You call me selfish—you! You would try to keep me from doing what you yourself have done. And I know why too. It isn't on account of Tom and the babies, and it isn't because you are afraid I'll fail; you're afraid I'll succeed. That might take a little glory away from you. You want to be 'the brilliant Mrs. Peyton,' 'the successful Mrs. Peyton.' You like me for contrast! You like to have people say 'But this can't be your daughter!' It makes you feel young and successful. When people say 'And what does this Mrs. Peyton do?' you love to say 'Oh, she's the most perfect little housekeeper you ever saw!'"

I make such a splendid background for you. Don't you suppose I see through it, that I have right along? Don't you think I can see that you like to have me poor and shabby, getting prosy and old with sweeping and baking and washing dishes day after day? If I weren't, you couldn't patronize me."

They were the grievances of smiling weeks, of months, of years, that came rushing hotly from Betty's angry lips.

"You talk about my going back on my bargain, ruining Tom's life, that you're 'only his mother.' A fine mother you've been to him! You shipped him off to military school

when he was nine so that you wouldn't have to be bothered with him at home; you let him work his way through college while you were wearing imported dresses; there wasn't money enough for him to join a good fraternity, but there was plenty for you to join all the clubs. You ride in taxis and think it is a good joke when he walks to save the street-car fare. You've gone

your own way and got all you could out of life for yourself. Now when I want to help my husband in my own way, you talk to me about sticking to a bargain; you call me wicked and selfish. All right; I don't care what you think. You are right in one thing anyway; you can't stop me."

HER voice, grown high in anger, choked huskily and broke. She could see Mrs. Peyton's orange scarf blurring through a haze of tears. Betty fumbled for the arms of her rough, damp coat. If she could only get out of the office and away before she broke down!

"Wait a minute, Betty; wait a minute." But Betty was already groping for the door knob. "There's no need to wait," she said. "I've told you what I'm going to do. You can't stop me."

The hall outside was deserted. Betty walked quickly past the elevator and on to the window at the end, dragging at her gloves, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

A door down the hall opened, there were hurried steps along the tiled floor. Betty, keeping her face turned away from the intruder, pretended to be sauntering toward the elevator.

The steps came nearer; she felt a hand on her arm. "Please, Betty, come back for a minute."

She tried to draw away from Mrs. Peyton. "There's nothing to come back for," she said huskily.

"Come back a minute; I've got to tell you something." And as Betty still hesitated, "I'm sorry I said you were wicked and selfish. Please come back."

BETTY turned, and the two walked back to the real-estate office. For several moments Mrs. Peyton did not speak, standing by her desk, fumbling with the pencils, with the city directory. "I've got to tell you something," she repeated. "I've got to—tell you something. Please take off your coat, Betty, and stay."

Stiffly, Betty took off her damp coat and hung it on the coat rack.

Twice Mrs. Peyton turned from her desk as though to speak, twice turning back again, away from Betty. "I wouldn't ever have told you," she said suddenly, "if it hadn't been for this job of yours. I've never told a living soul before. I wouldn't tell you, just to keep you from thinking what you do of me—that doesn't make any difference."

Betty waited, saying nothing, her anger almost forgotten in sudden curiosity.

Mrs. Peyton stood for several seconds, fingering the articles on her desk, as though she could not go on. Suddenly she turned. "Betty, haven't you ever thought—surely

(Continued on Page 194)



The Spring issue of "The Tailored Woman" magazine is now out and you are entitled to a copy from the Wooltex merchant in your community. If you do not know who that is, write us and we will advise you and see that you receive a copy of the magazine at once. There is no charge.

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Peyton and Peyton

(Continued from Page 192)

you must have seen that Tom is a little like his father?"

"He's almost exactly like him," said Betty, puzzled. "They look alike; they have the same ways—"

"But they aren't much alike, not really. Looks and ways don't count. Really, they are only a little alike, just the least little bit. But Tom is like him, though, that little bit—what you said about boarding Mr. Weeks, you know."

"About boarding Mr. Weeks?" Betty repeated, bewildered.

"Yes; little things like that. Oh, Betty, can't you see why I don't want you to take a job? That little bit might grow. Tom might get to be like his father."

"Might get to be like his father," Betty repeated. "Why shouldn't he?"

"Oh, he should," Mrs. Peyton agreed eagerly, "in most ways. You—you like your Father Peyton, don't you?"

"I love him," said Betty honestly. "I can't remember my own father, but I know that if I did I couldn't love him any better than I do Father Peyton."

"And Tom—admires his father, doesn't he?" There was something strangely pleading in Mrs. Peyton's eagerness.

"Very much," said Betty.

THERE was a silence in the office. Betty was too puzzled to break it. Mrs. Peyton seemed uncertain how to go on. She sat drawing elaborate designs on her desk blotter. At last she looked up.

"I'm glad you love him," she said. "He is Tom's father. A man doesn't have to be a success to be lovable."

"But Dad is successful too," said Betty, puzzled.

"Tom thinks he is, too, doesn't he?" The pleading eagerness again.

"Of course," said Betty. "Everybody who knows anything about insurance knows Peyton and Peyton."

Mrs. Peyton dropped her pencil and leaned across the desk, her hands clutching the edges. "Betty," she said pleadingly, "won't you trust me? Everything of Peyton and Peyton's will be yours and Tom's some day. Won't you just be patient? Can't you stick things out as they are for a few years? Won't you just trust me?"

"If you mean won't I give up the idea of going back to work," said Betty, "I won't."

For a moment Mrs. Peyton looked full into her daughter-in-law's face, as though estimating the strength of purpose that she saw there. "There isn't any other way then," she said, "but to tell you. Nobody else in the world knows this. Peyton and Peyton isn't dad and me; it's me alone."

"But —"

"EVERYBODY thinks we're partners; oh, how I've lied and twisted and schemed to keep everybody thinking so! Partners! I am Peyton and Peyton myself. I started the firm with my own money that I'd earned and saved; it would have been on the rocks in a year if it hadn't been for me. It's all my work, all my responsibility. I tell you, I am Peyton and Peyton."

"But I thought —"

"Of course you did; everybody does. Oh, between us we've kept up the bluff; we've fooled the world. Without me he'd be a clerk in the office. But nobody knows. He is liked and respected; he belongs to clubs; everywhere he is treated as a successful business man—Mr. Peyton, of Peyton and Peyton. Oh, I've kept up the bluff. Nobody in the world, not even his own son, knows that he is a failure, a bluffing, satisfied, irresponsible failure."

"Why, I can't believe—Are you sure —"

"Sure! Do you think I've wanted to believe it? I've blamed myself; I've tried to shut my eyes to it; I've even fooled myself sometimes for awhile. But you can't do that forever. Oh, yes, I'm sure. Nobody else in the world knows it, but it's true enough."



Betty did not speak. There was no doubting the bitter sincerity in the other woman's voice. Yet to make this new truth fit the Father Peyton she had known, the best table in the restaurant, settling large financial problems with a phrase—

"Oh, I wouldn't believe it myself, for years. I felt just as you do—more because he was my husband. I hated the first man who tried to open my eyes, for years. He was the head of a firm where Tom had lost a job; he was always losing jobs when we were first married, or giving them up; and I went to see the man myself."

"I WAS so sure that the office manager who had let Tom go had been unfair. I thought if I could go over his head I could have him made to take Tom back. I saw the head of the firm himself, and he told me why the office manager had been right. I have never forgotten his words. He said: 'Mrs. Peyton, I don't want your husband working for me. He is a four-flusher. He bluffs and swaggers and that's all. He never makes good.'"

"I hated him for saying it, and I didn't believe it—not then. But it was true. It took me years to find it out—years after I went back to working; years when as fast as I helped out with one responsibility after another, Tom shuffled off his share of it; years when he gave up this job because there was no future in it, that one because he wasn't getting ahead fast enough, another where he was fired; years when I stuck to a job where there wasn't any future; years when I learned to get along with any boss because I had to. There was rent and food and clothes and little Tom to pay for; somebody had to have a job and hold it."

"I didn't set out to be a successful business woman. I was going to work for a year or two to help out, just till Tom got on his feet." She looked around the office and laughed—a mirthless laugh. "Well, I'm still working. You can't imagine what it is, Betty, to see a man you love go to pieces; to see him bluster because you want to pay the extra rent yourself when you need a little larger apartment; bluster—and then let you pay it; and, after a while, let you pay the rent of the whole apartment 'for just this one month,' and finally take it for granted that you will do it right along. Oh, it starts, little by little, in ways like that."

"AND it never stops; it goes on to bigger and bigger things. I wouldn't let myself see the truth. When I had saved money enough and had a good chance to open this office, I thought it would answer the problem. Here would be a place for Tom where there'd be all the future he could make, where there'd be no difficult boss, where we could get ahead as fast as we could, together. We'd be partners—Peyton and Peyton. Betty, nobody can ever know what those years were while I was learning that what Tom's old boss had said was true."

"I pulled Peyton and Peyton along, fixed one thing after another so Tom could do no harm, and made good. But it's been in spite of him every step, never because of him. By the time the business was on a paying basis it was really mine altogether. Tom had stopped feeling the least responsibility in it or for his wife and son."

"I've made good in a business way, very good, but I've seen the most precious thing a woman can have, her respect for her husband, crumble and disappear—not because Tom wasn't a good business man—plenty of fine men aren't—but because I came to see that he wasn't really manly, that all that high-handed male way of his was just bluff—cheap, irresponsible bluff. It's many a bitter pill a woman has had to swallow, Betty, before she gets to where she'll admit to herself that the man she has married is just a four-flusher."

(Continued on
Page 195)

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Peyton and Peyton

(Continued from Page 194)

"Oh, how I have wondered if it was partly my own fault, if it wasn't wrong for me ever to have taken the first step! I have come to see so clearly, so painfully, how a man needs responsibility; it's like ballast for a ship; he is never a real man until he has learned to carry it. Tom's father will be just a boy, an immature, bluffing, irresponsible boy as long as he lives. Perhaps he couldn't have been anything else anyway—I don't know. But I shall always be miserably sure that having to carry responsibility is the only thing in the world which could possibly have made a man of him—and I robbed him of that."

"I've kept everybody else from finding him out, though. At least I've done that. You wouldn't think a whole city could be so fooled. His bluffing, high-handed way was what made it possible. People always did believe in him, just naturally, and kept on believing as long as they possibly could, on account of that way of his. Well, I just backed up that way—made good on his bluff. Oh, between us we've built up a glorious fairy tale. And after all these years everybody believes it. I doubt there is a person in the whole city who suspects that it is my money that cashes the checks he signs, that they are my decisions that he gives out with such dash, that his very walking sticks and tobacco are charged to 'our accounts' at the stores, and that I pay for them."

She laughed, a hard laugh that suddenly broke. Her chin trembled. "It's almost funny, isn't it?" A tear ran down her cheek, furrowing the powder, making her look suddenly old, made up.

SHE fumbled in her desk drawer for a handkerchief, and something in the bent shoulders caught Betty's heart in a sharp twist of pity. The expensive frock and shoes, the Irish lace vest—all these were just the gay trappings of a middle-aged and disappointed woman, who was gamely making the best of a bad bargain.

Quickly Betty crossed the office and caught the other woman's hand. "I'm awfully sorry I talked to you the way I did," she said. "I didn't understand; I'd give anything on earth to unsay it."

"Oh, never mind that; I'll never think of it again," Mrs. Peyton dabbed at her eyes, keeping her face averted.

Suddenly she turned. "You see now, don't you, why I'm fairly praying you won't take this job. Oh, Betty, I'm so afraid!"

"You mean that you are afraid Tom, my Tom, might get to be like that too?"

"Oh, I don't think so; not really. But there's always the chance; he's got his father's looks and his father's ways—you said so yourself. You said he hated your going back to work now, but that he'd get over it. That—that scared me a little. He's the one thing that has made it worth while—this bluffing and planning. To have a son with all his father's loveliness, but without his weakness."

"I've done all I can to make a strong man out of Tom—military school when he seemed just a baby, making him earn all his own money, never helping him out, letting him worry himself half sick over bills it would be nothing for me to pay. Whenever I'd feel that I couldn't stand it any longer, I'd go out and buy one of you some silly, extravagant thing. It was slim comfort, though, to give you diamonds when you needed coal. But it's paid, Betty; it has paid. For some way or another Tom has always managed to buy the coal himself."

"It's been especially hard since June came, seeing him overworking and worrying; two children are almost more of a burden nowadays than a man on a small salary can carry. But Tom's carrying it. He's doing it. And he worries over it, Betty; he worries over it; that proves that he's a real man. Oh, how glad and relieved I was when he went back

to his old place after quitting it in a huff. I don't know whether he or Caxley was right; it doesn't make any difference; it showed that Tom isn't like his father. He didn't put his 'pride' ahead of his responsibilities."

"AND now he's getting ahead—think of the honest pride of it, Betty!—getting ahead on honest work and ability. Oh, don't do anything to rob him of the satisfaction of it; he's worked so hard, don't make him feel that you can't wait for him to go on, that his efforts alone aren't enough. Don't take the chance I took. It isn't just a mother's fondness; I know you've got better human material than I had to work with. But Tom is the least little bit like his father; oh, don't give that little bit the chance to grow!"

"It wouldn't grow, no matter what I did," Betty said. "Tom's all man, Mother Peyton, clear through. I know him better than you do, even if you are his mother. There's nothing of the bluffer, the four-flusher, about Tom. He may have the cocksure, high-handed way once in a while, but he always does his everlasting best to back it up. He's—why, he's everything a real man ought to be."

"That's all he needs, Betty, somebody to have that kind of faith in him. It's what you can give him, don't you see? I can't have it; I can only hope; what I've gone through has taken the faith all out of me. I keep looking for the other in him; I'm afraid."

"But it isn't just 'having faith'; surely you must see that it's true. You must know what Tom really is."

"And you're so sure," wistfully, "that you're willing to put it to the test?"

"I'm so sure," said Betty proudly, "that I don't need to put it to the test. If you honestly think it is any comfort or—or inspiration to a man to have a woman prove that she's willing just to wait and trust everything to him—well, I'm willing to gamble a few years on Tom."

IN THE rose-shaded restaurant of the Dunwoody the Junior Peytons were dining with the Senior Peytons. The two people who had stopped at their table on the way out were chatting with Mrs. Peyton, Senior.

"I'll tell you what it is," the other woman declared plaintively, "there's nothing like having a career to keep a woman young. It makes me simply furious every time I look at you to know that you're a year older than I am and yet see you looking like a flapper."

Mrs. Peyton laughed with blithe complacency, waving a new, flame-colored, feather-tipped fan. "I'm glad if it does something," she said gayly. "My poor husband ought to have some compensation for letting his wife be around underfoot all day. Most men have a few hours a day vacation from the matrimonial treadmill, you know."

She glanced a young, coquettish challenge at her husband, and he responded, including the other woman in the compliment, with the genial gallantry that always made women, young and old, ardent admirers of the successful Mr. Peyton.

"And what does this Mrs. Peyton do? I suppose you're going to have a career of some sort too?"

Betty smiled up from behind her new flame-colored, feather-tipped fan, an expensive, useless, outrageously lovely celebration gift exactly like her mother-in-law's.

"I'm afraid not," she admitted. "I have a young son and daughter who furnish me with about all the career I can manage. I guess I shall have to be one of those women who shine in their husbands' reflected glory."

She did not glance at Tom, so she did not see the look of flattered, protective tenderness that flashed across his face. But over the flower-decked table the eyes of Mrs. Peyton, Junior, met those of Mrs. Peyton, Senior. It was the smile of a moment only, comradely, gallant, gay, the smile of one dead-gone sport at another.



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American Lady Youthful Stout Corsets

Old Dog—New Tricks

(Continued from Page 19)

There was something pathetic in dear old Laddie's pleasure over the new trick he had learned, or so it seemed to the two people who loved him. And they continued to flatter him for it even when, among other trophies, he dragged home a pickax momentarily laid aside by a road mender and an extremely dead chicken which a motor-truck wheel had flattened to waferlike thickness.

Which brings us, by degrees, to the Rennick kidnapping case.

Claude Rennick, a New York artist of considerable means, had rented for the summer an ancient colonial farmhouse high among the Ramapo hills, some six miles north of the Place. There he and his pretty young wife and their six-month-old baby had been living for several weeks when, angered at a sharp rebuke for some dereliction in his work, Schwartz, their gardener, spoke insultingly to Mrs. Rennick. Rennick chanced to overhear. Being foolishly in love with his wife, he did not content himself with discharging Schwartz. Instead, he thrashed the stalwart gardener then and there and ended the drastic performance by pitching the beaten man bodily out of the grounds.

Schwartz collected his battered anatomy and limped away to his home in the hills just above. And that night he called into council his two farmhand brothers and his wife. Several characteristic plans of revenge were discussed in solemn detail. These included the burning of the Rennick house or barn, or both; the shooting of Rennick from among the hillside bowlders as the artist sketched; waylaying him on his walk to the post office by night and crippling him for life; and other suggestions equally dear to the hearts of rural malefactors.

BUT one plan after another was vetoed. Then it was that Mrs. Schwartz hit upon an idea which promised not only punishment but profit. She had done washing for the Rennicks and she had access to the house. She proposed that they steal the Rennick baby on the first night when opportunity should offer, carry him to a car the brothers were to have waiting and thence take him to her sister in Paterson.

There the youngster would be well cared for. In a family of not less than seven children the presence of an extra baby would not excite police query. Her sister had more than once taken babies to board with her, during their mothers' temporary absence in service or in jail. And the newcomer could pass readily as one of these.

Negotiations could set in; and if care were taken a reward of at least two thousand dollars might be extracted safely from the frantic parents. Thus the Rennicks could be made to sweat blood, and money too, in payment for the injuries wrought upon the aching frame of Schwartz.

The next Thursday evening Rennick and his wife went as usual to the weekly meeting of a neighborhood bridge club which they had joined for the summer. The baby was left in charge of a competent nurse. At nine o'clock the nurse went to the telephone in reply to a call purporting to be from an attendant at a New York hospital. This call occupied the best part of twenty minutes. For the attendant proceeded to tell

her in a very roundabout way that her son had been run over and had come to the hospital with a broken leg. He dribbled the information and was agonizingly long-winded and vague in answering her volley of frightened questions.

Shaken between duty to her job and a yearning to catch the next train for town, she went back at last to the nursery. The baby's crib was empty.

It had been the simplest thing in the world for Mrs. Schwartz to enter the house by the unfastened front door while one of her husband's brothers held the nurse in telephone talk; and to go up to the nursery unseen while the other servants were in the kitchen quarters. There she had picked up the baby and had carried him gently down to the front door and out of the grounds.

ONE of Schwartz' brothers was waiting beyond the gate with a disreputable little runabout. Presently the second brother joined him. Mrs. Schwartz lifted the baby into the car. One of the men held it while the other took his place at the steering wheel. The runabout had started upon its orderly fourteen-mile trip to Paterson before the panic-stricken nurse could give the alarm.

Mrs. Schwartz then walked toward the village, where her husband joined her. The two proceeded together to the local motion-picture theater. There they laughed so loudly over the comedy on the screen that the manager had to warn them to be quieter. At once the couple became noisily abusive. And they were ordered ignominiously from the theater. There could scarcely have been a better alibi to prove their absence of complicity in the kidnapping.

Meanwhile the two brothers continued quietly on their journey toward Paterson. The baby slept. His bearer had laid him softly on the floor of the car. A few drops of paregoric administered by Mrs. Schwartz as the child awoke for an instant on the way to the gate insured sound slumber. The joggling of the car did not rouse the tiny sleeper as he lay snugly between the feet of the man into whose care he had been given.

The first six miles of the easy journey were soon traversed. Then, with a pop and a dispiritedly swishing sound, a rear tire collapsed. Out into the road jumped both men. Their nerves were none too steady. And already in fancy they could hear all the police cars in New Jersey close at their heels. It behooved them to change tires in a hurry and to finish their nerve-twisting trip.

The driver vaulted over the side nearest him and began to explore the under-seat regions for a jack. The other man picked up the baby and hurried to the rear of the runabout to detach the spare tire from its dusty rack. Manifestly he could not unstrap the tire while he was carrying a baby in his arms. So he set down his burden at the roadside near him.

Then, still obsessed by fear of pursuit, he hit on a safer scheme. Picking up the sleeper again, he carried the warm little bundle to the far side of the road, some thirty yards beyond, and deposited it there behind a dwarf alder bush, which screened it from any stray automobilist who might be passing.

(Continued on Page 198)



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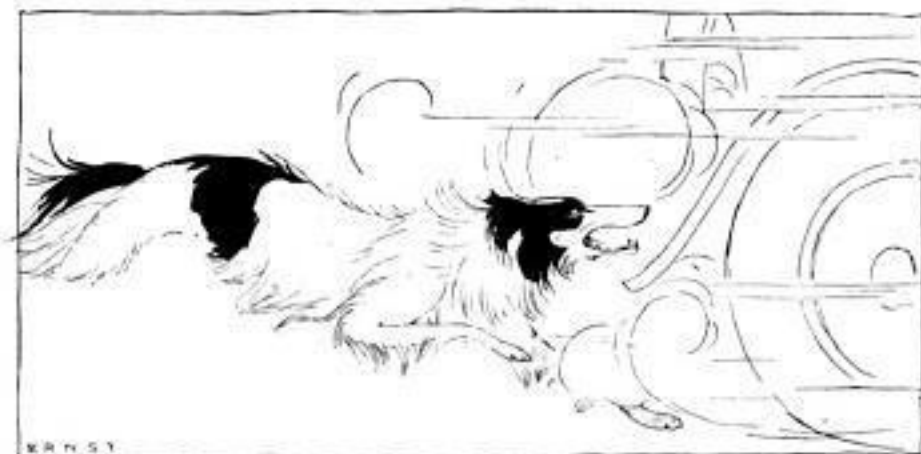
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Old Dog—New Tricks

(Continued from Page 197)

Thus in case of pursuit he and his brother would merely be changing tires and would know nothing of any missing baby.

Failing to find a jack under the seat the driver climbed over into the adjoining field in search of two or three big stones to serve the same purpose in holding up the axle. For several minutes the men worked fast and tensely, blind and deaf to anything except the need of haste.

Thus it was that neither of them saw a tawny-and-snow collie, huge and shaggy except for a pair of absurdly tiny white forepaws, come pacing majestically along the road from the direction in which they were heading. The car lamps played but faintly upon the advancing Lad, for the dimmers had been applied. The big dog was taking his usual before-bedtime stroll. Of old that evening stroll had been confined to the Place's grounds a quarter mile beyond. But lately his new obsession for finding treasures for the mistress had lured him often and oftener to the highway.

To-night, as for a day or so past, he had drawn blank in his quest. The road had been distressingly bare of anything worth carrying home. But now, as he moved along, his nearsighted eyes were attracted by a blur of white behind a bush at the road edge, just within the dim radiance of the car lamps. Even sooner than he saw this, his keen nostrils had told him of human presence there. He shifted his course to investigate.

STANDING over the compactly fastened swathing of clothes, Laddie bent down and sniffed. It was a human. He knew that, in spite of the thick veil that covered the slumberer's face. But it was also a bundle. It was a bundle which might well be expected to delight the mistress almost as much as had the parasol, far more than had the defunct chicken.

Daintily, with infinite gentleness, Lad fixed his teeth in the loosest portion of the bundle that he could find and lifted it. It was amazingly heavy even for so powerful a dog. But difficulties had never yet swerved Lad from any set purpose. Bracing his strength, he turned homeward, carrying the burden between his mighty jaws.

And now he was aware of some subtler feeling than mere desire to bring the mistress one more gift. His great heart had ever gone out in loving tenderness toward everything helpless and little. He adored children. The roughest of them could take unpardonable liberties with him. He would let them maul and mistreat him to their hearts' content, and he reveled in such usage, although to humans other than the mistress and the master he was sternly resentful of any familiarity.

His senses told him this bundle contained a child, a baby.

It had been lying alone and defenseless beside the road. He had found it. And his heart warmed to the helpless little creature which was so heavy to carry.

Proudly now he strode along, his muscles tensed, moving as if on parade. The bundle swinging from his jaws was carried as lovingly as though it might break in sixty pieces at any careless step.

The spare tire was adjusted. The men glanced nervously up and down the road. No car or pedestrian was in sight. The driver scrambled to his place at the wheel. His brother crossed to the alder bush behind whose shelter he had left the baby.

BACK he came on the run. "Tain't there!" he blithered. "Tain't there! 'Tain't rolled nowhere neither. It's been took. What—what're we goin' to —"

He got no further. His brother had scrambled down from the seat and pushed him aside in a dash for the alder. But a few seconds of frantic search proved the baby was gone. The two men glared at each other in silent horror. Then by tacit impulse they got into the car.

"It couldn't 'a' walked off, could it?" gurgled the driver. "They can't walk, can they—not at six months? Not far anyhow?"

"It—it was took," sputtered his brother between chattering teeth.

Another moment of scared silence. Then the driver rallied his awed faculties. Stepping on the self-starter, he brought the runabout into motion and headed down the road.

"Where are you goin'?" queried the other. "No use a-keepin' on this d'rection. It —"

"If it was took," answered the driver truculently, "twasn't took by no car. We'd 'a' heard a car or we'd 'a' saw it. If it had been took by two or three folks a-walkin', we'd 'a' heard 'em blat to each other when they seen the kid layin' there. That means it was took by one person all alone. He didn't pass us while we was workin'. Then, unless he's took to the fields, he's a-goin' the same way we are. An' we're due to overhaul him. There'll only just be one of him, and there's two of us. I ain't aimin' to lose my slice of that two thousand without hittin' a single lick to get it. If he — Sufferin' pink snakes!"

IN HIS sudden dismay he drove down both feet on the pedals. The indignant car stalled. Through the blackness ahead the white ray from the lamps had picked up a weird object. And the two brethren stared at it, slack jawed.

Walking sedately on, in front of the stalled runabout and in the exact center of the dusty road, moved an animal. Huge and formless it bulked as it receded into the fainter glow of light. It might have been anything from a lion to a bear in that uncertain glimmer. But the lamps' rays had played strongly enough on one detail of the apparition to identify it, past doubt, to both the dumfounded onlookers. They saw, clearly enough, a white bundle suspended from the monster's jaws, unquestionably the bundle which had been laid behind the alder.

For perhaps ten seconds the men sat motionless, gaping goggle-eyed.

Then the driver murmured in a far-away voice: "Did you—did you—was you fool enough to think you seen anything? Was you, Eitel?"

"I—I sure seen suthin', Roodie," quavered Eitel. "Suthin' with—with the kid in its mouth. It —"

"That's good enough for me," announced the heroic Roodie, stamping again on the self-starter. "If we both seen it, then it was there. And I'm goin' after it."

In another brace of seconds the lights once more picked up the dark animal with its white bundle. Eitel shrank back in his seat. But Roodie put on another notch of gas. And coming closer both recognized the strange bundle carrier as a dark-hued collie dog.

THE identification did little to ease their feeling of incredulous mystification. But it banished their superstitious dread. Both of them were used to dogs. And though neither could guess how this particular dog happened to be stealing the twice-stolen baby, yet neither had the remotest fear of tackling the beast and rescuing its human plunder.

Roodie brought the abused runabout to another jerky stop, within a few inches of the unconcerned collie. And he and Eitel swarmed earthward from opposite sides of the machine. In a trice Roodie had struck Lad over the head, while Eitel grabbed at the bundle to drag it away from the dog.

The weight of years was beginning to tell on Laddie. But that weight had not robbed him of the ability to call at will upon much of his old-time strength and bewildering swiftness. Nor had it in any way dampened his hero spirit or dulled his uncannily wise brain.

He had been plodding peacefully along, bearing home a wonderful gift—a gift oftener confided to the care of storks than of collies—when he had been attacked from two sides in most unprovoked fashion. He had been struck! His blood surged hot.

There was no law governing such a case. So, as usual in new crises, Lad proceeded to make his own law and to put it into effect.

A deft turn of the head eluded Eitel's snatching hand. With the lightness of a feather, Lad deposited the bundle in the soft dust of the road. In practically the same

(Continued on Page 199)



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NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD

Old Dog—New Tricks

(Continued from Page 198)

gesture the dog's curving eyetooth slashed Eitel's outstretched wrist to the bone.

Then, staggering under a second head blow from Roodie, the dog wheeled with lightning-swift fury upon this more aggressive of his two assailants. Hurling himself at the man's throat in silent ferocity, he well-nigh turned the nocturnal battle into a killing. But Roodie's left arm by instinct flew up to guard his threatened jugular.

Through coat and shirt and skin and flesh the great dog's teeth sheared their way, their rending snap checked only by the bone of the forearm. The impetus of the eighty-pound body sent the man clean off his balance. And together the two crashed backward to the ground.

Lad was not of the bulldog breed which seeks and gains a hold and then hangs onto it with locked jaws. A collie fights with brain as much as with teeth. By the time he and Roodie struck the earth Lad tore free from the unloving embrace and whizzed about to face the second of his foes.

EITEL had taken advantage of the moment's respite to seize with his uninjured hand his slashed wrist. Then, on second thought, he released the wounded wrist and bent over the baby with a view to picking him up and regaining the comparative safety of the car's floor. But his well-devised maneuver was not carried out.

For as he leaned over the bundle, extending his hands to pick it up, Lad's teeth drove fiercely into the section of Eitel's plump anatomy which chanced to be presented to him by the stooping down of the kidnaper. Deep clove his sharp fangs. Nor did Eitel Schwartz sit down again with any degree of comfort for many a long day.

With resounding howls of pain, Eitel thrashed up and down the road, endeavoring to shake off this rear attack. The noise awakened the baby, who added his wails to the din. Roodie got dizzily to his feet, his left forearm useless and anguished from the tearing of its muscles.

"Shut up!" he bellowed. "D'you want to bring the whole county down on us? We——"

He ceased speaking and lurched at full speed to the car and to the top of its single seat. For, at sound of his voice, Lad had loosed his grip on the screeching Eitel and whirled about on this earlier adversary.

The man reached the car seat and slammed the door behind him, perhaps a sixth of a second too soon for Lad to reach him.

Eitel, warned by his brother's bawled command, made a rush for the other side of the machine and clambered up. He was a trifle less fortunate than had been Roodie in making this ascent. For Lad's flashing jaws grazed his ankle and carried away in that snap a sample of Eitel's best town-going trousers.

Thus, on the seat of the car, swaying and clutching at each other, crouched the two sore-wounded brethren; while Lad ravened about the vehicle, springing upward now and again in futile effort to clear the top of the closed door.

Far down the road shone the lights of an approaching motor. Eitel dropped into the driving seat and set the runabout into motion. Once more the dread of pursuit and of capture and of prison danced hideously before his frightened mental vision.

THE mistress and the master were sitting on the veranda. It was almost bedtime. The master arose to begin his nightly task of locking the lower windows. From somewhere on the highroad that lay two hundred yards distant from the house came the confused noise of shouts. Then as he listened the far-off sounds ceased. He went on with his task of locking up and returned in a minute or two to the veranda.

As he did so, Lad came walking slowly up the porch steps. In his mouth he carried something large and white and dusty.

This he proceeded to deposit with much care at the feet of the mistress. Then he stood back, tail waving, dark eyes mischievously expectant.



"Another dividend from the curve," laughed the master. "What is it this time? A pillow or ——"

He broke off in the middle of his amused query. For even as he turned his flashlight on the dusty and blood-streaked bundle the baby began once more to cry.

THE local chief of police in the village across the lake was making ready for bed, when a telephone summons brought him back to his lower hallway.

"Hello!" came the master's hail over the wire. "Chief, has there been any alarm sent out for—a missing baby?"

"Baby?" echoed the chief. "No. Have you lost one?"

"No. I've found one. At least Laddie has. He's just brought it home. It is dressed in unusually costly things, my wife says. There was a white baby blanket strapped around it. And there are dust and streaks of fresh blood on the blanket. But the baby himself isn't hurt at all and ——"

"I'll be over there in fifteen minutes," said the chief, alive with professional interest.

But in ten minutes he was on the wire once more.

"Has the baby blanket got the monogram 'B. R. R.' on one corner?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," answered the master. "I was going to tell you that when you hung up. And on ——"

"That's the one!" fairly shouted the chief. "As soon as you finished talking to me I got another call. General alarm out for a kidnaped baby. Belongs to those Rennick people up the valley—the artists that rented the old Beasley place this summer. The baby was stolen an hour ago right out of the nursery. I'll phone 'em that he's found, and then I'll be over."

"All right. There's another queer point about all this. Our dog ——"

"Speaking of dogs," went on the garrulous chief, "this is a wakeful evening for me. I just got a call from the drug store that a couple of fellows have stopped there to get patched up from dog bites. They say a dozen stray curs set on 'em while they were changing a tire. The druggist thought they acted queer, contradicting each other in bits of their story. So he's taking his time fixing them till I can drop in on my way to your house and give 'em the once-over. So ——"

"DO MORE than that!" decreed the master on quick inspiration. "What I started to tell you is that there's blood on Lad's jaws as well as on the baby's blanket. If two men say they've been bitten by dogs ——"

"I get you!" yelled the other. "Good-by! I got no time to waste when a clew like that is shaken in front of me. See you later!"

Long before the chief arrived at the Place with triumphant tidings of his success in sweating the truth from the mangled and nerve-racked Schwartzes, the two other actors in the evening's drama were miles away among the sun-flecked shadows of dream-land.

The baby, industriously and unsanctarily sucking one pudgy thumb, was cuddled down to sleep in the mistress' lap. And in the depths of his cave under the living-room piano Lad was stretched at perfect ease, his tiny white forepaws straight in front of him.

But his deep breathing was interrupted now and then by a muttered sigh. For at last one of his beautiful presents had failed to cause happiness and praise from his gods.

Instead, it had apparently turned the whole household inside out, to judge by the noisy excitement and the telephoning and all. And even in sleep the old dog felt justly chagrined at the way his loveliest present to the mistress had been received. It was so hard to find out what humans would enjoy and what they wouldn't.

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Ma foi, I do not know! But Lablache I like and shall always use, because it's so clinging—so pure—so fragrant. As I love my complexion, likewise do I love Lablache."

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The Reason Why

ON THE outskirts of a prairie town in the Middle West is prominently displayed the usual commonplace warning to motorists: "Don't drive faster than fifteen miles an hour through this town." But this particular warning is by no means commonplace, for some knight errant of the road, who has presumably acquired the knowledge through sad experience, has smeared in large letters of axle grease underneath the original lettering: "Or you'll break your springs!"

Kind Hearts More Than Coronets

SHE is a dear, little old lady who lives in one of the tiniest tiny cottages on what she happily calls "the hoopskirts" of a large city. Unpleasantly materialistic persons—who insist on being what they call "plain-spoken" and only succeed in being plain horrid—might say that she is extremely poor. But we who have fortunately been born with rose-colored "specs" on—which, between you and me, is ever so much better than being born with a gold spoon in one's mouth—would quite fail to see any poverty in the little home.

On the contrary, she would impress us as one of the richest women we know; for although, to quote her again, the house is so small that one has to go outside to turn round, yet it contains a wealth of happiness that would make the treasure of Aladdin's cave seem insignificant by comparison; and then, besides, she has the most wonderful little garden imaginable, where she raises perfect dears of old-fashioned flowers and choice ferns.

It was just recently that she received an invitation to the golden wedding anniversary of some old friends. Not wishing to go empty-handed, she thought long and deeply and at last took from among her few poor, little treasures a very quaint, old-fashioned, gilded flower-basket and transplanted into it one of her most beautiful young ferns. Then she composed some verses to go with the gift and got a boy next door, who was by way of being artistic, to letter them on a card for her; and this is what it said:

*This little fern has come to say:
"God bless your Golden Wedding Day
And all the other days to be
Through all the years that you may see!"
And every leaf will wish you joy
And peace and love that knows no end—
And by all this you'll surely know
It comes from one who is*

Your Friend.

And the little gilded basket and the little golden-backed fern stood up bravely among the golden spoons and forks and vases, and the gold-painted cake platters, and were not a bit ashamed, for in their hearts they knew right well that they were the very best gift of all.

And when the bride of fifty years came to the fern basket, she asked her husband to read the little verses out loud to all the guests; and she wasn't a bit ashamed, either, of the tears that brimmed over as she kissed her friend.

—LOUISE WATSON.

Not Aimed at Her

DURING a thunderstorm in the South a large oak tree within thirty feet of a negro cabin on a plantation was completely shattered. The crash was terrifying, the ground for quite a distance around the tree was broken up as if it had been plowed and pieces of the tree were hurled many yards and showered on the cabin roof.

The next morning, when the old negro woman went to the house to work, her mistress said sympathetically: "You must have been very much frightened when the tree was struck last night, Jennie."

"Oh, no'm," Jennie reassured her; "I wasn't skeered. I never did see no use in feelin' skeered after sumpin's ovah. I jus' said dat I knowed if de Lawd had a-been aimin' at us, he wouldn't a-missed us dat far, an' went back to sleep."



At Last

A LITTLE girl and her father were strolling one Sunday afternoon through the cemetery, where she found little to interest her until she came upon a headstone on which a lamb was carved.

"Daddy!" she whooped, "come look. I've found where Mary's little lamb is buried!"

Exactly So!

A CLERGYMAN who had held his pastorate for many years was preaching one Sunday morning to a congregation much depleted through deaths and removals.

"Some have gone to their rest," he declared sonorously. "Others have gone elsewhere."

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Inside Discipline

WHILE a country school superintendent in the South was making a tour of inspection, he visited a negro school where the order maintained by the teacher was remarkable. Every child seemed to be absorbed in the school work and yet the teacher did not impress the superintendent as a disciplinarian. Finally, after watching proceedings for a while, he turned and said in a low tone to the teacher: "Johnson, how in the world do you keep such good order? Do you whip the children much?"

"No, sir," the teacher declared; "I never whip them."

"Do you keep them in?"

"No, sir; I never keep them in."

"Do you make them do extra work for punishment?"

"No, sir; I never make them do any extra work."

"Then how ever do you manage them?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," the teacher replied confidentially. "When they don't do right I just eat up their dinner, and I don't have any more trouble."

An Intelligent Fire

ONE wing of a large summer-resort hotel had burned, and the manager and a group of hotel employees were gazing mournfully at the ruins.

"Strange," murmured the manager, "that the fire should have stopped at that gate."

"Why, sir," excitedly exclaimed an intelligent bell boy, "didn't you know? That gate was shut."

He Explained

"SO YOUR name is Johnny Thompson," the teacher said, to make sure of the facts, "but your mother's name is Jones."

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny said. "You see, she married again, and I didn't."

The Strangest Word in Our Language

IT WAS one of those social affairs that you point to with pride and view with alarm, and at ten o'clock things were dragging dreadfully when a bright young man saved the situation by asking: "What is the strangest word in our language?"

The other guests looked blank until he explained: "It is a word of one syllable and five letters, four of them vowels. While there are five letters in the word, there are only three different letters. And the freakiest thing about it is that it is pronounced as a single consonant."

Had he not made that last statement the guests might have been guessing yet. But with that to go upon, the alphabet was gone slowly over and the word finally guessed—"queue," a pigtail or a line of persons waiting anywhere. There it was—one syllable, five letters, of which one was a consonant and four were vowels, only three different letters—q, u, e—and pronounced like the single consonant, "q."

A Modern Elephant

JOHNNY came back from the circus very much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he cried as soon as he got in the house, "Kate spilled some peanuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked 'em all up with his vacuum cleaner!"

Gardening

DIGGING, raking, planting, sowing. Cultivating, weeding, hoeing—What a job to get things growing!

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—LINCOLN MILLET.

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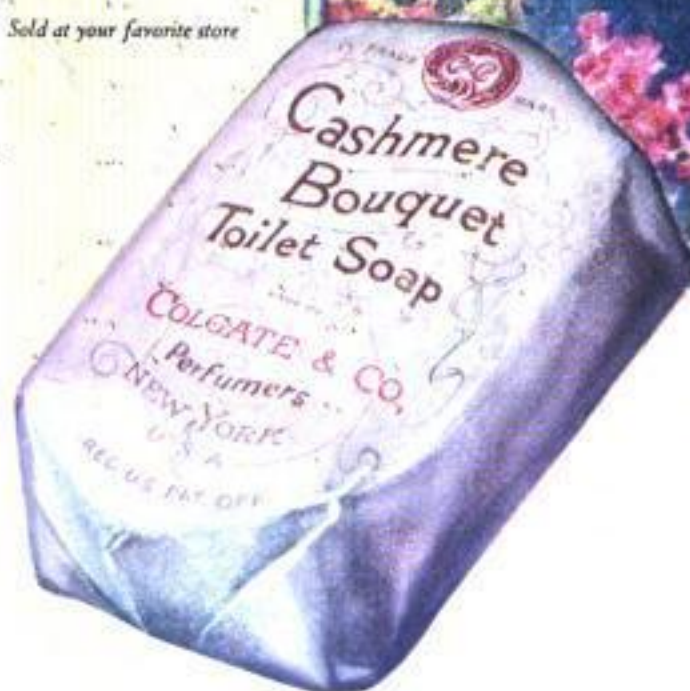
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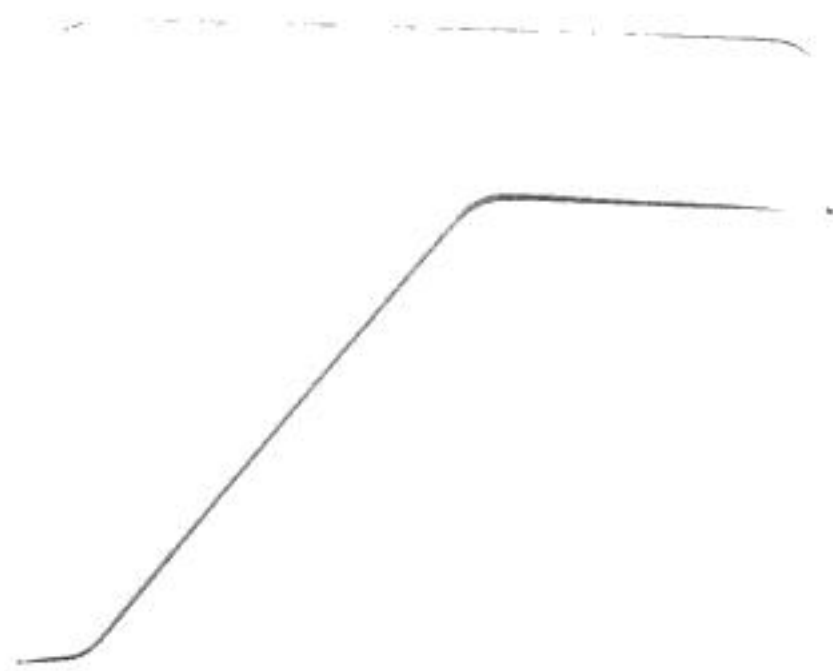
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